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JULY—DECEMBER, 1871.



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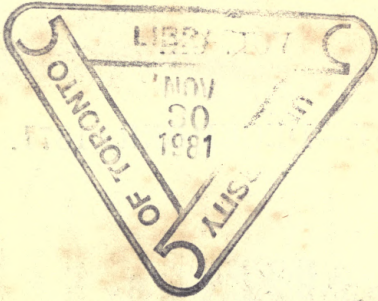
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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCLXIX.

JULY 1871.

VOL. CX.

FAIR TO SEE.—PART VII.

CHAPTER XXI.

WE shall not dwell any longer in detail upon the remainder of Bertrand's and Pigott's stay at Cairnarvoch.

For the former, the time passed all too quickly, every day unfolding new charms in the object of his love, every hour increasing his enchantment, till even the ideal of his early worship looked, in the cold distance of the past, but a dim, imperfect shadow, compared with the bright reality now flooding his life with sunshine. As for the others, Pigott's temper, which, as a rule, was eminently equable, soon regained its tone; the weather was glorious, the sport good—for him two grand consolations; so that he even recovered some of his original semi-enthusiasm for the place and its amusements.

The cloud soon passed from Mr M'Killop's brow. Tainsh had shown no malice; so far from carrying the fiery cross of denunciation and slander about the country, as predicted

by Mrs M'Killop, he had written a cordial note of congratulation on the news "conveyed to him by Mr Cameron," and M'Killop beamed upon the young couple, and seemed to await as impatiently as they the arrival of Sir Roland's *fiat*. Mrs M'Killop could not, from her very nature, remain long in cold abstraction, and ere long her noisy tongue clattered with all its wonted energy: her secret sorrows and disappointments were, no doubt, assuaged by the prospect of excitement in store—a *trousseau* to superintend—the *éclat* of a marriage, and all the bustle, movement, noise, and display therewith connected: altogether, the latter weeks of the Cairnarvoch campaign passed blessedly for some, tranquilly for others, and tolerably at least for all. But the most liberal "leave" must have an end, and with the second week of October that of Bertrand and Pigott came to a close; and the lover had to turn his back upon his

love, and return to his duty; and never was the old antagonism between love and duty more keenly appreciated than now by him, as he mooned through his daily occupations in a somnambulistic way, wondering to find everything so changed—the joys of the barracks so flat, the duties so stale, the companionship so wearily vapid and unprofitable.

Sir Roland's answer was not expected for three months, and in the event of its being favourable it was decided that the marriage should take place immediately after its arrival. The delay and the separation would probably have been irksome and trying to most men; but to Bertrand, who thought and felt and acted, all, so to speak, in the superlative degree, the weariness of this interval appeared to be something without a parallel. What had formerly constituted his social pleasures now offered no distraction, and occupations that had once been full of interest afforded him no relief. Garrison convivialities were coarse orgies; garrison duty a solemn farce; the funniest man in the regiment was a dreary buffoon, and the smartest officer a peddling prig. Looking thus on his surroundings with a jaundiced eye, his surroundings soon began to return the compliment; for where there is a large circle of cheery companionship to choose from, it is not to be expected that men whose object it is to live merrily all the days of their lives, should trouble themselves to coax a moody man into good fellowship. So Bertrand dropped into a state of isolation strangely in contrast with his former position in the regiment, and had a weary, fretful time of it, his mind inverted and staring at its own discontent, morn, noon, and night. In all the twenty-four hours there was but one gleam of sunshine for him, and that was when the

post came in and brought Eila's daily epistle—for a daily epistle was of course necessary to keep the lovers properly posted up in the thermometric readings of each other's hearts—; and charming letters Eila wrote, full of life and sparkle—freely interspersed with the essential element, and one-half at least devoted to the discussion of Bertrand's merits, moral, intellectual, and physical. They were most satisfactory, and they did satisfy their recipient for about an hour, after which he began to look forward to the next, with a full recurrence of the restless cravings and longings of the lovesick.

Pigott was his only resource in the way of society. He had always, as we know, been Bertrand's very special friend; and now the merit of knowing *her* procured for him a monopoly of the lover's company—a distinction which poor Pigott sometimes found to be rather oppressive.

"A little of that kind of thing goes a long way with most men," he complained pathetically to the Mess one day; "and every one knows it is not in my line. I would do a deal for Bertrand, but he *does* become maddening at times—simply maddening. His conversation has become a sort of—what do you call it? what they sing at the end of the Psalms? yes—a doxology; and he won't let me off a single 'Amen.' If the marriage doesn't come off soon, I'll do something desperate. I believe my reason is beginning to totter; as for my digestive organs, they are simply nowhere. I dream at nights. I dreamt last night that the marriage was coming off. I was the groomsman, and my duty was to carry a haggis to church under each arm, and to see that the bride and bridegroom each disposed of one before the ring was put on. That shows what a state I must be in."



Notwithstanding all this, however, Pigott was, on the whole, very patient with his friend, and only showed himself otherwise now and then, on which occasions he would viciously point out the absurdity of expecting Sir Roland to give his consent to the marriage, or dilate with a great deal of powerful word-painting on the idiosyncrasies of Mr and Mrs M'Killop.

Then Bertrand would flare up, and there would be a row—such rows as always happen between men who are too much shut up together—and then a reconciliation, and so forth.

The time went past, however, somehow, and the winter crept on. The M'Killops went down to Edinburgh, partly from stress of weather, and partly because they wished to lose not a moment in commencing arrangements for the wedding when the “mere matter of form” arrived from the antipodes. It was Bertrand's earnest prayer in all his letters that these arrangements might be proceeded with in anticipation—the *trousseau* procured, the day named, even the guests bidden—and nothing left to be done but start for church, and live happy ever after, as soon as Sir Roland dropped the flag. It was his pet grievance, for ever dinned into his friend's tingling ears, that this prayer was not complied with; to which Pigott, when out of temper, would reply, that “old M'Killop was not half such a fool as he looked, and knew perfectly well that a second-hand *trousseau* and a stale wedding-cake were about the most unsaleable forms which portable property could assume.”

At last the period of suspense came to a close; the eventful day arrived; the colonial mail came in, and Bertrand found on his table the unmistakable despatch, directed in his uncle's handwriting—the order of release from purgatory—the “Open

Sesame” before which the gates of Hymen were to expand.

Quivering with excitement, he seized the fateful missive, tore it open, and read as follows:—

“1st December 18—.

“DEAR BERTRAND,—I duly received your letter of the 12th September, but as the same mail brought me a communication from an individual who professes an interest in your welfare (though he desires to remain incognito), containing statements bearing upon the matter of your letter, I have delayed my reply to you till I could verify these statements, which I have been enabled to do by communicating with correspondents in a neighbouring colony. Looking only to your own letter, requesting my consent to your marriage with a Miss M'Killop, the daughter of a person with whom, as far as I can make out, you have been boarding in Scotland during the autumn, I should have been inclined to say, first, that your application to me ought properly to have preceded your addresses to the lady in question, your own means not enabling you, without my assistance, to carry out any engagement of the sort. Knowing, however, that your disposition is eminently rash and impulsive, I might have been inclined to look upon this error with some leniency, had the step you propose to take not been open to the gravest objection in every particular. That at your age, in your profession, and with your *vague* prospects, you should dream of matrimony at all, argues a tolerably advanced stage of folly; but that you should gravely propose to ally yourself with a nameless nobody, and thereby sacrifice any advantage of connection which you now have, or might possibly acquire, really appears to be insanity pure and simple. With nothing, then, to go

upon but your own letter, I should have unhesitatingly withheld my consent, and warned you to look for no countenance or assistance from me in the event of your declining to abandon the engagement. But if these were my views merely on your own statement of the case, you may imagine what they became when I learned from your friend the fact—the *horrible* fact—that the person whose daughter you propose to make your wife has actually been a convicted felon, and has undergone, in a colony adjacent to this, a term of penal servitude. There is no possible doubt as to the identity of the man. Dismiss any such idea which your own wishes might suggest. I have ascertained the facts of the case. I neither speak nor act upon some light hearsay evidence, and what I assert, you may thoroughly depend upon. Under these circumstances it is idle for me to discuss the matter. I can only hope—and indeed I can scarcely doubt—that you will assure me by the return mail that you were ignorant of the stigma attaching to the family you propose to ally yourself with, that you recoil with horror from an engagement contracted in ignorance of it, and could not for an instant look upon such an obstacle as otherwise than insurmountable. I can scarcely doubt, I say, that you will write to me at once in this sense.

“But there must be no sort of misconception on your part, as to how I shall act, if unfortunately I should be wrong, and if, in one of those flights of wrong-headed romance in which you seem occasionally to indulge, you should still venture to think of such a disgraceful connection—led away, perhaps, by specious protestations of injured innocence, or by the vehemence of your misplaced attachment: therefore I tell you plainly, that unless you furnish me with a prompt assurance, upon

your honour, that the engagement is at an end, and that you will have no further communication with the girl, I shall cease to look upon you as a member of my family, or as interested any longer, in the remotest degree, in the destination of my property, which, under such circumstances, I have full legal power to alienate from you. I trust such stern measures will never be called for. I sincerely trust that, as a threat, they are unnecessary. I prefer to believe that the recollection of what is due to the honour of our ancient race will be alone sufficient to make you do what is right. Still it is necessary that there should be no possibility of misconception, and so I speak plainly. I look anxiously for your reply, and remain your affectionate uncle,

“ROLAND CAMERON.”

Bertrand began to read this letter, standing upright at the table; as he read, his colour changed, his eyes became dilated, and his lips were tightly compressed; but when he came to the passage “has actually been a convicted felon,” he paused, stared wildly about him, and sank down upon a chair with such a cry of anguish as can only come from a heart stricken with some sudden, excruciating pain. Still he read on—almost mechanically—to the end, and then the paper fell from his hand, as though he had been paralysed.

A numb stupor came over his mind; his consciousness seemed to be pent in by walls of thick, impenetrable cloud, and the pressure of a darkness that could be felt, weighed upon him with an indefinite sense of overwhelming misery. He was stunned; he was conscious only of utter pain and misery; everything else was confused and indefinite; and it was only after a long interval, and slowly, that from this

chaos, the actual calamity which had befallen him shaped itself out in clear, inexorable reality.

Every graceful attribute, every charm of mind or of person which Eila possessed, had been so wrought up by Bertrand's love and poetic fancy, that she had become to him a being inhabiting the earth indeed—mysteriously inhabiting the earth—yet not of it; a being too ethereal and pure to be affected by the sordid details of everyday existence, a unique creation, "a floweret of Eden," upon which the serpent's trail could never pass. All associations of common life that accidentally obtruded themselves, from time to time, in any sort of juxtaposition with the thought of her, jarred upon him painfully, as if the flow of a harmony had been suddenly interrupted by some intolerable discord. Not the least of these had been, at first, the circumstance that she possessed a father to whose earthy characteristics it was impossible to be blind; but, after all, he was an unobtrusive person; and what with habit and daily contemplation, what with some instinctive sympathy with a natural affection which he felt that Eila must entertain towards this detrimental parent, he had got to look upon him as rather negatively an evil, than a positive profanation of the object of his worship. Thus the fact of her paternity had hung, like a cloud indeed, but remotely, on the far-away horizon of his otherwise sunbright heaven. But now came this disillusionising fact, breaking, as by a counter-spell, the magic circle with which his imagination had hedged her in; and there was she, whom in his fastidious devotion he would have guarded from contact with aught that was prosaic, were it never so innocent—there was she, the prismatic nimbus that enveloped her reft and dissipated, standing

revealed in indissoluble association with all that was vilest and most degrading. Bertrand contemplated this, and was torn with the agony of a struggle between the different elements which go to make up what the world calls "Love." We all know how little there often is of the pure essence in that mysterious compound; how Vanity, Egotism, Self-love, and Self-interest, calling Fancy to their aid, can put on the graceful semblance of the passion, and pass, even self-deceiving, for its reality; and how often the strongest analytic test can scarcely disintegrate the counterfeit. To such a test was Bertrand's love now exposed. Richly overlaid, and glittering with beautiful illusions, it was cast into the alembic: stern was the ordeal, and mortal the pain, as the fire burned, and, one by one, each baser ingredient turned into refuse. Mortal, indeed, was the pain; but Bertrand's love was pure and tender and true, and if it came forth stripped of many a grace and charm, it was still intact in its strong truth and tenderness. Pride, indeed, spoke out to him of contaminated blood, and chivalrous traditions cancelled by alliance with disgrace. Duty and Prudence counselled obedience to his uncle's wishes, and whispered of the penalties of disobedience; but all in vain.

"Did I not love her?" he cried out, as if arguing the point with an antagonist—"did I not love her for her heart, for her mind, for her beauty, for her grace, for her innocence—for all those qualities that, making up *her*, make her superior to every other woman in the world? Did I not love her, purely and disinterestedly, for herself alone? Is she altered now? The taint was on her birth when I first loved her; it made her none the less lovable when it was unsuspected; and now being known, can it alter her intrinsically? It cannot—it does not.

She to whom I gave my love is still in herself the same. I loved her for herself, and nothing else. Can I abandon that love, she being unchanged? Surely never! Shall I be forsworn then to her, and to my own heart, because circumstances oppose my selfish interests to my love? Never will I be guilty of such infamy. But all the more will I take her to myself, adding tender compassion to the tender love I bear her—take her to myself, away from the contamination she is unconscious of—screen her from scorn, and show that unselfish love, when centred on an object too pure for contact with the world, can despise the world's scorn and gladly sacrifice its favours. As for my uncle, what has he been to me? What but a cold and austere monitor? Has he ever shown any feeling or affection towards me—any of the interest of a near relation—even the common interest of a mere guardian? Do I owe him a debt of gratitude for neglect and coldness? Is not this letter of his an outrage upon every sentiment of kindness and affection—the cold-blooded, hard-hearted letter of an utterly selfish man incapable of sympathy? Do I owe obedience to such a man? I owe obedience to no man in this matter, and much less to him. I own no such authority; I cast it off. I cast off every tie that is opposed to her. I sacrifice every interest that stands between her and me. I accept disinheritorship. It is a small sacrifice to make for her sake. O Eila! my angel!—my own for ever!—many waters quench not love, and ours no sea of troubles shall ever overwhelm!”

And so, standing on the ruins of the temple he had reared for his divinity, he vowed that his devotion was unshaken, and that, for worse or for better, his love was hers, proof against every change and chance.

These heroic resolutions of self-abnegation, these renewed oaths of fealty to his love, did not, however, exclude a feeling that Fate had given him a bitter cup to drink; and as his mental exaltation subsided, there remained a sense of personal outrage and wrong—perfectly vague, indeed, but none the less keen on that account. It was no satisfaction to execrate his uncle—his conduct under the circumstances was perfectly inevitable; it was no more satisfactory to execrate his uncle than to heap abuse upon Fate. Eila's father, again, however execrable, was not the proximate cause of his trouble, and wrath loves to expend itself on a proximate cause, taken red-handed—in the very act. With these feelings, Bertrand set himself to read a second time his uncle's letter, and presently his eye fell upon a point that had escaped his special notice in the tumult of the first perusal. It was this:—“I received a communication from one who professes an interest in your welfare, though he desires to remain incognito.”

Here was the fuel for which the fire was hungering, and fierce and sudden was the blaze of Bertrand's fury. Who was this villain—this stabber in the dark? Who was this false and forsworn friend who sought to rob him of his love? What right had he to rake up secrets that need never have come to light? to give circulation to anything that might tarnish the name of her whom he adored? True or false, it was an outrage so deep and black that blood alone could wash it out. But who was he? Who could the miscreant be?

The circle of possibilities, round which his wrath travelled like lightning, was a narrow one. Almost instantly he started up, and exclaiming, “He and no other!—it *can* be no other!” dashed wildly from the room.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Captain Pigott was reposing himself in his quarters, in the interval between his return from hunting and the time to dress for mess. He was seated in the cosiest of lounging-chairs, his slippered feet resting upon a yielding footstool; and the vague half-smile upon his lips, the languid and infrequent puffs which he dealt to an expiring cigarette, the gentle drooping of his eyelids, and, now and then a suave deflection of the head, were all symptoms that he was pleasantly coquetting with the god of slumber. Upon this tranquil scene burst Bertrand Cameron, throwing the door open with a crash that made everything in the room vibrate, and roused its occupant to wakefulness and wrath.

"Now then, Bertrand," he said, petulantly, but without looking round, as knowing that no one else could venture so to enter his sanctum, "this *is* too intolerable. I told you I was tired—I even hinted that I was bored; and I believe I was just dropping off into as nice a little doze as a man need wish for, when here you come blundering back and spoil it all. Upon my life, it's too bad! Hang it all! can't a fellow be allowed to have his quarters to himself for *one* hour?"

He spoke almost pathetically, but Bertrand answered not a word.

"Now, perhaps you'll just take yourself off again, my good fellow," continued the sybarite; "I require forty or fifty winks before mess, so you must see that you can't possibly stay here."

Still Bertrand said nothing.

Surprised at this unwonted phenomenon of silence, only broken by the deep breathing of his friend, Pigott looked round, and saw on his face an expression he had never seen there before. "Hilloa!" he

cried; "why, man, what's the matter? You look as if you had seen the devil!"

Bertrand glared fiercely at him, then, holding out the fatal letter, said, in a voice broken and tremulous, "I have not seen the devil, but I have seen his handiwork, and here it is."

"Don't give it me, my dear fellow; if there is one thing I hate and detest, it is the smell of sulphur," cried Pigott, adhering to his usual system of laughing off his friend's frequent tragedies.

"Silence!" thundered Bertrand.

"Well, that's exactly what I want; so if you'll only hold your tongue, and take yourself off without further parley, we shall both be satisfied."

"Silence!" reiterated Bertrand; "this is no time for jesting."

"Quite my own sentiment; I seldom have been less inclined for anything of the sort."

"You affect to misunderstand me, but——"

"On the contrary, my dear fellow, I never yet affected to understand you at all."

"Captain Pigott, this foolery must cease; this—this letter—take it and read it; you shall—you must."

"These excitable fellows generally go mad, I believe, in the long-run; and I suppose poor Bertrand's hour has come," thought Pigott, scanning his friend's face with some anxiety, however.

Then he took the letter, deliberately unfolded and began to read it with his cold passionless air, while Bertrand traversed the room with the restless strides of some caged wild animal. A grim smile overspread the reader's features as he perused the first paragraph or two, thinking, in his cynical way, "The battered

old drama of first love, of course ! with all its portentous company of angels and fiends, spotless maids and sinless youths, spotted guardians and sinful parents ! ha ! ha ! ha !” But, as he read on, his face changed, and became exceedingly grave. If this man was, as some of his brother officers alleged, selfish and cold to all the rest of the world, none of them doubted or denied that there was a warm place in his heart for Bertrand, and a regard that might even have stood the test of personal sacrifice. Feeling thus, then, for his friend, whose disposition, with all its pride, romance, and fastidiousness, he thoroughly understood, and knowing the transcendental nature of his love for Eila, he not only comprehended what a terrible blow this letter must have inflicted upon Bertrand, but felt a hearty sympathy for him. And so, when he had completed the perusal, he went up to his friend, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, expressed what he felt sincerely, though with characteristic brevity—“I am truly sorry, my poor old fellow.”

But Bertrand flung him off with indignation, crying out, “Have you no shame left ? Do you dare to address me as a friend ?”

“Bertrand ! what are you dreaming about ?” cried Pigott, in real alarm : “compose yourself ; for heaven’s sake, try to be calm ! Things may not be so bad—it may turn out to be a calumny.”

“Oh ! you had not even made yourself quite certain of the truth, then, before you did me this infamous wrong ?”

“Why, this is stark, staring madness ! Come, come, Bertrand—he a man ; come, sit down—sit down now, and try to control yourself ;” and he made as if he would have taken his arm.

Bertrand started back. “Don’t touch me !” he cried ; “don’t touch

me, you vile hypocrite ! you false, treacherous friend ! There is no word base enough and foul enough to describe your character, and none strong enough to express my loathing for it. Madness ! no, I am not mad—though, God knows, I have enough to make me so : you have done your best to madden me.”

“I, Bertrand ? I ? How ? where ? when ? You are dreaming—or raving. Do you know who I am ?”

“Yes, I know well who and what you are. A friend, a confidant, who has betrayed both characters, and hidden himself behind an incognito to do it ; the man who denounced to my uncle——”

“Stop, Cameron, stop !” cried Pigott, with a sudden change of voice and expression.

“I will *not* stop,” vociferated Bertrand with great vehemence—“I will *not* stop. I say you are the man who denounced to my uncle this miserable stain upon the birth of my betrothed—wantonly, in cold blood. It was my affair ; it was nothing to him. Knowing that her love was everything to me, you did it. What was the motive ?—in the name of everything diabolical, what was the motive of such infernal treachery ? Was it——”

“You *shall* listen to me,” interrupted Pigott, “if you were twenty times a madman. I have listened to you too long ; I have borne too much—a thousand times more than I could from any other man. I have borne it because I was sorry for your distress, and believed that it had bewildered your mind ; but this deliberate repetition is too much. If you have your grief to nurse, I have my honour to protect. No living man shall leave such a cursed imputation upon me. It must be retracted instantly, in the first place. The wildest grief and the wildest temper are no excuse for such an outrage.”

"How can I retract with the evidence of this letter before my eyes? Who else *could* it have been?"

Pigott relapsed into his passionless manner. "I see," he said, "I was wrong. I have been surprised into an informality. Pray excuse it. Of course it is not for me to argue the point, or to *prove* that your charge is false, when I have *said* that it is false. I shall leave the matter in other hands. And now let me suggest that this room is mine, and that I shall expect you to have a representative ready to meet mine with the smallest possible delay." He went to the door and opened it, but Bertrand remained motionless, staring confusedly, like a man waking from a dream. "I must beg to be left alone, Mr Cameron," said Pigott.

"Can I——" stammered Bertrand; "is it possible that—— do you positively deny that you are the man who wrote?"

"I have said all that I mean to say on the subject," said Pigott.

"Give me your honour as a gentleman."

"You forget the laws of honour and the conduct of a gentleman in asking for it: when a gentleman denies a thing, he does not stoop to any more binding form."

"O Pigott!" burst out Bertrand, "I have been under a delusion—I see it now—I have wronged you. It is I that have violated friendship. Forgive me; I see it now. This horrible grief has confused all my thoughts. It is more than I can bear. Forgive me."

Pigott bore no malice, but he was ashamed of having been surprised into a display of violent emotion—almost into what he called "a fit of Bertrand's theatricals;" and so, though he accepted the olive branch at once, it was not in the effusive style in which it was ten-

dered, but rather with an extra assumption of his usual dry manner.

"Of course I forgive you, as you didn't know what you were saying, Bertrand; but it is a mystery to me how all the grief in the world could put such thoughts into your mind—about me, of all men in the world. That I should be your uncle's informant! I, of all men!"

"I was mad, I was mad," groaned Bertrand. "Say you are as much my friend as ever."

"Pshaw! let us be done with all this tragedy. There—there's my hand as heartily as ever; and now, for pity's sake, no more of it."

Then they both sat down in silence, Bertrand, with his head bowed down between his hands, plunged in thought. His course lay clear before him, in all save one respect. How was he to break the matter to Eila?—how account for his uncle's stern prohibition, on some ground other than the real one, which she must *never* know?—how make light of the sacrifice she would be sure, in her sensitive mind, to feel that he was making for her sake, and feel so keenly as perhaps to refuse its acceptance? Pigott, on the other hand, sat comfortably indeed, but motionless as a statue. He, too, was busy in thought, though his face betrayed no emotion. It took him some little time to recover in reality the calmness which he had outwardly affected, and to allay the feelings of chagrin at the outrage which he had himself inflicted on his own stoical theory of action. But that stage being passed, he turned to the consideration of his friend's trouble with a quaint blending of sympathy and worldly *sang froid*.

"What a thing"—so ran his meditations—"what a thing is instinctive antipathy! Now I never liked that girl. I couldn't exactly say why; but I never liked her.

Perhaps it was the strain of felonious blood that I detected unconsciously: but then Bertrand didn't detect it; *he* had an instinctive sympathy; odd that,—but then he *is* so odd. He was tremendously fond of her—no doubt of that. Poor Bertrand! That old sweep M'Killop!—any fool could see there was something queer about *him*. I always suspected there had been something amiss in *that* quarter; but an actual convict—a *forçat*! Good heavens! fancy my hobnobbing with a *forçat* for three months! But then fancy getting engaged to be married to his daughter! Poor Bertrand! it is awfully hard upon him. Who could have found it out and split to Sir Roland? Some spiteful friend, of course;—some one he had got the better of in a bargain. It's a bad business; but, after all, it's better it came out now. If Bertrand had married her, and found it out afterwards, what would have happened? Illusions can't last for ever. I suppose marriage sends most of them to the right about; and what would he have done? Perhaps defended felony in the abstract, and vowed his own ancestors were robbers and reivers, as all Highland ancestors were: he's capable of any flight; but I suspect— Well, well, 'many men have died from time to time, and worms, &c.' The fiercest fire, the soonest over. He'll get over it, poor fellow; but it's hard lines for him now—very. I don't think I ever allowed myself to be very sorry for anything before. I suppose *I'll* get over it too; but it's confoundedly disagreeable and painful for me just now. I had no idea I was so fond of the fellow. Here's the misery and the mistake of indulging the affections. They let you in for all this sort of thing; but I'm not likely to be caught getting fond of another fellow, if I

know it;” and his previous refrain of “Poor Bertrand!” was gradually exchanged for “Poor Pigott!”

At last the philosopher spoke.

“Bertrand, old boy.”

No answer.

“I say, Bertrand, old fellow, it can do no good to sit moping over the affair; it's dismal enough, in all conscience; I'm sorrier than I ever was before. But, hang it! if the thing's dismal, take some action and be done with it for good and all.”

“I *am* going to act,” said Bertrand, in a hollow voice; “my mind is quite made up. I am only in doubt about one thing.”

“And that is?”

“How to break it to her.”

“Oh, my dear fellow, that needn't bother you. Of course you have only to hint delicately that the fact is blown upon, and she'll see the common-sense of the thing; she'll admit the impossibility of the marriage at once. There will be no fight—that you may depend upon.”

“By heavens, Pigott! do you mean—do you dare to mean to hint that she is aware of her father's disgrace?”

“Oh dear, no, no, no,—not at all, my dear fellow!” cried Pigott, with unusual alacrity, sorely belying his own convictions, but apprehensive of another scene; “innocent of it as the babe unborn, of course.”

“Then what do you mean by ‘no fight’?”

“On the part of the *forç*—, of the father, I mean, to be sure.”

“And may I just ask what you mean by ‘the impossibility of the marriage’?”

“Well, you know, my dear Bertrand, as a man of the world, you must, of course, see that it *is* impossible; there is no blinking *that*, I should say.”



“I should say, and I *do* say, that I see no impossibility in the matter; exactly the reverse. I’m not a man of the world. God forbid I should be, if being so could make me untrue to her. Marry her I will—that you may depend upon. I would marry her if she were the daughter of Alibaba and the Forty Thieves, and if I had to take the name and arms of M’Killop into the bargain. Marry her I will.”

Pigott was sorely inclined to laugh aloud at the contrast between Bertrand’s earnestness and his rather quaint illustrations of it.

“The M’Killop arms,” he thought: “now what would the Herald Office give him? On a field sable, a pair of handcuffs proper, perhaps. Crest, —a reputation *coupé* in all its parts. Motto — *Non immemor jugi* — ‘I can’t forget the jug.’”

He preserved his gravity, however, and went on aloud. “Very well, Bertrand, but have you considered everything?”

“I have.”

“Your uncle?”

“I disown him.”

“Your prospects, then?”

“I sacrifice them.”

“But won’t you sacrifice hers as well?”

“I can work.”

“H’m!—you will write to her, will you, at once?”

“Of course.”

“And say—what will you say?”

“I have made up my mind now, I think, about everything. To-night I will write to my uncle, and tell him that I have made my choice, and will cheerfully abide by the results. I will tell him that I have quite decided to accept disinheritance rather than sacrifice both love and honour. He is welcome to do what he pleases with the estate. It would be a miserable inheritance to me with the conditions he wishes to impose; and as for his affection,

since I have never perceived it, that part of the disinheritance will not be formidable. When this letter has been posted, *then* I will write to Eila, and tell her that my uncle is cruel and bigoted, and that he forbids our marriage on pain of disinheritance, but that I have gladly accepted this penalty, as I would accept one a thousand-fold severer for her sake.”

“Well, Bertrand, if you take my advice you will reverse the order of your letters—you will write first to the lady.”

“I won’t.”

“But in fairness to her; she might think it undesirable to marry a pauper, you know.”

“Ah! how little you understand her heart—her pure, noble character! My reason for not writing to her till *after* I have settled the matter irrevocably by writing to my uncle, is, that I am afraid her oversensitive regard for me might induce her to decline to let me make the sacrifice—refuse to confirm my disinheritance by any act of hers. She *might* do so; she is immensely disinterested and firm, and so I prefer to put the matter beyond a doubt by my own act, so that she may not even have an opportunity of sacrificing her own love and mine, and the happiness of both, to a regard for my position and prospects.”

“Take a night to think of it, old fellow.”

“Not an hour—not an instant; I am off to write now. I shall be in a fever till it is done. To-morrow I shall get leave and go down to her. We must look our prospects boldly in the face, and devise some means of overcoming obstacles. When we are together that will be perfectly simple.”

And so he left his friend, who sank back in his chair, with a look of much vexation, muttering to himself, “Mad! mad! mad!”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Bertrand, it may well be supposed, was scarcely in the frame of mind suitable to the composition of a calm letter, and it is not wonderful that his attempt to adopt this tone in his epistle to Sir Roland was on the whole unsuccessful. His first essays — half-a-dozen of them at least—failed to satisfy even his excited mind, as models of the dignified impassibility which he wished to affect, or of the lofty, rebuking, yet despising, tone which seemed appropriate to the occasion.

His first attempt ran thus :—

“ Sir Roland Cameron,—

“ Burning with a just sense of wrong and outrage, of natural affection mocked, and the heart's best feelings treated as shams and illusions, to be at once dispelled by an application of the test of conventional expediency, I take up my pen to hurl back, with the scorn which it merits, your——”

“ No,” he thought, “ that won't do ; it is too wordy. I must be colder, shorter, more incisive ;” and he tried again—

“ Mr Cameron presents his compliments to Sir Roland Cameron, and, in acknowledging his favour of the —— December, begs to notify to him that he considers that letter as finally dissolving any tie which has heretofore existed between Sir Roland and himself.

“ It is obviously superfluous for him to point out to Sir Roland that the tone of that communication is one which, in its pure egotism and dastardly brutality——”

This effort was also torn up in despair, and several others shared the same fate before he achieved

the following, which he considered to meet with dignity the requirements of the case :—

“ SIR,—Yours of the —— December has reached me, and my answer to it shall be brief. As it is impossible for me to comply with the injunctions contained in it, and as such compliance is made the condition upon which our present relations are to continue to exist, it is perhaps a waste of time to say more than that I decline the condition, and am prepared to meet the consequences. I will, however, tell you that at the time my engagement was formed, and, in fact, up to the receipt of your letter, I was in ignorance of the painful circumstance to which it alludes. I may even say, farther, that had I been aware of it before my affections and those of the lady were engaged, I should have taken care to avoid contact with her irresistible attractions.

“ I can go no further than this, however.

“ We are now bound to each other by vows which love and honour alike render sacred ; and it appears to me that in accepting disinheritance I make a sacrifice that is very light, when weighed in the balance with the great treasure of her affection. Had it involved the forfeiture of my nearest relative's *affection*, I do not conceal from myself that the sacrifice would have been of a different nature—but *that* it does not involve ; and if any proof of this had been necessary (which it was not), your letter would have supplied it, betraying as it does not a mere absence of family affection and sympathy, but a deliberate practical repudiation of the commonest human feeling. I consider it no discredit to be disowned by such a

man, in such a cause, but the contrary; and I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

“BERTRAND CAMERON.”

“That, I think, is sufficiently calm and temperate,” he exclaimed, as, with hands that trembled with excitement, he folded and addressed the letter. Then, calling his servant, he ordered him to carry it with all speed to the post-office, as if a mail was despatched for the antipodes every five minutes, and he was anxious to catch the very earliest. The paramount business of the evening was thus concluded; he had taken an irrevocable step; he had crossed the river, and blown up the bridge, and in doing so he had taken Eila with him. It was no longer in her power to sacrifice herself to his fortunes; no action of hers could now affect his uncle’s conduct. Therefore she was his irrevocably—a reflection that went far to soothe the tumult and trouble of his mind.

Another duty, however, remained to him—he must write to Eila; and long and anxiously did he debate with himself as to the line he should take in addressing her.

Of course she must be carefully guarded from any knowledge of her father’s disgrace. The strong measures which his uncle proposed to take, and would now inevitably carry out, required, however, to be accounted for by some strong motive; and what should he say? What adequate motive could be assigned? A determined resolve that his heir should make an ambitious match? Jealousy of any such step initiated without his counsel and advice? An autocratic temper? A contradictory disposition? Was any one of these sufficient to account for so uncompromising a veto? It was very puzzling to him, and the more he tried to convey on paper a

clear impression of the absoluteness of the veto, and, at the same time, a vague and general idea of the reasons for it, the more hopeless the task appeared; and he resolved finally to trust to finding at a personal interview the means of expressing what he wished to express, and of suppressing what it was necessary to suppress, and in the mean time merely to state in a general way that his uncle was thoroughly unpropitious. And so he wrote as follows:—

“DEAREST EILA,—I have just received my uncle’s answer; and though I knew that he was a hard and obstinate man, I was not prepared to find him violently opposed to our union, which, I grieve to say, his letter shows him to be. I need not say, however, that no obstacle, in that or any other quarter, can in the slightest degree affect my resolution; and as I know that your love cannot be altered by the fear or the necessity of sacrifice and hardship, I am perfectly cheerful, and all the more so that it is necessary I should go down to Scotland at once, that I may see you, and consult with you as to our immediate plans and prospects. I shall leave London to-morrow night, and be with you on the following forenoon. In looking forward to this, I lose the sense of all earthly troubles, Oh! my beloved—

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

Thine own for ever,

“BERTRAND CAMERON.”

We prefer to leave the latter part of this letter in the skeleton form, and we think that no enlightened reader will consider that the step requires an apology.

The next morning early—very early for him—Pigott came to his friend’s quarters, and found him

already up and dressed. The troubles of yesterday had left their marks on his face and on his manner; the former was grave and fixed in its expression, and the latter very calm, quiet, and uniform—some-what pathetically bereft of its impetuous and cheery characteristics.

“Well, Bertrand,” cried Pigott, plunging at once into the subject which had been uppermost in the thoughts of both since they had met—“well, did you write any letters last night?”

“Yes, I did; two letters.”

“What! not to your uncle?”

“Yes; one was to Sir Roland Cameron.”

“And saying what you said yesterday afternoon that you would say?”

“Precisely.”

“You couldn’t be such a—— I mean, you didn’t post it, I trust?”

“On the contrary, it was posted five minutes after it was sealed up.”

“What madness! I never—even I, cool as I am—wrote an important letter overnight, without finding that it required a great deal of alteration in the morning.”

“If I had reflected for a century, I could not have altered a syllable I wrote, except perhaps to make it stronger. It is quite useless our discussing the matter, Pigott. The letter is beyond recall, even if I wished—which I don’t—to recall it.”

“Talking of a century, the only consolation I can see in the whole affair is, that it will be all the same a hundred years hence.”

“I don’t admit that. In the history of human sorrow and happiness, one page will read differently.”

“Who are to be the readers?—But I meant as to yourself.”

“That opens a wide question. Are you a materialist?”

“That opens another wide question. Do you believe in the Ely-

sian fields, and that, the course of true love running smooth on this side Styx, you are going to twine garlands of amaranth for Miss Eila to all eternity?”

“I am not at all in the humour for joking.”

“Poor old boy! I beg your pardon; your lines are very hard; but you have sadly blundered. To temporise, to resist passively—anything but a declaration of war—was your policy.”

“Quite impossible; Eila means Life to me.”

“Oh! then I have nothing more to say,” said Pigott hastily, shrinking, with all his concern for his friend, from another repetition of the oft-told tale of his love. “But as to the immediate present, what are your plans?”

“I am just now going to the Colonel to ask him for leave to go down to Edinburgh to-night, and to get me a fortnight from the General.”

“Are the M’Killops still in Edinburgh?”

“Yes.”

“But what are you going to propose to do when you get there?”

“First, I shall have to explain how matters stand to Eila, and then we shall have to consider as to our future. The chances are, Mr M’Kilop will withdraw his consent, and then I shall have to run off with her, and I must get something to do.”

“What! leave the old regiment?”

“I am very sorry to leave the old regiment, but as staying in it means pauperism, there is no help for it.”

“But what *can* you do?”

“That is the question one always asks a discharged soldier when he comes to invite one to help him to a situation, and he never has an answer; no more have I, at present.”

“Well, I generally find the old soldier has an impression that he

could “keep a gate;” it seems to be the veteran’s dream of the *summum bonum*—perhaps equivalent to the retiring officer’s idea that he could be an adjutant of volunteers.”

“Well, something of that sort might turn up.”

“Oh! that would never suit you.”

“Something else, then, may turn up; but beggars have no right to a choice. I have no time now, though, to discuss such things; I must go and catch the Colonel: I shall see you afterwards. I go to town by the four o’clock train, if I get leave.”

The Colonel made no difficulty

about leave, but he was unfortunately absent from his quarters when Bertrand first called, and did not return in time to admit of his catching the night-train from London—a sore trial to the impetuous lover, for which, however, there was no remedy. So, after a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Pigott—a meal conducted in silence (for Bertrand was deeply preoccupied, and Pigott felt that his friend had run himself into a *cul-de-sac*, from which no wit or wisdom of his could devise an exit), he departed for London, slept there, and next morning started for Edinburgh.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

The northern mail did not behave in a satisfactory way. Freight-ed with such a Jonah as an impatient lover, it was sure to lose time; and it did so. The rails were “sticky,” it was alleged; there was an unusual rush of passengers at every station where a stoppage was made, so that fresh carriages had to be constantly attached; and every *employé* seemed, in Bertrand’s eyes, to go about his business with unparalleled languor and apathy. “Shall I be in time to see her to-night?” was the constant refrain of his thoughts. The delay at York was so intolerable that he felt certain the refreshment people and the conductors of the train must be in collusion. “Five-and-forty minutes behind already!” he remarked, bitterly, to the guard, as he banged the door shut before starting from the latter station; “how much more time do you mean to lose?”

“As little as possible, sir,” said the official; “but we shall be late to-night: great run on the trains these last two days. We’ll do our best though, for you, sir,” he added, confidentially, introducing the upper

half of his body at the window, and giving a suggestive prominence to his right hand.

“Ten shillings if we lose no more time, and another ten if we pick up what we’ve lost,” said Bertrand.

“Thankee, sir; I’ll speak to the driver.”

“Here, g-guard,” added a new and now the sole other occupant of the carriage, “I’ll stand something too. I’m in a hi-hurry to ge-get to Ed-ed-ed-ed——”

“Edinburgh,” supplemented Bertrand, in a fever of impatience, adding, “I beg your pardon, but we’re losing time.”

“D-don’t me-mention it. You shall have te-ten bob, guard, on the same terms.”

“All right, sir—whew!” and off went the train. The new arrival was a young and gorgeous being, clothed in purple and fine linen—that is, with every sort of embellishment belonging to the very height of the fashion. “Astracan fur” was the first idea suggested by his appearance, and then “the gold of Ophir,” these two materials playing a prominent part in his

array; but, investigated in detail, his equipments furnished the eye and the mind with a hundred glorious points on which they might rest in wonder, if not in delight. The massive rings encrusting his fingers were worthy of a Begum; his boots, from their radiance, might have been mirrors for Beau Brummel; his morocco dressing-case, delicate in tint and exquisitely mounted, was a casket worthy of crown jewels; and his cigar-case, splendid with gold and blue velvet, a fitting receptacle for the cigarettes of a sultana. About all this bloom and flash a subtle aroma of fragrant essences ambrosially hovered. But if art had done much for this gentleman, nature had bestowed her favours on him with a niggard hand; the face which surmounted all this magnificence was almost pathetically in contrast to it. Nothing could well be less attractive. It failed in colour, as well as in contour and expression; being in all these respects vividly suggestive of the mealy side of a halfpenny roll—pale, fat, flabby, and vacant. Its only relief was a little yellow sprouting on the upper lip, evidently much believed in as a moustache by the rest of the body, for it was incessantly caressed by the gemmy fingers, and the upper lip lifted it up proudly now and then, for the inspection of the ferrety eyes.

"I really beg your pardon," said Bertrand, politely, when the train was in motion; "my impatience quite made me forget my manners."

"N-n-not a bit of it. Every one used to chi-chi-chaff me about my ist-tammering. I don't mind it now; it's n-n-n-othing now. You sh—ould—have heard me before I was kick-kick-kick-kick-cured!"

"Was it so very bad then?" asked Bertrand, gravely.

"Pi-pawsitively he-eathenish."

"Indeed!" said Bertrand, think-

ing that, viewed as a test of orthodoxy, his companion's present utterance would not bring him far within the pale.

"And, pray, how did they cure you?"

"They gave me dr-ops."

"What kind of drops?"

"D-don't know; d-drops, and dee-evilish nasty dr-ops too."

Hereupon he lighted a gigantic cabana, opened his travelling-bag, took out 'Punch,' cut the pages with a splendid paper-knife, looked at a picture, and then laid it aside. 'The Field' underwent a similar process, but it also failed to excite his literary appetite, and he returned to conversation.

"You're in the army?"

"Yes, I am; how do you know?"

"Lo-ook like it; infantry, though."

"Why?"

"Oh! I know the lo-ook of a man in the if-feet."

"Well, I *am* in infantry, and I'm glad of it."

"RE-EALLY! I'm in kick-cavalry—the —th; I'm kick-Coppinger of the —th Hoo-sars; in the regiment they call me 'the Kicker'—ki-cursed if I know why. What is your regiment?"

"The —th; I'm Cameron of the —th."

"Don't know 'em. Of course you're on your way to our ib-ib-ib-ball?"

"Ball? no; where is it to be?"

"Edinburgh, of course. Don't you know about it, and the hard le-lines we've had?"

Bertrand confessed his ignorance of the ball and of any special grief lately arrived to the gallant —th; whereupon Mr Coppinger explained that the —th had been quartered at Edinburgh for the last year, and had not expected to be moved thence for another month; on the faith of which they had issued invitations,

and made all the preparations for a grand ball, when a sudden order had arrived for their removal to York. They had determined, however, not to give up the ball; and though half the regiment was in York, and half on the march, most of the officers would turn up that night to do the honours in Edinburgh.

"Pill—ucky, aint it?"

"Very plucky, indeed."

"Why aint you coming?"

"Because I'm not asked, for one thing."

"Never mind; I'll give you a ticket."

"You're very good, indeed; but I'm going down on business, and have to see people to-night."

"You ought to come. We're going to take the shi-ne out of everything: Fif-rancatelli's ki-cock swell is down; you'd better come, just to see how the old —th come to the fif-ront."

"I've no doubt it will be magnificent, but I fear I can't come."

"Lots of jolly people going, and no end of pip-retty girls. They're tre-mendous nuts on us there. They ki-call us the handsome hoo-sars, you know."

"I suppose you're a good-looking lot."

"We are—we are; that's j-ust where it is;—no plain heads among us."

After this the Kicker fell asleep, and Bertrand was left to his meditations, and his ever-increasing impatience; for they did not make up lost time, but lost more and more; so that, time and the hour at last working their way, when the train rumbled into the Waverley Station at Edinburgh it was very long overdue.

"Going to dine?" inquired Mr Coppinger of Bertrand when they had arrived at the hotel where they had both decided to put up.

"No, I can't eat; I shall just change a little and go out."

"And you won't do the ball?"

"No—many thanks."

"I don't think I'll dine either: a br-andy-and-soda, and then wait for Fif-rancatelli; that's about my shape, I be-lieve. Now I must go and dress. Good-night."

"Good-night."

And they separated.

Bertrand made all haste with his toilette arrangements, but it was already well on to eleven o'clock when he turned into George Street, where was the M'Killops' hotel.

All along that street, and in the side streets running into it, strings of carriages were slowly creeping up to the Assembly Rooms, from the opened windows of which strains of bright dance-music were already floating, telling that the revels of the "handsome hussars" had begun.

"It must be late, but they can't have gone to bed yet. Eila would expect me to-night, although I failed in the morning," thought Bertrand, as, with a palpitating heart, he rang the bell at the hotel.

"Mrs M'Killop at home?"

"Gone out half an hour ago, sir."

"Out?—to a party?"

"To the ball, sir—the officers' ball."

"And Mr M'Killop?"

"Gone too, sir."

"Luck!" thought Bertrand. "I shall have a tête-à-tête. Well, no matter," he continued; "say to Miss M'Killop that Mr Cameron is here, and would be glad to see her, if he may."

"But Miss M'Killop has gone too, sir."

"To the ball?" cried Bertrand, in such a tone of surprise that the man looked astonished in his turn.

"Yes, sir, to the ball."

"I will call to-morrow morning,

then," said Bertrand, and abruptly turned away.

Eila gone to the ball! to any ball! it was almost inconceivable. Could he have mistaken the man? No; his words had been perfectly clear. Eila gone to the ball! And as if in a dream, he walked away in the opposite direction from the Rooms, without knowing or heeding where he went. It was not in accordance with the old-world theory that a *fiancée*, from the moment of her betrothal, should abandon all festive scenes, that he felt overcome with painful surprise on learning that his betrothed was where she was; but it was the contrast between what she was doing and what he understood her feelings to be, that so affected him.

Could *he* have gone to a ball without her?

Could he have mixed in such a scene, with its mock devotions and airy gallantries—he to whom the idea of all other women was indifferent, if not distasteful? he whose heart was entirely filled and engrossed with the one object of his love?

And did not she feel as he did? Eila at a ball! It was inconceivable.

At such a time too! at such a crisis in their fate!

It was true that she did not know how grave the crisis was; but she *did* know that formidable difficulties had presented themselves. And then, he thought, how cruelly out of keeping with the real state of the case—with his disinheritance—with the sadness, the humiliation, the perplexities that surrounded them—with his own sorrowful emotions of the last two days—was the atmosphere of a ball-room. He said to himself that Eila's conduct was cruel,—inexplicable, at least, and, until explained, provisionally to be

considered cruel. Long and sadly, up and down the now emptied streets, poor Bertrand wandered, consumed with all sorts of miserable feelings, disappointment, weariness of spirit, heart-sickness, and jealousy; for it is not to be supposed that the green-eyed monster did not suggest, "Can she have had any *special* inducement?"

Up and down he wandered, and, every now and then, there came to him in his desolation, from the gay scene where she, no doubt, was the cynosure of eyes, a wandering wave of voluptuous music, quickening the disquiet of his thoughts. But Bertrand's love was obstinately loyal, and manfully fought Eila's battle for her.

And so, by degrees, extenuating circumstances were discerned, and then not long after, came her complete acquittal. She was unhappy, he thought, and depressed—deeply disappointed at his non-arrival; in this state, importuned, perhaps, to go by her step-mother, she had not had the energy to contend with that energetic person.

Or perhaps (and what more likely?) she had gone, in the hope that, when he arrived, he would follow her thither. What more likely than that, as a soldier, he should be invited, and going to, a military ball?

Yes, that must have been it; poor dear Eila! she had been thoughtless—nothing more; indeed it could scarcely be called thoughtless of her; in point of fact, it could *not* be called thoughtless. And how cruelly and harshly he had been thinking of her!

With these mollified feelings came an irrepressible desire to see her that night—at once—on the very instant.

"Fancy my being within a few hundred yards of her for two hours, without rushing to see her!" he



exclaimed ; “ I must be mad. I will go to this ball at once ; she shall not be disappointed—my angel ! ” Then he reflected on the lateness of the hour ; the ball would be half over ; and then his dress had to be changed. Nevertheless, he must see her somehow ; and so, without any definite plan of proceeding, he turned in the direction of the Assembly Rooms.

Arrived at the entrance corridor, he found it all ablaze with the splendours which pertain to the balls of the military—trophies of arms, fantastic dispositions of light, flowers, evergreens, banners, insignia. A guard of honour of the regiment lounged sleepily (for arrivals had, of course, long since ceased) along the entire length of the passage ; and up the centre Bertrand walked mechanically. The chances are he might have walked up-stairs and into the ball-room with his hat on, so deep was his preoccupation, had he not been observed and swooped upon by a sergeant who was fulfilling the duties of watch-dog.

“ Ticket, sir ! ticket ! ” said Cerberus, letting his eye fall at a depreciating angle upon Bertrand’s morning dress.

“ Ticket ? oh, I forgot ;—ticket ? to be sure ; I haven’t got one ; but send up to Mr Coppinger, and say a gentleman wishes to speak to him for a moment.”

After a short delay Mr Coppinger

came cackling and jingling down in full panoply.

“ Ki-couldn’t make it out,” he said. “ L-arkins swore you must be a b-ailiff. Larkins thinks of nothing else—small blame to him. Tre-mendously glad you’ve ki-come ; but, I say ! ” suddenly glancing at Bertrand’s costume, “ these o-veralls and boots, you know ! ki-couldn’t dance so, eh ? ”

“ No, no,” said Bertrand ; “ the fact is, I didn’t feel sleepy, and I thought I would come and merely have a look at the ball, somehow, if possible. I knew it would be splendid ; so if you can stow me away somewhere—at the back of the orchestra, or anywhere, I shall be much obliged.”

“ Wo-on’t it be slow, though ? ”

“ Not a bit.”

“ Well, I’ll put you in the gi-gallery, in the se-second room, where our band plays—best room—all round d-ances there—and you can s-see them supping. Gi-gallery’s fi-full of maids, though. Do you mind ? ”

“ Not a bit.”

“ After the people are gone you can come down and s-s-sup ; and I’ll bring you s-something to dr-ink after next dance.”

“ You are awfully good.”

And so the good-natured fellow installed Bertrand in the gallery, and went away to fulfil his duty as a “ handsome hussar.”

#### CHAPTER XXV.

The gallery which faced the orchestra was, in the second assembly room, thrown open on such great occasions, to supplement the dancing space of the first. It was, as “ the Kicker ” had said, filled with servants, principally of the fair sex, who seemed to sit there through

the long hours, patient and pleased, perhaps on the principle which rivets the street-boy’s nose to the cook-shop’s window, or spell-bound by that mysterious fascination which the contemplation of dress exercises on the minds of all womankind.

The ball was at its height when

Bertrand took his seat. The bandsmen of the gallant —th, with purple cheeks and staring eyeballs, were testing to the uttermost the strength of their very brazen instruments, incited by a foreign bandmaster, whose ecstatic gesticulations suggested the “finish” of a flat race.

Down below, in the hall, there was a whirling indistinguishable circle of bright colours—scarlet, gold, blue, green, silver, pink, mauve—all the colours of the rainbow,—casting out, every now and then, from its circumference, some couple whom fatigue or dilapidation had compelled to succumb; and these figures, panting on the brink, were the only sort of key to the composition of the great *zoetrope* they had left. On either side of the room a portion was screened off with light partitions of calico and muslin; there were the supper-tables, and there there was no less earnest application to the business of the moment.

For the hour of the chaperone and of the heavy father had come; their sturdy phalanx assailed the works of Francatelli with a deadly impact, and between their intervals strenuously skirmished that furtive cloud of *guerilleros*, whose evening campaign opens with the supper-room, and closes when the last light is turned out, or the last bottle has been emptied. The room was a blaze of light, the atmosphere was loaded with the breath of exotic flowers and shrubs, heated as in a forcing-house for tropical plants, and vibrating with the hurly-burly of a general action. Bertrand, coming into this scene from the quiet dark street and his own dark thoughts, felt stupefied, and almost giddy. There was no rest for the eye—all was motion and whirl everywhere, down to the minutest details,—from

the sweep of the conductor's *baton* to the flashing knives and forks and teeth behind the screens. His first thought was, that he should never see Eila there, that even love's keen vision would fail to recognise its object in that eddying throng; and so indeed it might have been, if the bandsmen of the —th had only been endowed with the Homeric throat and lungs of adamant; for the *zoetrope* was continually recruited by new arrivals from the other room, and from behind the screens.

But a cavalry bandsman—even when inspired with the “orgiastic rage” of a regimental ball, and goaded on by an Italian maniac—is, after all, mere flesh and blood; and at last, after achieving a climax of unparalleled noise and pace, the protracted gallop came to an abrupt close, as though a well-earned apoplexy had suddenly arrested the musicians. Then the circle resolved itself into its elements. Streams of exhausted dancers, flowed, breathless and dishevelled, in all directions,—to the supper-tables—to the sequestered bowers of flirtation which an advanced civilisation has added to the seductions of the place—to the principal room, where, on an awful dais, the chaperones—the field-marsals and generals, as it were, of the action—watched the tide of battle, and devised strategic combinations. In less than half a minute the floor was empty, and all the life which Bertrand had now to watch was clustered about the supper-tables. In vain he scanned every group, in vain he overhauled every new entrance; they gave him no more satisfaction than when they were all whirling round together, blended in the kaleidoscopic circle of the dance; for Eila was nowhere to be seen. In vain, too, did he look for her father and Mrs M'Kil-

lop—so pre-eminently, he should have thought, and indeed knew to be, of the supper-loving class. What had become of them all? Perhaps they had gone; perhaps they had no acquaintances to bring them to this room; perhaps Eila had no partners. The idea of Eila having no partners! After all, the idea was not insupportable to him; but then, he might sit there all night among the patient handmaidens, for nothing.

Here his meditations were broken in upon by a voice from behind. "Can't you let a fi-fellow pass?" and, looking round, he saw the benevolent Coppinger shoving through the crowd towards him, followed by a servant bearing a bottle of champagne and a tumbler.

"Br-ought you something to wet your whi-istle with," he said; "stunning ball, aint it? did you see me with that girl in blue? pace and fi-form, wasn't it?"

"It was magnificent," said Bertrand; "but I am ashamed to drink, all by myself, here—in this public place."

"Ash-amed! I would be ashamed to refuse this liquor in a ca-thedral. Ti-toss it off;" and Bertrand tossed it off,—some four hundred thirsty eyes supervising the process.

"I must be off now," said Coppinger; "I'm engaged, and it don't do to throw over, at one's own ball. Besides, the pi-party is out of the common. Just you watch while I bring her in. I've r-re-gularly brought her out, you know. I dis-ki-covered her. I danced with her—ne-nine times last week; and people notice it. I've made her fi-fortune. She's aw-fully pip-retty, and ho-o-orrribly spi-pooney upon me."

"Indeed! what is her name?"

"Don't re-member; life is too short to re-member S-ki-cotch names."

And the Kicker went away, and left Bertrand again to himself.

By degrees the supper-tables grew emptier; the bandsmen returned to their places; and stray couples began to enter and walk round the arena, waiting for the next dance.

Suddenly it seemed to Bertrand that all the lights in the room gave a spasmodic start. Floor, walls, and ceiling seemed to turn round; and over everything a sort of mist or dimness spread itself—over everything save on one spot in the centre of the area below, where, in the full lustre of her beauty, stood Eila—Eila at last—more beautiful than he had ever seen her look before, every charm enhanced by the perfect taste of her toilette, her lovely face lighted up by the excitement of the occasion, and by conscious triumph. Different, truly, from the Eila he had expected to meet, who was to have received him, of course, with joy—but a joy that could only be called forth by his advent—a joy that was to rise before his very eyes, suddenly, from clouds of depression and anxiety. His original astonishment at finding she had gone to the ball was nothing to his bewilderment now; bewilderment is the only word to express his feelings. Two trains of thought seemed to flow concurrently in his mind,—one devoted entirely to Eila herself, to her presence, to her beauty, to herself, his goddess, his idol; the other to his own misery at finding her there, bright, radiant, happy, without a shadow of a shade of abstraction from the sparkling scene of the moment. Gazing at her in his bewilderment, a sort of wonder came over him that *she* should not see *him*—that his concentration upon her should not draw her eyes to him by some magnetic sympathy. Attracted thus

to observe minutely the object of her attention, his eye fell upon a vague shadow beside her—a thing which had appeared to move itself and to gesticulate, but which he had associated with nothing and nobody, till now, as he looked curiously at it, the full sunbeam of Eila's smile fell upon it, and revealed Mr Coppinger.

*She*, then, was this fellow's *protégée*!—the girl whose fortune he was making—who was in love with him!—the loathsome brute! Something much less subtle than a magnetic attraction all but drew him down to the area below. Luckily for Mr Coppinger, he mastered the impulse for the moment; and a moment after, the music striking up, the dance began, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the hussar encircle Eila's waist with one arm, while, with an airy wave of the other, and a smile of ineffable sweetness (responded to by his partner), he led her to the brink of the vortex, and plunged in. Somebody else's arm round Eila's waist was bad enough—but that somebody else, a vapouring, chattering imbecile, who patronised *her*—*his* Eila—who affected to be trifling with her feelings—who trumpeted about to all the world that this girl loved him to distraction—hopelessly too—with the passion of some miserable little *bourgeoise*, madly centred upon a grand seigneur!

And then her smiles—her smiles of encouragement to this creature—this object! All this was too overwhelming for mere wrath: it was simply paralyzing. Read by the light of this new revelation, he began to doubt his own identity, and that of Eila;—everything became unreal to him. The dance went on and ended, and he sat staring stupidly at the scene below, noting, now without any special

astonishment, that as Eila took her seat on one of the benches, she was the object of her partner's tenderest attention. He stared woodenly at Coppinger's attitude of confidential *empressement*. He saw him take Eila's bouquet from her hand, and, after an interrogative gesture, select a flower from it;—he saw her suggest another flower with her most bewitching smile, and actually give it to the wretch;—he saw all this, quite paralysed out of the power of surprise or wrath. Others soon came—other demons in uniform—in one sense worse than the first, for they were comely, shapely demons; and about her there was a cloud of candidates for partnership, Coppinger's face twisted into a leer of confidential meaning, seeming to suggest, "Throw 'em over, stick to me—to Coppinger, whom you adore."

One after another bore her off, but brought her back—always back—to the same seat, whence the fishy eyes of the Kicker had followed her, with an expression of proprietorship. Where *was* Mrs M'Killop? and why did Eila not go to *her*? It was but a passing ripple of curiosity; nothing could surprise him now.

So the band trumpeted, and the dancers danced, and the suppers supped, and Coppinger leered, and Eila flirted, and Bertrand still sat staring on. At last the room began to grow emptier, to grow very empty; through the few little windows in the roof daylight began to peer; the noise about the supper-tables grew uproarious; and the subtle odour of cigars began to steal into the hall—all symptoms that the revel was drawing to a close, and the guests departing.

All unheeded by Bertrand, who sat in a state of *coma*, almost alone now, in his pride of place, where he might have been sitting to this hour

if the stalwart figure of Mrs M'Killop had not at last flaunted into the room, and hurriedly approached her step-daughter.

Mrs M'Killop was shawled, and her gesticulations were those of haste. Eila rose, Coppinger appeared to make an attempt to dissuade Mrs M'Killop from her departure; but that proving futile, he gave Eila his arm, and the party left the room. Then Bertrand's spell was broken, and he sprang from his seat and followed them. At the foot of the stair the first person he saw was Coppinger waiting at the door of the cloak-room.

"Here you are!" cried the unconscious hussar.

"Supper, now — Fi-francatelli, and no mistake about it!"

"I have had enough," said Bertrand.

"Did Jennings take you up some more? Holloa! you look a little fi-flustered; but you'll have no head in the morn-ing; you can trust our liquor; that's just where it is, you know."

"I want nothing more," said Bertrand, his eye and his mind fastened on the cloak-room.

"Ah! you've been bi-bored, I see. Well, you know, if you had changed your things you might have danced. Don't blame me."

"I don't."

"I say, did you see me with her? She gave me this flower. She's awfully spi-pooney to-night; doosed near pip-prop-posed, I expect; Lar-kins says that giving this flower meant a pi-pop; but I'm too old a bird to be ki-caught by——"

The declaration was, however, interrupted, for here Eila appeared at the doorway. Her eye fell at once upon Bertrand; she gave a vivid start, then instantly rushed forward with outstretched hands. "What! Bertrand? What a surpr— No,

I don't mean that, for I knew you would come; indeed, I *felt* you were here. But why so late? why didn't you come sooner, and dance with me?"

"I have been here half the night, and I have *seen* you—I have had *that* satisfaction, at all events," he said, in a significant tone; and here Mrs M'Killop came forth with another *protégée*; and after expressions of surprise, welcome, and so forth, she took the arm of an old gentleman who was waiting for her, and wishing Bertrand "Good-night," and telling the young ladies to follow her, turned to depart.

Whereupon Coppinger presented his arm to Eila, who drew back, however.

"Why, you said I might," exclaimed the Kicker.

"Yes, Mr Coppinger, but I'm sorry you can't; Mr Cameron is to take me down—if he will, that is," she added, with an imploring look at her lover's dark countenance.

"I came for the purpose," said Bertrand, grimly; and Coppinger, muttering something about "doosed bad fi-form" and "the fi-feet all over," gave his arm to the other young lady, and went down-stairs.

"My darling! What joy! I am alive again!" said Eila, as she took Bertrand's arm.

"You seemed pretty lively all the evening," said Bertrand, shortly.

"Did I? yet I was miserable. I *felt* you were somewhere in the hall. I knew you could see me, though I couldn't see you; and that was cruel—that made me wretched. But I said to myself, 'I'll choose the ugliest man in the room to dance with, and not make Bertrand jealous;' and I did, didn't I, dear?"

"You did, certainly."

"And when I gave the creature that flower, I thought, 'Now Ber-

trand is having a hearty laugh. 'Did you see it?'

"I did."

"And did you laugh quite loud out?"

"Not quite."

"Why, Bertrand, you ridiculous, cross, old fellow! Is it possible? No, no, it can't be; you can't have been jealous of such a creature as that?"

"Jealous?" said Bertrand, beginning to feel a little ashamed of himself. "N-no; the fact is, I—I didn't expect you to be at the ball."

"And you came here to amuse yourself, without coming to see poor me! when I've been so miserable, and watching at the window all day, and crying—crying, and so unhappy; and you so unfeel-eeling." And she began to sob.

"Hush, Eila! hush, my own darling! People are looking."

"I don't care—who looks. You don't care—for my love. You throw it back to me, although you pretended to wish—to have it—so much; and I had been counting the hours—till you came; and now you are come, you are—all changed—and hate me; and I wish I was dead; and I only went to please mamma; and because you might have dressed and followed, if you had cared for me, instead of coming like a pol-ol-iceman, spying, and cross, and cruel."

"Be calm, my darling Eila!" whispered Bertrand, secretly delighted with this ebullition, but some remorse mingling with his joy; "be calm. Of course I went to your hotel first, and followed on in the hope of getting a glimpse of you; and I did; and somehow I didn't like to see you with all these fellows hanging about you. I couldn't help it, you know;—and I thought you were looking so happy, and——"

"Happy! oh, Bertrand!" (in the dimmest of minors).

"Well, perhaps not happy, but cheery," amended Bertrand: "and I know—well, no, I don't know—what it was, but I was unhappy, and miserable, and mad. I suppose it's human nature."

"And you love poor me the same as ever, darling Bertrand?"

"I adore you;—and you?"

"I worship you."

"Angel!"

"Beloved!"

And they looked into each other's eyes, and neither saw aught but truth in those mysterious and mystifying orbs.

"When can I see you to-morrow, Eila?"

"Whenever you please, dear Bertrand!"

"You will be tired; you must rest, after all this fatigue; and I have a great deal to say to you—something that will agitate you, perhaps; and I should like to have a long talk with you before I see the others."

"You frighten me, dearest! what is it?"

"Don't be frightened; there is nothing alarming," said Bertrand, with a laugh; "but suppose we go out together—to some quiet place, where we can talk without being interrupted."

"Very well; call for me."

"At twelve o'clock?"

"Yes, that will do. Good-night. Dream of me; and, oh! darling, love me always."

"For ever! Good-night."

As Bertrand gazed after the carriage, lost in sweet thoughts, a voice broke upon his ear vaguely, like the far-off hum of insects—

"Confounded cheek of yours, taking that g-irl away from me! spoiling spi-port, too! What are you? A ki-cousin? or what?"

“Dream of me, and oh, darling! love me always!” murmured Bertrand, in a voice of rapt abstraction.

“I’ll be d-d-dashed if I do,” replied the literal Kicker. “You’ve treated me ski-candal-ously;” and he confronted Bertrand with a look of vinous ferocity.

“Oh!” said Bertrand, waking up and looking at the hussar. “Oh yes, I recollect now; you wanted to take Miss M’Killop to her carriage?”

“Of course I did.”

“Well, she preferred going with me. It wasn’t my fault. I’m sorry she showed such bad taste. Is there anything more to be said?”

“Lots more! satisfaction; wait here till I consult Larkins.”

“That I certainly can’t; but you and Larkins can bring the result of your consultation to me in the morning. Good-night,” and he walked away.

“I dec-ec-line to say goo-goo-goo——” but Bertrand was out of ear-shot before the angry sentence was completed. What to him was the wrath of all the hussars in Christendom, inspired as he was, at the moment? and what to him, now, all grief, pain, doubts, misgivings, and obstacles? They faded as nocturnal visions fade before the sun, and vanished from the shining circle which Love’s light cast around him.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

The next morning, Bertrand, of whose offence Larkins had probably taken a lenient view (for Mr Copinger made no sign), kept tryste punctually, and found Eila waiting for him ready to go out. She was alone; Mrs M’Killop was still sleeping off the dissipation of the ball, and Mr M’Killop had gone out on business.

“You look pale and tired, Eila,” said Bertrand; “perhaps we had better not walk: shall we be private here?”

“Yes, but let us go out. Now I am with you, I shan’t be pale and tired any more; and besides, the open air will do me good. Let us go to the gardens.”

The meeting of two lovers in the gardens of a city street does not suggest the Arcadian simplicity or the picturesque *entourage* with which poets love to associate such occasions; but those who know the gardens fronting Princes Street in Edinburgh, will scarcely object to them on æsthetic grounds in such

a connection, lying as they do in a situation at once unique and beautiful. Urban life indeed (though of a chastened, uncommercial character) lies on one side, but on the other the great Castle Rock—weird and rugged—rears itself abruptly from the verdant lawns that lie at its feet, and cast far up to the ledges and slopes on its precipitous side embracing arms of foliage, and countless tributes of clustering wild-flowers—the attitude, as it were, and the offerings of humble love.

Hither came the lovers, and following instinctively a secluded path that wound round the westward face of the rock, arrived at a shady seat high up upon the slope; and there, sitting themselves down, Bertrand essayed to open his momentous subject. It was difficult, though. Eila had evidently formed no conception of the real nature of the crisis. Not a word, indeed, had escaped either of them on the subject, but her manner showed that she had not interpreted his letter in an alarming

sense, probably imagining that nothing farther was amiss than the angry surprise of a churlish old uncle at finding his nephew had formed an early engagement without special advantages. Bertrand's letter might have conveyed more to a stranger, but Eila understood his various phases, and knew that with him there might be tragical language where there was nothing that the world at large would have considered tragedy. Bertrand found the task difficult, therefore, and painful, and he shrank from inflicting on Eila the grief and agitation which he knew his words must bring; and so, with all his anxiety to commence, with all his concentration on the subject, he fell into the mere human track of stalking it, as it were, and started off on all sorts of trivial subjects, which had no conceivable bearing on the matter in hand. In this way he drew Eila's attention, at considerable length, to the exquisite lights and shadows lying on the distant hills of Fife, to the smoke of steamers in the Firth, to the flight of sea-birds, to the mathematical precision of the street parallels below, finally to a solitary goat standing contemplatively on a little ledge above them. On this animal he descanted philosophically, artistically, zoologically, and historically, diverging from the goat to the ibex, one of which species he had shot on a *precisely* similar ledge in Spain, some years ago, which reminded him of a quaint anecdote, and, and, &c.—and so he went on “meandering.” Even the usual half baby-talk of lovers was barred to him, for that would have at once brought him up to the subject he wished to reach, and was doing his best to avoid.

Eila, accustomed to his wild and fervid declarations and demonstrations of love, found all this a little

tame by comparison, and besides, she wished to hear “the news;” so, after her interest had flagged dismally, which was made apparent by yawning and other symptoms, she abruptly opened the subject herself by saying—

“Well, dear Bertrand, you've told me nothing of your news. Is the terrible uncle very angry?”

“Yes, Eila, he is very angry.”

“What a cross old thing! Why is he very angry?”

“He disapproves of our engagement.”

“Of any engagement of yours, or of this especially?”

“Both, in a way.”

“He objects to poor me?”

“He has never seen you, you know, my darling.”

“Have you got his letter here?”

“No, I have not.”

“Why not?”

“It made me so angry. It would have done no good to bring it.”

“And what do you think of it all?”

“I love you more than ever.”

“Yes, but I mean——”

“I love you with a devotion that is only increased by obstacles, with a——”

“Yes, yes, but tell me——”

“With an ecstatic——”

“I know you do, my dearest Bertrand; but speak of your uncle. If he thinks in this way, what are we to do?”

“Get married.”

“But if he is so violently opposed?”

“Get married.”

“Ah, he doesn't actually forbid it, then?”

“Yes, he does.”

“But if we get married, you mean that he will get over his anger and be pacified in time? and I am sure I could coax and persuade him. I might write him a charming little



humble letter, and enclose him my photograph—the coloured one, you know. I am certain I could pacify him.”

“I think you could do anything else but that.”

“He won’t be pacified?”

“Nothing short of a miracle would do that.”

“Ah, you don’t know my powers. Let me try.”

“But you don’t mind his prohibition, do you?”

“Yes, I do mind it very much. It is dreadfully wicked to disobey one’s parents and guardians; the Bible says so.”

“I know; but if a wicked parent or a wicked guardian wantonly gives a wicked order?”

“Is your uncle wicked, then?”

“He is——no, I won’t say what he is; but I should not be doing wrong in disobeying this order of his.”

“Darling Bertrand, I don’t know whether it is right or wrong. I’m afraid I am dreadfully reckless and wicked. I’m afraid I don’t really care about anything now, or think of anything, but you.”

“And you will marry me in spite of everything?”

“Can you ask me? I am yours for ever and ever.”

A blank here occurred in the conversation, which the reader can fill in according to his idea of probabilities. Bertrand closed the hiatus by resuming—

“And you fear no privations—no hardships?”

“With you I should never notice them.”

“How would you bear the estrangement of those who should naturally be our friends?”

“I shall have your love.”

“Disinheritance?”

“Nothing—though, of course, that is impossible, and in time your uncle *will* be appeased.”

“No, he will never be appeased. Does disinheritance frighten you?”

“Frighten me! No; but why speak of what can never happen?”

“But it can happen.”

“How?”

“My uncle *will* disinherit me.”

“He cannot, can he?”

“He can.”

“Why, I thought the property was entailed?”

“Not exactly; at all events, my uncle has the power to set the entail aside in a case like this, and he will do so.”

“He will?”

“Certainly.”

Eila sat quite silent for a minute, with an altered face—a face that changed every instant, showing that all sorts of contradictory thoughts were struggling in her mind. Bertrand looked eagerly at her. At last, as though she had come to a decision, she resolutely disengaged herself from the arm which clasped her, and, standing up in front of her lover, exclaimed, “Then, Bertrand, this engagement must close. I shall break my heart. I shall die soon—the sooner the better; but never, never, never will I be the means of robbing you of your birthright. Oh, why was I ever born? why did I ever see you? wretched, wretched, miserable that I am!” and she sank down in a flood of tears.

“Eila, my own, compose yourself—do try to be calm. I wish I could spare you this pain. It is torture to me to inflict it; but how can you suppose that my birthright is anything to me, compared with you?”

“You shall *never* make this sacrifice for *me*,” she replied, vehemently, through her tears and sobs. “I am unworthy of it—I am unworthy of you. You would tire of me, because I am unworthy of you. Your love would wear out, because I am unworthy of it. My beauty,

such as it is, would fade, and you would come to hate me. The great opportunities of life would present themselves, and I—I—always I—would be the drag and the barrier—always before you to remind you of your folly. ‘For this woman,’ you would say, ‘I have wasted my life.’ No, Bertrand, this can never be. My love, at least, is not selfish. I will not destroy the idol I worship. I would sooner die.”

“This is madness, Eila; you must have a small opinion of my love if you can talk seriously in this way.”

“It is not so, Bertrand; it is because *my* love is so deep and true that I *can* talk so, and that I will not lay on your love a burden so grievous to be borne. No, you must write to your uncle and say that you bow to his orders—that all—all—is—over between us. Then you must go away, Bertrand, and live in the great world; there you will find plenty of happiness in time, and I—I—I will—oh, let me die! let me die!” she concluded, giving way to a burst of passionate grief.

Bertrand stood up before her.

“You shall not die, sweet love!” he exclaimed; “you shall live to have my love, and give me yours. Nothing that you can do or say can alter my destiny. Cast in your lot with me, then, and fear no change in me. We shall fight the battle of life together. Eila, I am disinherited already.”

“I do not understand you.”

“The matter stands thus: my uncle’s letter made disinheritance the alternative of obedience to his orders. The instant I received it I wrote and despatched an answer; in it I accepted disinheritance. I abjured my relationship to him. I told him that I considered the loss of that connection an advantage rather than the reverse; and, in any

case, that, with my feelings for you, my decision would at all times have been the same. I sent this off before I even communicated with you. I did so with a design. I was cunning. I knew your generous nature. I said to myself, ‘The noble girl may refuse to let me take this step,’ therefore I put the matter beyond a doubt. So don’t be cast down, dearest; I am thoroughly and completely disinherited, and by no action of yours.”

He spoke triumphantly, as if he was announcing the greatest piece of luck in the world; but the assurance, somehow, did not seem to convey to Eila the expected amount of consolation.

“You should have told me this before, Bertrand,” she said, gravely.

“I said it as soon as I could; the fact is, I hardly knew what I was saying; but I am not sorry that I did not tell you at first exactly how matters stood, for it has given me the opportunity of seeing how well I knew you—of proving to myself what a clever fellow I am—how well I foresaw what you would do, and how wise my precautions were,” said Bertrand, with a cheery laugh of triumph over his own diplomatic finesse.

“Oh, you must *not* talk of it in that way. It is dreadful—it is all dreadful. Bertrand, I cannot sacrifice you. No, no, it cannot—it can never be. I will write myself—I will write to your uncle; I will beg and implore him to forgive you. I will promise never to see you again, if he will only forgive you. I will accuse myself—I will say it was all my fault—even that I entrapped you—that you don’t really care for me—that you are anxious for an opportunity of escape, and that I will give it—if he will only, only forgive you.”

“Eila, you kill me with these

words; this is mere madness—it is generosity run mad. As to my uncle——”

“O Bertrand! stop,” cried Eila, with a sudden start, and placing her hand on her heart; “say no more, but take me home. I am ill—I am faint; quick—take me home; this agitation is more than I can bear. My heart! my heart!” and she sank on the bench, apparently in a dead faint.

Poor Bertrand wrung his hands in an agony of grief and fear; he knelt down beside her, and called upon her with passionate cries of love to come back to consciousness—a method of restoration not unfrequently resorted to on such occasions, and with more success than (regarded physiologically) it would appear to merit. On this occasion it was successful: Eila very speedily came back to life with a convulsive shudder, and immediately renewed her prayer to be taken home, and beseeched Bertrand to refrain from all converse on the way. Full of anxiety and alarm, her lover obeyed; and when they arrived at the hotel, she said—

“Now leave me, Bertrand; you must not see me again to-day; I must lie down, and try to get calm. Another scene like this dreadful, dreadful one, would kill me.”

“I will run for a doctor.”

“No, no; that would frighten every one. No, I must have rest and quiet—these are the only remedies. You had better not go in and see the others. I would rather you said nothing at present of what has passed to them. Good-bye.”

“O my darling! my precious darling! when I see you in this state—when I see you so ill, all other troubles seem nothing in comparison.”

“You must not be silly, Bertrand; it is nothing serious; I shall be quite well soon.”

“I shall walk about all night under your windows, and count the hours till I see you again.”

“You must do nothing so foolish. Go away and amuse yourself.”

“Amuse myself!”

“Yes; good-bye; I *must* go in.”

And she went, and left her lover, and woeful was the plight she left him in.

## MR MILL ON LAND.

THIS is an age of ideas ; not, indeed, of ideas acquired, of new truths won, except in science ; but of ideas applied—of the leverage of ideas. The power possessed by ideas as machinery is appreciated. Men have come to perceive that the steam-engine of Watt is not a better and more efficient instrument for accomplishing vast results than a general principle. As an upheaver, as a lever for lifting moral and intellectual weights which press on the understandings and actions of mankind, the creation of the genius of Watt vanishes into insignificance by the side of a formula of the pure reason. It does its work with such superb-like ease. Archimedes required a fulcrum before he would undertake to move the world ; but a modern philosopher needs no other basis than his own brain. Give him that, and he will produce machinery under which the loftiest and the most enduring erections of experience, tradition, and long-continued thought, will crumble into ruins. One hears on every side the wrench and the crack with which institutions coeval with the origin of society, snap asunder under the force of a general idea. It costs so little for us to acquire this incomparable machinery. Material engines require endless expense and length of time to make ; the formulas of science are products of infinite thought and labour. Much painful research precedes them. They are the embodiments of truth long and carefully sifted, before they take the shape of solid propositions. But ideas are extemporised at once. They are simply machines designed to effect a particular purpose. Given the object sought, the ideas to accomplish it are manufactured in-

stantaneously. In the domain of science and knowledge, truths are discovered by antecedent investigation ; with modern ideas, on the contrary, it is the end desired which determines the construction and the form of the idea which is to produce it. The intellectual value of such formulas needs no description.

The French people, to their cost and sorrow, have witnessed a splendid exhibition of the successful working of ideas. The invariable method was steadily applied. The objects desired were distinctly conceived, and then the philosophers were asked for machinery which would produce them. The ends were clearly laid down. The rich were to be stripped of their property, France was to be subjugated to Paris, and Paris was to be placed at the feet of a few men. M. Proudhon's formula—*La propriété c'est le vol*—was a little too strong. A milder confection of the same medicine would be more easily swallowed, and would obtain the wished-for purpose equally well. Who could deny that equality was the birthright of every man ? that privilege was a direct infraction of equality ? This granted, the inevitable deduction was ready at hand. What inequality could be more flagrant or more intolerable than the difference between the rich and the poor ? Did not the poor make the wealth ? was it equal that the rich should enjoy it ? The pillage of the property of the rich became instantly a virtuous action. Idle priests and bloated aristocrats should no longer devour the good things which the suffering artisan had created. Equally was the odious institution of riches repugnant to every right conception of *fraternité*. And as for *liberté*,

if a man chooses to have wrong ideas, and by acting upon them injures the welfare of the right-minded, in the name and on behalf of true liberty, which is compromised by his perverseness, to the prison or the scaffold let him go. The intellectual machinery was never wanting, and the desired ends were rapidly and effectually obtained.

We are not quite so far advanced in England. In France the intellectual machinery is sought mainly as justification. The thing desired is done: property is plundered, men and women are thrust into prison, tyranny is seized by the few, and then fine phrases are employed to show how natural and rational this process is, how firmly it rests on the deepest instincts of the human intellect. But in England, these ends, as yet, are not wished for by many persons: the old principles still predominate. The actual impediments to the practice of confiscation and the construction of a new society are still too strong to be overcome. Ideas consequently are wanted here, not for glossing over things done, but for exciting the requisite desires, for converting minds to the desire of new modes of life. In France they are employed as varnish; in England they are needed as leverage. The manufacturers of these ideas, these upheaving levers, if not numerous, are at least exceedingly energetic. They work with the delightful consciousness of being regenerators of human existence. Conspicuous amongst these makers of ideas is Mr Mill. He has no equal in England for the range, the variety, and the subtilty of those intellectual considerations which are to recast English society in a fresh mould. It cannot be denied that Mr Mill possesses great intellectual force, and that is the very quality which gives him such pre-eminence in the manufacture of ideas. He stimulates

wonderfully. The form of his thinking savours so strongly of pure intellect, his thoughts roll out so as if from the very workshop of reason itself. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if Mr Mill has had many followers. The keenness of his language, and the originality and intellectuality of his thoughts, fascinate readers just in proportion as they are themselves fond of logical and argumentative processes. The breadth of his influence, therefore, amongst acute and clever men, can create no surprise; and yet there is a feature in Mr Mill's career which never ceases to fill us with unbounded astonishment. He has been singled out amongst living men as the highest example of an authority. The word authority has for a long series of years been peculiarly associated with his name. Even when writers ventured to differ from him—and they have not been few or undistinguished—their invariable practice has been to preface their dissent from his opinions with a loud proclamation of his authority. An apology seemed to be always necessary before the expression of disagreement could be risked; and it was freely given by men extremely antipathic to his views. No Catholic could show greater diffidence in differing from the Pope than that exhibited by writers of every view in opposing one who was so emphatically the embodiment of authority. The existence of such a feeling is for us a cause of incessant wonder, for there is no writer of equal eminence who, in our judgment, is less entitled to claim authority than Mr Mill. Authority is the one attribute for which his writings can furnish no justification. Whatever Mr Mill writes, we freely grant, always merits consideration, often the highest consideration; but authority is exactly the quality which is always missing. By authority we mean

respect for his assertions, as from an inferior to a superior, as from one less to one more enlightened, as from one bound to accept to one qualified to impose a judgment. We submit to the authority of a great judge or an eminent physician: we follow their counsels, not because we review and assent to their reasons, but because we are ignorant and they have knowledge. But we have no such feeling towards Mr Mill, and we think that no one else ought to have it; for the simple reason, that Mr Mill fails in judgment. He is the last man whose prescriptions we should be inclined to swallow simply because we held that he knew. A long experience has taught us—and the teaching is manifestly spreading—that his *dicta* may be acute, excessively clear, highly intellectual, and full of valuable suggestions; but they are not the final sentences of a judge. We must investigate and accept the reasonings on which they are founded before we can obey them. The disturbing forces in Mr Mill's mind which pervert the faculty of judgment are many, and their action is incessant. He is destitute of true fairness; he seldom does justice to the position of his opponent. He constantly neglects to notice his reasoning. Hence his general propositions are for the most part inexact; they rest on a partial induction; they are not the resultants of all the facts. The reason of this singular weakness in a writer endowed with so much mental power, is the feminine passionateness of his nature, the quickness with which his feelings are excited, even on the most abstract subject, and the consequent eagerness to establish his own side, and his dislike of giving due weight to the side of his adversary. It is too true, as Mr Bouverie hinted in the House of Commons, Mr Mill is more of a

sophist than a philosopher. He has written much with a philosophical air, and in a philosophical form, but he has established no philosophy. He has laid down no philosophical first principles on any subject which we can rely on for their exactness and their certainty.

On no subject has Mr Mill declaimed with so much passion and so much pertinacity as on land: here it is that his intellectual force sprouts up with new ideas. Formulas about land have been poured out by Mr Mill in never-ending streams, in and out of Parliament, in formal treatises on political economy, in pamphlets and addresses, in public and private action of every kind. He seems ever to feel that his one specific mission is to preach and teach about land. On this great theme the manufacture of ideas never ceases. His last effusion is the most wonderful of all. He conceives that the acceptance of these ideas by the public has been so great, that he may proceed to embody them in action; and he has constructed a Land Tenure Reform Association, of which he has written the programme and its explanation. It is a marvellous document. It contains the essence of Mr Mill's choicest teaching on land. It is constructed as a lever of invincible power for effecting the darling passion of his mind—the placing property in land on a different basis from all other kinds of property. This is the fundamental idea on which all Mr Mill's ideas on land roll; and this idea he thinks to be sufficiently implanted in the minds of Englishmen, as to supply him with a basis on which to rear a society which shall rival the success and the fame of the great Anti-Corn-Law League.

Were Mr Mill and his doctrines alone concerned about land, we should scarcely think it worth while to enter on a serious discussion of

their value. But in many countries of Europe, not least in England, speculations about land are becoming exceedingly active. The law on land cannot escape the universal tendency of the age to criticise all laws; and it would be as impolitic as it would be hopeless to try to defend property in land by charging its assailants with revolutionary designs. Many of these persons do intend revolution; they must be met, and can be met, by direct argument. Let us consider, then, what Mr Mill says; let us examine his ideas; let us see how they will bear to be tried at the bar of reason. Mr Mill's central idea is that property in land is a monopoly. Land, he tells us, is a commodity limited in amount, not merely in the same sense as that all earthly things are limited, but in the narrower sense of a special limitation, relatively to the wants of a particular population. Land he conceives as being, according to the true idea, the essential, and we may add inalienable, property of the nation. It cannot pass into absolute ownership to private persons. The State possesses an indefeasible right to interfere with the fruits of the possession of land. It is bound not to meddle with the profits of cotton-spinners, but it is a duty which it owes to its subjects to inspect the accounts of agriculture, and to claim the advantages of partnership. The owners of the soil, consequently, possess only a modified right to the results of their property. Nor are the right and duty of the State's interference restricted to the rents of landowners only. The politicians who rule the country are bound to be profoundly versed in the science of agriculture. It is incumbent on them to be thoroughly acquainted with the best methods, not only of culture, but also of possible tillage; it lies on them to revise, from

time to time, the processes they apply to the management of the national property, and if landowners are found to fall short of what science and enlightenment prescribe, to apply by its paramount authority suitable remedies. On this grand foundation of ideas Mr Mill raises a demand for the suppression of tenant-farmers, and the substitution of peasant-proprietorship, first in Ireland, and ultimately in England; and then summons the children of light to array themselves in the ranks of his brilliant creation, the Land Reform League, and to exact of landowners the restitution of gains which neither their toil nor their spinning has created, but which were due to the efforts of the whole people.

Here again Mr Mill, in union with many others, denounces the size of English estates. For him the adding of field to field is a crime against society, not so much for the political dangers which such a proceeding may threaten to bring, but for the social evils it inflicts,—the non-residence of the owner on a large part of his estates, the neglect of the landlords' duties, the harsh and immoral management of a steward, the oppression of the labourers, the refusal to provide cottages numerous enough, and fit for the decent lodgment of human beings. Thus Mr Mill would impose by law a limit on the aggregation of land in the same hand. He urges further the abolition of primogeniture and entails; the restriction, if not indeed the extinction, of settlements; and he has even gone so far as to suggest that the right of a landowner to bequeath his lands should be confined within a moderate number of acres. The sweep of the proposals is vast certainly.

Mr Mill towers on the heights of ideas, but he is greatly aided by followers who fly in lower regions,

There are many who shrink from attacking the rights of property in land, but yet who preach with vehemence the remodelling of the laws which regulate the details of the possession of land. They inveigh with passion against the processes by which land is transferred in England. They dwell on the cost, the delay, and the uncertainties of English conveyancing. They paint the wrongs which the poor suffer from their practical exclusion from the acquisition of land by the perverseness and the iniquity of our land-laws. They describe them as shut out from investing their savings in land by the costliness of English methods of transfer; if land could pass as easily as consols or shares in companies, the eyes of the lovers of our common country would be gladdened by the sight of a multitudinous and wealthy race of petty landowners, whose prosperity would give stability to the nation, and whose untiring and uncalculating industry would draw forth unexampled stores from the cultivation of the soil.

A second and still more ardent band of land-reformers impels the onward march of Mr Mill's ideas—the democracy of these modern days, the fierce haters of every form of landed proprietor, who detest with almost equal fury the many-acred English squire and the legion of the petty proprietors of the peasant-farms of France. The ownership of land is doubtless a conservative political force; it excites the sense of property in its stronger form, for it is property in a particular and individual thing, and not merely in value, which might take one shape as readily as another. Land tells on the affections; it is loved as a distinct object, for its beauty, its living qualities, its individual and personal character. The heart clings to it with tenacity, and resents every danger which threatens to take

it away. The democratical spirit finds in its owners the same uniform temper of mind under all circumstances, and it hates them all and everywhere. The world has seen in France how the spirit of the town has been eager to crush the country; how it felt that the resistance offered by the ownership of land was the strongest barrier which lay across the path of Socialism. To tax the land, to lay exceptional burdens upon it, to make its owners see that their property is not as other property, is the darling passion of democracy; and such a feeling, so intense, ploughs the soil for receiving the seed of the fermenting generalities of Mr Mill's ideas.

We cannot discuss on this occasion so immense a subject; but it is a matter of the first importance to examine the character of the first principles which underlie this huge superstructure of theory. The essence of these doctrines, as we have already observed, consists in drawing a fundamental distinction between property in land and all other forms of property. They do not precisely attack the institution of property itself; they do not preach Communism. They did not do so before the exhibition which Communism has made of its nature in France; and they are still less likely to do so, now that the eyes of Englishmen have been enlightened as to what Communism means. On the contrary, these ideas accept the institution of property; their main principle is to affirm the illegitimacy of property in land, whilst conceding the unimpeachableness of other kinds of property. Transformed into other words, this principle becomes the assertion that land can never pass into the ownership of a single proprietor. It attacks property in land at its origin. Its title is described as radically imperfect. The State is held to be for all time its real proprietor by the decree of



the law of nature and of human life. And be it observed, this does not mean that the State, as master of everything within the nation, is supreme regulator of the possession of land as of all other possessions, but that it is a partner, a sharer in the business of cultivating land for profit, a joint-owner that can never be shaken off, and who is authorised at all times to call for an account of the gains, and to appropriate a portion of them as being strictly its own. Thus the State can interfere with modes of tenure—not merely on the summons of some imperious necessity, some great evil to correct, as formerly in Prussia, and as recently in England in respect of copyhold rights—but also as entitled to see that the best use is made of the property. If need be, it can oust all existing landowners out of their possessions; it can take away from the squire and give to the peasant, not in the name of a political principle, but on the basis of a partner's right, as dealing with men who never were, and never can be, owners of the soil. Thus the revision of tenure from time to time is not a political act, but a commercial one; and it does not require special powers of intuition to perceive how infinitely more easy, more certain to be put in practice, the latter process is than the former. The landlords of England are thus taught a new lesson. The delusion under which they have laboured for ages, that their lands are their own, is thus scattered to the winds. The grand discoveries made by moderns in social philosophy have shown that the notion of complete property in land is an error, like original sin, which dates from the birth of the human race, and needs only to be stated to be seen in its ridiculous nakedness. The omnipotent formula, *Nullum tempus occurrit ecclesie*, is not good for churchmen only; it is valid for the State

against every landowner upon earth. The State can re-enter when it pleases. There is a natural reluctance, no doubt, to effect at one blow so violent a disturbance in the minds and fortunes of so many misguided men. But a beginning ought to be made. It will give lodgment to the principle; and its development may then be safely trusted to the future. Exceptional taxation can be imposed upon landed property. Something was done in Ireland. Tenants were enriched on the principle that what they gained was not taken from the landlord, for the landlord never owned the soil exclusively, and what the tenants received was only a transfer to them of its share by the State. A great step was thus achieved in educating the country. Let every man henceforth beware of supposing his land to be his own. Let him enter into no arrangements or calculations which forget that he has a partner in the property.

There is not, then, and there can never be, private property in land. Who says so? we ask. Who is the universal legislator who has pronounced this decree to the whole human race? In what code is it laid down? Where is the writing to be found? In the heart of every man? Alas! sentiments, special propositions which can be shown to be inscribed in the soul of every human being, are hard—shall we not say rather, are impossible?—to find. Nay, in this particular case of land, the universal testimony of mankind is totally wanting. The joint-partnership of the State in the land is the brilliant discovery of modern times. The idea was entirely absent from the human race during the countless ages of the past, except where land was held in common, and no property in it whatever was recognised. The inference from this fact is decisive, and is irresistible. There is no law of nature, no spontaneous teaching

of reason, that land cannot become the property of individual owners. It is not a natural law, not a primitive truth, which can be enforced on the principle that no one but an insane person could challenge it. If it is a truth, it is one of political or social expediency, open to challenge on every side, resting on nothing but opinion — the opinion of Mr Mill and his associates. It may be a true opinion, beyond doubt, only let it be treated as an opinion, and nothing more. This is the dry hard fact of the position. Mr Mill thinks it right that the State should be reckoned a commercial joint-owner of land, should be considered as having given to present occupiers only a limited share of the profits which accrue from its occupation. His advice may be expedient, only it is nothing but his theory and advice; and let no one run away with the notion that property in land, by its very nature, is a violation of the first laws of humanity. It is a violation of Mr Mill's view of expediency, and nothing more.

But in order to reach the ultimate principles of this great matter, we will freely make a large concession to Mr Mill. We will not accept his reason as the universal reason, nor his speculations about truth as truth itself; but we will cheerfully admit that the State has an absolute right to deal as it chooses with land—only we add—and with everything else in the country. Society is supreme over everything. Men have lived for countless generations in society as peoples; and everywhere the same fact comes to light, that the force of the collective community pronounces what it pleases about everything. There is no escape from this actual condition of humanity. Were a man to isolate himself and live alone, his family in time would become a people, and the united strength of the body, however small, would ultimately

settle everything. Experience shows everywhere that associated men and women, all their families, tribes, or nations, have done what they liked. They have recognised no superior, no one authorised to dictate to them, or to put a veto on their actions. Political right, from the days of Adam to the present day, has never meant anything else than what the strength of the community has chosen to establish. States have enacted every kind of law about men's lives and liberty. They have constrained their actions, stripped them of their freedom of movement, whether by slavery, conscription, press-gangs, beatings, guillotining, or any other process. They have regulated the pursuit and enjoyment of wealth in every conceivable fashion. They have framed land-laws of every imaginable kind. We place no bar, then, on the action of the State's force, whatever may be our opinion of the wisdom of that action: for the State can never surrender its judgment and will to anything but to a force stronger than its own. The State is only a group of human beings, and the group can commit deeds of wickedness or folly as easily as individual men. In such cases there is nothing to be done but to submit, or else to rebel, and take the chances of revolution. Reason and truth are living powers, and they have proved themselves strong enough to influence the conduct of the State, and to determine the character of its government; but till the State is persuaded to listen to their counsels, reason and truth never have been, and never will be, listened to by a State as its masters. We say, therefore, to Mr Mill and his fellow-revolutionists on land, that if they can succeed in convincing the State of the wisdom of their views, we acknowledge their right to impose on England any land-laws that they may choose. But we say this on

purely political ground. Such laws will rest on the will and pleasure of those who wield the force of the whole State, and in no way on any right founded on the essence of things, or a decree of reason, or any authority superior to politics. The united voices of every man and woman now living in England could not place a single law or institution on a basis of indefeasible natural right—not one whit more than the triumph of the French Republic, if triumph it is destined to obtain, could establish the proposition, that a Republican Government was decreed for France by the voice of the Deity or of nature, as many Frenchmen would say, irrespectively of the political opinions of the nation.

Such is the ground on which Mr Mill, whether he recognises the fact or not, actually stands, when he brings forward any proposition for the remodelling of the laws on land. He denies the absolute ownership of the soil to private proprietors; and the denial is at once shown to be empty and worthless, by the fact that the law of England does embody that right in its code. That is a complete and sufficient answer, as is demonstrated by the principle which we have shown to govern all human association into nations. It is as perfect a title as conquest. Conquest may be very wicked, very immoral, very bad; but conquest, when established firmly, is a perfect title: every State of Europe has a title of conquest deeply embedded in its very essence. But the fact may be challenged. We may be told that the law of England does not recognise the absolute ownership of land, for it is in the constant habit of taking their lands for railways and other purposes from landowners who vehemently resist being dispossessed. Perfectly true; but it does not give a particle of support to the argument for imperfect ownership. It is not because it is land that the soil is

taken away, but because a great public interest demands that the right of property should be invaded. And here is the test of this assertion: When a war breaks out, an embargo is laid upon ships because the State requires them for the transport of troops; and this object is so important that no one dreams of accusing the State of doing violence to the property and fortunes of the ship-owners. All Governments are held to be justified in seizing on any store of gunpowder which may be found in their countries when war breaks out: and what are requisitions, made whether by the State or its enemies, but so many seizures of property which the public interest requires? Land fares no better than other property where the general good is concerned, but neither does it fare worse. That landed property is subject to the same general laws as other property, each having its own incidents, and each having to serve the public utility in their several ways, is our proposition; that land never has so complete a title as other property, is Mr Mill's. The fact that other possessions experience identically the same treatment from the State, *mutatis mutandis* as to the particular demands made on them, establishes our case and refutes his.

But land, others maintain, differs from other property in being the gift of nature. It is not the product of its owner's labour, or of the labour of those of whom he bought or inherited it. It is a donation conferred by Providence on the whole people, in their collective capacity, and as such can never be made over to individual owners. By its very nature it is inalienable. No generation of men could confer a valid title to its occupation. But this is to assert in very plain terms that nature has decreed that land should always be occupied under the system of Communism. According to this doctrine, every occupation of land

which is anything else than a lease, of which the whole people is the landlord and is to receive the rent, is manifest robbery. If this is so, then in every age and in every country, amongst savages and civilised men alike, the people have suffered one unbroken series of thefts from the first division of mankind into nations. Is it necessary to say a word more to show that such an assertion is nothing better than pure nonsense? Private property in land has been the almost universal method of its cultivation. Even now, amidst the full blaze of the intellectual illumination of the nineteenth century, the great democracy of the Far West, and the English colonies in the distant East, sell every day the lands of their countries to private purchasers, without the slightest misgiving that they are parting with what is not theirs to give, and without the slightest remonstrance from their respective nations that they are making that private property which can never be anything else than public.

It must be carefully borne in mind that the question is, not whether the State may not, if so minded, say to the landowners of this country that it thinks the possession of land by private persons to be an inexpedient system, and that henceforth the State will take it into its own hands as the one sole landlord, to be worked upon any method that it may select, buying the land back, of course, from its present owners, for otherwise it would be an act of pure confiscation. We do not on our side set up a claim of an indefeasible title for ever in private owners,—but the true question is, whether the people of any country are debarred by the law, itself of human existence, from adopting the practice of private property in land. Our contention is—and it is sustained by the testimony of universal feeling and universal experience

—that it is open to every nation to determine for itself whether it will adopt the institution of private property in land or not, and that all civilised nations have seen the wisdom and the necessity of that institution. The contention of the new philosophers is, not that private ownership is a less advantageous system for the community than communism in land, but that the nation itself cannot, even if it wishes for it, establish private property in land,—that the minority, however small, who dissent from it, stand on a right still higher than the nation,—and that a succeeding generation may say to the inheritors of these private owners of lands, that the nation gave away to their fathers what it had not to give, and that it can be taken back from them as property for which they have no title. This proposition we affirm to be unreal, untrue, contrary to the feelings of mankind, unsupported by a tittle of evidence, and resting on nothing but the visionary crotchets of passionate and imaginative men. It is a proposition of the same identical nature with the axiom laid down by the Socialists of France, that the Republic was above discussion, and as the ordinance of the Deity, or rather of Human Reason, rendered all and every form of monarchical government illegitimate and a usurpation.

We do not impute such a proposition to Mr Mill. We do not believe that he holds that private property in land is forbidden by a superior law of nature, or that he desires in any way pure communism in land. He would be far less dangerous than he is, if such notions could be clearly brought home to him. His position is very different. He does not like our land-laws; nay, he does not love the landowning class anywhere, unless it be the small peasant-proprietors, toiling all

day long in the incessant cultivation of the soil. His object is to render property in land insecure, to subject it, on philosophical grounds, to peculiar interference from the Legislature; to lay a foundation for periodical, if not perpetual, meddling with it by Parliament; to insinuate that there are gains about it, enjoyed by its proprietors, which do not belong to them, but are the rational and necessary property of the people; to invite exceptional taxation on its profits, and generally to bring the landowning class under the feeling in the public mind that they are enjoying gain and privilege at the public expense. The peculiar subtilty of his mind is at no loss for special reasonings for accomplishing these ends. A favourite argument with him—though it is not exclusively his own—is the enormous interest which the nation has in the fitting and most advantageous cultivation of the land. The proposition is undeniable. No one disputes it. Every country has acted upon it. It is one of the most solid foundations on which the system of private ownership rests. The almost unanimous voice of mankind adopts the assignment of land to individual owners as the best calculated to render agriculture efficient. Few as yet have been brought to believe that agriculture carried on wholly by, or in partnership with, the political government of a country, is likely to obtain the largest produce. Nor if, through the weaknesses of human nature, which assail landowners equally with other mortals, the selfishness of this class leads to mischief, does any right-thinking man deprecate as inadmissible the intervention of the Legislature. Thus the feudal tenures of lands have been overthrown in most countries of Europe. Thus Prussia has renovated her land-laws, and Russia is engaged in the same operation, with the general applause of the

whole world. It is conceivable that the landowners of all the Highlands should seek to convert the whole region into grouse moors and deer forests; it would be perfectly reasonable and just for the State to examine into the expediency of such a measure. Public opinion would side with Mr Mill, beyond doubt, in such a matter. It might, or it might not, come to the same conclusion with Mr Mill, but unquestionably it would hold that an inquiry into the legitimacy of such an exercise of the rights of property was perfectly within the competency of the State. But this is not what Mr Mill wants. He seeks something very different. He wants a general revision from time to time of the management of land, whilst he does not want such revision for the iron or the other trades. To this the reply is obvious, and, we submit, decisive. Prove an abuse in the land or in the cotton trade, and let it be corrected, but make no distinction between them. If agriculture is important for England, so are the iron and the cotton trades. If Mr Mill would admit that the reply of the cotton-spinner, that a periodical revision of his business and of the method he employs by Act of Parliament would ruin it, would be unanswerable, let him make the same admission to the agriculturist. The institution of property presupposes that it is the best fitted for the creation of wealth, otherwise the demands of the Communist would be irresistible. But property having been accepted, in agriculture, no more than in the cotton trade, can interference inconsistent with the efficient working of property be permitted. It is idle to plead against this principle, that agriculture affects the welfare of many persons; the aggregate of the artisan trades of England affect as many. Mr Mill does not propose that an inquiry should be held from

time to time upon the extension of machinery by the owners of mills and factories, on the ground of throwing labourers out of employment. Why should he urge this plea against landlords? Is it demanded that manufacturers should have the regulation, we had almost said the tenure, of their trades submitted to the periodical inspection of Parliament, because they draw huge masses of the people into their workshops, who are often left destitute when trade has been pushed beyond due bounds? But it will be answered, The landlords of England notoriously mismanage agriculture. If that is so, by all means let the charge be investigated; and if it is proved, let a new tenure of land be devised, or let the State become the one sole landlord in the nation, but upon no principle peculiar to agriculture, but on the same ground as the State passes Factory Acts, or regulates mines, or abolishes or sets up protection for trade. It interferes with the cultivation of land, it is true, when it forbids the growth of tobacco and the malting of barley for cattle; but it also forbids the trading in coining by private persons, and compels passenger-vessels to submit to regulations, and restricts the trade in gun-barrels, and will not allow the traffic in cabs to be free. If the system of peasant-proprietorship will make England richer, happier, and more civilised, let the squires and tenants be bought out, and farms and properties be limited down to thirty acres. We do not resist such an Act on any right of resistance to the State. We grant the major premiss, that the Government of every nation has a right to make provision for the people's welfare on every man and thing within its control; but we utterly deny the minor; and if our space allowed, we would undertake to show that peasant-proprietorship, on any great

scale, would be neither for the good of England, nor possible. Mr Mill's advocacy of *la petite culture* is perfectly legitimate, only we are not persuaded by it. Equally legitimate would be an argument to show that Communism, the ownership of all the land by the State, was the most blessed and fruitful of systems, and still more vehement would be our incredulity. When a great nation shall have repudiated the institution of private property, and made all the land the direct property of the State for an adequate space of time, some facts may be collected to serve as the foundation of a deliberate judgment. Meanwhile the universality of the institution of private property in land is decisive of its essential expediency. No further statement is required.

But Mr Mill brings forward reasonings more emphatically his own in support of the allegation that property in land is distinguished in kind from other kinds of property. He calls it the possession of a monopoly, building the assertion on the doctrine that land is limited in quantity, and that its owners derive from its cultivation additional and illegitimate profits beyond the fitting return for the capital expended on working it. This extra benefit belongs to the whole people; and "landed property must be reformed," writes Mr Mill, "that there may be a vindication of those rights of the entire community, which need not be, and never ought to have been, waived in favour of the landlords. One of these is the right of laying peculiar taxation on land, because landed property enjoys a special advantage over other property; and for that special advantage it ought to pay. This purpose is the purpose of the fourth article of the programme" of the Association which Mr Mill has founded. The special advan-

tage, he proceeds to explain, arises from land being a natural monopoly. "On all such monopolised articles the State has an acknowledged right to limit the profits. Railways are inevitably a monopoly, and the State, accordingly, sets a legal limit on railway fares. The demand for land, in every prosperous country, is constantly rising, while the land itself is susceptible of but little increase. All such articles, when indispensable to human existence, tend irresistibly to rise in price with the progress of wealth and population," and "that portion of this increase of value to which the landowner has contributed nothing, but which accrues to him from the general growth of society—that is to say, not from his own labour or expenditure, but from that of other people—of the community at large."

So, then, the State is, by the law of reason and of human nature, a necessary partner, never to be got rid of, in the possession of land; because land is a natural monopoly in an article of limited extent, which no one can do without, which "is the original inheritance of all mankind," and which as a monopoly constantly yields increasing profits, for which no other claimant can be found but the State. The amount of assumption and sophistry in this statement is something astonishing. How coolly is the fact that mankind must live upon land, and be fed by it, converted by the sonorous phrase of "original inheritance" into the insinuation that land can never be given away, even by mankind themselves, into being private property, as the best mode of obtaining the most food and wealth from it! Then, it is "an article which cannot help being monopolised," and as the limitation of railway fares establishes, the State has an acknowledged right to limit its profits. Who has made such an acknow-

ledgment? No one, as far as we know, except Mr Mill. Certainly not Parliament when it limited railway fares. It did nothing of the kind. If the landowners of a district choose to make a railway without going to Parliament, there is nothing to prevent them from demanding any fares they please. Mr Mill has totally failed to apprehend the reason why Parliament feels itself justified in limiting railway fares. A railway bill in the House of Commons is a petition to the State to exercise its supreme power in compelling landowners to grant their lands to the construction of the railway. The State bestows a specific boon on the railway company. On every principle of fairness it is authorised to require for the public an equivalent for the favour which the public grants. The company calls on Parliament to coerce landlords in the name of the public interest: that same motive may fairly exact from the railway proprietors a return for the concession. The idea of monopoly does not make its appearance here. The simple principle on which Parliament acts is the familiar one of the *quid pro quo*. Parliament says to the promoters, You ask the public to do you a service by bringing compulsion to bear on owners of property: you must give the public some advantage in turn for exercising its powers to enrich you. There is no sound or feeling of monopoly in this.

Then how artfully does Mr Mill avail himself of the associations which political economy has connected with the word monopoly for furthering his assault on landowners! The essence of the evil which political economy discovers and condemns in a monopoly is the granting to a few favoured persons commercial privileges, to the exclusion of the rest of the community. In addition

to the injustice which such a privilege of exclusive right of trading inflicts on other persons who have an equally valid civil right as the favoured ones to carry on the trade, political economy shows that the public is injured by a monopoly: it gets worse goods and higher prices. But an article like land, which is open to all to purchase, is in no sense a monopoly of the kind mentioned in political economy. Land must be owned by a proprietor, or by the whole State. It might just as well be said that a man has a monopoly of his own house, or of his own brains and skill—nay, with far more reason; for another cannot obtain those brains by purchase, whilst land may be bought and taken away in the public market. Political economy may denounce a grant of exclusive right of trading by the Legislature in the name of monopoly with perfect reason; but it cannot inveigh against nature for not having made land enough, or contrived that a second field should be superimposed on the first, so as to prevent land from rising in value. Limitation is not monopoly in the economical sense. The two words are not convertible. No doubt land improves in value with the growth of society; and it yields a better profit, because, if so it be, no other land can come into competition with it. It is perfectly open, therefore, to Mr Mill to advise the State, for the sake of obtaining for it the improvement in price, to abolish property in land, and to substitute for it joint-ownership or partnership. He will then raise a fair issue—whether the community, in the long-run, will gain more from the profits thus reaped than it will lose by destroying the sense and fact of property, and the changes which this destruction will inevitably create. But he must not speak of monopoly in urging his plea—the monopoly of political economy—

the monopoly which is an act of favouritism and exclusion, and is capable of being averted.

Land is limited, exclaims Mr Mill; and in his treatise on Political Economy, and in manifold other writings, he passionately utters the same cry, and draws from it innumerable consequences. But is this so, in the sense which Mr Mill really insinuates? It is a great matter, for Mr Mill's followers have taken up the cry, and have made it the chief fulcrum from which they attack landowners; and it is well worth investigating. Land is limited, as everything else in the planet is; and of course Mr Mill disavows this sense in terms. He can derive no help from such a meaning. Particular land is limited; we admit the fact fully. Land in the city of London, in particular parts of Liverpool and Manchester, is excessively limited for the purposes for which it is used, and consequently is enormously dear. People can make immense profits by having offices in these localities. They compete keenly with each other for the acquisition of such land; it is sold at hundreds of thousand pounds an acre. But nothing can be made out of the limitation of such land that is available against the owners of the open fields of the country. Again, accommodation land is limited in the neighbourhood of towns; but this land virtually falls into the same class with town-lands. We advance farther, and grant that the land which produces milk and fresh meat is limited, and such land is undoubtedly affected with the quality which Mr Mill attributes to it. But if he could have alleged only that meat-and-milk land was yielding a profit which was due solely to limitation, the demand of the Land Reform Association on landowners, to share gains with the State on pain of being ousted from their possessions,



would never have seen the light of day. Mr Mill, throughout all his arguments, speaks of the whole land of England: it is on the limitation of the food-growing fields of the country that he perpetually dwells. To this assertion we reply by denying it. We say that the food-growing land of England is as yet not limited. We affirm, on the contrary, that it has been steadily and largely increasing in extent for a considerable period of time; and that it is an astonishing act of blindness in an eminent political economist to be ignorant of the fact. England possesses many more fields to feed her than she had thirty years ago—fields in America, in Russia and Prussia, and in many other parts of the globe. From a purely economical point of view, those fields are as much English fields for the purpose of supplying food, which is the point of Mr Mill's argument, as the fields of Lincolnshire. The rent of English land is affected by the existence of these foreign fields. Disconnect them from England—destroy the merchant ship and the steamboat—and there will then be indeed true limitation: up will fly English rents. It is the peculiarity of these modern days to make nations commercially one; and it is not creditable in a political economist to give no heed to so mighty a fact. So far, then, from preaching about limitation and developing its consequences, Mr Mill ought to be amongst the first to show how the practice of the teaching of political economy is diminishing limitation every day. Even in the matter of meat, for which the proximity of the pastures to the consumers is so important, we seem to be on the eve of chemical and mechanical discoveries which will make the pastures of Australia and the Pampas practically ours. The railway supplies London with milk from fields which

were inaccessible forty years ago to the great city. Kent sends fruits to the Liverpool market with the bloom fresh upon them. These are genuine instances of extension, of conquered limitation: it would not be a great marvel to find tin cases of Australian meat competing on even terms with the produce of the graziers of the English shires.

This idea of limitation of land pervades all Mr Mill's political economy. It is a passion which dominates him. It is ever breaking out into vehement and even fanatical feeling; yet we see how little foundation it has. But even supposing it were otherwise—even if it could be shown that the landowners of England are making great gain through the possession of a limited commodity—would it follow thence that they should be subjected, in the name of this idea, to exceptional taxation? Do none but landowners reap profits for which they neither toiled nor spun, which were the foolish gift of the community, and which flow in from the natural growth of a population daily increasing in wealth? What shall we say of the publican whose tap lies at a convenient corner of a village, and who finds himself suddenly enriched by the confluence of hosts of navvies engaged in making a railway? Are these gains meritorious—the fruit of his own labour? or did the affairs of the nation bring the buyers into his tap? Think of the great cotton-spinner: the spread of civilisation brings hosts of buyers into his market; he adds mill to mill, profit to profit: were these buyers of his own making? Look again at the eminent barrister, the consummate surgeon: was there ever a truer monopoly than their skill? and can it be in any case more certain than in theirs, that the growth of the population will bring infinite guineas into their pockets?

and not guineas proportioned to heavier work, but fees counted now, for the same services, by fifties and by hundreds, where a few years back, reckoning by tens seemed to be gains great beyond the lot of man. Are they to be specially taxed? are they to be told that the community is a partner in their professions? We have only to run our eyes down the various and manifold callings of life to see how prodigious is the effect on the profits of all from the growth of the people—how many are reaping every day, on every side, what they have not sown by their own effort and labour; and how gigantic, how impossible would be the task to tax every man alike of whom it could be shown that the swelling numbers of the population had brought him gains tainted with monopoly—the monopoly of some article or quality which the flow of multiplied customers rendered every day more profitable! It is idle—it is iniquitous and fanatical—to pounce upon landowners alone, and to call upon them to account for what the community has bestowed upon them, and not their own thought or labour, and to let off the hosts of other participators in these illicit profits simply because these fortunate men are something else than landowners.

We are now able to judge the astounding proposition which is the pet idea of Mr Mill, and the theme of his Land League, that every landowner should be held to have a partner in the State, to whom he is to render account from time to time, and to pay, whether by tax or otherwise, all that portion of his profits which shall be considered to have been the effect of the growth of the population. We see that the idea of monopoly and limitation furnishes no warrant for exceptional taxation on land. But whether it does or

not, can any man of sane understanding be conceived to have deliberately proposed that such taxation should be based on a separate, on a universal and ever-recurring calculation for every estate, every field in the kingdom, of how much of its profits is due to the labour and capital of its owner, and how much to the competition amongst buyers to obtain his produce? A public functionary will present himself to every owner of land, great or small, and a dispute will begin of which it is difficult to foresee the end, or to know the principles on which it would have to be settled. The landowner will plead the large outlay he has made for draining and fencing, for buildings and roads. Then he will dwell on the low interest he has reaped for years in the hope of a reward in the future. He will show that, if he had followed a trade in the town his income would have been vastly greater than what he has got from the land. He will urge that if the increase of buyers has brought him gain, it has equally benefited the tradesmen and the merchants of the country. He will challenge the swelling population as the cause of his increased profits; he will argue that they come from the railway, which he and his brother landowners were the chief instruments in making. He will contend that much of his profit arises from the railway and the steamboat, and that he is as justly entitled to appropriate this benefit as every shopkeeper and manufacturer in the nation. Then he will plead his dependence on foreign countries—that the Peruvian Government may send no guano, or at augmented prices—that railways may be made in Russia and America, and corn come in much cheaper—that Australia may succeed in getting really fresh meat into England—that trade may leave his locality,

and whilst enriching other parts of England may impoverish his. There is no end to the issues he may raise; and where are the calculators and the courts of appeal who shall determine them for every field in the realm every ten years—nay, possibly every single year? The whole proceeding is so vague, so visionary, so unreal and impossible, that theoretic considerations, supposing there were any, vanish into nothing before the utter impracticableness of the proposal. The amusing part of the matter is, that Mr Mill lays down this doctrine and this plan with the same breath wherewith he advocates the creation of peasant-proprietors by the assistance of the State. Let him place his small people on their properties, men who are owners and cultivators at the same time, and let him tell them that their profits are not their own, and he will see what amount of political force he will require to give effect to his teaching.

But, in truth, these ideas are very illogical and very mischievous. It is incalculable what mischief Mr Mill's subtle and unbalanced ingenuity may accomplish. Speculations which challenge everything that exists by means of unreal and sophistical distinctions are full of unfairness and of danger. If Mr Mill dislikes private property in land, let him say so plainly; he will then stand on logical and debatable ground. Let him proclaim that there is, and never can be, but one landowner, the State, and that every possessor of land—every owner of a house and factory—is only a tenant with a lease. The world will then understand him, and estimate the intrinsic worth of what he says. But it is most detrimental to the best interests of society—of that community whose

rights he claims to be recovering—to admit private property in land, and then to propagate intellectual refinements which render the working of the institution impossible. Mr Mill hangs uncertain perils over every landowner's head. How does he suppose it possible for proprietors menaced by dangers, which are precisely the more painful because they are undefined, to perform that function for the people which Mr Mill puts forward as the supreme duty and sole justification of landed property? The sound is ever in our ears, that to cultivate land upon the most efficient and most scientific method, and to extract from it the maximum of food for the people, is an obligation which attaches to every man who dares to hold a single field in the country. Is it the way to obtain the discharge of this paramount function from landowners to fill their minds with misgivings whether their land is or is not their own—to instil doubts whether the expenditure of capital for the land against a distant return may not encounter a demand to share it with another, and to endeavour to transform them into a host of speculators, eager to make speedy profits which may escape the day of reckoning, and the ever-ascending claims of the State functionaries? Nay, is not Mr Mill, however unconsciously, introducing into England the theories and the practices of the Communists and Socialists of France, by employing the great powers of his subtle mind to bring every institution into question—to suggest notions which undermine all stability, all confidence, and to implant in the minds of the working classes that all property is held in defiance of their rights, and that Proudhon only stated truth when he pronounced that *La propriété c'est le vol*?

## THE COMING RACE.

THIS is a marvellous production: the picture it gives to the imagination is novel in the extreme, and distinguished by a certain gloomy grandeur, while the speculations in human destiny to which it gives rise are not less profound because they also seem to have taken a sombre hue from the strange world with which they are associated. There is, moreover, a mixture of jest and earnestness, of satire and of serious suggestion, in this strangely-fashioned Utopia, which, if we mistake not, will render it highly popular. Utopias are generally devised to show forth what the writer hopes, or at least desires, may at some future time be realised; at all events, the writer generally approves of his Utopians, even if he depicts them as creatures beyond the imitation of humanity. This is not altogether the case here. Sometimes the object is to show that *if* certain aspirations were realised, the result would be a grave disappointment. We are called upon to admire the moral character of "the coming race"—and its wisdom is sometimes brought forward to shame our folly; but at other times the fiction is made use of for the purposes of irony. Nay, even the moral character of our Utopians is shown to be obtained by the sacrifice of very much that men are accustomed to admire and delight in. We are sent back to our mixed world of good and evil, somewhat more ashamed of it, and also somewhat more contented with it. And this interchange of purpose in the writer, though it may be disagreeable and bewildering to some readers, will, upon the whole, add to the attractions of the book.

For nothing more piques the curiosity than the endeavour to read the riddle which some speculative artist, be he poet or novelist, puts before us. The writer who succeeds in exciting this interest (excited to its highest degree in 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister') takes possession of us for long. In the very best of novels our suspense and curiosity must come to an end with the end of the story; but this other kind of suspense and perplexity is at its height when we close the volume, and is ready to revive whenever we open it again. There remains to us the sense of a new problem—namely, this man's solution of the old ones—which may be worth the knowing.

The coming race is, with all prosaic people, simply our present humanity modified, and gradually growing into some better humanity. And we think it does grow in this direction. "As long as man is what he is, so long shall"—this and that detested thing remain amongst us. So runs the constantly-repeated formula. And the formula cannot be shaken. But what if man *does* change? Man does *not* remain the same from age to age, and therefore this and that detested thing may not necessarily be permanent. History displays differences as well as similarities; new modes of thinking and feeling arise and extend themselves, knowledge increases, power over nature increases, and, what is of equal importance, society comes to know itself. In the very act of learning its own history it learns to look backward on the past and forward to the future. Just as the mature

human being, in whom memory is developed, moves on henceforth with recollection and anticipation, so society, awake to its own history, moves on with incessant retrospect and incessant forecasting. Given an increase of power over the forces of nature, given a diffused intelligence amongst all classes of men,—one result may be confidently predicted—namely, that the wellbeing of society will take up its place more and more prominently in the individual consciousness of every member of the society. The habit of thinking and acting for the good of the whole will become more and more prevalent. There will be a sense of power that good on this large scale *can* be realised; there will be a demand on all sides for its realisation. And if so, will not man be other than he was? This habit of thinking, of thus identifying one's interest with the general good, is no novelty in the human species—it shall be as old as the hills if you please; but the prevalence of the habit would be a very great novelty, and would work great transformations. This is amongst the serious suggestions of the unknown and very reflective writer whom we have before us. In his Utopians this mode of thinking has become as rooted and as universal as that of self-preservation.

We all have a Utopia of some description—that is, all who are in earnest when they talk of Progress. For he who urges or announces Progress will be met by the question, Progress to what? What is the goal to be reached? To this question he must have some answer. He must at least foreshadow to himself one or several definite ameliorations in the condition of mankind. It is not necessary that he should frame some theory of perfectibility, or a whole new organisation of society. A Utopia, which is another

term for perfection—meaning by perfection the absence of all evil—is, we judge, an impossible affair. And this is just what our author aims at showing. In sober prose he would tell us, we presume, to labour for this or that improvement, but to throw away our dreams of perfectibility, if we happen to have them. He prefers, however, to teach us, not in sober prose, but in a very fanciful and ingenious fiction.

Probably most of our readers already know the nature of that fiction. It is sufficient to say that an American citizen, impelled by curiosity, and that restless thirst for change and movement which we call love of travel, visits one of the deepest mines of Europe. From the very lowest shaft still further explorations were to be made, and an adventurous engineer had returned, scared and bewildered by some discovery he had fallen upon, and on which he does not trust himself to speak. Our American obtains his confidence, and offers to return with him to the spot where this bewildering vision had been revealed to him. In brief, the two men, peering down through a precipitous opening in the rock, formed by no miner's tools, but apparently by volcanic agency, see a wide street lit by lamps, and hear the hum of a mighty population. Only one of them succeeds in making good his entrance into this subterranean city. We need not say it is the American. His companion the engineer blunders in his descent. With him the rope breaks, or the tackle gives way, he falls and is killed, and now one solitary man from the upper world, without possibility of return (since there is no friendly hand to throw down a second rope), has to face the unknown beings of this subterranean abode. These beings prove to be a lofty and superior race of men, deprived, indeed, of the light of the sun, but

compensating this loss by marvellous discoveries and appliances of what are to us the hidden or more mysterious forces of nature. If we combined all that is known, or dreamt about, of electricity, and magnetism, and mesmerism, we should have some faint conception of the new power these underground philosophers have obtained. They call it by the name of *Vril*.

Was there no island left—no possibility of an undiscovered island left to us, in the Atlantic or the wide Pacific—that our author was compelled to hide away his Utopians in the dark caverns of the earth? If our ships have cut and traversed the ocean in every direction, so that in no part of it can we imagine a new Tahiti, yet undiscovered, or other fortunate islands the abode of the blessed, could he not have supplied his happy race with some floating island which its marvellous inhabitants had been hitherto able to steer out of the reach of man? Or might not scientific invention have been equal to the calling up, in an emergency, of a friendly mist to shroud the happy abode, and keep it sacred from the foot of degraded and degrading races? Any effort, one thinks, should have been made, rather than deprive the most intelligent and felicitous inhabitants of our planet of their light of the sun, which is, as we understand matters, the very life of our planet. Apparently the author could not satisfy himself with any region above ground as giving the required scope for his inventions. He scoops out an immeasurable hollow in the earth; and even there, where a few adventurous divines have placed the scenes of eternal pain, he nurtures and develops a race, distinguished by moral and intellectual perfections; a race who, if ever they should break from their abode, and take possession of the sunlit surface,

would sweep its present puny inhabitants into well-merited destruction. How did such an abode become peopled? Years upon years ago, some deluge, or other catastrophe, drove a portion of the human race into these subterranean parts, and it is to be presumed that this dreary and calamitous abode had been the very means to stimulate invention, and concentrate the reflective powers. The science and art of the mechanician have been carried to an inconceivable perfection; artificial lights do all that possibly can be done to make a substitute for the sun; a vegetation that can flourish without its aid is discovered, and sedulously cultivated; and above all, as we have already hinted, the more mysterious powers of nature, vaguely guessed at by us, have been penetrated, and understood, and taken full possession of. We are not to represent to ourselves these subterranean abodes as caverns so vaulted over that the inhabitants must constantly feel that there is a roof not far above their heads. The vault rises so high, or rather the floor sinks so low, in all but a few places, that the space above is practically another sky; and indeed the inhabitants, having overcome all our mechanical difficulties, and invented very admirable wings, disport themselves frequently in what to them is the upper regions of the air. To us ordinary mortals, neither wings, nor *vril* itself, nor palaces of the most sublime architecture, could compensate for the loss of the sunlit and cloud-adorned sky, or reconcile to the eternal blackness overhead which must greet these Utopians whenever they look up from their array of lamps. The *scenery* of the lower world, which is sometimes spoken of in a tone of enthusiasm, must surely be of a very limited character. An illuminated city is a grand spectacle; Rome, Paris, Edinburgh,

have been seen by many of us under the magical illusion of general illuminations, and very charming is the near effect of tree and fountain or overhanging rocks under a sufficiency of artificial light; but we are haunted throughout the book by the difficulty of conceiving any *distant prospect* but one which would be mainly composed of the arrangement of the lights themselves.

Never, indeed, was so gloomy or so impossible a Utopia devised. And yet, be it said, that the style in which all is described is so clear and so direct, and the imagination is so well kept in hand, that as we read on there comes over us an oppressive sense of the reality of this underground world. Before the book is closed we have become familiar with this city of lamps, radiant with the most brilliant gaslight, or toned down to mellow lustre for the hours of repose—where time is measured only by clockwork—where one equable temperature universally prevails—where all seasons are mingled, the periodicity of each plant giving to each its own winter and summer—and where, moreover, the passions of the people are calm, equable, constant, like the temperature of the air they breathe. We smile at the sense of relief and satisfaction we felt when once more our vigorous American regains the upper air, with all its sunshine and its storms, and escapes from the terrible monotony of this wise and blameless people.

And such sense of relief our author intended we should feel. He meant no real Utopia. He carries on, as we have said, two purposes somewhat conflicting. We are to admire and to study the *Ana* or *Vril-ya* (both these titles are given to this people), we are in many things to recognise our decided inferiority, and perhaps hope to benefit by their example. On the other hand, we are not to envy them their so-called

perfection. We confess, at the outset, that we are not always able to decide whether the author is gravely foreshadowing some possibility in the future of human society, or whether he is simply playing with the dreams and fancies of certain of his contemporaries. However that may be, we are now arrived at this subterranean city of the just, and must look about us with what speculation may be accorded to our somewhat strained optics. Our American traveller, advancing on the broad highway on which he finds himself, sees a structure before him recalling the massiveness of Egyptian architecture.

“And now there came out of this building a form—human;—was it human? It stood on the broad way and looked around, beheld me, and approached. It came within a few yards of me, and at the sight and presence of it an indescribable awe and tremor seized me, rooting my feet to the ground. It reminded me of symbolical images of Genius or Demon that are seen on Etruscan vases, or limned on the walls of Eastern sepulchres—images that borrow the outlines of man, and are yet of another race. It was tall, not gigantic, but tall as the tallest man below the height of giants.

“Its chief covering seemed to me to be composed of large wings folded over its breast and reaching to its knees; the rest of its attire was composed of an under tunic and leggings of some thin fibrous material. It wore on its head a kind of tiara that shone with jewels, and carried in its right hand a slender staff of bright metal like polished steel. But the face! it was that which inspired my awe and my terror. It was the face of man, but yet of a type of man distinct from our known extant races. The nearest approach to it in outline and expression is the face of the sculptured sphinx—so regular in its calm, intellectual, mysterious beauty. Its colour was peculiar, more like that of the red man than any other variety of our species, and yet different from it—a richer and a softer hue, with large black eyes, deep and brilliant, and brows arched as a semicircle. The face was beardless; but a nameless something in the aspect, tranquil though the expression, and beauteous though the features, roused that instinct of danger which

the sight of a tiger or serpent arouses. I felt that this manlike image was endowed with forces inimical to man. As it drew near a cold shudder came over me. I fell on my knees and covered my face with my hands."

We have never seen the celebrated sphinx; judging from drawing and photograph, we should say that it was a poor example of intellectual beauty, or any beauty whatever; but we think we understand the terrible effect which the expression of passionless power would have on our unfortunate traveller. This being who seems man, and something more than man, bears, it will be noticed, a slender staff of some bright metal in his hand. This is the *vril-staff*. And as through the agency of *vril* much is accomplished in the lower world, we must not omit the description of its powers. It is at once the most destructive force, and also the most potent to heal. It is all that can be imagined of electricity and mesmerism, and still something beyond.

"It can destroy like the flash of lightning; yet, differently applied, it can replenish or invigorate life, heal and preserve, and on it they chiefly rely for the cure of disease, or rather for enabling the physical organisation to re-establish the due equilibrium of its natural powers, and thereby to cure itself. By this agency they rend way through the most solid substances, and open valleys for culture through the rocks of their subterranean wilderness. From it they extract the light which supplies their lamps, finding it steadier, softer, and healthier than the other inflammable materials they had formerly used."

This ethereal fluid, if such it may be called, may be employed in several ways, but it is chiefly made use of through the instrumentality of the *vril-staff*, which is a somewhat complicated machine.

"It is hollow, and has in the handle several stops, keys, or springs, by which its force can be altered, modified, or directed; so that by one process it destroys, by another it heals—by one it can rend

the rock, by another disperse the vapour — by one it affects bodies, by another it can exercise a certain influence over minds. . . . I was assured, however, that its power was not equal in all, but proportioned to the amount of certain *vril* properties in the wearer, in affinity or *rapport* with the purposes to be effected. Some were more potent to destroy, others to heal," &c.

Our traveller has soon an opportunity of experiencing this wonderful power. Descending through that jagged hole, in what we may now literally call the bottom of the mine, he had wounded himself. In the first excitement of the novel scene, and of his own danger in it, he had not felt the pain of his wound; afterwards he faints with anguish. *Vril* quickly restores him. A still more marvellous effect of the new agent follows. He is utterly ignorant of the language of the *Ana*. He is put into the mesmeric trance, and in this state both teaches *them* his own language, and learns theirs in return. After two or three of such trances, he finds himself quite able to communicate his ideas in a tongue he had never heard before. We wish there were any chance of some such mode of learning languages being introduced amongst us. Somnambulism or the trance, as we know them, have this unfortunate peculiarity, that the person affected is quite unconscious when he wakes, of all that passed through his brain while he was entranced. If, therefore, we were able to learn anything in a marvellously expeditious and effortless manner in our mesmerism or somnambulism, we should forget it all when we woke. We remember dreams, and people tell us that they have composed poems in their sleep, which they have afterwards written down. But the ordinary dream-state could not help us here; and those curious conditions which some have lately called by the name of unconscious



cerebration, have, as we have said, this peculiarity, that nothing is remembered of them when we return to our normal condition. So that the American, if he received suggestions in any state known to us, of trance, or hypnotism, would be none the wiser for them when he came out of this state.

But vril could accomplish all—will explain all. Yes; but we will take this opportunity of observing that if vril be anything else than a real force in nature—if, in acting on the human mind or human brain, it does more than call out and exalt the powers actually there—we have no longer a philosophical romance before us, but a tale of conjuration and of magic. If the owner of the vril-staff may work miracles, and practise all manner of enchantments, we may as well have a chapter of the 'Arabian Nights' to study. Whatever its potency, vril is supposed to be a real force in nature, and when it acts upon the brain it exalts the real powers of that organ, else our fiction degenerates into a nursery tale.

One effect of possessing so destructive an agency is, we are told, the utter cessation of war. Here we are on the known and beaten track of speculation. It has often been suggested, that the perfection of instruments of destruction would render war itself impossible. Hitherto the rifle, and all our improved artillery, have failed to produce any such effect. Human courage has risen with the rising danger. When we first heard of arms of precision which were to fire, with deadly aim, we know not how many bullets in the minute, we began to think that no soldiers could be trained to meet such destructive weapons. We have seen men in the late war march forward in the face of a perfect hail-storm of bullets; numbers fell, but the rest closed their ranks, and still

marched on. It is astounding. There is absolutely no limit to what human passion will do or dare. We are not certain that the vril-staff itself would put an end to war; for if this gave to each party the power of utterly exterminating the other, yet one of the two parties must be the *first* to use that power. And the strategy that enabled one of the combatants to be the first—if only by an instant—would give a most complete victory. Thus war might still be possible,—a war in which one party would be utterly exterminated.

However, amongst the Vril-ya war has ceased, and also all government by force. Why should the owner of a vril-staff fear the constable, or any number of constables? or how could you incarcerate him? There being no government that rests ultimately on force, the only alternative that remains is that between anarchy or the government of opinion. We need not say that the *Ana* chose the latter. Had they chosen anarchy they would not at this time have been in existence under the ground. Having happily come to some unanimity of opinion as to what was best for the whole community, both in the matter of positive law and magisterial authority, they had but to yield a voluntary and unhesitating obedience. They chose a chief magistrate, called a *Tur*, and his decision, wherever law has not yet spoken, is at once acquiesced in. Within the family circle, and for all that pertains to domestic life, a like authority is conceded to the father.

The most surprising thing connected with this people, and on which not a word of explanation is vouchsafed, is their unanimity on the subjects of philosophy and religion. They all believe in God and immortality; believe so firmly that these fundamental doctrines seem no

longer to be discussed. All other doctrines or dogmas they dismiss from their minds—as unintelligible, or referring to questions impossible of solution. As no hint is given by what process this most desirable unity was attained, we do not feel ourselves called upon to enter on this solemn subject. We are obliged to confess that, looking at the state of opinion in the nineteenth century of the surface population of the earth, we are unable to detect any approximation to unanimity in the matter of religious belief, even on the two great doctrines here selected for an ultimate and complete triumph.

The part of the work which will probably draw most attention, is his treatment of the relation between the two sexes in this novel Utopia. Here we are referred to the agitation which has arisen, within the very age in which we live, for the rights of women, or their claim to share all the professional labours, all the political functions, all the privileges and honours which have been hitherto monopolised by the men. Amongst the Vrilya the woman is the stronger, the taller; she takes the lead in all departments of inquiry that are purely of a theoretical character; only in science, as applied to new inventions, does she appear to be second to man. With all this, she still retains her old distinction of being the more affectionate and emotional of the two sexes, and, what is surprising, is still more obedient than when she was the weaker of the two. We presume all this is burlesque, but the burlesque is so grave and serious that we look for more coherence and consistency than we ought perhaps reasonably to expect. The rights of woman, the author thinks, can only be enforced by superior power, and therefore by some mysterious agency he has grown

his *Gy* to larger proportions than the *An*. But if this solves one difficulty, it opens another. That sex which has the greatest power, mental and physical, is anxious to subordinate itself to the other; has to a quite ideal degree the qualities of fidelity and obedience. Is not this a new perplexity? In the period of courtship, we are told it is the *Gy* who always takes the initiative. It is she that woos, and wins, and makes the offer of hand and heart, and the man, or the *An*, puts on the airs of modesty and bashfulness that have been dropt by the female. Now, this last seems to us simply absurd. It is needless, perhaps, to argue against a jest; but though the woman may drop what she considers an unnecessary bashfulness or affectation, this is no reason for the man picking up her cast-off manners. Both sexes could be equally frank and equally modest. The young *An*, despite his godlike qualities, is simply made ridiculous by this exchange of parts. The *dénouement* of the story, and our traveller's return to the upper world, is brought about by the rival loves and rival courtships of two of these large-limbed and sagacious beauties.

If, after all, we are left in some doubt as to the degree of opposition our author means to represent himself as giving to the rights of woman, (for are they not established in his Utopia with other admitted blessings, as immunity from poverty and crime?) there is one topic, at least, on which he has made himself sufficiently clear. He is no lover of democracy. They call it *Koom-Posh* in the dialect of the *Ana*. The American, rushing forth unguardedly into eulogies of the government of the United States, finds that he has only excited the compassion or disgust of his hearers. Aph-Lin, his host, and an *An* of high authority in the state, on hearing his account

of the city of New York, is thrown into a painful reverie, at the end of which he solemnly entreats the stranger not to reveal to any other of his people the nature of that upper world from which he has descended. Why does Aph-Lin lay this solemn injunction upon him? Does the sage fear that his people, envying the upper world, and the United States in particular, would become restless and discontented, and forsake their paternal fields, their temperate climate, their constant and uniform illumination, and that calm and serene happiness equally constant? Alas! no; his anxiety is due to the painful reflection that if the existence of such a people on the surface of the earth were generally known, it might be held by the Vrilya to be their duty to arise, and with their omnipotent vril to exterminate such a miserable and misguided race. Aph-Lin was humane, and shrank from the performance of so awful a duty. His daughter Zee, the philosopher of the family, was aware that at some distant day her people would rise to the light of the sun, and exterminate the unworthy creatures now living under it. But she also was capable of feeling compassion; and duty to the head of the house leads her at once to acquiesce in the family decree which Aph-Lin thereupon issues, that the stranger should never be invited to speak of the upper world, or of his own nation. In private, both Aph-Lin and Zee would occasionally converse with their guest about his barbarous institutions, and that smouldering civil or social war between class and class which afflicts the inhabitants of the upper world; but they resolutely forbade him, up to the last day of his residence amongst them, to speak on these topics with others than themselves. Not in their time, and not on them,

should fall, if they could prevent it, the terrible duty, one day to be accomplished, of sweeping a vain, selfish, turbulent, incorrigible race from the surface of the earth.

We must here, in justice to our author, make some extracts. Our citizen of the United States, though he grumbles a little to himself at some peculiarities of his countrymen, is too good a patriot to hint before strangers at any of their shortcomings.

“Naturally desiring to represent in the most favourable colours the world from which I came, I touched but slightly, though indulgently, on the antiquated and decaying institutions of Europe, in order to expatiate on the present grandeur and prospective pre-eminence of that glorious American Republic, in which Europe enviously seeks its model, and tremblingly foresees its doom. Selecting for an example of the social life of the United States that city in which progress advances at the fastest rate, I indulged in an animated description of the moral habits of New York. Mortified to see, by the faces of my listeners, that I did not make the favourable impression I had anticipated, I elevated my theme, dwelling on the excellence of democratic institutions, the promotion of tranquil happiness by the government of party, and the mode in which they diffused such happiness throughout the community by preferring for the exercise of power and the acquisition of honours the lowliest citizens in point of property, education, and character. Fortunately recollecting the peroration of a speech on the purifying influences of American democracy, and their destined spread over the world, made by a certain eloquent senator (for whose vote in the Senate a railway company, to which my two brothers belonged, had just paid 20,000 dollars), I wound up by repeating its glowing predictions of the magnificent future that smiled upon mankind—when the flag of freedom should float over an entire continent, and two hundred millions of intelligent citizens, accustomed from infancy to the daily use of revolvers, should apply to a cowering universe the doctrine of the Patriot Monroe.”

It would have required on the Vrilya an intimate acquaintance with super-terrestrial politics to

understand and follow him, otherwise our citizen of the United States would assuredly have descanted on the double triumph over France and England which his Great Republic has lately achieved. The Emperor of France had the enlightened, and certainly the beneficent design, of assisting the unhappy Mexicans out of their perpetual anarchy, and giving them a settled government. The Great Republic forbade him—commanded him to relinquish his design. Rather anarchy in Mexico than a stable government, the gift of France. And the Emperor yielded. Could there be a more glorious instance of the power of the Republic, or of its grand defiance of what puny men call justice or equity? As to “foolish and frightened England—growing every year less and less, relatively to the increasing magnitude of the United States”—thus our American might have continued: “Look you, we had a civil war the other day, and one of the combatants made a crafty and surreptitious use of a port in that little island to fit out a vessel of war. That vessel of war did considerable damage to the commercial marine of the other combatant. We are at peace now, and are again the United States. But do you think that our commercial men mean to sit down with their loss, or to extract compensation out of their own now fellow-citizens? Not at all. We do not go for damages against the man who beat us with this stick; we mean to extract our compensation from the owner of the wood in which this stick was craftily cut. I put the matter as I have seen it stated. And we shall succeed. It is astonishing what a Christian spirit a wholesome fear brings with it. England is teaching itself a lesson of humility,—trying to be-

lieve even that it ought to pay; at all events, is inculcating on itself the very moral doctrine that it is better to suffer from injustice than to perpetrate it—better to suffer injustice, in plain terms, than to plunge into ruin. There will soon be no justice on the face of the earth, no justice between nation and nation, but that which the Great Republic shall pronounce to be such.”

But we ought not to put words in the mouth of our citizen. His own are better worth considering. On another occasion he says:—

“They” (that is, Aph-Lin and Zee) “found in my accounts—in which I continued to do all I could (without launching into falsehoods so positive that they would have been easily detected by the shrewdness of my listeners) to present our powers and ourselves in the most flattering point of view—perpetual subjects of comparison between our most civilised populations and the meaner subterranean races, which they considered hopelessly plunged in barbarism, and doomed to gradual if certain extinction. ‘The most powerful,’ said they, ‘of all the races on our world, beyond the pale of Vril-ya, esteems itself the best governed of all political societies, and to have reached, in that respect, the extreme end at which political wisdom can arrive, so that the other nations should tend more and more to copy it. It has established on its broadest base the Koom-Posh—viz., the government of the ignorant upon the principle of being the most numerous. It has placed the supreme bliss in vying with each other in all things, so that the evil passions are never in repose—vying for power, for wealth, for eminence of some kind; and in this rivalry it is horrible to hear the vituperation, the slanders, and calumnies which even the best and mildest amongst them heap on each other without remorse or shame.’

“‘Some years ago,’ said Aph-Lin, ‘I visited this people, and their misery and degradation were the more appalling because they were always boasting of their felicity and grandeur as compared with the rest of the species. And there is no hope that this people, which evidently resembles your own, can improve, because all their notions tend to further

deterioration. They desire to enlarge their dominion more and more, in direct antagonism to the truth that, beyond a very limited range, it is impossible to secure to a community the happiness which belongs to a well-ordered family.”

No Vril community exceeds thirty thousand households. The state which is acknowledged to be the highest in civilisation amongst them limits itself to four thousand families. Such small communities are capable of a perfect management of their affairs, and a thorough supervision. There is no strife or emulation amongst the several states, or the several members of each state. All are concerned for the public prosperity; all live the tranquil life of gods or sages. They do not affect a community of goods; would be ashamed to be constantly craving an equality of wealth. But poverty is unknown. Machinery has been brought to such perfection that domestic service is entirely dispensed with; and agriculture and manufactures can be carried on by lads and children. No one works after the age of puberty, unless to plan new inventions or to prosecute science. How do they limit, it will be asked, the number of households to the precise number that the land of the community will support? They have devised no other expedient than that which is open to the upperworld, emigration—emigration conducted on a more systematic plan than with us.

“Poverty is unknown.” These three words constitute the Utopia of most of us. Many would compound for this—would forego, or altogether postpone, all higher ideals, if only they could utter those three words, “Poverty is unknown.” Here is the common ground of all hopeful speculators on the future of society. Men who smile at the ideals of moral and intellectual per-

fection of a community of sages, male and female, have taken to heart this hope, that surely a time will come when hunger, and the fear of hunger, and the squalid home, will be things of the past. We may not be all wise, or all shaped on one intellectual pattern; we may have our different churches to the last, and our different philosophies to the last, and our different tastes and characters to the last (and, perhaps, be the better for the diversity); but we may all have the conditions of health. On the vulgar business of food, clothing, and habitation, there is a sufficient unanimity of opinion to insure some common action. Very few like dirt or suffocation, and none like cold and hunger, or the threatening prospect of them. Could the whole society be relieved of these evils, whatever else is possible to humanity might follow, and surely *this is possible*. Surely the struggle for existence is not to be carried on by reasonable beings *without any use of their reason*. Why, the first conquest men made over animals stronger than themselves was by co-operation, and when men entered upon agriculture, they had learnt to labour for the next year's provisions. There was food enough for the day, or the month, but the future want was only to be met by the present labour. We have long since passed the time when immediate suffering was the necessary stimulant for industry. The state of civilisation cannot be said to be reached for all, till all men stand securely on the result of past labour, and from this position labour on, spiritedly and energetically, but self-possessed and untortured by anxiety for coming years.

Men must labour, and it is good for them that they should. What is labour but another name for activ-

ity, which, again, is almost one with life itself? Let us labour with the ever-present knowledge that all depends on the strength and cunning of man's hand and brain. But the hope is this, that the past labours of man may place all on that footing of security on which they may work with intelligent forecast, and not be driven by the scourge of present want to fitful or immoderate exertion.

We think that so much of Utopia every one who talks of progress, or believes in it, may rationally adopt. The mischief begins when we think to realise this hope by some sudden change in the organisation of society; or when we impart into our programme some absurd idea about *equality* of possessions. Inequality is much better. The *enough*—that is what we want for all, and what every rational man wants for himself. And let no one cavil by asking what is enough, and telling us that what one man thinks a sufficiency, another man calls by the name of poverty. Poverty used in this sense is mere slang, the conventional idiom of clubs and drawing-rooms; no one in earnest need trouble himself about a definition of poverty,—nature and certain positive facts have defined it sharply enough. It means work protracted till health fails; it means work carried on under conditions where health fails; it means food that does not sustain health; it means a habitation where health breaks down; and it means a mind where fear and anxiety, and perhaps hatred, are the constant inmates, where knowledge has had very little chance of entering,—that is the poverty which we ought to treat as a common foe, to be driven out of the world.

We do not say that new social organisations may not arise, but they must arise peacefully; they

must be such as are voluntary in their nature, such as do not require political action, political power for their introduction. To seize a man by the throat, and say, Be my brother!—we know what that comes to—just murder, and the destruction of that wealth and industry on which all depends. Even when this reliance upon a change in the organisation of society abruptly introduced by political action does not lead to civil war or revolutionary violence, it still does incalculable mischief. It diverts men of all classes from the only means by which social progress can really be effected—ardent spirits, dreaming of some great abrupt change in the constitution of society, or organisation of labour, neglect and despise those partial, gradual improvements which are near at hand, and which are the only safe steps to still greater changes. Sometimes an enthusiastic prevision of a new order of things is but the disguise of indolence. If from talking we descend to doing, we must do the thing that lies near us—that is, in fact, doable, and which may not be invested with any charm of romance or novelty; not utterly new constitutions of society, but a good poor-law wisely administered, a good scheme of emigration fairly carried out—benefit clubs, to secure from want in age and sickness, put on a sound basis;—humble schemes like these engage the practical philanthropist. No golden city of the just descends from heaven; we have bit by bit to reconstruct our brick and mortar, till it become something like a city of the just. And again, a vague sentiment takes possession of many, that society is to do all for them. Society is but the aggregate of individual efforts, and that co-operation which really adds to the strength of all is a co-operation consciously and

knowingly chosen or participated in by the individual. He lives and moves in this social medium—lives and moves the happier; but never for a moment let it be thought that he is to be released from the responsibility of his own welfare. The co-operation of obedient automata would be a poor ideal of society. The loss of all the vigorous impulse of what some people choose to call selfishness, would be the decay and ruin of the world. Both motives, the wellbeing of himself and the wellbeing of the community, must live together in every man, in any ideal of society which we commonplace mortals can adopt.

If civilised man has, at this present epoch, one task imposed upon him more urgent than another, or than all others put together, it is this—to wrestle with the poverty and discontent of those who are said to form the basement of our social pyramid. The movement should come from above, as well as from below. From below, it is sure to come. There is an ugly fact, which, after the late events in Paris, no man can shut his eyes to. In London, as well as in Paris, and probably in every great city of Europe, there is a *hatred* of the poor against the rich, or of one class against another; a systematic hatred, which does not embrace any one entire class, but which is making a class for itself, organising destruction, if it can organise nothing else. You hope, perhaps, to encounter this hatred by the teaching of religion; churches and chapels, missionaries and tract societies, shall be multiplied throughout the land, and you find that this class *hates* religion—hates it *because* you have made it an instrument of government. Can any one suppose that the atheism of the Parisian Communist springs out of philoso-

phical speculation? Let the man be sick, and (with few exceptions) he is at the foot of his priest, or burning tapers to the Virgin. But in his rude health he will slay the priest, just as he will slaughter the hapless constable (*gendarme*, or whatever name or title he bears), because he would govern and control him. Christianity ought to teach the poor patience and humility, and to some extent it does so; Christianity ought to teach the rich moderation and self-denial, and to some extent it does so. But suffering and envy—but pleasure and pride—are in the main too strong for it; eloquent and abundant preaching will avail us little; we ourselves expect to see what is left of Christianity amongst the very class we desire to control by it, turned *against* our present social system.

Let us return to our underground Utopia: we have not professed to give an exhaustive account of it, or to touch on all the topics into which it might tempt us. The reader who proceeds from this notice of the book to the book itself, will find much that will be novel to him. On some few occasions we have refrained from comments, because we felt some doubt whether we rightly understood the drift of the author. For this reason we passed rapidly over his fanciful description of the Gy, or woman of the Coming Race. On another topic we find a like perplexity. The following description of the Darwinian hypothesis is by no means unfair; it is legitimate satire, and hardly satire:—

“‘Pardon me,’ answered Aph-Lin: ‘in what we call the Wrangling or Philosophical Period of History, which was at its height about seven thousand years ago, there was a very distinguished naturalist, who proved to the satisfaction of numerous disciples such analogical and anatomical agreements in structure between an An and a Frog, as to show that

out of the one must have developed the other. They had some diseases in common; they were both subject to the same parasitical worms in the intestines; and, strange to say, the An has, in his structure, a swimming-bladder, no longer of any use to him, but which is a rudiment that clearly proves his descent from a frog. Nor is there any argument against this theory to be found in the relative difference of size, for there are still existent in our world Frogs of a size and stature not inferior to our own, and many thousand years ago they appear to have been still larger."

But now, what are we to understand by the next paragraph?

"In the Wrangling Period of History, whatever one sage asserted another sage was sure to contradict. In fact, it was a maxim in that age, that the human reason could only be sustained aloft by being tossed to and fro in the perpetual motion of contradiction; and therefore another sect of philosophers maintained the doctrine that the An was not the descendant of the Frog, but that the Frog was clearly the improved development of the An."

And ingenious arguments are brought forward to prove this theme also. Now, as no naturalist has ever held the reverse of the Darwinian hypothesis, we are at a loss to see against whom the satire is here directed. If we allowed ourselves to make a conjecture, we should say that it was a sly hit at Mr Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll, who reverse the received theories of progress, and deduce the savage from the civilised man. But it is dangerous to deal with other men's shafts. Perhaps our author only means that one of these theories was as good as the other.

We cannot say 'The Coming Race' leaves us, on the whole, in a comfortable frame of mind. We have to imagine wonderful advances in arts and science, in government and morals, and, after all, we find ourselves in a very gloomy Utopia, where *ennui* seems to reign supreme. There is a reverse side of the medal

which the author turns to us, and which we have now to contemplate.

The mechanical arts flourish in this commonwealth, but the fine arts, and literature especially, decay. All poetic, all philosophic literature, dies out. For this people are too wise to be passionate; and as for philosophy, what it can give has been universally accepted, and where it has nothing but endless discussion to offer, it has been, once for all, abandoned;—no speculation—no doubt,—theology settled for ever. In such an atmosphere how could a poet live? Poetry becomes extinct, and painting and music, deprived of their highest aim to express the strong passions of the soul, degenerate, the one into a mere copying of objects, and the other into a mere sequence or gathering together of pleasant sounds. Need we say how great and manifest is the loss to intellectual and literary excitement, by the one fact that all political strife is at an end, and that society has taken upon itself a perfect organisation that no one dreams of disturbing? Aph-Lin, in answer to some expression of surprise by his American visitor on the dearth and torpor of all literature, says:—

"Do you not perceive that a literature such as you mean would be wholly incompatible with that perfection of social or political felicity at which you do us the honour to think we have arrived? We have at last, after centuries of struggle, settled into a form of government with which we are content, and in which, as we allow no differences of rank, and no honours are paid to administrators distinguishing them from others, there is no stimulus given to individual ambition. No one would read works advocating theories that involved any political or social change, and therefore no one writes them. If, now and then, an An feels himself dissatisfied with our tranquil mode of life, he does not attack it; he goes away. Thus all that part of literature which relates to speculative theories on society is become utterly extinct. Again, formerly there was a vast deal written respecting the



attributes and essence of the All-Good, and the arguments for and against a future state ; but now we all recognise two facts, —that there is a Divine Being, and that there is a future state ; and we all equally agree that if we wrote our fingers to the bone, we could not throw any light upon the nature and conditions of that future state, or quicken our apprehensions of the attributes and essence of that Divine Being. Thus another part of literature has become also extinct, happily for our race ; for in the times when so much was written on subjects which no one could determine, people seemed to live in a perpetual state of quarrel and contention."

What is still more to the purpose, and must have a still greater influence in extinguishing theological controversy, is this, that the Ana are all wise and virtuous—such has become the habit of their souls ; reason and habit have determined this for them. They therefore do not require, in their future state, to discriminate between the place of felicity and the place of punishment. There are no Ana to occupy the latter, or to be governed by the perpetual terrors of it. The presumed necessity to find in religion not a faith only for the individual soul, but a government for society, is one main cause of that intense interest, that heat and animosity, which distinguish theological controversy. There is the dogmatism of authority on the one hand, and the heresy of rebellion on the other.

Mere novelty has no attraction for the Ana ; the new book, simply because it is new, would have no readers. Nor does any one write from a motive so puerile as the love of fame or distinction. Science alone is cultivated persistently.

"'The motive to science,' says Aph-Lin, 'is the love of truth apart from all consideration of fame ; and science with us, too, is devoted almost solely to practical uses, essential to our social conservation and the comforts of our daily life. No fame is asked by the inventor, and none is given to him ; he enjoys an occupation

congenial to his tastes, and needing no wear and tear of the passions. . . . Painting is an amusement to many, but the art is not what it was in former times, when the great painters in our various communities vied with each other for the prize of a golden crown, which gave them a social rank equal to that of the kings under whom they lived. You will thus doubtless have observed in our archaeological department how superior in point of art the pictures were several thousand years ago. Perhaps it is because music is, in reality, more allied to science than it is to poetry, that, of all the pleasurable arts, music is that which flourishes the most amongst us. Still, even in music, the absence of stimulus in praise or fame has served to prevent any great superiority of one individual over another : and we rather excel in choral music, with the aid of our vast mechanical instruments, in which we make great use of the agency of water, than in single performers. We have had scarcely any original composer for some ages. Our favourite airs are very ancient in substance, but have admitted many complicated variations by inferior though ingenious musicians.'"

When Aph-Lin describes music as more allied to science than to poetry, we presume he speaks as one of the Ana. Have we here predicted for us that "music of the future" in which melody and pathos are despised, and of which some snatches have already greeted our distressed and unprepared organs ?

But not only must literature, and the fine arts, and all emotional thinking, decay and subside in this constantly wise and temperate community, but life itself seems to stagnate. When we have got to the end of our progress, when we have accomplished all that we have set our hearts upon, when we have all become good and reasonable, suddenly one is aware that there is a want of movement, a want of passion, a want of life itself. Was some portion or some degree of what we call evil necessary as a stimulant ? Taking society as a whole, can we altogether dispense with our hot-headed fools and our crafty

knaves? If equality of wealth would lead to no very desirable result, so, in like manner, equality of intelligence and perfect accord in the moral sentiments might disappoint us. Presuming them to be attainable, they might not produce the happiness expected from them.

Is it not true that the complete ideal of a human society includes the element of progress? And if so, it cannot be that state in which there is no improvement left us to desire. If it be objected that surely we cannot look forward to an infinite progress, the answer is very near at hand. Has terrestrial man an infinity to fill and occupy? "The sun himself must die,"—so sang the poet, and the speculative astronomer repeats the melancholy prediction. If matter itself is eternal, no form that matter assumes can be pronounced to be eternal. Stars and planetary systems have, it is strongly suspected, their season of birth and their period of dissolution.

Let us hear the last reflections of our American before he is released from the prison of this Utopia, to rejoice again in the bright and windy regions of the upper world, full of sunshine—sometimes, too, of storm:—

"The virtuous and peaceful life of the people, which, while new to me, had seemed so holy a contrast to the contentions, the passions, the vices of the upper world, now began to oppress me with a sense of dulness and monotony. Even the serene tranquillity of the lustrous air preyed on my spirits. I longed for a change, even to winter, or storm, or darkness. I began to feel that, whatever our dreams of perfectibility, our restless aspirations towards a better, and higher, and calmer sphere of being, we, the mortals of the upper world, are not trained or fitted to enjoy for long the very happiness of which we dream or to which we aspire.

"Now, in this social state of the Vril-ya, it was singular to mark how it contrived to unite and to harmonise into one

system nearly all the objects which the various philosophers of the upper world have placed before human hopes as the ideals of a Utopian future. It was a state in which war, with all its calamities, was deemed impossible,—a state in which the freedom of all and each was secured to the uttermost degree, without one of those animosities which make freedom in the upper world depend on the perpetual strife of hostile parties. Here the corruption which debases democracies was as unknown as the discontents which undermine the thrones of monarchies. Equality here was not a name; it was a reality. Riches were not persecuted, because they were not envied. Here those problems connected with the labours of a working class, hitherto insoluble above ground, and above ground conducing to such bitterness between classes, were solved by a process the simplest—a distinct and separate working class was dispensed with altogether. . . . The vices that rot our cities, here had no footing. Amusements abounded, but they were all innocent. . . . Love existed, and was ardent in pursuit, but its object once secured was faithful. . . . Lastly, among the more important characteristics of the Vril-ya, as distinguished from our mankind—lastly, and most important on the bearings of their life and the peace of their commonwealths, is their universal agreement in the existence of a merciful, beneficent Deity, and of a future world to the duration of which a century or two are moments too brief to waste upon thoughts of fame and power and avarice; while with that agreement is combined another—viz., since they can know nothing as to the nature of that Deity beyond the fact of His supreme goodness, nor of that future world beyond the fact of its felicitous existence, so their reason forbids all angry disputes on insoluble problems. Thus they secure for that state in the bowels of the earth what no community ever secured under the light of the stars—all the blessings and consolations of a religion without any of the evils and calamities which are engendered by strife between one religion and another.

"It would be, then, utterly impossible to deny that the state of existence among the Vril-ya is thus, as a whole, immeasurably more felicitous than that of super-terrestrial races, and, realising the dreams of our most sanguine philanthropists, almost approaches to a poet's conception of some angelical order. And yet, if you would take a thousand of the best and most philosophical of human

beings you could find in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, or even Boston, and place them as citizens in this beatified community, my belief is, that in less than a year they would either die of *ennui*, or attempt some revolution by which they would militate against the good of the community, and be burnt into cinders at the request of the Tur."

This passage is suggestive of many reflections. Perhaps we cannot do better than leave our readers here to the meditations it excites. We leave them face to face with a very clever book. After the extracts we have given, it will be needless to deal largely in the language of praise. We are certain that it will be very extensively and very admiringly read.

But as all authors, even reviewers, have ever a *one word more* to say, we would, *apropos* of this final passage, suggest just this one consideration. Although a citizen of the United States, or an English squire, or even a German professor, might find such a Utopia as is here described, whether under ground or above ground, or in the third heavens, very dull and oppressive, flat, stale, and unprofitable, it does not follow that the natives, bred and nurtured in their serene homes, would experience any such weariness

or dissatisfaction. Civilised life itself requires a training, and we may well suppose that this highly-cultivated condition would be acceptable to those only whose sentiments and habits have, in fact, been harmonised to and by the society they live in. A savage, captured and decently clad, and taught good manners to boot, shall, when the opportunity occurs, fling off his tight-fitting garments and all the conventionalities of which he seemed to be very proud, and betake himself to the jungle, or his canoe, or his miserable hut, and enter once more on his old perilous and terrible struggle for existence. What we, who call ourselves philanthropists or progressionists, or by some other flattering title, have evidently to do, is this: we have to labour for some definite and unmistakable improvement. We cannot altogether foresee that future *whole* which may be the outcome of many such accomplished purposes; but we may rely on this, that at each stage society will model the individual to live in the new medium, and probably fit him to labour still further, and ever further, for this or that advance in knowledge, or in art, or social habitude.

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## NEW BOOKS.

THE mind of the general reader, brought up in the creed common to Christendom, and holding, as the majority of people do, the faith taught in the Bible, has been much exercised of late by the progress of scientific inquiries. Philosophers and materialists have ceased to content themselves, as they once did, with darkling investigations: they have begun to take up the quite inappropriate vehicle of lively style and literary art to force us into attention to their abstruse inquiries; and as these inquiries are nothing if not heterodox, and carry in their very front audacious banners, labelled with such legends as "No Faith," and "Believe nothing," a great many of us, it must be allowed, have been much frightened, and have felt our fundamental beliefs, our best hopes, in danger. It is, curiously enough, a distinctive feature of the timid faith of the public—a faith which is infinitely stronger than it looks, but which never can be brought to believe in itself—that it takes periodical fits of fright, and feels, like the nervous millionaire, that it is about to be brought to ruin;—whereas scepticism, like most young and penniless adventurers, is daring to bravado, and fears nothing. But it is worth while to inquire what is the cause of the fright: and we are glad to think that we have under our hand a reassuring utterance from the lips of one of the great heresiarchs of the day, which ought to go far to compose the popular apprehensions. Professor Tyndall is not a man to shrink from saying what he means out of any fear of shocking his audi-

ence; and he is proud and triumphant in those researches of the materialist which have gone so far and discovered so much; but yet there is, in his recent book,\* consolation for the most timid believer. It is not a likely quarter, we allow, to seek for consolation: but he is a bold and frank speaker, not dealing in mysterious hints and darkling intimations, but speaking his mind, whether to his own advantage or disadvantage, in a way which speculatists of all classes would do well to follow. Science has taken for itself a peculiar position in our days. Of old it was supposed the sphere of theology to deal with the spiritual unknown, and of philosophy to ascertain how the movements of thought and feeling originated in the unseen and impalpable soul. These two ethereal sciences held the field in respect to all that was higher in man. Mental philosophy has even taken its distinguishing name in opposition, as it were, to natural philosophy, which had a totally different sphere of operations. But Natural Science has gradually pressed forward through sphere after sphere, until she has arrogated to herself the chief place, and proclaimed her readiness to elucidate all problems—not those only which were supposed to belong to her individual range, but the still more important questions which are more vital to man than any discussions about strata or stones, gases or elemental influences. She has taken the question of the origin of man out of the hands of theology. She has taken his actions and motives out of the keeping of the philosopher. She has done her

\* *Fragments of Science for Unscientific People.* By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. Second Edition.

best to abrogate altogether the spiritual and mental kingdoms, and range all within the vast dreary material wilderness of a world in which everything is done on mechanical principles. It is her day, and she has been allowed, with much commotion, but as yet little serious resistance, to proceed on her career. That fancy for fairness, impartiality, and tolerance of everything, which is the prevailing fashion of the time, has induced everybody to listen politely; and the powers of thought and expression which, as it is her day, natural science has enlisted in her favour, have carried a great deal of superficial belief, and that hollow conviction which lasts as long as the argument, throughout the world. Natural Selection and the Molecular theory are in the ascendant, intellectually. Our origin is traced for us from the ape and the jelly-fish; our actions are accounted for by the movement of currents of atoms in the lining of our frames. This is an undignified solution of the difficulties of humanity; but Science sternly refuses to consider the matter under any such secondary light, or to be influenced by the consideration that it would be better for us to be made in the image of God than to be improved out of the image of a beast. She has nothing to do with what is best or pleasantest; she only considers (she says) what is true. She bids us give her our hand boldly while she marches without fear or hesitation into the unknown. We have thought ourselves mysterious beings. She is going to find out all about us. "Come on," she says, with a certain scorn of our weakness. She is going to show us how it is all done, as the creator of Frankenstein might have managed to do, had not that timid philosopher been a great deal too much frightened by his own performance. But Science is not at all frightened.

She waves her smoky torch about her head as she stands at the dark entrance to that invisible world. We have called it by such names as Heaven, Infinitude, the Unknown; to her it is a labyrinth of catacombs requiring nothing but the torch and the clue.

Now the question is, Does Science face the question fully which she professes to explain? She has chosen to take Man for her field of investigation; and Man is a complex being. He is something more than flesh and blood—the meanest, least observant eye, looking at him, is compelled to feel that his inscrutability is something which differs from the inscrutability of the earth, or the air, or the animal creation. Supposing him to have been developed out of the brute, at some certain moment in the progress of that development, at some stage in the process, a certain change must have come over him. Argument is ineffectual on this subject, because the fact is above argument; it cannot be denied or contested. He is different from everything else in the world by a vast, an unexplainable, an infinite difference. The phenomena which occur in him occur in no other creature. It may be possible for some minds to conceive how the Greek Aphrodite or the fair English girl, who is dearer to us than any Venus, might be developed out of a monkey, though we avow that to ourselves the process is inconceivable; but who can imagine that Shakespeare was the product of the higher refinement and gradual civilisation of the loftiest Chimpanzee? A philosophy which insists on the lobe of our ear as characteristic of the race, and omits to consider Shakespeare as a still more important characteristic, begins its investigations on very insufficient ground: for we have a right to insist that we should be considered as whole creatures, not as half. Upon this curious-

ly disingenuous foundation, however, all the investigations into our nature which have filled the public ears and mind are founded. Our bodies are discussed to nausea; but our bodies are not us. They are the most marvellous of earthly machines—the most delicate and noble—but no one has ever pretended that they were inscrutable or divine. Since Man has known himself, it has never been this part of him which has been his chief pride. Everywhere and in all circumstances he has felt that he was not as the brute. The world has been wonderful to him, but he himself to himself has always been much more wonderful than the world. He has never questioned whether or not he was superior to the rest of the visible creation, for he has always known it, and taken it for granted. And in every age the great question has been—The thing within us, which is not flesh and blood, which is will and emotion and sentiment, which makes us grieve and rejoice, which makes us think and speak, whence comes it?—what is it? This unexplainable creature, deriving strange powers which we cannot fathom, from some strange source which we do not know, what is its pedigree, its origin, its law of being? This has been the question of humanity, and it is, let us do what we will to exaggerate lesser questions into importance, the great problem of the universe. Our eyes always light up, and our ears are intent to hear of anything that may solve it. Any inquiry which looks as if it might by possibility clear up for us some part of this problem, becomes immediately interesting. If we could but ascertain anything for ourselves, not by tradition or revelation, but by discovery, we feel that it would be an unspeakable satisfaction to us.

What Natural Science does for us, by way of clearing up this mysterious

difference of which we are conscious between ourselves and all the rest of creation, is—to slump us up in one general mass with the animal and even the vegetable world. Our grand difficulty is the immense pressure of that conscious difference which isolates us from every other race as no race except our own is isolated. And Science replies by pitching us contemptuously into the common heap of life. Yet there never was a greater proof of our inalienable identity than herself. Man only inquires, man only wonders, ponders, demands of heaven and earth to know who and what he is—has alone the faculty of being scientific. This is the most wonderful distinction in nature, but it is the one thing which Science declines to consider. She will make the most elaborate calculations to show us how our shape was modified, our flesh moulded into new forms; but when we ask her how we got our mind she is obstinately silent: yet our mind is our grand characteristic in the world. It is as if an ornithologist should enter into an elaborate discussion as to how a nightingale had developed out of a hedge-sparrow, commenting minutely upon the tiny marking of its feathers, and omitting all reference to its song. Yet the song is the nightingale's grand characteristic, just as mind is our grand characteristic. Fifty years ago, the wonder and mystery which surrounded so common an occurrence as the germination of a seed of corn was a favourite argument with believers in Revelation against the sceptic's refusal to believe anything he could not understand. "Can you understand how the seed grows into the green plant, and then into the ear of corn?" asked the defender of religion. Science has plucked, or thinks she has plucked, the mystery out of this. She answers, Yes, she can understand it. In Professor Tyndall's paper on Scientific Materi-

alism he describes the process to us. It is done by a union between the molecules of the seed and the molecules in the soil brought together by heat. And exactly in the same way is the human body constructed. It is less easy to identify the processes carried on in the latter case; but the difficulty "is not with the quality of the problem, but with its complexity." The molecules are small, and they are very many—their action is hidden—there are obstacles in the way of observation; but Professor Tyndall is convinced that "a simple expansion of the qualities we now possess" would overcome all these difficulties. From this it is apparent that to master even the mystery of the body, Science requires to grow wiser and stronger. Were she so—were all the faculties so expanded that she could "deduce" the chick "rigorously and mathematically from the egg"—she would still be in no position to pronounce upon the central wonder of humanity. She has given us to understand that she was in a position to do so. She has kept us shivering and wondering, as on the edge of some great precipice of discovery, within reach of that mysterious secret which has been hid from us all our lives. We have felt that the wonder was about to be taken out of us—that we were going to be accounted for, our nature fathomed, and our identity settled for ever. Science has claimed to do this for us through Mr Darwin's ape and Professor Huxley's protoplasm. She has given us mysterious warnings not to think too highly of ourselves—to beware lest we should be proved to be mere automatons, puppets moved by a stream of atoms. Deeply and solemnly has Professor Huxley sounded in our ear this more than likelihood, this almost certainty. But hear what his brother Professor says, and you begin

to breathe again. Mr Tyndall is scarcely less interested in molecules than his colleague. He believes in them—venerates them, so to speak, as probably the parents of his own thoughtful musings; and is as ready to believe in their all-importance as any fetish-worshipper in his idol. Yet here is his decision on the subject—his avowal of that tether which limits Science, and beyond which, up to this time at least, she has shown no power to go. He has been candidly stating his conviction that the animal body is the product of molecular force.

"You see I am not mincing matters, but avowing nakedly what many scientific thinkers more or less distinctly believe. The formation of a crystal, a plant, or an animal, is in their eyes a purely mechanical problem, which differs from the problems of ordinary mechanics in the smallness of the masses and the complexity of the processes involved. Here you have one-half of our dual truth; let us now glance at the other half. Associated with this wonderful mechanism of the animal body we have phenomena no less certain than those of physics, but between which and the mechanism we discover no necessary connection. A man, for example, can say, *I feel, I think, I love*; but how does *consciousness* infuse itself into the problem? The human brain is said to be the organ of thought and feeling. When we are hurt, the brain feels it; when we ponder, it is the brain that thinks; when our passions or affections are excited, it is through the instrumentality of the brain. Let us endeavour to be a little more precise here. I hardly imagine there exists a profound scientific thinker who has reflected upon the subject, unwilling to admit the extreme probability of the hypothesis that, for every fact of consciousness, whether in the domain of sense, of thought, or of emotion, a definite molecular condition of motion or structure is set up in the brain; or would be disposed even to deny that if the motion or structure be induced by internal causes instead of external, the effect on consciousness will be the same. Let any nerve, for example, be thrown, by morbid action, into the precise state of motion which would be communicated to it by the pulses of a heated body; surely that nerve will declare itself hot—the mind will accept the subjective intimation ex-

actly as if it were objective. . . . The relation of physics to consciousness being thus established—that, given the state of the brain, the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or, given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. But how inferred? It would be at bottom not a case of logical inference at all, but of empirical association. You may reply that many of the inferences of Science are of this character—the inference, for example, that an electric current of a given direction will deflect a magnetic needle in a definite way; but the cases differ in this, that the passage from the current to the needle, if not demonstrable, is thinkable. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, *we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from one to the other.* They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain—were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be—and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling,—we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem. How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness? The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of *love*, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of *hate* with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know when we love that the motion is in one direction, and when we hate that the motion is in another; but the ‘why?’ would remain as unanswerable as before.

“In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlation in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the materialist is stated, as far as that position is a tenable one. I think the materialist will be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, in the present condition of the human mind, that he can pass beyond this position. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions explain everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the

association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its present form as it was in the prescientific ages.”

This frank and candid avowal should, we think, bring great consolation to those honest and troubled souls who fear that the discoveries of Science are about to make an end of all those dreams of a divine origin which humanity has cherished from its cradle. After all, though we may have been frightened out of our wits by the thought that apes and Ascidiæ were the fount of our being, and that all our thoughts and emotions were no better than fantastic results of a current, flowing this way or that way, of molecules, there is no real foundation for our fear. Even though our bodies should be discovered to be mere chemical problems more complex and difficult than ordinary—and for this initiatory and comparatively insignificant discovery Professor Tyndall requires “larger, other eyes” than are possessed at present by the most accomplished philosopher—yet our complex nature, our double being, the real wonder of us, the mind which, a thousand times more truly than the body, is ourself, cannot be explained by any science yet known to man. The philosopher does not even possess “any intellectual organ,” or “rudiment of an organ,” which can enable him to penetrate this mystery. Every human individual is still as inscrutable as in the prescientific age. How curious is this avowal after all the brags, and threats, and theories with which the scientific materialist has filled the air for some time past! Even should all that has been asserted be true, we are still left intact, notwithstanding natural selection and the molecular theory. Should every monkey species stand forth to claim its portion in our flesh and blood—



should the chemist succeed in making a baby, as Professor Tyndall threatens us he would if he could—we have the warrant of Science for saying, that man would still remain as mysterious as ever. The biologist may take him limb from limb, finding what similitudes he pleases in those dry bones—the chemist may dissolve him back into the gases and atoms of matter of which his flesh is composed,—but who will find out where dwells the other part of him—the life that speaks, and thinks, and loves, and sorrows? Where that came from—how it got possession of the curious home it now inhabits, what vital connection it has with that house—in what way these two belong to each other, and how they form one being,—is as inexplicable to Knowledge as it is to Ignorance. If we cannot receive what is said to come from God on the subject, certainly, it seems, there is no information to be obtained from man.

It will be perceived from the above extract that Professor Tyndall does not deal in any darkling threats, but allows the imperfection of his knowledge. The priest, he says, knows no more of the matter than he does—an assertion most innocently polemical; but he does not hesitate to avow that what he knows is little indeed. The only point on which he gets angry or controversial is one which excites every scientific writer in what one cannot but feel to be an amusing way. It is as the red rag to the bull. The calmest man of science flies into an outburst of whimsical rage, and foams at the mouth, when he comes within sight or hearing of one special religious assumption. “Don’t profess to see in the phenomena of the material world the evidences of Divine pleasure or displeasure,” the philosopher says sharply, restraining himself with an effort. He can bear any folly but this—it is the one thing

which the mind of Science cannot abide. At the sight of a national fast or a penitential service he shrieks with hysterical passion. We feel ourselves seized by the shoulders and violently shaken when we do but hint at misfortunes caused by the “visitation of God.” It is odd to the spectator to see this sudden access of rage, for which there seems no particular cause; for it is no exceptional idea, but the fundamental principle of Christianity, that all things are in the hand of God. But this is how Science feels on the matter. Denunciations of this one religious act are in every scientific volume, we venture to say, which has been published for years; and Mr Tyndall, like the rest, loses his head and utters a yell on the subject. We may safely leave nature to hold her own, however, in this matter; for of all the impossible efforts which can be imagined, the most impossible would be any endeavour to quench in this point the universal instinct, or silence the cry which every sufferer gives forth unto the Unknown—the appeal which is as natural as breathing. It is, we suppose, the inveterate philosophical prejudice that people who pray never do anything else to help themselves, which lies at the bottom of this fierce scientific objection to one of the most well-recognised instincts of natural religion.

Before, however, we leave this realm of Science, we may note one curious effect, and at the same time cause, of the wide, general diffusion and apparent popularity of these daring materialistic theories upon the constitution and origin of man. It looks at the first glance very humbling to our pride to be called upon to accept the monkey as our progenitor, and to consider ourselves automatons swayed by some chance influence which we do not in the

least comprehend. But there is no real humility or seriousness in the state of mind which these speculations produce. We think there can be no doubt that the ordinary reader finds more amusement than anything else in such theories. There is in us all an inherent consciousness of superiority which is unassailable even by Science; and the suggestions of Science on this point fill us with that quaint sense of the incongruous which is the very soul of humour. We may listen with gravity while our teachers discuss the question, whether "a right-handed spiral movement of the molecules of the brain" is sufficient to account for the production in us of that emotion generally called Love. But, in reality, all the while we are secretly tickled by the unimaginable nonsense of the inquiry: there is a solemn folly in it which makes it not only bearable but grimly amusing. "What! I?" the listener says in his heart; "I?—loving hotly, feeling deeply, prompt to the exercise of spiritual emotions, admiration, enthusiasm, worship—with a thousand wild and sweet fancies coming and going about me like the air of heaven—with an imagination capable of conceiving things which are altogether beyond my experience, and above my power of realisation—I!" This sense of unspeakable superiority to the theory of his own existence thus placed before him, must affect, more or less, every man who listens to it; and the effect would not be changed or even modified could every hypothesis be proved, and our non-existence as spiritual beings be rigidly and logically made out. Should some exceptional man arise, with a glass covering to his brain, through which the molecules might be observed to perfection, and should a thousand Professor Huxleys devote themselves to the classification of

the new facts thus disclosed, Humanity would still smile serenely, knowing better, in spite of all facts and philosophers. Our intense sense of human superiority is far too strong to be more than amusingly titillated by such suggestions. We the descendants of an ape and a jelly-fish! Even the great materialist himself, we imagine, must feel a gleam of fun irradiate his labours. All those gifts of his—the logic, and the wisdom, and the wit—the power of observation which enables him to perceive the mysteries of structure through every decent covering, and the great mental endowments which have enabled him to interest the world in his investigations—are these but the newest development of the monkey's cunning, or that offensive instinct which makes the medusa sting the unwary swimmer? The sense of incongruity here is exquisite. In the very depth of her seriousness, Science thus becomes no better than a buffoon. Once more she has forgotten that a thing may be logically provable, yet morally incredible. Good Bishop Berkeley tried hard to make his generation believe that the things which surrounded it were not things, but ideas; and he proved his hypothesis, but never convinced a living soul. Mr Darwin, and Mr Huxley too, may prove their hypotheses for anything we can tell, but they will never make men believe in their own descent from monkeys, or that they are mere puppets, without power or volition of their own.

Those researches, however, which profess to go into the spiritual unseen, and bring us a fleshly interpretation of some of the wonders which lie about us and concern us most deeply, derive from that assumption an interest such as no other scientific inquiries have. This is the subject which, disguise it as we will, takes the deepest hold upon

human nature. It is in a very different way that Mr Froude\* approaches those everlasting questions which are more to us than the most important everyday interest; but he, too, brings his powers to bear on the great sphere of religious thought in a way which shows its importance under all circumstances to all minds of high tone and aspiration. It is curious to find a historian, so little liable to the prejudices of mere religiousness, and so fiercely hostile to most ecclesiastical institutions, taking for his theme the excellences of Calvinism. Something, no doubt, is due, in this choice, to the circumstances and place in which this essay was produced. Scotland is treated in a peculiar way by the notable English persons who of late years have taken an interest in her. There is a certain analogy between the way in which men speak of women and that in which the English writer deals with Scotland and Scotch subjects. He abuses her roundly and spitefully, or he is condescendingly enthusiastic over her admirable qualities, and considers her peculiar ways of thinking with a certain indulgence, such as a superior may afford to give. Calvinism is supposed to be a system for which the Scotch nation has an unaccountable weakness. Therefore Mr Froude, addressing a popular assembly in Scotland, takes up Calvinism as an appropriate subject, and endeavours to find what good he can in it. He approaches it, we can see, with this intention. There must be good in it, because here is a whole people trained upon Calvinism, which has made for itself a creditable place in the world, and earned respectful consideration for its vagaries, such as they are. The intention to say all the good pos-

sible is very apparent; but the result is not exactly what we should have expected from the intention. The essay, in short, is not about Calvinism at all. It is a brilliant historical sketch of the great religious movements which have agitated the world, from that of the Jews downward. The religion of Zoroaster and the principles of the Stoics do not at the first glance appear to have many features of similarity with the stern faith of Geneva; but each of them, and of various others which Mr Froude specifies, was founded upon the revolt of humankind against universal falsehood, and the determination to make a stand for God's will and work in the midst of a lying and corrupt generation. To say that every religious leader has been moved to throw off violently the sway of the false and impure, and to devote himself with a certain almost fanaticism in the great revulsion of feeling, to the absolute empire of truth and of an unseen law, is to say what is very true, and very reassuring to the Christian student: but this is not Calvinism. Yet though this essay is not the apology for Calvinism which it claims to be, and though there are marks of haste and superficial treatment, especially in the latter part, it is a very fine sketch of the ever-reviving germ of religious life — that life which consists as truly as any theory of the materialist in obedience to the law and order of the universe. "Piety, like wisdom," Mr Froude says, "consists in the discovery of the rules under which we are actually placed, and in faithfully obeying them;" and he thus goes on to describe the foundation of all belief, and the manner in which every new spiritual impulse works among men.

"There seems, in the first place, to lie in all men, in proportion to the strength of their understanding, a conviction that there is in all human things a real order and purpose, notwithstanding the chaos in which at times they seem to be involved. Suffering scattered blindly without remedial purpose or retributive propriety—good and evil distributed with the most absolute disregard of moral merit or demerit—enormous crimes perpetrated with impunity, or vengeance, when it comes, falling not on the guilty, but the innocent—

'Desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,'—

these phenomena present, generation after generation, the same perplexing and even maddening features; and without an illogical but none the less a positive certainty that things are not as they seem—that, in spite of appearance, there is justice at the heart of them, and that, in the working out of the vast drama, justice will assert, somehow and somewhere, its sovereign right and power, the better sort of persons would find existence altogether unendurable. This is what the Greeks meant by the *'Ανάγκη* or destiny, which at the bottom is no other than moral Providence. Prometheus chained on the rock is the counterpart of Job on his dunghill. Torn with unrelaxing agony, the vulture with beak and talons rending at his heart, the Titan still defies the tyrant at whose command he suffers, and, strong in conscious innocence, appeals to the eternal *Μοῖρα* which will do him right in the end. The Olympian gods were cruel, jealous, capricious, malignant; but beyond and above the Olympian gods lay the silent, brooding, everlasting fate of which victim and tyrant were alike the instruments, and which at last, far off, after ages of misery it might be, but still before all was over, would indicate the sovereignty of justice. Full as it may be of contradictions and perplexities, this obscure belief lies at the very core of our spiritual nature, and it is called fate or it is called predestination according as it is regarded pantheistically as a necessary condition of the universe, or as the decree of a self-conscious being.

"Intimately connected with this belief, and perhaps the fact of which it is the inadequate expression, is the existence in nature of omnipresent organic laws, penetrating the material world, penetrating the moral world of human life and society, which insist on being obeyed in all that we do and handle—which we cannot alter, cannot modify—which will go with us, and assist and befriend us, if we recognise

and comply with them—which inexorably make themselves felt in failure and disaster if we neglect or attempt to thwart them.

"And these laws are absolute, inflexible, irreversible, the steady friends of the wise and good, the eternal enemies of the blockhead and the knave. No Pope can dispense with a statute enrolled in the Chancery of Heaven, or popular vote repeal it. The discipline is a stern one, and many a wild endeavour men have made to obtain less hard conditions, or imagine them other than they are. They have conceived the rule of the Almighty to be like the rule of one of themselves. They have fancied that they could bribe or appease Him—tempt Him, by penance or pious offering, to suspend or turn aside His displeasure. They are asking that His own eternal nature shall become other than it is. One thing only they can do. They for themselves, by changing their own courses, can make the laws which they have broken thenceforward their friend."

This being the case, Mr Froude goes on to describe the compromises which human nature invariably essays to make with the justice of Heaven. He points out the strong tendency we have to substitute an artificial devotional system, a religion of rites and observances, for the true and everlasting worship which is expressed in obedience and duty; and shows how much we are tempted to buy ourselves off from the practice of faith, and truth, and justice, and charity, fundamental principles which require to be deep seated in the character and influence all the conduct, by a series of external sacrifices, belief of dogmas, penances, or propitiatory rites; "forms and ceremonies which come into collision little, or not at all, with ordinary life, and ultimately have a tendency to resolve themselves into payments of money." There can be no doubt that the grand danger of religious life is its fall into this state of internal decay, while outward pomp and formal pietism give it the appearance of vitality. Mr Froude has perhaps too distinctly in his mind that me-

dieval form of religiousness which made the remission of sin depend upon a gift to the Church, and balanced a great wrong by the building of a chapel or the foundation of a monastery. Religion, in the present day, does not, in its decadence, assume this form; but the most seeming simple of creeds has the same inclination to replace justice and mercy by pious offices, and to make Christianity into mere worship or mere preaching, substituting words for life, and a conventional phraseology and outward habit for the genuine love of God and man. Nobody who has had means of seeing how difficult it is to prevent the conventional element from stealing into religious observances, and how readily the first warm impulse of devotion sinks into the false fervour of pious humbug, ever doubts that this tendency is perennial. It exists in all societies, great and small, even in other matters besides religion—in everything which demands high tone and feeling. The loftier emotions of the mind make for themselves a language, a strain which to them is natural, eloquent, and befitting, but which becomes altogether fictitious, false, and evil when it becomes a matter of course, and is used to conceal the want of earnestness and fervour, instead of expressing their fulness and overflow. Mr Froude's description of the manner in which reformation invariably arises, is both fine and true.

"Then comes a time when all this has to end. The over-indulgence of the few is the over-penury of the many. Injustice begets misery, and misery resentment. Something happens, perhaps—some unusual oppression, or some act of religious mendacity especially staring. Such a person as I am supposing asks himself, 'What is the meaning of these things?' His eyes are opened. Gradually he discovers that he is living surrounded with falsehood, drinking lies like water, his conscience polluted, his intellect degraded by the abominations

which envelop his existence. At first, perhaps, he will feel most keenly for himself. He will not suppose that he can set to rights a world that is out of joint, but he will himself relinquish his share in what he detests and despises. He withdraws into himself. If what others are saying and doing is obviously wrong, then he has to ask himself what is right, and what is the true purpose of his existence. Light breaks more clearly on him. He becomes conscious of impulses toward something purer and higher than he has yet experienced, or even imagined. Whence these impulses come he cannot tell. He is too keenly aware of the selfish and cowardly thoughts which rise up to mar and thwart his nobler aspirations, to believe that they can possibly be his own. If he conquers his base nature, he feels that he is conquering himself. The conqueror and the conquered cannot be the same; and he therefore concludes, not in vanity, but in profound humiliation and self-abasement, that the infinite grace of God, and nothing else, is rescuing him from destruction. He is converted, as the theologians say. He sets his face upon another road from that which he has hitherto travelled, and to which he can never return. It has been no merit of his own. His disposition will rather be to exaggerate his own worthlessness, that he may exalt the more what has been done for him, and he resolves thenceforward to enlist himself as a soldier on the side of truth and right, and to have no wishes, no desires, no opinions, but what the service of his Master imposes. Like a soldier, he abandons his freedom, desiring only like a soldier to act and speak; no longer as of himself, but as commissioned from some supreme authority. In such a condition a man becomes magnetic. There are epidemics of nobleness, as well as epidemics of disease; and he infects others with his own enthusiasm. Even in the most corrupt ages there are always more persons than we suppose, who in their hearts rebel against the prevailing fashions; one takes courage from another, one supports another; communities form themselves with higher principles of action and purer intellectual beliefs. As their numbers multiply, they catch fire with a common idea and a common indignation, and ultimately break out into open war with the sins and iniquities that surround them.

"I have been describing a natural process which has repeated itself many times in human history, and, unless the old opinion that we are more than animated clay, and that our nature has nobler affin-

ities, dies away into a dream, will repeat itself at recurring intervals so long as our race survives upon the planet."

We repeat, however, that this noble impulse and re-birth of spiritual life is not in the least what men generally recognise by the title of Calvinism. Calvinism does but show, with every other great religious movement, that profound conviction of God's reign and governance, and man's weakness and wickedness, which lie at the root of all piety. Mr Froude remarks but briefly in passing upon the remarkable fact, that philosophy has become, if possible, more sternly necessitarian than Calvin himself. Both "materialistic and metaphysical philosophers," he says, "deny as completely as Calvinism what is popularly called Free-will." He might even, we think, have spoken more strongly, and said that their denial of independent power in humanity is absolute, while Calvinism leaves a certain vague and indefinite right of assent and acceptance to the individual. The argument, however, is very remarkable, and worthy the pondering of many to whom the doctrine of predestination looks a hideous bugbear, while its counterpart in natural philosophy creates neither repugnance nor alarm.

The essay on the Condition and Prospects of Protestantism is in a similar strain. Mr Froude is a writer distrusted by the religious public, and whose name is supposed to imply more unbelief than faith; yet there is a high religious tone in these essays which it is difficult to associate with the temperament of scepticism. They are full of an honest homage to truth; the great religious master-truth of God's moral government of the world being the prominent principle in them, and one which, it is evident, the writer considers the key to all

righteousness. There are many points in which we cannot accept his opinion, or agree in his conclusions; but the spirit of his teaching is lofty and sound, and it is a refreshment to the mind to find great subjects treated in a large and noble way as befits them, not dragged down into the realm of petty details and narrow theorism. The same grave, worthy, and weighty treatment is evident in the essays on our Colonial Government, and the relations between the parent country and her offspring. The reader may or may not agree with Mr Froude, but he cannot deny that the views of national character and responsibility here given forth are worthy so important a subject. Curiously enough, Mr Froude's evident condition of mind upon religious and social questions reminds us of nothing so much as of Mr Laurence Oliphant's 'Piccadilly.' There is the same weariness and impatience of words and pretences, the same eagerness for something tangible, the feeling that "to live the life" is the one thing desirable, and not to weary heaven and earth with the parrot-jabber of conventional phrases. Society has infinite need to have this lesson fully impressed upon it, and every new voice expressing such a sentiment is a distinct gain.

Mr Froude's hatred of priests, however, comes out with wonderful distinctness in this as in everything else he writes. "The age was not cruel till the Church made it so," he exclaims, speaking of the period of the Reformation; and he contrasts bitterly the number of lives sacrificed at the French Revolution with those of the Massacre of St Bartholomew, by way of showing "how mild are the most furious of mere human beings when compared to an exasperated priesthood." The clergy might perhaps be allowed to retort, that all

the atrocities of another furious class of human beings, called Critics, are as nothing to the fury of an exasperated historian. Something like such a retort, indeed, not to Mr Froude, but to his theory, is made, with most amusing though unconscious relevancy, in one of the short series of sermons on the Voysey judgment, just published by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.\* His counter-accusation against the laity would be interesting for its novelty, if for nothing else; and it is well now and then to find a man, even in orders, who ventures to stand up boldly for his cloth. This is Mr Brooke's opinion on the subject:—

“They” (the Articles) “were composed to stop disputes about truths which the Church held to be necessary to salvation, and especially about certain ecclesiastical quarrels. But they were not composed to stop discussion about the forms of truths. The composers were not so foolish as to imagine that the ebb and flow of human thought could be checked, and they left it sufficient freedom. And if such discussion had been left only in the hands of the clergy—a thing, of course which we should reprobate, I only suppose it—it would never have reached the bitterness and coarseness which have so often characterised it. The clergy have, as a body, been sufficiently observant of courtesy and charity. It is the religious laity, with their accusations of dishonesty, and their anonymous writing and anonymous persecution, who have added to the strife its acidity and virulence. For one attack by a brother clergyman upon another, you will find a hundred lay attacks upon him. For the clergy know that liberty of opinion is the genius of the Church, and that many different opinions have been held on separate truths by great churchmen whose names all men honour. The laity do not know these things, and they make mountains out of molehills.”

We trust the laity will accept this lesson as it ought, and that Mr Froude especially will lay it to heart. For our own part, we have a fundamental objection to sweeping con-

demnations of any class or profession. No such judgment can be made without the greatest injustice to individuals, and in most cases to a large, not a small, number of individuals. Neither do we think it a fair or reasonable thing to blame any profession for confining itself to its own work. “The clergy of all persuasions attend now exclusively to their spiritual functions,” says Mr Froude, weeping over the Rector of his childhood, who was “a higher kind of squire.” This description sounds to us a great deal more like praise than blame. In the case of soldiers, or lawyers, or physicians, the fact that they “attended exclusively” to their special functions would be considered the highest praise.

Mr Stopford Brooke's Sermons will be found to contain a very fair statement of the views in respect to freedom of thought held by the “liberal party” in the Church of England. Theology pure and simple is out of our way, yet there is a great deal that is curious and interesting in the position held by this portion of the clergy of England. They are more representative than the other parties in the Church, who know fully what they believe, and are not afraid of speaking it out in uncompromising words. The Ritualist and the Evangelical have each a position more secure of backing, and more easy to maintain; whereas a great many people misunderstand the position of the Broad Church, which so often seems to hesitate between one faith and another, and is dubious of expressing its sentiments, for the very good reason that it is somewhat uncertain what they are. It possesses the troublesome mental property of having its eyes wide open, and it is never quite sure that a gleam of

\* Freedom in the Church of England. By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. London, 1871.

new light may not meet its vision wherever it turns. This open and candid intelligence is in itself all that could be desired, but we doubt whether it is the best frame of mind for the instructors of others. A teacher requires to be to a certain extent dogmatical, and the common mind is often more deeply impressed by the certainty of the tone in which it is instructed than by the intellect of the instructor. Yet the Broad Church is representative in a high degree. It reflects one of the characteristic points of the contemporary mind—that desire to translate the old doctrines, which it can no longer hold by, into something which it can believe,—to give them some shadowy spiritual meaning or recon-dite interpretation, by which they can still be retained, if in no better aspect, still as cherished antiquities; while at the same time it is ready to a fault, even while clinging fondly to the relics of the past, to denounce and disavow them in their old sense. These paradoxical sentiments, and many others of a similar character, give to the clergymen of the Broad Church a distinctly representative position. They are devoutly religious, but they prefer not to define too closely what they believe and do not believe in. They are almost superstitiously loyal to the law of England, and anxious to hold fast by the legal interpretation of every difficulty; but at the same time they are totally indifferent to the interpretations universally received, if not authoritatively put forth by the Church. They reverse the principle of the old Presbyterians, who put the Church absolutely first in points of religion, and professed in that matter no allegiance to the State; as well as the principle of the Catholics, who hold Pope and Council supreme. No Pope, no Church, satisfies the Broad-Churchman; but at the same time he is ready and

anxious to bend his head to the Privy Council, and watches with the most scrupulous devotion the decisions of those lawyers who represent the Crown. The reader cannot anywhere find the pious irregularity, the amiable desire to believe, the protestations, timid yet full of temerity, against all limitations of thought, which distinguish this portion of the clergy, at greater advantage than in the Sermons we have referred to. Mr Stopford Brooke's name, indeed, is enough to answer for this. And in the slim volume before us he makes a kind of confession of faith in detail, which is very interesting. Our business, however, is rather with the accidental cause of its production, than with the real meaning of the book. The argument for freedom of thought is very intelligible and reasonable, but it shows an aspect of the Church which is naturally remarkable to old-fashioned people, and contradicts entirely the old theories which demanded from the clerical class an uncompromising support of all the opinions of their Church. Here is Mr Brooke's theory in this respect:—

“With regard to the body in the Church which represents, or ought to represent, the religious mind or thought of the nation—the body of clergy—they ought to be in idea the spiritual parliament of the people. But as the representatives of the nation are bound to restrict their political opinions within certain constitutional limits of the greatest breadth consistent with the preservation of the State as it now exists, so the clergy with regard to the Church and its requirements. On the whole, they represent more largely than one would think possible the various phases of Christian thought in England. They are for the most part up to, and in many instances beyond, the general level of culture. They are educated men, and they move in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. They stand as mediators between the rich and the poor, and receive into themselves the ideas of both these classes. Some of them belong, by right of their connection with the State, to the aristocracy, others to



the middle class, and others to the democratic element. They are able, as such, to represent religious ideas as they are influenced by political systems of thought. Again, they feel, as representatives of a national Church, that all within the range of their several districts, no matter what and who these are—dissenters, church-goers, infidels—are their responsibility, and are given to their spiritual care by the nation. Hence they are, in idea, not ministers of a denomination, but ministers of humanity. Their sphere of work is not a congregation, but a nation.

"I believe that the national Parliament and the body of national clergy ought to be analogous on most points. The spiritual parliament ought to represent every religious tendency in the nation which is not diametrically in violation of the charter of the Church; and that charter ought to be kept as open and elastic as possible. The Church ought to demand agreement in certain fundamental doctrines, but not to define the way in which these doctrines must be held; to tolerate every form of opinion on those doctrines which does not absolutely contradict them in a sense to be determined by the law: nay more, not only to tolerate, but to desire such expression, if it represent any phase of English religious thought; to listen to it, though it seem to nine-tenths of the members of the Church absurd and heretical; to encourage debate on every new view, and to remember that the only unmixt evil is arbitrary restriction of opinion. For if the clergy of the national Church do not represent all the religious ideas of its children, within the most extensive limits consistent with its existence, it is no longer national. Its representation requires remodelling."

This idea of the clergy as representatives of every phase of religious thought, and acting as "the spiritual parliament of the people," seems to us curiously faulty as a comparison. The duty of Parliament is to discuss and to determine questions concerning the government and the welfare of the people, and to secure that its decisions should be powerfully carried out. It has nothing to do with the personal teaching of the people; while, on the other hand, personal instruction is the principal thing in the Church, which has no power to decide or enforce anything. A

Parliament thus constituted, with nothing but moral influence, no power either of sword or purse, would be the most futile of assemblies; and to speak of a body of men who never even meet in any kind of assembly, and most of whom regard with a certain contempt that ghostly shadow of an ecclesiastical conclave which is called Convocation, as a parliament at all, is surely very meaningless. The duty of the clergy is first of all to instruct the people, many of whom have no religious opinions, and do not even know what they are expected to believe; and not in the first place to compare their own opinions each with each, and provide for the progress of free thought. We think it is altogether a mistaken position which is here taken up, though we have not a word to say against Mr Stopford Brooke's fundamental argument, which is, that it is one of the privileges of an Established Church to keep her arms open to her sons of almost all opinions, and to keep the home of national religion intact, whatever vicissitudes may arise. Like the family home, which, so long as it exists, is the dearest of bonds to all its wandering children, the very existence of the Church is a safeguard to the faith of the nation. The prosperous and virtuous sons and daughters are not the only portion of the family to be considered; they can seek refuges for themselves if they will: but where are the spiritually penniless, the wanderers and vagabonds of the world, the poor, who have neither time nor money, nor heresies nor opinions—where are they to go? For their sake, our conviction is, that every man who can should hold fast, even at the risk of swallowing now and then an unpalatable doctrine, to the great institution which alone can provide in any sufficient way for their succour; and reversely, that every effort should be made to keep good

men within her fold : but we do not think that Mr Brooke's idea of a parliament is a feasible one.

No very wide stride is necessary in idea, though in fact the transition is sufficiently remarkable, from Mr Stopford Brooke's Sermons to the lucubrations of his humble brother, nominally the incumbent of an East-End parish, who has recently published the two volumes entitled 'Episodes in an Obscure Life.\*' The idea of the book is good, and might have been not only successful in a literary point of view, but deeply interesting to all readers who care for their poorer fellow-creatures, had the writer possessed gifts that qualified him for such a difficult yet seemingly easy task. "You have only to put down what you hear and what you see," says the uninstructed critic ; and most people believe that it is so, without any knowledge of the real difficulty which a writer has to contend with, whose business it is to elucidate the kernel of truth out of the thousand husky folds of vulgar and tedious fact in which it is wrapped up. "The publication of these experiences was not sought by me. It was the suggestion of a friend who found out that I kept a diary, got hold of it, and persuaded me to let him make extracts from it, and then further persuaded me to expand the extracts into something like literary shape," says the author. This explanation is not, as people seem to think, any real excuse for the writer who suffers himself to be persuaded to publish what is not good enough for publication. We do not object to the "literary shape," but we have grave doubts as to the truthfulness of the "experiences" which are thus presented to us. There is little that is novel in them, which perhaps is natural enough ; but their tone is not such as to give

the reader that absolute impression of reality which is essential to such a work. The first short tale in the book, which is called "Little Creases," and professes to give a sketch of a little seller of water-cresses, a small child aged eight, perhaps sounds the least truthful of all. The dialect, we suppose, is correct enough, and so to some extent is the natural audacity and unreserve of the poor little woman of the streets, who means no harm ; but the monologue in which Bessie indulges has an extremely doubtful air. There is not the ring of the genuine in it. For instance, the small creature goes to see the Queen on the way to open Parliament, and here is an incident supposed to have happened to Little Creases on the way :—

"I was in the Park when she came along wi' them fine gentlemen on 'oss-back, a-banging away at the drums and that—I suppose them was the Parli'ment. I never was so far afore, and I ain't been since, an' I was very tired, but I squeezed in among the folks. Some on 'em was swells, and some on 'em was sich as me, and some on 'em was sich as shopkeepers. One hold fellow says to me, 'What do you want 'ere, my little gal?' 'I want to see the Queen and Prince Halbert, an' the Parli'ment gentlemen,' says I. 'I'm a Parli'ment gentleman,' says he, 'but I ain't agoing down to-day.' I weren't agoing to let 'im think he could do me like that, for he weren't dressed nigh so smart as Wilson a Sundays. 'You're chaffin',' says I ; 'why ain't you got an 'oss, and a goold coat, an' summat to blow?' Then he bursted out larfin', fit to kill hisself ; and says he, 'Oh, you should 'ear me in Parli'ment a-blowin' my own trumpet, and see me a-riding the 'igh 'oss there.' I think he was 'alf-silly, but he was wery good-natured—silly folks hofen is."

Now the only bit of this which sounds true is the last half of the last sentence—a quaint little 'cute saying which a sharp baby of the streets might possibly put forth out of its supernaturally quickened intelligence ; but could anybody be-

\* Episodes in an Obscure Life. Strahan & Co. : 1871.

lieve in the Parli'ment gentleman who talked to Little Creases about blowing his own trumpet and riding the high horse? Mr Jones the bird-catcher, who has the outside of a bear, but a kind heart within, and who lives in a curious little parlour in a bower of plants, and among a happy family of birds and beasts, is better than Bessie. His description of how in his youth he went off to the country with bird-catchers, and those other humble naturalists who supply plants, birds' eggs, wild-flowers, and "Christmas," according to the season, to the poorer quarters of London, has a certain air of truth about it. Mr Jones is the chief character in the book. He is very misanthropical to begin with, but is converted, so to speak, by the death of Black Pete, the old negro, deaf and dumb, who acts as his maid-of-all-work. His picture of the country is pleasant, and now and then he gives utterance to a whimsical but pretty fancy. Thus, after having adopted an orphan child, he says—"When I was putting that there little Fred in along wi' the dogs to please him, I had a comical thought. He looked so pretty, I wondered the angels—if there is angels—*didn't ketch little boys and gals, an' keep 'em as we keep goldfinches.*" Such a touch as this shows that the writer is not incapable of success in a literary point of view; and there are *bits* of a similar description scattered through the two volumes. The people, however, who appear in these homely pages, are such people as Dickens might have selected; they are not the ordinary poor, but people with odd peculiarities and odder occupations. Bird-fanciers, dealers in waste-paper, the showman of a "happy family," are among the most prominent figures; and of the usual type of humanity, the poor family living precariously from hand to mouth, and keeping themselves afloat

with difficulty, few occur in these pages. Little forlorn children, forlorn old men and women, sometimes cantankerous, sometimes kind, the supporter or dependant of some wonderful grandchild, are frequent. There is a touching sketch of a little family of tramp-children, Phoebe, 'Arriet, Dick, and Hemmar, three of whom die of cholera while picking hops, leaving the little mother-sister more grave and burdened with care than ever. There is a dredger on the Thames, of the class from which Dickens took his Gaffer Hexam, who discusses with a certain cheery insensibility and grim unconscious humour the harvest of the river. "Bones is scarce, metal's scarce, everything's scarce. River's fair empty nowadays. But God's good. *He lets folks drownd themselves* in the summer: a corpse is a real godsend then. There's the reward and the inquest money," says this terrible fisher of the stream, who all the same is an innocent being enough, working hard for the living of a family of orphan grandchildren. One or two other clever touches, betraying a real knowledge of the queer fancies that exist in the brains of the very poor, but which the writer, unfortunately, mixes up with matter much more doubtful, occur to us. For instance, here is the opinion as to the parson's motive in collecting money for a parochial fund entertained by the "Square Dolly-woman" in Blackberry Lane. The meaning of this title is puzzling to the ignorant, but it is explained by the bearer of it to mean that she keeps a "dolly" or humble kind of pawnshop, and is believed by the poor destitute to act "on the square"—*i.e.*, with some idea of justice, and even of kindness. Notwithstanding her high character, however, she has doubts that the parson is not acting so entirely "on the square" as she does herself.

"I'm not blamin' ye, sir" (she says). "If you can git the money out o' them as are fools enough to give it, why shouldn't ye? Parsons must live, and they've families to keep, like other folks; and most o' the parsons about 'ere, they say, is as poor as church-mice. I'm not blamin' ye, sir. It's a shame you should be driven to it—that's all as I say. Such as you does all the work, and them as does nothing gits the pay—gits made deacons, an' harchdeacons, and all kinds o' harches. Harches? what right's any person to be called a harch? There ain't one o' them could build a bridge, I'll go bail. I'm not blamin' ye, sir. I pity you poor parsons about 'ere—that's what I say. Why, I s'pose you now, sir, may go on slavin' and cadgin' all your born days, and never git even made even so much as a deacon of, let alone the harches."

Now the Dolly-woman's sentiment about the parson's begging is, we have no doubt, perfectly true; but we decline to believe in her comments about the "harchdeacons." Had she said anything on the subject, it would have been, no doubt, much more racy and telling than this little bit of made-up fun; and the mixture of sham and real is perplexing. We are tempted to quote from the experience of the showman—who is a mild, gentle, and rather superstitious being, living in a state of amity with his happy family, and believing in a hereafter of blessedness for them—because of its whimsical connection with the scientific speculations of the day. We wonder what Mr Darwin would say to Jacko's piety.

"Seeing me smiling, he observed, 'You may well laugh, sir, and think me weak-minded, but there's another thing I'll tell you about Jacko. I have read that man is the only creature on earth that has got reason and a notion of God. I'm by no means sure of that. I fancy it's a bit of our conceit. If we are the only creatures on earth that have got them, a very poor use a good many of us make of them, at any rate.'

"Do you believe that animals have reasoning faculties, then?"

"I can't believe that they haven't. I've seen my things think a matter out as reasonable as any man could do. . . . God's made a lot more of them than He

has of us, so I can't see why we should fancy that we are the only ones that He has let know who made them. They've as much right to call themselves His creatures as we have, and what right have we to say that He hasn't let them know it? . . . Whenever Jacko happens to wake up when I'm going to bed, and sees me saying my prayers, out he jumps and kneels down by me, and puts his paws together like a child, and moves his lips like mine. At first I thought it was only imitation; but he tires of most of his tricks in that way after a bit, and he keeps on at this. You may smile, sir—I expected you would—but it's my belief that Jacko has got it into his head that since he can do so many things that men do, he would like to worship God in their way instead of the way he's been accustomed to. I can't say what that was; but I know that Jacko, when he's at prayers—comical though he is at most times—looks serious enough to shame a good many church-goers. If he doesn't mean what he's doing, he shams far better than a great many men and women do. I was saying so to Mr Jones one day—"

"And what did Mr Jones say?"

"Don't get into that way of talking, Crook. I've given it up, and I don't want you to fall into it. There's no comfort to be got out of it." But then Mr Jones, sensible as he is, isn't always consistent. Directly afterwards he burst out laughing—"You've hit it, Crook," he said; "most people, I believe, do get up and down at church exactly like your monkey; only they can't sham so well, or won't take the trouble to." But that, I needn't tell you, sir, wasn't my point of view. I don't think that Jacko does sham. He only thinks that he has found out a better mode."

This is altogether a different view of the subject from the one which starts from the lobe of the human ear. It is an older theory, and one which throws a more genial light on the inferior creation than the researches of the naturalist will ever succeed in doing. It was the belief of St Francis six hundred years ago, and no doubt will continue to be the half hope, half imagination, of many a gentle soul in the years to come. Such scraps as the above, and many other fragments which we could collect from the volumes before us, prove that the writer of the 'Episodes

in an *Obscure Life* possesses much genuine knowledge of the poor, and makes it all the more unfortunate that he should have chosen to mix up so many reflections which evidently do not emanate from the uninstructed mind among its real utterances. It is like the quaint anachronisms into which writers of historical fiction often fall, when they put nineteenth-century sentiments into the mouth of some mailed hero or priest of the middle ages. The East End is as unlikely to use the similes or understand the jargon of society, as a priest before the Reformation is likely to speak like a parson after it. This is the mistake of the book. It would have been much better had half the cleverness and almost all the humour been left out. It fails in the human interest, the tales of natural joy and sorrow, which are to be found in every grimy court as much as in Park Lane or Belgravia, and the absence of this highest thread of interest can never be made up by a collection of oddities. Indeed, if writers of this class would but know it, it is not the odd and exceptional which supply that touch which makes the whole world kin, but the common and perceived. There are many good things in the book, but it is founded on a mistake.

This semi-fiction, professing to be fact, is not half so true or so life-like as the narrative of the occurrences in a little Scotch seaport and the country adjoining, contained in a novel called '*Robin Gray*,'\* which came so unobtrusively into the world that it is only very recently that it fell into the hands of the professed novel-reader and wholesale consumer of fiction, which, notwithstanding that age and experience ought to have taught us better, we acknowledge ourselves to be. '*Robin Gray*' is to a certain extent

founded on the ballad which our dear Lady Anne Lindsay made for her country and the world—a fact which, perhaps, is rather a drawback to it, for no after-expansion of the circumstances could equal the effect of, or add any grace to, that most touching and beautiful story. Mr Gibbons, however, has complicated his tale with no less than two villains, in whom we descry a faint reminiscence of the Glossin and Dirk Hatteraick of '*Guy Mannering*.' Old M'Whaple, however, the wicked factor-become-laird, is a more real character than the conventional imitations of Sir Walter's rascal of a lawyer; and his house and mode of life, his way of conciliating the favourable opinion of the good people of the parish, and the villainous trickery by which he keeps in darkness the heir whom he has robbed, are all extremely well done. Indeed, all the houses in the book,—the humble fisher-cottage of Adam Lindsay, Jeanie's father, and of the fishwife, Girzie Todd—the comfortable steading of Robin Gray—the squalid and irregular existence of the farmhouse at Askaig when left in the charge of the ploughman Rob, who can make brose but nothing else, though there are no lack of provisions,—are set before us with the utmost reality. They have not even the defect of being drawn from that distant and higher level which throws everything into perspective, and makes a picture of the most familiar scene. Robin Gray is no picture; it is a true bit of life. And though some of the incidents are even somewhat melodramatic and not very probable—especially those which concern the carrying off of Jeanie in Ivan Carrach's schooner, and her fortunate deliverance—Jeanie herself is a true Scotch lass, resolute and energetic even in her first simple

\* *Robin Gray*. By Charles Gibbons. 1870.

sweetness, but full of that pride of conscious purity and vehement resistance to injustice which vindicate her sweetness from insipidity. Her husband, too, is very well drawn. His violent and passionate unreasonableness is perhaps carried too far; but a mild and reasonable man's one fit of passion may be permitted to run very high. There is just a suspicion, however—a suspicion which a young novelist should do all he can to prevent from stealing into his reader's mind—that Robin would not have been so violent, would not have refused so wildly to hear his wife's explanation, but for the necessity of a third volume. Jamie shares the general fate of heroes, and is less interesting a great deal than his older rival; and the reader is glad to think that there is no need for any appendix, no post-scriptal setting of things to rights, but that her husband's love and her own tender sense of duty reconcile Jeanie to her circumstances, and make her happy in them. The catastrophe of the poor idiot, and the complication which links Girzie Todd to the two villains, are strained and artificial, however; and this double horror was not needed, for the story was quite sufficiently effective without it. Ivan Carrach has, as we have said, an uncomfortable reflection of Dirk Hatteraick upon him; but his Highland Scotch is very good, and so is the stupid yet crafty cunning with which he conducts himself. "Weel, I'll shust tell ye my mind. You'll want to make everything right for yoursell, and I'll want to do the same. Goot. Then I'll took the siller from you, and will give you no marks or witness at all, pe-tam," he says, when the other and more clever rogue supposes he has outwitted him. "Oich! I'll never hear nobody skirl like that pefor," he remarks when Jeanie falls into

his hands. No one unacquainted with the peculiar dialect of a Highlander, to whom Gaelic is the vernacular and Scotch (not English) an acquired language, would have so discriminated the "spoke" of this strange personage.

Another novel by the same author, called 'For Lack of Gold,' has, we perceive, roused the world of critics to a much higher appreciation than was shown to 'Robin Gray.' But the book is not so good a book. There is a curious sameness in the incidents. Annie is but Jeanie over again, and Balquherrie is little more than a study of what Robin Gray might have been, had his life turned out badly instead of well, and his love been disappointed. There is, however, a new figure in the pious, austere mother, loving passionately, and saying nothing about it, which is very true to Scotch nature, and very noble in its simplicity.

The book is not equal throughout, but it is full of life and vigour. The hero is often hysterical, and disposed to be maudlin. He suffers from the very superiority which it is supposed necessary to allot to a hero; but after he has done the supposed crime, which lies so heavy on his mind, even Angus grows worthy of the women about him, and the energy and power of his historian.

For a long time now fiction has thriven in Scotland. Since our great father in the craft arose to make the once despised novel one of the high instruments of art, full of patriotic use as well as delight to the world, the tradition has never departed from his country, and here is a new-writer who may help to carry that tradition on. But he must learn to invent, and he must try not to repeat. These are deficiencies which tell even through the first vigour and freshness, and are ruinous when the inspiration of the beginning has commenced to fail.

## EDUCATION, ENDOWMENTS, AND COMPETITION.

At the termination of the great European war, in which our country played so conspicuous a part, those energies which had been long and largely absorbed in the struggle were liberated for questions and efforts of social polity. Slowly at first, but steadily, the minds of men were turned upon the education of the people. The names of Bell and of Lancaster are stamped upon this period: nor were the humbler classes of the community at first the objects chiefly contemplated. The educational appliances existing, or needing to be called into existence, for the classes above them, became objects of warm discussion. There is perhaps no period during which the higher grade of endowed grammar-schools was more flourishing than this to which we are referring. Not only the professional men in the towns, but a considerable proportion of country gentlemen, sent their sons to be educated at the leading grammar-schools in their own or in an adjacent county. The facilities for reaching schools remote from home were then much less, and the expenses much greater, than in the present day. The large public schools were possibly far distant from the intending scholar's home, were certainly costly, and the numbers accommodated in them were smaller in proportion to the population of the country than at present. Proprietary schools were unknown. Private schools and private tuition prevailed to some extent; and some small portion of the youth of the country were sent to the Continent for their education. In the grammar-schools the education was generally free, either to all the children of a town or surrounding district, or to a certain

assigned number of them. For the most part the education provided by the endowment for the free scholars did not include other subjects than the classics; and a small fee was charged for English, writing, and arithmetic. Where the number of foundation boys was not limited by the charter, this served as a check upon the admission to the school, which might otherwise have been inundated by scholars from the class which now fills our primary schools. But even this check did not prevent the influx of many boys whose parents would have preferred that they should receive an exclusively commercial education, as it is called, and who submitted to the Latin only because the endowed education came to them at a lower charge than that of the private commercial academy. Thus there gradually arose that feeling against the classics as the great instrument of education which has been developing ever since, which has reached such a pitch in our own time, and which it is to be hoped has now culminated, in its turn soon again to decline. Where was the use, it was asked, except for the learned professions, or indeed in all cases even for these, to spend so many years in the acquisition of a dead language? Far better to utilise those precious years in gathering stores of information bearing upon the future vocation in life by which bread was to be earned. School, in fact, according to these views, was to be regarded as the beginning of an apprenticeship.

Within half-a-dozen years after the peace we find Vicesimus Knox protesting against those tendencies to which the writings of Locke

more especially had given so much countenance, and denouncing clauses of a bill then before Parliament as calculated to degrade grammar-schools. "If this degradation of grammar-schools," he asks, "should unfortunately take place, may not the country become, as the French conqueror called it, a nation of *shop-keepers*?" The same points have been constantly in dispute ever since; but the arena on which the struggle has been carried on between the champions of the old institutions and their antagonists has been gradually shifting. Regarded from the point which it has now reached, the demands of Dr Knox, and his fervour in their behalf, must wear the appearance of grotesque simplicity. He is so led away by his jealousy for the classics, that he hardly distinguishes with sufficient clearness between the substitution of other subjects of instruction for the ancient ones and their annexation, and so does scant justice to those who would espouse only the latter. The true question was, whether the subjects sought to be introduced were largely and increasingly to supersede the old staple of grammar-school education, or to be carried on as a preparation for it, side by side with it, and in subordination to it. There can be no doubt that at the period to which we are referring the claims put forth for the classics were too exclusive, and that the education given in grammar-schools was as much deteriorated by the practical assertion of those claims as it is now in danger of suffering from the opposite. This entire monopoly of the scholar's time by Latin and Greek, and the utter ignorance of many essential matters in which he frequently left school at the age of sixteen or seventeen, gave an impulse to the establishment of the proprietary schools. Some of the earlier of these split upon a rock which

has made shipwreck of many a fair venture in education. The constant and indiscreet meddling of Committees of Management paralysed the efforts of the master, and rendered the position intolerable to a man who was really fitted for it. Some, too, sank beneath the weight of a heavy building debt; and in more than one of the larger towns, schools of this class, which commenced apparently under the fairest auspices, and with an ample attendance of pupils, after not many years became altogether extinct, or dwindled into insignificance. Others, however, survived their trials, and are still flourishing, to the great benefit of their respective localities. The enterprise which had been shown in the towns, where the schools established were chiefly for day-scholars, soon received a further development in the rearing of schools in places of no great population, not for the benefit of the locality, but for the reception of boarders.

To the growth and accessibility of these schools is to be attributed the decline of many of the old grammar-schools, which half a century ago could boast a considerable number of boarders in addition to the sons of parents resident within the endowed areas. Notwithstanding the course of instruction had in a large number of the foundations been modified and extended by schemes of the Court of Chancery, the proprietary schools had still a clear preponderance of attraction, in that they offered on much the same terms a course of instruction not inferior, with a school society certainly much superior. Only under specially favourable circumstances has the prosperity of half a century back been continued to the old foundations. Some of them have benefited by the circumstance of their position in the middle of only a small population being attractive to board-



ers ; others have numerous and valuable exhibitions to offer ; in some instances a master of more than ordinary popularity may have operated to fill the school. But, as a general rule, the endowed schools have languished, and by no means command the proportion of elder scholars preparing for the university which they formerly did. Meanwhile they have been controlled by masters not less able than of old, but fully competent to convey instruction of the highest class. Indeed, to give such instruction has seldom ceased to be a part of their duty ; but it has had to be given only to units where it was formerly given to tens. The head-forms of the schools have been reduced to very few boys, who must not the less be taught separately, and on these the master must expend an amount of time and labour which would suffice to teach classes many times more numerous, and would teach them better, backed by the stimulus of numbers. Thus the master's time is badly economised, and there prevails throughout these schools a great waste of power, and the good effected is utterly disproportionate to the means employed. But there is another element of weakness and difficulty pervading most of the grammar-schools. Within the walls of the same school, whose numbers will often not exceed 50 or 60, are to be found boys ranging from seven or eight to seventeen or eighteen years of age : the standard of admission is ordinarily very low, and the course of instruction extends to preparation for the university. Now a school of this kind will need, for really satisfactory working, to be divided into as many classes as one of 150 or 200 scholars. And thus the number of masters, though large in proportion to the number of boys, is small in proportion to the number of classes. These drawbacks and difficulties, known practically to

many a schoolmaster, were brought prominently under the notice of the House of Commons in 1864, on a motion for statistical returns embodying the influential facts with respect to each school. The granting of these returns was shortly afterwards followed by the appointment of the Schools Enquiry Commissioners, who made their admirable and exhaustive report to her Majesty in 1868. In the following year the Endowed Schools Act was promptly passed, under the auspices of the Vice-President of the Council, authorising the appointment of commissioners, with powers extending to the 31st December 1872, to recast schemes for endowed schools in the spirit of the recommendations of the Enquiry Commission. To some of these we propose to invite attention.

Prior to the appointment of the Schools Enquiry Commission, at the time when the previous returns were moved for in Parliament in the same year, a remedy was suggested which might alleviate the difficulties and loss of power in the working of those schools which were exerting themselves to make the best of their position, and to do some real service to education ; and this remedy, it must be observed, kept scrupulously in view not only the thorough utilisation of the endowments scattered throughout the country, *but the preserving to each of the endowed areas its due share in them, or at least its priority of claim.* It set out by dividing schools into *upper, middle, and lower*, according to the course of instruction given in each, which would again itself depend upon the age at which the boys left school. The Commissioners have in their report adopted a similar division. They say :—“ Education, as distinct from direct preparation for employment, can at present be classified as that which is to stop

at about fourteen, that which is to stop at about sixteen, and that which is to continue till eighteen or nineteen; and for convenience we shall call these the third, the second, and the first grade of education respectively. . . . It is obvious that these distinctions correspond roughly, but by no means exactly, to the gradations of society."—Report, i. 15, 16.

The "suggestion of a remedy" went on to remark that those very facilities for travelling which have done so much to depress the grammar-schools, may be invoked in turn to do them good service, since the following proposal without cheap travelling would be less practicable. In order to secure a more beneficial application of the endowments—to make, in fact, a certain amount of revenue turn out a far larger number of highly educated scholars than heretofore—the country was to be divided into suitable districts, and the endowed schools in each district were to be required to combine for the maintenance of at least one upper or first-grade district school. To this the high scholars from the several schools in the district were to be sent; and thus those who, in groups of two or three, would be otherwise occupying most of the time of a number of head-masters, would come to be taught, and with much more advantage, by only one. Boys from the endowed areas were to be received into this upper school as boarders on the lowest possible terms. Some additional outlay would, it is true, be entailed upon the parent of a boy who would otherwise have been a day-scholar in his own town; but this increase should be confined to establishment and travelling expenses—the food costing the same in both cases—and would be richly compensated by the additional advantages. Boys from endowed areas should always

have a prior claim to be received *pro ratâ*; but accommodation would be provided also for other scholars, who would pay higher terms. In like manner, the Hostel principle, in which the boarding-house is undertaken not by the master but by the governors, was to be adopted, by arrangement between the several endowed areas, whenever the transfer of boys from the parents' roof to a school of a different grade from that maintained in their native place became necessary for the economical and efficient working of the schools throughout the district. Now, the Commissioners, insisting strongly on the gradation of schools—in which we are perfectly in accord with them—utter only an uncertain sound as to how the loss which individual parents must sustain, by the alteration of the character of education given in the local schools, is to be made good to them. Residents round about that school could formerly obtain for their sons at small outlay the advantage of preparation for the university, or for any of the higher competitive examinations. The grade of the school is lowered, and these advantages are no longer to be had close at hand, and for charges adapted to a small income. They must be sought at an expensive boarding-school, unless measures are taken, by applying the principle of contribution on the part of various foundations of the district, to furnish education of the highest grade in connection with board at cost price. It would not be necessary for this purpose to establish that which, according to the Commissioners' views, would be a first-grade school in its entirety. It would suffice to provide accommodation and instruction for only the advanced scholars, who at present in twos and threes occupy so large a share of each head-master's time. This will only be carrying into effect

the caution of the Enquiry Commissioners in respect to remodelling the foundations. They say (Report, i. 572)—and we heartily agree with them—“It is highly expedient, no doubt, in revising these foundations, to avoid all needless interference with the wills of the dead. But it is carrying this caution to an absurd length, if we insist upon details which are doing mischief instead of good, and which are even thwarting the main designs of the founders themselves.” We find also the following just remarks as to founders’ intentions generally (Report, i. 167):—“The education of the masses could hardly have been thought of with serfdom yet unabolished;” and “the problem of those days was not universal education, but universal opportunity of education.” Both poor and rich are often specifically mentioned; the poor, the Report says, “rather in a way that indicates the desire to keep the door open for their reception, than the expectation that they would form the majority of scholars” (i. 121). These remarks apply to founders in general; and a perusal of charters and deeds of trust will, on the whole, warrant the conclusion that neither the very poor nor the very rich were uppermost in the minds of the benefactors, but rather persons of limited means, to whom the sound education of their children was at once an object of desire and a difficulty. However this may be, there now comes a point at which founders’ intentions have evidently diverged. While with many the sole motive was to elevate and spread education, others were undoubtedly influenced by predilection for particular places, or for particular circumstances. A spot endeared by cherished associations, fellow-creatures commended to sympathy by their helplessness, or by the sudden stroke of

adversity in the midst of affluence, were often chosen as the objects of the founder’s bounty; and this, though stated as a result of the evidence, seems insufficiently applied in the Report. But if founders’ intentions are to be respected, and not tampered with by sophistical arguments to serve the purpose of some favourite theory, how can too great account be taken of these diversities, or how can they be dealt with too tenderly? Even where the founder’s affection for a particular locality, as in the case of the Royal Foundations, cannot be made out, still the withdrawal of privileges enjoyed by a town for many generations, and that strictly in accordance with the founder’s prescription, may justly be regarded as a hardship. While private interests and feelings should be ready to bend to the general good, they ought not to be arbitrarily or needlessly disregarded, still less to be sacrificed to favourite theories. In dealing with old institutions, the consideration ought not to be simply, how far a given amount of revenues might be made to go by pouring them into a common fund, and again dealing them out. Respect is to be paid to what exists, and not only to the maximum effect which it might be possible to obtain, if everything had to begin again *de novo*. Thus to deal with old foundations is to introduce the thin end of the principle of the Commune, which would have not only every plot of land, but every citizen, farmed by the State for the good of the State. Each is to have his special pigeon-hole, which is not to be the object of his own free choice, but that to which some collective wisdom remits each, in order to secure for the entire community the greatest aggregate benefit. “We get all we can for our money,” said an honourable member lately: true, when we are spending our own

money or that of the public, but not when, as in the case referred to, wrong is thereby done to others. And that founder's money is public money, in the sense in which some now claim it to be so, is not to be admitted. It is money for the public benefit under conditions, and we thank the Enquiry Commissioners for their distinct recognition of the principle. Many a family has been settled in a place on the inducement of advantages offered by an endowed school. If town schools in which Greek has been always taught are turned into second-grade schools, and Greek is proscribed, according to the recommendation of the Enquiry Commissioners, in those schools an amount of dissatisfaction and regret will be excited which nothing short of the greatest possible facility for replacing the lost privilege will assuage. Not a few parents are looking with anxiety to the fate impending over schools in which they are interested. Themselves, and their fathers before them, have in many instances been *alumni* of these schools; they prize the benefits which they and theirs have received from them, and have always expected a continuance of those benefits to sons already placed in the school, or soon to be placed there. Very few would be able, even by great sacrifice, to pay the terms of the first-grade boarding-schools as described in the Commissioners' Report, or even the smaller amount which is stated as probably sufficient to carry on one of these schools under the new *régime*. If the school in their own town becomes, by a reduction of its grade, unsuited for the continued education of their families, the most fit compensation they can receive seems to be by the establishment of a first-grade boarding-school, in which the terms to the inhabitants of the endowed areas contributing to it would

amount to little more than the tuition fees in the old day-school and the cost of their sons' board at home put together.

But is the recommendation to exclude Greek from schools of the second grade one to which an unconditional assent ought to be given? Second-grade schools are defined in the Report as intended for those whose education is to stop at about 16. The Executive Commissioners, in their explanatory paper, after describing the first-grade schools, proceed thus:—"A more numerous class demand school education up to the age of 16 or 17, and then desire to pass into practical life. For these a larger number of second-grade schools should be established." Those who have read an article in one of our recent numbers on the withdrawal of Greek as a subject of instruction, will not suppose that we can view with much favour its exclusion from schools in which education is to be continued to the age of 16 or 17. At present the learning of Greek is commenced by a boy of fair average proficiency at the age of 11 or 12; and many a one leaves school at 15 or 16 possessing a knowledge of the language remunerative in itself, and having undergone an intellectual discipline, the value of which will be felt throughout life; and he does this, having at the same time cultivated one of the two modern languages, which, taken together, the University of Cambridge has recently determined to accept as a substitute for Greek in the examination for the degree of B.A. This is a great—we had almost said a hazardous—experiment; and regret lingers in many minds that some other means should not have been found of giving an adequate impulse to the study of modern languages. We presume that this step has been taken to meet the views of the En-

quiry Commissioners, who are of opinion that "some schools, even of the *first* grade, are required in which Greek should not be taught" (Report, p. 87). While they express great interest in the establishment of such schools, as likely "to solve the problem how far culture can be carried without any knowledge of Greek," they admit it to be "obvious that such culture would be inferior on one side. Greek literature is too noble in itself, and has penetrated all modern literature too deeply, for its absence not to be felt if it be omitted." They then proceed to point out that the experiment of these "modern schools" cannot be tried with much real hope of success, unless provision be made that boys should be able to proceed from these schools to the universities, if their parents should desire them to do so. This they suggest might be managed by making Greek an extra—a clumsy expedient, as no one knows better than themselves. The thing most to be desired, they urge, is, that the universities should co-operate to make the organisation of education in the several kinds of schools complete, "by giving encouragement in due measure to every kind of study which the country needs." To this appeal, for such it really is, the University of Cambridge has, as we have seen, already responded; we only wish that the terms of its response had been fraught with less of misgiving. We are averse to the principle of alternatives in what has hitherto been a precise and definite test. We may next expect to hear of natural science being allowed as a *substitute* for the *mathematical* portion of the B.A. examination. We desire to see both natural science and modern languages encouraged at the University, but not precisely in this way. The changes at Oxford in this way. The changes at Oxford in the last twenty-five years have been

so frequent, so unsystematic and perplexing, that it is difficult to identify the various classes of distinction, and their respective values; yet it is good and pleasant to see the universities taking under their fostering care a new department of literature or of science which has accumulated sufficient stores, after these have been at length skilfully marshalled by successive master-minds. We trust, nevertheless, that Greek may still hold its own in the nursery of education, for minds by which it can be assimilated; and we are therefore more disposed to look with favour upon the Commissioners' proposal to establish "Modern Schools" of the first grade, than upon its absolute exclusion from all or nearly all schools of the second grade. There are doubtless, in every school, boys whom a discerning master would at once pick out, whose time might be much better employed than on the study of Greek. But we cannot subscribe to that view which makes the adoption or rejection of that language, as a part of the school course, depend on whether the pupil is to continue at school until 19, or only until 16 or 17; nor can we be satisfied with any rearrangement of foundations which takes the opportunity of instruction in Greek from such as have hitherto enjoyed it.

But if privileges long enjoyed within an endowed area require to be thus considerably dealt with, still more so does the case of those who have been specifically chosen by the founder as recipients of his bounty, by reason of helplessness or adversity, claim to receive the utmost tenderness. How often do the circumstances of a family become entirely altered by the death of the father, or by some other calamity! The children, gently nurtured, are only too likely to fall to a lower

level in society, unless some friendly hand is held out to insure them a liberal education. To provide such help is one of the functions of the endowed school, which we trust may yet, in spite of symptoms to the contrary, receive its share of support and attention. Some minds, it is evident, entertain strong feelings against the eleemosynary foundations, fostered probably by past, frequent, and grievous abuse, and by the difficulties which beset its upright and discreet administration. But the fact that a founder's intentions have often been defeated by malversation and mismanagement, or by the altered circumstances of the times, is surely no argument for diverting his bounty from its original purpose, and throwing it into a common fund, to be a prize for cleverness in the great competitive race which is to be now all in all. If favouritism, selfishness, or other inferior motives, be absolutely inseparable from the discharge of a trust of this kind, this must be taken as conclusive against its being allowed to stand, for the fulfilment of the founder's intention becomes then practically impossible. But mere difficulty is a plea totally insufficient; for difficulty may be overcome, if it is invaded in the worthy and intelligent spirit which is at work to promote the more perfect utilisation of endowments.

There are, however, we fear, indications that the Executive Commissioners are too much inclined to thrust all the appliances left for education along two or three grooves, instead of cultivating that variety which, pervaded by unity, is the order of nature's working. This careful blending of details into a harmonious whole without losing sight of any—this following of nature's model—must be acknowledged to require a patience and wisdom far transcending that which is con-

tent to work on the system of Procrustes. But we may fairly look to the Executive Commission for the highest type of work. No bill was ever passed conferring on those who were charged with carrying it into effect more portentous powers, or more critical responsibilities, than the Endowed Schools Bill, which received the royal assent in 1869. The Executive Commissioners to be appointed under the Act have power, by schemes made between the passing of the Act and 31st December 1872—or, by extension, 31st December 1873 (clauses 9 and 10)—“to alter and add to any existing and to make new trusts, directions, and provisions in lieu of any existing trusts, directions, and provisions which affect an educational endowment, and the education promoted thereby, including the consolidation of two or more such endowments, or the division of one endowment into two or more endowments: . . . also, to alter the constitution, rights, and powers of any governing body of an educational endowment, and to incorporate any such governing body, and to establish a new governing body, corporate or unincorporate, with such powers as they think fit, and to remove a governing body, and in the case of any corporation (whether a governing body or not) incorporated solely for the purpose of any endowment, to dissolve such corporation.” Checks and limitations upon these enormous powers are found in the following clauses (31-48), which provide that, when the Commissioners have prepared a draft scheme, they shall have it printed and sent to the governing body concerned, and shall further circulate it, and receive objections and suggestions affecting it during three months; that if the governing body whom it concerns disapprove it as it then stands, they may have it submitted with an alternative scheme

of their own to the Committee of Council on Education; that if the Commissioners' scheme is approved by the Committee of Council, the governing body may, within two months of the publication of the scheme so approved, petition her Majesty in Council to withhold her approval from the whole or any part of the scheme; that her Majesty in Council may direct the scheme to be laid before Parliament, or may remit it to the Commissioners; that after a scheme has lain forty days before Parliament, unless an address has been presented by one or the other of the Houses, praying her Majesty to withhold her consent from the scheme, or any part of it, then it shall be lawful for her Majesty in Council to declare her approbation of the scheme, or any part of it unchallenged in the address." The powers here conferred upon the Commissioners, the checks notwithstanding, are far larger than those formerly exercised by the Court of Chancery; but we do not take exception to them on that account. They were necessary for purposes which have our entire approbation. But then the body which was to supersede the function of Chancery might fairly have been expected to be withdrawn from the atmosphere of political party, and in this respect at least to resemble the court which, *pro hac vice*, it replaced. It was, moreover, reasonable and judicious that its members should have been chosen for their freedom from bias, for conciliatory spirit and general moderation of sentiment. A zeal for education, a patient and protracted study of it in all its bearings, combined with high ability, and divested of fondness for theories, are qualifications for which the country might well look. Unwelcome as the task of criticism is, it must be said that these conditions seem to have been quite lost sight of,

if not studiously kept out of view, in the construction of the Commission. The appointment of Lord Lyttelton as Chief-Commissioner, though sentiments are attributed to him hostile to our obligations to founders, must yet be hailed with high satisfaction. His distinguished university career; his subsequent devotion to great social questions, especially to that of education; the zealous and prominent part which he took in the great work of the Enquiry Commission—each and all point him out, above others, for the responsible and arduous position which he now fills, and which we still trust he will so fill that those who differ widely from some of his published opinions may respect his fairness and judgment. The able lawyer, Mr Arthur Hobhouse, who comes next to him, has also undeniably a large share of the same high qualifications for the post; but, unfortunately, he is said to be still more deficient in respect for founders' intentions. So far as a judgment may be formed from his published remarks, he seems to be imbued with a sort of animosity towards a class to whom we owe so much. He considers that a benighted public are under the bondage of what he calls "Founder-worship," and invites combination for the overthrow of the popular idol. He lays it down that "to talk of the piety and benevolence of people who give property to public uses is a misuse of language, springing from a confusion of ideas."—'Journal of Social Science Association,' 1864, p. 479; and 1869, p. 595. He sums up by enunciating two principles which he thinks should be established with respect to foundations: (1.) "That the public should not be compelled to take whatever is offered it." (2.) "That the grasp of the dead hand should be taken off absolutely and finally;

in other words, that there shall always be a living and reasonable owner of property, to manage it according to the wants of mankind." To his first principle we have no objection to offer. The State enacted and upholds the statutes of mortmain, and has since restricted the conditions upon which property may be bequeathed. It is competent to the State (much as we should regret the exercise of that competency) henceforth, either absolutely to decline, on behalf of the public, offers of property, unless made unconditionally, or to appoint a tribunal to regulate the conditions on which bequests may be received. But it would be a faithless abuse of power to alienate what has been bequeathed and accepted for particular uses to other uses,—unless, indeed, by lapse of time and an altered state of society, those first uses have become manifestly, and in the eyes of all men, *abuses*. When "the wants of mankind" are spoken of, by whom are these to be gauged? We have heard exception taken to the munificent dispositions of Mr Peabody—and a time may come when much under that trust may require to be rearranged in the interest of the founder's purposes—but was it the duty of the State to tell the generous benefactor that his bequest must be unconditional? Or had he been so told, is it probable that he would have assented? Each of us has his peculiar ideas and feelings; and if these sometimes run in narrow grooves, they do not all run in the same groove. And the result, on the whole, is beneficial to mankind. Strong opinions vigorously pushed by a few innovators, or even by a considerable body of them, ought not to be taken as sufficient warrant for the raid upon trusts which it is now sought to perpetrate. It may be true that public bequests are not always made in singleness of heart; those who make them are

liable to mixed motives in such things, as all men are in others. They may sometimes be made, under the influence of family piques and differences, to minister to "the baser passions"; but "that donors to public uses are less under the guidance of reason and conscience, and more under the sway of baser passions, than other people," we must hold to be a sweeping and monstrous assertion. Even were this true, the question, after all, really is of the utility of the purposes for which such bequests are made, not of the spirit in which they are made.

While, however, we consider that a judicial and well-balanced mind is the first requisite for the office we are considering, the representation of ultra-sentiments in the Commission is a trifle compared with their *exclusive* representation. There is no kind of counterpoise in the body itself to the destructive measures to which such sentiments prompt. The signature of any two Commissioners to a scheme is sufficient (in all other matters the Commissioners are empowered to act singly); and if we turn to what little is known of the third Commissioner, there is no comfort to be found. Without the antecedents or ability of his colleagues, he is said to emulate the distinguished lawyer in his destructive proclivities, to be a visionary in education, an ardent votary of the "mother tongue" at the expense of Latin and Greek, and a strenuous political partisan. In such a selection, as if in grim irony to the competitive principle which is to be the arbiter of all our destinies, political friendship, so blinding to the judgment of the most upright of men, has asserted a paramount influence. The composition of the Commission is indeed thoroughly disheartening to all who, desiring great and salutary changes in the appliances for secondary education, would fain see them carried



into effect with due regard to what exists, and with as little of demolition as may be. Well may the old foundations tremble before such an array. Nothing short of an advanced Liberal was, it seems, to be trusted with a share in this great work of reorganisation, welcome alike to every shade of politics; and devotion to some educational nostrum was to be the qualification for a work requiring the greatest calmness, judgment, forbearance, and impartiality. We seem to be still far distant from that political millennium of our statesman-poet,

“When none was for a party,  
When all were for the State;  
When the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great.”

Writhing under the infliction of the Army Bill, the temptation to continue the quotation is overpowering:

“As we wax hot in faction,  
In battle we wax cold;  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old;”

—the lines being understood, of course, not of our soldiers, but of our statesmen, whose duty it is to provide the means and the organisation, but whose legislation is all in bare outline, resembling rather the rough sketch of the architect than his matured plans and working drawings.

But it may be urged that after all the Executive Commissioners are only charged with the framing of schemes against which appeals lie to the Committee of Council on Education, to the Queen in Council, and to Parliament. But in the case of endowments under £100 per annum, which are very numerous, no petition can be presented to her Majesty in Council (clause 42); and in other cases wherein appeal is allowed, whence is the money to come to pay the heavy charges of a contest? In truth, the vantage-ground of the Commissioners as against any single governing body

is so great, that, unless public feeling is aroused, as we trust it will be, the endowments practically will have to succumb to what any two Commissioners in their wisdom may order. A case has recently occurred in which the mind of the Commissioners and the principle on which they desire to act are clearly shown. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* is a maxim to which they in no wise defer; and they certainly cannot be charged with the craven policy of seeking to introduce the thin end of the wedge.

Emanuel Hospital is a foundation in Westminster, described in its charter as “an almshouse and hospital for the poor, in which twenty poor aged people are to be placed, to dwell and inhabit in the said hospital, and also twenty poor children, to be brought up there in virtue and good and laudable acts, according to the charitable and good meaning of Lady Dacre.” The Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London are the governors. The income of the charity having risen to £4000 per annum, the number of children has been increased to 64. There are in Westminster three other charities immediately adjacent, two of which (Palmer’s and Hill’s) it is proposed by the Commissioners to amalgamate with Emanuel Hospital, and, forming a consolidated fund from the educational portion of the three endowments, to devote this to the foundation of the “United Westminster Schools.” The third other charity is to be appropriated exclusively to the education of girls, and need not be further referred to. The schools proposed by the Commissioners’ scheme are three—two day-schools in Westminster, and a boarding-school near London, all of the third grade, and each for 300 boys, of whom 50 are to be free, 50 half free, and 200 paying full fees. The minimum fee allowed in one day-

school is £2, in the other £4, and the maximum fee in the boarding-school is fixed at £20. The scheme proposed by the Corporation retains the separate maintenance of Emanuel Hospital, but provides for an entire reconstruction of its educational part.

Let it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that if none of these foundations had existed previously, and a sum of money equal to that which they can furnish in the aggregate were placed at the disposal of the Commissioners, it could be most beneficially employed under the provisions of their scheme; this will still be very far from proving the case of the Commissioners, or justifying their proceedings. The real question is, or ought to be, whether the large means of Emanuel Hospital are not sufficient to maintain schools worked in a highly beneficial manner, preserving intact the intentions of the foundress, Lady Dacre, and the individuality of her foundation? If the alternative scheme of the governors, which is framed with due respect to those intentions, is found, on discussion and examination, to need modification, the sagacity of the Commissioners will be well employed in recasting it. The proposal to amalgamate so large a foundation with other charities ought at any rate to be abandoned. It is clearly against the spirit of the Endowed Schools Act, which is appealed to in its favour. For otherwise, clause 32, which enacts that the governors of any foundation having a net income exceeding £1000 a-year shall have the privilege of submitting a scheme of their own, is only so much dust thrown in the eyes of the public. Not that the Commissioners are thereby bound to accept every part and detail of a scheme so submitted; still the intention of Parliament must have been to place large endowments on a different footing

from small ones, otherwise the clause would be illusory. And what other ground could there be for this distinction, except that a yearly income of £1000 was considered ample to be employed independently with the most satisfactory results, while small endowments unamalgamated must be frittered away? This distinctive character, which we believe to be attributed to large endowments by the Act, is entirely repudiated by its administration. The large endowment was considered capable of being worked beneficially, at the same time preserving its identity; and the intention was that this should not be destroyed, still less the founder's object, when wise and good, be defeated. The question whether by a complete reappropriation of endowments of this type, throughout a large district, a greater simplicity and more perfect organisation might not be attained, never presented itself. Alderman Lawrence, a member of the Select Committee on the Endowment Schools Bill, bore witness, at a public meeting at the Mansion-House, "that the proposition of the Commissioners had never come before the Select Committee in any shape or form, had never been discussed in the House, and was a perversion of the true principles of the Bill." The Bill, which was wafted through Parliament on the wings of that esteem and confidence with which its mover is so justly regarded by the House, would undoubtedly have been more severely criticised, and have been received with a less general accord, had its occult powers been suspected.

"Incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso"

would have been the warning note. Some at least of those who gave it a hearty support and welcome, as a deliverance from a sad waste and abuse of valuable means, now feel aggrieved and oppressed by the con-

viction that the Commissioners are not sufficiently careful to confine themselves to the tone and spirit of the Act, but are straining it beyond its natural force and intention. We trust that the Commissioners will still exercise some of that forbearance for which the schoolmasters are recommended in the Report for their treatment of the "religious difficulty," and, abandoning their cherished plan, will devote their tactical skill to the framing of some well-directed regulations, which, without destroying the independent existence of Emanuel Hospital Schools, will yet secure their perfect interworking with their neighbours.

We shall presently have to offer some remarks on the wide surface over which Competitive Examination now ranges, and on the influences which it is exercising more and more. Without anticipating these, the following considerations seem to be worthy of notice as specially applicable to the foundation under discussion. The Commissioners, with the most ample powers of scrutiny, never ventured to allege against the governors of Emanuel Hospital any of that mismanagement or abuse of patronage which some public journals, since the governors approved the Commissioners' scheme, have so freely and unjustly imputed, and which we regretted to see it was not beneath the notice of the Commissioners' defenders in the House of Lords in some measure to adopt. We refer to this simply as an injustice of which the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London have reason to complain, not to argue that proof of mismanagement was necessary to justify the interference of the Commissioners. That argument, too, has been put into the mouth of the governors; but the truth is, that they have avowed themselves not only prepared but anxious for any rearrangement which will preserve

Emanuel Hospital from being sunk into a sort of joint-stock company, and be fairly within the intention of the foundress. Now Lady Dacre evidently had it in her heart to help those *who, without being first helped, were unable to help themselves*. This is a benevolent and excellent object. In no way could it be better promoted than by giving to those most needing it a nurture and education best suited to their position, and affording to those among them who showed more than ordinary capacity special helps to rise accordingly in social position, so that some of the foremost might even be found in future years occupying posts of high distinction. We hold that the true province of the Commissioners was, not to be run away with by a preconceived theory, or to set up as a mark that which a founder, possessing according to their views more sense and discernment, would have ordered, but, keeping ever in view the clearly expressed object of the foundation as the one in subordination to which all others should take their place, to frame the details of their scheme accordingly, and not to make the original purpose a mere *πάρεργον* in a grand system of secondary education. Such a system we hope to see issue eventually from the labours of the Commissioners, unblemished by the marks of the spoiler. No problem of the age has a larger share of our interest, or of our most hearty wishes for its happy and complete solution. But we cannot approve the way in which competition pure and simple is being forced into every hole and corner, or agree to the Commissioners' maxim, "that there should be no gratuitous education except as the reward of merit." We believe that, without pressing this maxim home to its bitter end, the foundations may be brought to take their several places in a well-organised scheme for the whole, each preserving its

identity when of sufficient magnitude, being amalgamated or affiliated when it is not. For to what does the maxim lead us? Evidently to this, that cleverness, not poverty, is to be helped. Instead of seeing that such as are in need and necessity have right, the portion assigned them by the merciful is taken from them and given to the clever. To the talented and industrious receiving their share—and it will always be the lion's share—we make no objection. We rejoice in the Commissioners' excellent proposals for the encouragement of successful exertion; we are convinced that a large portion of the endowments can flow in no fairer or more fertilising channel; it is not to the wide operation of the principle embodied in the maxim that we object, but to its *exclusive* operation, and that not less "*eventually*" than now. The former can be arranged with due respect to founders' wishes and to the nature of things; the latter, from the breach of faith which it involves, can look for no blessing of heaven, and, as a mere piece of statecraft, is a mistaken and mischievous policy. And surely there are enough veins open in the strata of Founders' Intentions to convey a bountiful supply to every quarter without invading and blasting the rocks.

Before competitive examination can be set up as the door of admission for young children to the benefits of a foundation constituted like that of Emanuel Hospital, not only must the dead hand be ungrasped, but the living heart which beats in true sympathy with the troubles and needs of others must first be stilled. The noble pursuits of both natural and social science have suffered recently from a spirit of wild speculation. Licence allowed to the imagination in the case of the former is far less dangerous than in that of the latter, whose end is

action. There is no character more dangerous to his country than a clever visionary and crude theorist who influences to precipitate action. We share the fears of Mr Crawford, M.P., that "the economical and philosophical principles of the day are doing a great deal more harm than good." We trust, however, that the beguilements of social science, falsely so called, have not yet been able entirely to eradicate better feelings and convictions, and that these will struggle bravely to avert the holocaust of eleemosynary foundations claimed by its votaries. But there is an opposite extreme to competitive examination, which the Enquiry Commissioners most justly deprecate. Indiscriminate admission to endowed schools has been their bane. It is only right and reasonable that all comers should be required to pass an entrance-examination of an easy character, simply as a test of fitness for admission. It is no kindness to the candidate himself to admit him in a state of ignorance, which is certainly a bar to his being instructed with due benefit, which might soon be removed by proper treatment, but will probably become perpetuated by his admission; and it is also unjust to the other scholars, who suffer from the consequent paralysis of the school. But, this test-examination passed, those whose needs are urgent should be largely admitted without payment, the privilege of gratuitous education being renewable from year to year according to conduct and circumstances, but in nowise, in early years at least, being made to depend on competitive examination. And here it is only just, as it is certainly pleasant, to call attention to an explanatory statement by Mr Roby, the able Secretary of the Commissioners, of what is to be understood by the terms *competition* and *merit*. It

will be some relief to many deeply interested in this subject to be assured that "competition is not the same as competitive examination, and that the Commissioners' scheme expressly directs all such benefits" —as gratuitous board and education —"when conferred on boys already in the school (and this will probably be at least half, or even more, of the whole amount of emoluments), to be given on the joint result of an examination and of the master's report, which is to regard both proficiency and conduct;" and further, that "the notion of competitive examination being the only measure of merit is a complete misapprehension." But we cannot regard this statement as altogether clear and satisfactory. If we rightly apprehend the matter—and it admits of being reduced to figures—there is to be a special examination, which is to carry half the total marks; and there is to be the master's report on proficiency and conduct, which is to carry the other half; the result being that the conduct alone carries only one-fourth. It is of course possible to assess conduct by marks for such a purpose; but if this is intended, the proportional value assigned to it is not encouraging. If conduct be not so assessed, we do not see how the competition proposed will differ from the general run of competitive examinations, in which a certificate of good conduct is always a *sine quâ non*. Thus, after all, the reward of merit is entirely or chiefly the reward of success in a competitive examination.

But, passing by this, let us revert to the Commissioners' scheme. Mr Roby informs us that "one-third of the free places is reserved for orphans, under such restrictions as the Governors think fit, so that if they find it expedient to impose a test of poverty or friendlessness, they may do so." That is to say,

the governors of a charity founded expressly for gratuitous education of poor children, whose duty it is to seek out the most fit objects for the founder's bounty, may, if they find it expedient, bestow their boon on one child out of every eighteen in the projected schools. For the free places are one-sixth of the whole, and the orphans' share is to be one-third of this. But of these free places only one-third are in the boarding-school; so that for the especial clients of the three charities put together there are only to be some sixteen places conferring the privilege of education and maintenance at present enjoyed by 64 children in Emanuel Hospital alone.

The Commissioners' proposal to admit a large number of paying scholars is one which commends itself as not only extending the benefits of the school, but adding to its vigour; while, by dividing the establishment expenses among a larger number, the cost for each scholar will be diminished. It is quite practicable to combine this arrangement with sufficient encouragements to merit in the shape of scholarships and exhibitions, and still to leave the poor foundationers unshorn of their privileges. The least convincing portion of the Enquiry Commissioners' admirable Report is that which condemns the appropriation of any endowments to poverty. It must be an ill-conducted school in which the enjoyment of such privilege is regarded as "a stigma;" nor need the exceeding difficulty of defining poverty for such a purpose as this be any obstacle to the careful and conscientious selection of the cases most needing assistance. No one, we presume, ever supposed that poverty for this purpose was to be gauged precisely by the income of the family. Cases of far greater difficulty and delicacy than this are decided in numbers daily, both in

public and private life. But this is patronage; and patronage, it is said, is an evil, and must be abolished. Now, what is patronage; or rather, what ought it to be? For, like every other responsibility, it is liable to abuse, and has been abused; and the abuse of it, nowhere more conspicuous than in the arena of politics, has brought a violent recoil to the opposite extreme. The duties of patronage vary, in some degree, according to the circumstances under which it is to be exercised. It may be sufficient for a patron to appoint a thoroughly fit person—it may be incumbent on him to search out the very fittest. We dismiss so large a subject, with the attendant motives, nobler and baser, and confine ourselves to the case of Trustees of a Charity. These may be as honest and scrupulous in assessing claims of poverty as examiners in assessing marks in competitive examinations. We grant the difficulty, but believe that it will disappear before a genuine endeavour to overcome it. We should be glad to see a portion of the Commissioners' energy devoted to the task of framing a scheme for the future regulation of patronage, one provision of which ought certainly to be that it is not to be exercised by individual members of a trust in rotation, but that each case should be considered on its merits by the body collectively. The Enquiry Commissioners (Report, i. 605) furnish also the proviso that governors of eleemosynary foundations "ought to be responsible to public control, and required to furnish to a central authority (not for publication) the names and claims of all candidates for admission, and their reason for preferring those whom they preferred." By all means let there be an end of *indiscriminate* gratuitous education, but let the system which is to replace it provide for a discriminating applica-

tion of the portion of the destitute and friendless on their behalf. The governing bodies of many of the endowed schools have from various causes, sometimes from their composition, sometimes from excessive limitation of residence, sometimes from too great dispersion, failed to satisfy the purposes for which they were created. Even where this has not been the case, the Commissioners seem disposed to make considerable changes. "The governing bodies," they say, "at all events of the larger foundations, should be composed of various elements, combining as far as possible local knowledge and interests with freedom from local prejudices and influences, and stability, experience, and permanence with freshness of ideas, and sympathy with the feelings of the community among whom the foundation works." Hence the Commissioners wish, "wherever it can be done, to introduce and combine in one body official, representative, and co-optative members." We have here a model trust indeed; and it is with regret that we scent the Utopian aroma, and must own to a suspicion, that where the governor's function has hitherto been judiciously exercised, little or nothing is to be gained by the change. Practically, if insensibly, governing bodies for the most part move under the guidance of one or two of their most able and energetic members.

On looking back some forty or fifty years, to the time when exhibitions and scholarships, especially at Oxford, were to a great extent close or went by favour, it seems impossible to overrate our obligations to that fair and open competition which now prevails at the universities. And not only have those prizes, which enable men in their passage through life to win others of greater permanency, but

many of these latter themselves been thrown open gradually by the State to public competition. On the expiration of the East India Company's charter, the Government afforded to all natural-born subjects of her Majesty, within certain limits of age, the opportunity of competing for appointments in the Indian Civil Service. Each year since 1858 an examination has been held for this purpose; and by degrees a similar course has been pursued in bestowing many posts in the Home Civil Service, until at length it has come to be applied to offices of a higher and higher grade. This is certainly a very great indirect encouragement to education. The regulations for the Indian Civil Service Examinations are adopted also in those for the *higher* class of appointments in the Home Service.

It does not fall within our scope to discuss these at large, but it may just be remarked that the method pursued for discouraging superficial knowledge, though upheld by so high an authority as Dr Temple, is not quite fair to subjects which carry, in comparison with others, only a low maximum of marks; no limit being imposed on the number of the prescribed subjects which a candidate might take up. It was found that under the original regulations for the examination, which continued in force for some time, an accumulation of smatterings conferred success, to the discomfiture of more solid information in fewer subjects. Some remedial measure was called for. The one adopted was to deduct from the score of every candidate in every subject (except mathematics) *not a percentage* of the maximum marks, which would have been fair to all alike, but *a given number*. It is evident that we have no inclination to show favour to modern languages at the expense of the ancient classics; but we must

say that in this arrangement the modern languages have met with scant justice, defended by very superficial argument. After a few years' experience, representations began to reach home from India that the open competitive system was introducing into the Civil Service there too large a sprinkling of men not very well fitted for it. The habits, feelings, and exterior of a gentleman on the one hand, and bodily vigour and energetic temperament on the other, were too often missed. The latter failing has lately been attributed—we cannot say with what truth, but the feeling is certainly very prevalent—to the severe strain of successive competitive examinations. The question raised is one of very great importance, and calls for an impartial inquiry.

Here then is the weak point of the competitive examination, as applied, pure and simple, to select for such appointments. It will naturally be asked, But is not this far superior to the old patronage? To a great extent, no doubt it is; but we are fully persuaded that the more prizes are awarded to competition, the more necessary will it be found to introduce into the award other elements besides answering questions out of subjects of instruction. The difficulty of effecting this, it must be confessed, is very great, but the necessity will at length make itself so keenly felt, that means will be devised for testing the moral and practical worth of the competitors. In order to regulate promotion by selection in the army, Mr Cardwell has lately announced (Pary. Report, 5th June) that the reports of the inspecting officers are to be so given and tabulated in the office of the Military Secretary, that the Commander-in-Chief may be acquainted with the professional character of every officer.

Selection for the Civil Service may perhaps have to resort to a similar instrumentality, in a well-organised system of registry by certified school-masters; to which may be added some adequate opportunities for careful personal observation of the candidates by a board of inspectors specially appointed for that purpose.

But if there is ground to suspect that a career of competitive examination at a later period of life is not unfrequently followed by enfeebled bodily health and impaired energy of mind, how much more reason is there to fear this for the very young; not only too because they *are* young at the commencement of such a career, but because that career will probably be continued during a longer series of years. The Enquiry Commissioners propose—and the proposal is excellent so far as the endowments can, consistently with founders' intentions, be claimed to further it—that merit should have opportunity of gaining gratuitous education at a tender age, and should, by means of exhibitions, go on to win its way from grade to grade. Each step is through competitive examination. For boys under 13, we are glad to see that the Commissioners (Report, i. 594) express apprehension that “this might prove too severe a strain.” “Whenever,” they add, “it is advisable to give gratuitous schooling to children so young as this, it would seem best to select them from particular schools after a careful observation of their industry and progress for a year preceding.” To bring boys so young into the arena of competition is like running two-year-olds. If it be objected that, in a well-conducted school, competition is going on every day and all day in every class, the answer is that this emulation—for so it might be more correctly called—operates very differently from the

process which we have been considering, and is not of the same exhausting character. It is not to be compared, in respect of its wear and tear upon the subjects of it, even with the periodical examinations for ordinary prizes and places *within* the school, still less with the competitive struggles between school and school open to all comers. The plunge which has been made into competitive examination, and the depth to which it is now proposed to carry it by bringing very young boys under its exciting and absorbing influences, is a subject deserving further inquiry and a patient watching of results.

Perhaps no more admirable report has ever been laid before Parliament than that of the Schools Enquiry Commission, to which the Executive Commissioners are referred by the Endowed Schools Act as expressing the objects to be aimed at by themselves in matters on which the Act itself does not speak. The masterly precision with which the immense mass of evidence has been digested, concentrated, and applied to every topic of interest or difficulty, is not to be surpassed. It would have been both an easier and pleasanter task to dwell upon the many convictions which we share with the Enquiry Commissioners, and on the conclusions to which we follow them; but the disposition shown by the Executive Commission to push to the very utmost, and beyond it, the few in which we cannot altogether agree, has imposed upon us the necessity of dwelling rather upon these. There is hardly any extreme measure for benefiting the education of the middle classes generally, at the expense of existing interests, which such a passage as the following might not be adduced to defend (Report, i. 578):—“We are of opinion that to give the privileges of founda-



tions by open competition, so far from thwarting the desire of the founders to benefit the poor, is now the only method of really fulfilling that desire. But no one can possibly doubt that it is the only method of furthering their other and more important purpose, the promotion of education." Notwithstanding this positive utterance by so high authority, we find it still very possible to doubt. After a careful consideration of all the arguments adduced in its support, we are inclined to think that education will gain more under a mixed system, which assigns part of the endowments for open competition, reserving part for the help of those who most need it, than by surrendering the whole to absolute competition. But be this as it may, better far to gain much while observing justice, than, ignoring it, to gain more. And simple folk will not be convinced that the only way of fulfilling the desire of founders to benefit the poor is to take what would otherwise go to help a poor boy, and make it over in all cases to a clever boy, who may or may not be poor. Beyond a doubt the plan of the Commissioners possesses in a high degree the advantages of simplicity, completeness, and more facile administration, and these seem to have proved an irresistible attraction. There is also, it must be admitted, a certain sense in which education would be more promoted by it than by any other. Its advocates may certainly point to a somewhat higher total of proficiency in the recipients of the founder's bounty at the close of the school career; but we doubt if the same amount of public benefit would be the result.

"*Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secat res;*" and the question, asked with a touch of sarcasm—"What is to become of the fools?"

has its serious side. Those who bestow well-merited praise on the schoolmaster who attends the more sedulously to his dull boys, may well leave for those who are neither fortune's favourites, nor foremost in the intellectual race, some crumbs of the inheritance bequeathed to them by the tender-hearted and compassionate. Steadiness and industry in adversity ought not to be utterly cast out, though the wit may be small, or slow in developing.

It must also be remembered that the appropriation of large portions of the endowments to prizes will considerably add to the cost of education in endowed schools, and will, if the Commissioners' maxim be acted upon, of itself exclude some of the former clients of the founder, who will be unable to meet the increased charges. That the assistance for which we plead is by no means superfluous, but is one of the wants of the age, is shown in the recent establishment of schools like the Medical Benevolent College at Epsom, and the Clergy Orphan School near London. Should Parliament give its unqualified adhesion to the recent proceedings of the Commissioners, there is too much reason to fear that the springs of bounty will be dried up. It has been said, indeed, that this tendency is already showing itself, and that Christ's Hospital, which receives every year £7000 from donations of new governors, has received this year only £1000. This merciless crusade against the helpless and friendless is no pleasant feature of our time. Let it, at least, be understood, that if there is to be an universal prevalence of the maxim that "there should be no gratuitous education except as the reward of merit," a first element in this merit shall henceforth be deserving need.

## THE MINISTER, THE HOUSE, AND THE COUNTRY.

If we had not strong faith in Parliamentary Government, however misused from time to time, and constantly liable to abuse, we should be forced to conclude that in this country, at least, we had pretty nearly seen the last of it. Never in the memory of living man has there been such a session as that of which we are approaching the end. Here are we, in the month of July, within a few weeks of the time when Parliament is usually prorogued, and of the ordinary, and therefore urgent, business of the country scarcely any portion is complete. As to the special bills introduced at the beginning by the Government, and laid upon the table of the House of Commons with great flourish of trumpets, positively not one has become law. There seems, indeed, at last, to be some prospect that two out of the whole lot may pass; but one of these has been mutilated in order to give a chance of its acceptance, and the other is a measure of which only a small section of the extreme Liberal supporters of the Government cordially approves. And yet the Minister who thus signally fails in legislating for the country, continues to command, whenever a question of confidence arises, an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons. How is all this to be accounted for, and where will it land us?

There are several obvious and cogent reasons to be assigned for the sort of dead-lock into which the business of the country has fallen. One of these is, that the House of Commons is by no means in accord, on questions of general policy, with the country; another, that the House, with all its apparent sub-

serviency, distrusts the Minister whom it nevertheless retains in office; a third, that the Cabinet is, as will sooner or later be made manifest to all the world, at sixes and sevens with itself; a fourth, that Mr Gladstone has no faculty whatever for ruling men. Any one of these would, as it seems to us, account in a great degree for much of what offends our sense of right. The whole, in combination, must produce anarchy, and we have got it. "The House of Commons," said the highest authority only the other day, and he spoke like a man oppressed with the weight of his own anticipations, "is quite demoralised. All respect for order, all deference to constitutional usage and authority, seems to have died out among its members. I never saw such a mob as the body which is supposed to represent the people of England has become. I despair of seeing any change in it for the better."

There needs very little abstract reasoning to prove that the results which we are at this moment contemplating, were, so far as the present antagonism between the country and the House of Commons is concerned, exactly such as might have been anticipated from the beginning. Whenever, in a free State, the people are appealed to through their passions, it invariably follows that they answer the appeal in a state of frenzy. Bring prominently before them some great wrong, real or imaginary, done to themselves or others,—speak to them about it in the language of enthusiasm, the wilder the better, and if there be the faintest shade of plausibility in your argument, you will carry them with you for the moment, as surely as the mag-

net attracts iron. And if to this be added a persuasion that the parties thus appealing to them have been scurvily treated by their rivals, then all considerations give way to that rude sense of justice, which, among uneducated persons, is as often the source of moral and political mischief as the reverse. Now, upon the late general elections both of these influences were brought to bear with consummate skill and audacity. Mr Gladstone had some right to say that his distinguished rival had by a fluke tripped him up. He, Mr Gladstone, had offered to the people a measure of Parliamentary Reform, with which the most advanced of their representatives, and in marked degree Mr Bright, professed to be satisfied. The Tories, like base obstructives as they are, opposed his measure, and with the aid of a strong reinforcement from the Liberal benches defeated it. No sooner were they fairly installed in office, however, than under Mr Disraeli's guidance they brought forward another measure of reform fivefold more liberal than the last, and, not without throwing over some of the best and most respected statesmen of their party, they carried it. Now, nothing could, on the face of it, be more politically base than this. Had the Tories put their feet down and said, We stand upon the ten-pound franchise, we will not go lower—then, in the event of their succeeding, were it only for a single Parliament, there could have been no ground of complaint on the other side. But to be driven to resign on the plea that the constitution was imperilled by the threatened admission of too many half-educated persons to the franchise, and then to see the very men who had so arraigned their proceedings themselves letting down the franchise to household and even to lodger suffrage—that was an outrage never to be for-

given. They must be driven out of Downing Street, be the means employed to expel them what they might; and the people, if the case were put fairly before them, would unquestionably confirm the sentence.

The case was put before the new constituencies with exactly the measure of address that was necessary to give effect to the argument. We, poor wretches, laboured under the delusion that they to whom we had given the unlooked-for privilege of the franchise would make use of it—at all events on the first occasion—to express their gratitude to their benefactors. Vain thought, idle delusion! Gratitude is a principle never to be looked for in crowds—and crowds were the elements with which we had to deal. Our opponents knew this, and acted upon their knowledge. Not our baseness only in deserting, for the chance of place, our well-known principles, but the independence of the newly-created voters itself, endangered as it was by our approaching them at all,—these points were pressed into the service against us, and they carried the day. Besides, had not Mr Gladstone a new and liberal Irish policy to fight for, lugged in, neck and heels, no doubt apropos to nothing, yet marvellously telling wherever Romanism and political dissent abounded, as in Ireland, in Scotland, and in Wales? No doubt of it. An angry House—for the old House was very angry when he spoke out—received with shouts his declaration, that the Church must cease as an Establishment to exist in Ireland; and the shout was at once echoed back from every quarter in which the angry members had influence. Ay, and more than this. Mr Lowe, with other members of the Cave, might dislike the prospect of a lowered constituency: they had no disinclination

whatever to assist in the overthrow of a Church, be the operation begun and carried on by whom it might. When, therefore, the statesmen who had cheered and rendered effectual their opposition to the Russell-Gladstone measure, went far beyond that measure, no course seemed open to them, except to make up their differences as soon as possible with their old leader. We have reason to believe that in very few things are Mr Gladstone and Mr Lowe absolutely of one mind at the present moment. But they could not help agreeing, three years ago, that with the Tories no terms were to be kept; and that, by fair means or foul—by working on the prejudices of the old constituencies, and taking advantage of the inexperience of the new—they were bound, as soon as the dissolution should take place, to combine for the expulsion of Mr Disraeli and his colleagues from office.

Mr Gladstone, Mr Lowe, and the Liberals in general, were perfectly successful in the appeals which they made to the constituencies. It seemed such a fine thing to conciliate Ireland by arrangements which affected nobody either in England or in Scotland. It was such a brave thing to show the men who had conferred their right of voting upon them that they were not going to be driven like sheep to the hustings; that they had a will of their own, and would act upon it. In the hurry of a false excitement, members were thus chosen who, under different circumstances, would not have had a chance, and the results are before us. Who can suppose that Stirling of Keir, for example, would have been ousted from Perthshire by the sitting member, had not the county been appealed to at a critical moment and under false pretences? Who believes that a score of places besides would have returned the men they did, except

under the pressure of a delusion which has long since passed away? The constituencies were quite in earnest when they sent to the House of Commons men pledged to support Mr Gladstone, and push forward his policy. They gave their representatives this charge, because they believed that Mr Gladstone, having conciliated Ireland, would there rest content. It had been dinned into them that Mr Gladstone sought power only that he might wield it for the public good; and that as he was the author of all the measures that had been passed for extending trade and diminishing taxes, so under his management there must of necessity dawn upon the nation an era of universal prosperity and content. The prosperity looked for has not come; the content described beforehand proves to be a delusion and a snare. The country has discovered that it put the management of its affairs into the hands of persons who think only of themselves; and it is in consequence as little in accord with the House of Commons as, at heart, the House of Commons is in accord with the Government. Yet the House and the Government shuffle on together, for the best of all reasons. The House dreads a dissolution, because a large proportion of its members are aware that there is no chance of their being returned again. The Ministers shrink from carrying into effect a threat which they are prompt enough to hold out, because they have some reason to suspect that the result of a general election, if it occurred to-morrow, would be to endanger, if not to put an end to, their tenure of office. They know as well as we do that the country is at heart largely Conservative. Whether they recognise, as we do, this other fact, that the Conservative feeling is becoming every day more confirmed, and that the policy which they are

pursuing lies at the bottom of it, we cannot pretend to guess. But it is quite clear to us that as they dare not dissolve now, so they are willing to leave to the chapter of accidents the consequences of a dissolution some time hence, whether it be forced upon them or come in the natural course of things.

It is not, however, between the House and the country alone that a marked antagonism prevails. The House which supports the Minister has lost confidence in him. The Minister who commands a majority in the House distrusts his own majority. The House—and by the House we mean the four hundred members or thereabouts who day by day vote as the Minister requires—is by no means what to the uninitiated it appears to be, a revolutionary body. Four out of five, or more, of those who passed the first Budget, and have since voted for Mr Cardwell's abortion of an Army Reorganisation Bill, did so, not because they approved either measure, but because they profess to believe that the pledge given by them on the hustings must at all hazards be redeemed. Four out of five of those who, night by night, crowd the ministerial benches, await with even greater apprehension than their opponents on the other side of the House every fresh exposition of ministerial policy. They dare not go against it openly, whatever its tendency may be. That they know, or at all events persuade themselves to accept, as a foregone conclusion. Indeed it is only the thoroughgoing Radicals—the gentlemen who sit below the gangway—that ever think of acting with any show of independence; and they, as we need hardly add, by no means constitute the strength, in point of numbers, of the Liberal party. Yet this section of Ministerialists, wherever you meet any of

them in society, shrug their shoulders and confess that matters are not going on according to their wish; that the present is most distressing, the future dull and lowering. Meanwhile the Government, not unaware of the state of feeling that prevails among the more moderate of their followers, go on as if it were not there, and try to keep the extreme section from open rebellion by advancing as far as they dare towards pure democracy;—persuading others, perhaps succeeding in persuading themselves, that they are by these means cutting away the ground from beneath the feet of the pure democrats of the day. Of this we need no clearer proof than is afforded by their line of action in the matter of the Army Regulation Bill and the Ballot. The former Bill was brought in under severe pressure, in which even Mr Fawcett and Mr Harcourt joined. Ministers did not venture, for fear of losing the support of these gentlemen, to make a clean breast of it in regard to the pecuniary burden which the plan, when complete, would impose upon the country. But they threw a sop to Cerberus in their scheme for the abolition of Purchase, and, seeing it taken up, they there stop short. The abolition of Purchase will, the democrats persuade themselves, alter entirely the constitution of the army. Our officers will no longer be taken from the class of gentlemen; and an army officered, as that of the Commonwealth was, by persons to whom their daily pay is existence, may fairly be expected, when the proper time comes, to give us a Commonwealth again in exchange for an increase of their daily pay. This we believe to be the argument which mainly prevails with gentlemen of advanced opinions in reconciling them to the enormous outlay of public money at which the abolition of Purchase has been rated. But the gentle-

men of advanced opinions are, we suspect, if they argue thus, arguing on false principles. We do not believe that the abolition of Purchase will seriously affect the social condition of our officers. Two consequences will, however, inevitably follow from the arrangement: first, if the stream of promotion is to be kept steadily flowing, Parliament must be prepared, sooner or later, to vote, in the shape of retirements, a much larger sum, from year to year, than anything they now count upon; and next, we must make up our minds to see jobbing in the upper ranks carried to an extreme of which the present generation has had no experience, because promotion by selection cannot but become in time of peace promotion through favouritism. We say, if the stream of promotion is to be kept steadily flowing, the country must in the end pay for it. At the outset this may not appear, because it is not difficult to anticipate arrangements whereby, if there be anything in the rumours that prevail respecting what is to follow after the present Bill becomes law, promotion may for a brief space be enormously accelerated. But when the time arrives at which manipulation shall cease—when the Militia and Volunteers have got all the contingents they are to receive in the shape of officers from the regular army, and the regular army has received in exchange its supply of officers from the Militia—there must follow a block which no amount of ingenuity will remove, unless the impulse be given by numerous and costly retirements. Our democrats deceive themselves, therefore, if they imagine that their whistle is to cost little to the nation; and we trust and believe that they are still more signally mistaken when they fancy that at any cost they will be able, first to make the army in temper

and spirit different from what it now is; and then by means of the army succeed in bringing about a state of things which shall ultimately land them in Utopia.

The Army Regulation Bill, even as regards the abolition of Purchase, is clearly what Lord Elcho called it—a sop to the democracy. It is still more palpably and directly a bid for Radical support in another of its proposed arrangements. The abolition, by Act of Parliament, of the right of the Lieutenants of counties to recommend for commissions in the Militia, the Yeomanry, and Volunteers, will be one of the most serious inroads that have yet been made upon the constitution and social order of this country. We are no sticklers, quite otherwise, for cumbrous and obsolete usages. The whole machinery of the Courts of Lieutenancy was out of date. You could not, in working with them, get a Militia regiment raised, be the emergency ever so pressing, under three weeks or a month; you could not make it fit to do even garrison duty under three months. The machinery of the Courts was very cumbrous, and the cost of maintaining and working them enormous. But the office of Lord-Lieutenant, while it is as old as the days of the Plantagenets, so it happens to be particularly useful in keeping society together, and giving to it a tone in perfect harmony with the spirit of the constitution. We hold it to be a great mistake therefore—assuming that no designs against the Monarchy are in progress—to deprive the Crown of the power of gracefully attaching to itself the order of nobles, and of gracefully putting some great noble at the head of both the military and the civil organisation of each county. We hold it, also, to be too great a revolution in English habits of life, to convert the Militia, as the Bill proposes to do, into a portion of

the regular army. Remember what you have already effected by concentrating all authority over the army—all control of its supply, administration, and equipment—in a member of the House of Commons. No doubt the Secretary of State for War is a Minister of the Crown. But he remains a Minister only so long as the party in the State of which he is a member can command a majority in the House of Commons. The moment this majority ceases, the Minister of the Crown resigns; and a new Minister, also a member of the House, and therefore by the House virtually appointed, takes his place. Hence the army, which used to be commanded by the Crown either directly, or indirectly through a general officer appointed for that purpose, is now commanded by a civilian, who, being a member of the House of Commons, is responsible to Parliament, and not to the Crown, for the manner in which he discharges his military duties. Thus, all the old balance of power—the check and countercheck—occasioned by the right of Parliament to vote the supplies, and the right of the Crown to expend them, has been taken away. We have the House of Commons voting the supplies, a member of the House of Commons expending them, and the same member directing and ordering in all respects whether the army shall be held together or dispersed, how it shall be disciplined, how armed, how used, how organised. And now we are about to do the same by the Militia;—thus conceding all for which the great civil war was waged, and giving over the command of the armed force of the nation directly to the House of Commons.

It is not, however, exclusively because we object to thus annihilating the executive authority of the Crown in military matters, that we re-

gard this threatened manipulation of the Lord-Lieutenancy with dismay. Heretofore it was gratifying both to the gentry and the commonalty that when the youth of a county was called upon to take up arms, their own neighbours and friends should command them. No doubt, a blow was struck at this most wise as well as constitutional custom when the good old practice of enrolling the militia by ballot was done away with. While service was compulsory, we had the strength of each district gathered from the district itself, and by all the ties of kindred and early associations linked to it. We had the son of the country gentleman commanding a company, of which the rank and file were known to him from his childhood, not a few of them being furnished by his father's humbler tenantry and labourers; and at the head of each regiment an officer was placed, who, whether he had served in the regular army or not, was carefully selected by the Lord-Lieutenant from among the leading gentry of the shire. All that, it appears, is to cease; and the Secretary of State for War—in other words, the House of Commons, through one of its leading members—is to appoint to commissions, to distribute commands, to make rules and regulations for the organisation of our reserve forces, to fix their limits, and keep a watchful eye over them continually. Was this necessary? Certainly not. All that we really needed, all that could be asked for by men who valued the Constitution not less than they desired to provide for the due defence of the nation, was, that the machinery of the local courts should be recast, and a new and simpler method of raising men in parishes and poor-law districts adopted; the order to enrol being passed from the Crown through the Secretary of State for War to the Lord-Lieutenant, and

by him put in force. Not such have been the views of Ministers, who seem to regard everything in the State that is old with aversion; who are strong to pull down, mutilate, and destroy, but have evidently no genius for adapting that which is to what may be required of it. No: if the Lords-Lieutenant were left in anything like their ancient state, society in counties might refuse to be revolutionised. And against the pushing vulgarity of towns, which seeks to pull down all that is above its own level, without raising up, or trying to raise up, to the same level anything that is below, we might still be able to oppose the quietude of country life, where men recognise the distinctions of class as something apart from those of comparative wealth and poverty, and far superior to them. For, doubtless, if the military leadership of the Lieutenant go, he will not long be left in possession of other patronage. Deputies there need be none for whom there is no use; and the magistracy itself will in time fall into the hands of professional lawyers nominated by the Home Secretary or the Lord Chancellor, and paid for their labours out of the public revenue.

It is a matter of great doubt with us whether the bulk of those who sit on the Ministerial side of the House approve of these arrangements. Below the gangway, whatever tends to abolish privilege and create a dead level in social life, will of course be thankfully accepted. But above that gulf there are not a few who hate the whole concern, and would do anything except force on either a resignation or a dissolution to get rid of it. In like manner, when the truth begins to dawn upon them, and they discover what the inevitable consequence must be of this breaking down of all distinctions between one species of armed

force and another, the gentlemen below the gangway will, or we are mistaken, lift up their voices against it. They are quite ready to pitch Lords-Lieutenant overboard, to abolish unpaid magistracies, to make the county, in every other respect, as democratic as the town; but they have no wish to put into the hands of Government the power of increasing the armed force of the country, without first asking the leave of Parliament to do so. The gentlemen below the gangway dream lovingly of establishing a Government by committees of the House. They will be loath to put the sword absolutely in the hands of any one Minister of the Crown, even though he be a member of their own body. It is therefore quite upon the cards that, having voted with hearty goodwill for the clause which gets rid of local management and breaks down social distinctions in counties, they may show themselves, by-and-by, restive enough, when an enormous increase of patronage enables the Government of the day to purchase that support in the constituencies which it might otherwise have failed to command. That the gentlemen below the gangway can be blind to a truth so obvious, is scarcely to be believed. They must see that Mr Cardwell's Bill, if it becomes law, will at once transfer to the Government of which he is a member all the patronage which has heretofore been dispensed by persons themselves above being bought; and, so far as they are individually concerned, just as likely to oppose as to promote the policy of the present or any Administration. But, on the other hand, it is clear to them that the immediate effect of this change will be the breaking up of old habits of thought, which are detestable in their eyes, because associated with what they are pleased to designate



“the remains of feudalism.” Hence, regardless of more remote consequences, they vote for a measure the immediate effect of which they approve; just as the gentlemen above the gangway, disapproving its immediate social effect, give to it their support, because the ties of party so constrain them.

Again, we have in prospect a Bill for secret voting—an arrangement to which, not two years ago, the head of the Government avowed his determined hostility. Now it is introduced into the House as a Government measure, and the House will certainly pass it. Do our readers believe, or does any man within the compass of the four seas, and gifted with reason, believe that the House is favourable to the measure? Quite otherwise. Poll the entire body of six hundred and sixty members, taking them apart from each other, or make use of the ballot-box, though not for legislative purposes, and we take it upon ourselves to affirm that judgment would be delivered against the Ministerial scheme by a majority of at least five to one. Why, then, is not the Bill thrown out? Because the House knows that the Government could not accept such a defeat without at once coming down upon the authors of it. They must resign or dissolve; and either arrangement would be fraught to the bulk of the gentlemen who sit on the Speaker’s right hand with very serious consequences. Resignation without a dissolution would place them between the horns of a dilemma; for either they must sacrifice whatever character for consistency appertains to them, and thereby close the door of the future against themselves, by transferring their support to a new Government, or, opposing a new Government, they must be thrown back, after all, upon constituencies which desire only to get rid of

them. Dissolution would, in most cases, bring their career as public men to a close.

That we are not misstating the case as between the Government and the House of Commons, a short retrospect into the more prominent of the incidents which have thus far characterised the current session will abundantly prove. The crucial test of Ministerial influence over Parliament lies in the Budget, and in the mode in which the House of Commons receives it. How does the test apply in the present instance? Other Administrations have had their Budgets criticised, censured, altered, and now and again rejected. In the latter event they have invariably made it a point to resign, after exhausting their eloquence in defence of their own scheme, and whipping up hard for a division. Mr Gladstone’s Chancellor of the Exchequer propounded a scheme of taxation which the House received with a storm of ridicule, the country with indignation. In bringing it forward, Mr Lowe denounced as cruel and unjust any attempt to throw upon property a greater share of the burdens of the country than it already bore. “It was easy,” he observed—“and to a Chancellor of the Exchequer extremely convenient—whenever increased taxation became necessary, to meet the pressure of the moment by adding to the income-tax. But that he held to be a course as little in harmony with sound policy as it was unjust towards the lower middle-class—perhaps the most struggling portion of the community. Therefore he contented himself with changing the pence, more or fewer, on the pound into a percentage; from which he calculated that a moderate gain would accrue to the revenue, while the deficiency was to be made good by doubling the succession-duty,

and by imposing a small tax upon lucifer-matches. At once the House opened upon him from below the gangway, on his own side, in strong terms. More mildly, perhaps, but still decidedly, by voices coming immediately from behind him, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was warned that his proposals could not be entertained; that the House would do much to keep him in office, but would never give its sanction to a financial scheme so preposterous; that his percentage was an absurdity, his enhanced succession-duty a cruel wrong, and his proposition to wring some hundreds of thousand pounds out of the poor match-makers a measure not to be thought of. Meanwhile, in the east of London, the souls of the match-makers were stirred. Processions were formed, and moved down—chiefly of women and children, with banners, and, we rather think, bands of music—upon Westminster, of which some fragments, in spite of the resistance offered by the police, did succeed in penetrating into Palace Yard. All this was more than Mr Gladstone could bear. He at once took the game out of the hands of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, and having, we presume, approved in Cabinet the plan which Mr Lowe brought under his notice there, he abruptly, and without the slightest apparent misgiving, threw it over bodily in the House of Commons. The match-makers had their way; taxation reached them not. The succession-duty was left where Mr Lowe found it; and twopence in the pound was added to the income-tax, as at once a simpler and more effectual means of getting money out of the struggling middle-classes, than the ingenious, but, on the whole, rather unintelligible, percentage device which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had propounded.

The rejection of such a Budget,

under any circumstances, is a matter greatly to be approved; but what are we to think of a Government, with a majority of 120 at its back, which fights such a battle and so loses it? Ministers had been distinctly told by their own supporters that the scheme would not work. In argument they were beaten, and they knew it. Of course it is a great humiliation to be beaten in argument, especially to a body at the head of whom stands the most accomplished sophist of his age. But surely it would have been wiser, not to say more dignified and even safer, to take a defeat gracefully in the House of Commons, than to accept it at the hands of the match-makers. For observe the precedent that is established. Some day or another, probably some day soon, we shall have a demand from the Communists that this or that policy shall be adopted, or this or that measure rejected. Will the Government which threw over a Budget because it had stirred the indignation of a few lucifer-match makers, venture to oppose itself to some thousands of Socialists, when, with bands playing and banners unfurled, they tell Parliament what it is expected to do under certain circumstances? Not they. Sooner than break a few dozen heads, sooner than disperse such a crowd with the strong hand, Mr Gladstone will recommend the House to pass anything. And so it may come to pass that his successor—for such a Minister cannot long retain office, even with the present Parliament—shall be compelled to make cannon and musketry do, what as yet the policeman's baton, were he only encouraged to use it, would fully accomplish.

The House of Commons accepted Mr Lowe's secondary Budget, though it made no secret of the strain that was necessary in order to do so.

Money must be had somehow, to replace stores which had been unwisely sold, or permitted to run out, as well as to meet the call for a scheme of military reform such as should "fuse into one harmonious whole the heterogeneous elements of which our army is made up, and lift us beyond the reach, not only of danger, but of that which is as much to be deprecated, the recurrence of periodical and disgraceful panics." The House, speaking as often from one side as the other, suggested the expediency of finding the necessary funds, either by a loan, repayable within a given limit, or by the simple process of deferring for one year the extinction of certain terminable annuities. To neither proposal would the Minister listen. It was mortifying enough to have been compelled to withdraw one Budget and propose another. He could not stoop so low as to withdraw a second Budget and propose a third. And thus the House, while entirely disapproving the course the Minister was taking, gave way sooner than face the threat, not obscurely held out to it, that serious consequences would follow.

Again, Mr Bruce, acting for the Cabinet, propounded a scheme whereby the principle on which county expenditure has heretofore been controlled and managed would have been completely revolutionised. The owners of land, on whom ultimately falls the whole burden of county rates, highway rates, and suchlike, were to be swamped by the creation of local councils, wherein representatives, chosen by the tenant-farmers and householders of the district, should meet and determine how much of the rental of the district should be expended for their convenience. Mr Bruce found a less zealous support of his scheme than he expected, except among the gentlemen below the gangway; and

after carrying it up to a certain stage, he quietly withdrew it. We say nothing of the Licensing Bill, or of any other of the abortive schemes to which the unfortunate Secretary of State for the Home Department lent himself. All miscarried, simply because the Government, whom an enormous majority keeps in office, has not succeeded, nor is likely to succeed, in commanding the confidence of the House of Commons.

We come now to the third of the causes of which we have ventured to speak, as co-operating to bring about that deadlock in legislation by which the business of the country is impeded—viz., The well-known lack of concord that prevails within the Cabinet itself. Our readers will not, of course, expect us to deal with this part of our subject as we dealt with others. Cabinets keep their own secrets, especially where the matter to be kept dark affects their internal divisions. But nobody can have any knowledge at all of Mr Gladstone, Mr Lowe, Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, and Mr Forster, without being pretty well assured that to keep the peace among them is not at all times an easy matter. Lord Granville, with great suavity of manner, has a will of his own; he is not much given to refine and split straws where matters of fact are at issue. The line taken by him in the Parliamentary controversy which turned upon the importance attached by Lords Palmerston and Clarendon to the neutralisation of the Black Sea, showed that he declined to be dragged through the mire by a colleague, who cared little whether or no what he stated were fact, so long as it served some immediate purpose. The treatment which Lord Hartington received from his chief, when put up to propose a Coercion Bill for Westmeath, was scarcely such as to establish between them a bond of

mutual esteem. As to Mr Forster, holding as we do that he is at once perhaps the ablest as he is certainly the most honest of the Ministerial band, it is hard to believe that he can work in perfect harmony with gentlemen who either cannot comprehend or are indifferent to the tendency of his schemes, and are therefore perpetually interfering with them. Of Mr Lowe it may suffice to observe, that neither at home nor abroad has any human being been as yet intimately associated with him, without discovering sooner or later that he is the reverse of a safe horse. What he may be at the Council-table his colleagues alone can say. What he is in the House of Commons, the Commons and the country perfectly well know. Between him and Mr Gladstone there is, we suspect, little love lost. That they should have continued to sit in the same Cabinet after the catastrophe of the Budget, is a matter of surprise to all beyond their own circle. The truth we believe to be, that Mr Lowe is as necessary to Mr Gladstone as Mr Gladstone is to Mr Lowe. Either going into opposition against the other would be very formidable. And so, it appears, they have settled it between them, that while the one is free to set aside the practical policy of the other on the most important question that could be brought under the notice of the Legislature, the other is at perfect liberty to seize the first opportunity that occurs of exposing and running down in the House the theories of his chief. Mr Lowe was, in our opinion, perfectly right when he refuted all that Mr Gladstone had been saying about the equity of meeting an urgent need by raising the income-tax. But we must confess that we entertain serious doubts as to the decency of a proceeding which lets all the world know how little the head of the Administration and his Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer hold each other in respect.

A Cabinet composed of materials so discordant could hardly be expected to manage the affairs of this country well, were it presided over by a mind conspicuous, above all other qualities, for its judicial calmness. Judicial calmness is, however, a gift of which nature has not given to Mr Gladstone the smallest share. Earnest, impulsive, impatient of contradiction, swayed by convictions which vary from day to day, yet are each of them as firmly rooted as that which it has superseded, and which in its turn will disappear when some fresh idea gains the mastery, Mr Gladstone has no more the power of managing men, when brought into personal contact with them, than he has faith to move mountains. Outside the Cabinet, beyond the precincts of the Houses of Parliament, his name once was, and to a certain extent still is, a tower of strength. He possesses in no ordinary degree the great gift of eloquence. Put what subject you may before him, he will handle it like a master, whether it be the manufacture of porcelain, or the genius of Homer, or the merits of a book like 'Ecce Homo,' or a passionate appeal to the prejudices of a mob. Take him, also, in his calmer moments, and a more charming companion, whether for young or old—whether for the scholar, or the metaphysician, or the mechanic—you will rarely find. But the moment he addresses himself to affairs—the moment he takes in hand to propound a policy or to defend it—he becomes arrogant and overbearing. In replying to an open enemy he is fierce, and in his language strangely unguarded. In meeting some objection from an ostensible supporter he is supercilious and insolent. His argument usually amounts to this: "You know nothing about the matter;

your opinion was not asked. We don't need your criticism or your help to make our plan better; we ask you only for your vote, and that the allegiance due to party constrains you to give us." If this be the manner of proceeding in Cabinet, as it certainly is in the House of Commons, then the subject of surprise must be, not that the business of the country is carried on so indifferently, but that it is carried on at all. The fact we believe to be, that it would not be carried on at all under Mr Gladstone's management, but for the circumstances already referred to more than once. A House elected as the present House was cannot venture to quarrel with its leader. Not a few of the men who sit in it occupy now a social position into which they probably never expected to be introduced. They know perfectly well that a dissolution would relegate them to constituencies which would certainly not return them again; and so, rather than fall back into their original and natural insignificance, they take with patience whatever slights the Minister may put upon them, and vote, whenever a question of confidence arises, to keep him in power.

Meanwhile, through the peculiar relations that subsist between Mr Gladstone and the House of Commons, England is becoming every day more and more an object of contempt to foreign nations, and to those among her sons who most love and desire to honour her, a source of growing anxiety. We may affect to hold light the criticisms upon our foreign diplomacy in which our neighbours indulge. Such squibs as the Letter of Herr Frutz Baumwolle to the Emperor of Germany, it may suit the purposes of the Ministerial press to hold up to ridicule. But this we venture to say, that there is not a thoughtful man

in the land, be his professed politics what they may, who, even if while reading that letter he anathematised the writer, did not feel a blush upon his cheek, and a painful though secret consciousness that it spoke too much that was true. Even Lord Chancellor Hatherton, and his humble imitator Sir David Salomons—who equally abhor the term *prestige*, must, we imagine, be struck with the justice of the sentiments which we here transcribe:—

“Every one here feels that, in the language of Shakespeare, ‘the time is out of joint.’ That national patriotism which once influenced all classes of the English people no longer exists; that respectful and chivalric loyalty to the Sovereign, which survived on this island long after it had been dead in the other western countries of Europe, has now disappeared. Nothing remains of the subordination of the different classes which was once so remarkable a feature in English society. There is no longer that mutual confidence and dependence of one class upon another which formerly softened the differences of birth and wealth. Instead of this we now everywhere see contempt and slight for all authority in every rank, jealousy at the power and prerogative of the Crown, envy at the privileges of the aristocracy, irritation at the real or fancied superiority of any individual and every rank, insolence towards the great, which is repaid by extreme haughtiness and harshness, sulkiness, bad-tempered discontent amongst the masses, and everywhere conflicting desires to supplant and overreach each other, an insatiable passion for gain, and an ardent longing for luxury and good living.”

Then, after describing what the House of Commons used to be in days when Pitt and Canning presided over its deliberations, this provokingly-observant satirist goes on to say:—

“Neither the Government nor the Parliament are the same. The House of Commons is totally changed. Amongst some of the country members one may still find something of the old style, but two successive Reform Bills have produced new electors and new deputies. The working-class electors consist of workers in wool, cotton, and iron. They are men

of hard hands and hard heads, of very little education, and that little of the very narrowest kind. Whatever they may have learned, it is certain that a knowledge of the history of the Fatherland and an admiration for patriot organisation they have not acquired. It is impossible for a German to imagine how a people can be so totally ignorant of its own history as the English working man generally is. Even the more advanced or the rather better instructed amongst them do not know more than they have learnt from some miserable pamphlet, perhaps specially prepared to show that all the historical personages of England only existed to drag down the working man, morally and materially. Let your Majesty compare this state of culture with that of your Prussian subjects.

“Into the hands of such men—ignorant, prejudiced, malignant, bemuddled and stimulated with beer—the wisdom of English Ministers has thrust the power of electing the representatives of the English towns. In all large boroughs they form the majority of the electors, and, if united, can return whom they please. In any case, nobody can be elected in direct opposition to their wishes. As the electors, so the elected: a little above them by birth, a little by education, and greatly by wealth, the chosen ones add to all the prejudices and defects of their electors the dread of losing their newly-acquired honours. They generally know as little as the working man of the history of England, are not less liable to be influenced by one-sided religious views and narrow-minded traditions, and are far more nervously susceptible in their purse than the working man. Not a few of them enter public life with all the soured antipathies of the cantankerous piety of a provincial Dissenter. People of this kind constitute fully one-half the House of Commons; people of this stamp form nearly the entire Government of England. As the elected stand towards their electors, so the Ministers stand towards the deputies. I do not mean to say that Messrs Gladstone, Hardy, Lowe, Cardwell, Disraeli, Lord John Manners, Sir Stafford Northcote, or Mr A. Herbert, stand, in regard to intelligence, *geist*, education, and knowledge, on the same relative level, with reference to Messrs Bright, Mundella, and others, as these latter stand with respect to the working men who chose them. I only mean to say that they are forced to adopt the tone of mind, position, and view of these gentlemen in their governmental and parliamentary duties. It is interesting to observe how

this influx of the industrial power in the Legislature has remodelled the conduct and behaviour of the English Ministers. Most of them have come from a mercantile position, and—if their enemies are to be believed—bear the unmistakable brand of the Philistine upon their foreheads. Mr Gladstone, Mr Cardwell, and others, have all the look of highly respectable commercial clerks accustomed to take their recreation in the evening, after their hard day's work, in the society of ‘Christian young men.’ When old members listen to the self-denying sermons of Mr Gladstone, which unite in so masterly a manner the humility of the earthworm with the consequence of the counter-jumper, their thoughts involuntarily revert to the tone in which Pitt defied some vexed minorities in the House, or some threatening noisy masses in front of its gates. How can they avoid thinking of the pride and contempt of a Castle-reagh, or the aristocratic irony of a Canning, while they listen to the studied humility of their successor? And, thinking thus of the past, have they not a right to sigh?

“As the men, so their policy; one word expresses it sufficiently—‘compromise.’ Advisers of the Crown bargain like old-clothes-men (*handelsjuden*), and the cant of the conventicles is heard in the councils of Parliament. A little piece of this policy to gain one faction; a little patch of that policy to satisfy another; a little concession here, and a still smaller one there, to flatter this or that interest—these are the noble arts, these the noble duties, of an English Premier of to-day!

‘Tu regere Imperio populos sic, Angele,  
memento,  
Hæ tibi erunt artes!’

“Nor is this all. The feverish restlessness which has given the highest authority of the realm into the hands of sweeps, bricklayers, carpenters, shoemakers, and waiters, has contaminated our whole polity; it has revolutionised the law of property in Ireland on the basis of official and systematic robbery, and will, in the next session, do the same for England. It has closed one eye to (perhaps even encouraged in secret) tumultuous meetings, setting at defiance the laws of public order; and as in law-making the chief result is cowardly yielding, so in the matter of government the result is anarchy. This is bad enough, but there is worse behind. The diplomatic disclosures of the last few months have shown England's incapacity in all international relations. Once she played a

first-class part in successful wars, and in still more successful treaties of peace. She could not have spoken one word that would have been lightly listened to when the results of the great war were settled in 1815—a settlement which stopped the outbreak of another war in 1830. She spoke, and kings and commanders listened with respectful attention. The conditions she proposed were accepted, those she objected to rejected. It is so no longer. When England speaks now, foreign nations listen with polite but half-contemptuous mien. When she proposes anything—if she really succeeds in screwing up her courage to that point—it is totally disregarded. When she goes security for anything, her signature is more likely to do harm than good. When she threatens, the threatened one may laugh mockingly—unless he be a half-savage Abyssinian. In a word, England's position and *prestige* have been replaced by comparative insignificance."

Our readers will, we trust, excuse us for having quoted so largely from what is probably no better than a squib. In a different way from our own "Battle of Dorking," it speaks truths which carry a great moral with them. The channel through which such truths come to us may or may not be lightly thought of. Woe to the land if the truths themselves be disregarded! Will anybody say that in the days of Wellington or Nelson, Russia would have dared to force upon us such a capitulation as that to which we submitted in the spring? Will anybody say that, had the spirit of Palmerston been amongst us, we should have despatched commissioners to Washington authorised to usher in a treaty of submission with an apology such as never before found its way into any public or official document interchanged between nations—both being as yet unconquered? Lord Russell did not, in our opinion, act with judgment when he moved the House of Lords to petition against the ratification of the treaty. The treaty has been concluded, and with the Crown it rests to confirm or

decline to ratify as the constitutional advisers of the sovereign shall recommend. Therefore any interference by either House, before the Crown has made its option, would be as unconstitutional as ineffective. But Lord Russell did not, in his speech, advance a single statement which we are not prepared to endorse; and we are much mistaken if, everywhere else out of England, Lord Russell's view of the case be not taken.

Meanwhile the whole bent of our domestic policy and management seems to be drifting us towards a state of things from which the mind recoils with dismay. Not a single institution of all that our fathers handed down to us is safe from the hand of the spoiler. The university has ceased to be in close connection with the Church. The professor of any creed, or of no creed, may become the teacher of our youth. In one, and that not the least influential, of the colleges of Oxford, the master, himself in holy orders, cannot take his doctor's degree because he declines to subscribe the articles of faith which the Church has made her own. By a majority which, looking to the subject, we cannot but regard as narrow, the attempt to deprive the Church of her jurisdiction over her own burying-grounds has just been defeated. By-and-by, if Mr Gladstone remain in office, and if, as is probable, he change his mind on that subject, the minority will grow into a majority. In the mean time, an Endowed Schools Bill threatens to get rid of trustees and guardians, and to apply estates, settled for special purposes, to other purposes which the testators had never contemplated.

It really seems to us that members of Parliament who vote for such measures do not understand what they are doing. The endowments

which they are helping to break up had much more in view than merely to teach boys and girls how to read and write and keep accounts. Of course, by throwing them open you will extend this benefit, such as it is, to larger numbers. But what becomes of the poor lad's maintenance, his food, his clothing, his lodging, his moral training, and of the provision that was made for putting him out as an apprentice, or otherwise starting him in the race of life? Will the loss of these inestimable benefits by the comparatively few be atoned for by extending to comparatively many the opportunities of acquiring, free of expense, as much book-learning as can be picked up at a day-school? No. Book-learning is an excellent thing in its way. Without it neither boy nor girl can hope in these days to rise above the level of a hewer of wood and drawer of water. But book-learning, when it becomes the common property of a whole nation, will so far lose its value—if, indeed, it do not become mischievous—that the majority who fail in the battle of life,—and the majority must always fail,—will prove the more dangerous to society that they go in against it with sharpened intellects. Forgery has become a much more common offence of late than it used to be. It is not off the cards that by-and-by, when the sort of literature which is making head amongst us is multiplied, other means than highway robbery may be devised of making the holders of property share it with their neighbours who have none.

And this reminds us of what is actually going on under the eyes of the Government, not secretly, but openly and ostentatiously, and there is no one to check it. Mr Bradlaugh, Mr Odger, and their coadjutors, may be very poor creatures. We believe that

they are. But Mr Bradlaugh has influence with one class of persons, just as Professor Huxley and Dr Darwin have influence with another; and if Mr Bradlaugh's assaults on revealed religion be more coarse than those which Professor Huxley and Dr Darwin are making, they are scarcely less effective. Now we do not desire to see the laws against blasphemy and sedition put in force against men who argue points of faith and civil polity on their merits; but coarse ribald denunciations of the only principle which can operate for good upon men's inner lives are an offence against the law as well as against morality. Why is not the law appealed to to put them down? For it is not exclusively with a view to relieve them of all sense of responsibility to the Author of their being that the lecturers in our free-thinking club-rooms address their audiences. He who, in these days, strives to dethrone God, strives also to dethrone the Queen and the Constitution. Never, within the memory of man, were Materialism and Communism so openly and largely recommended to working men as they are now, and not a finger is moved by the Government to abate a nuisance which is spreading far more widely, and doing infinitely greater harm, than people are aware of. To be sure, it seems marvellous that, with the example of France before their eyes, any persons should be found in this country mad enough to profess the principles of the Red Republic. But the fact, though marvellous, is a fact still, and may be easily accounted for on the ground that men like Mr Bradlaugh have implicit faith in their own omnipotence, believing that if they could but put the machine in motion they would be able so to guide it that rank, large properties, and all that they hold to be offensive in the constitution of



society, would disappear, and every man enjoy a competency. Perhaps our present rulers, knowing this, laugh at it. The time may come when their laughter shall be turned into mourning; for while they leave the rabble—as in their more confidential intercommunications they designate Mr Bradlaugh's admirers—to go their own way, they have managed to create in every other class of society enormous discontent. Just observe how all the members of the Civil Service are irritated. Just take note of the dissatisfaction that prevails among the officers of the Army and the Navy. Just see how the order of men that used to supply recruits for the ranks refuse to enlist. Ask the publicans what their opinion is of the Government which they contributed largely to carry into office. Consider how the prospect of having their children plundered, under the guise of a succession-duty, disgusted all who had anything to leave, and especially those among them who were the least opulent. Why, the very match-makers were prepared to take up such arms as they could find—sulphur, brimstone, spale-boxes, and what not—and to co-operate in whatever effort might be made to get rid of a state of things which to them, as to others, is proving, day by day, more intolerable. And, finally, the payers of income-tax: is Mr Lowe mad enough to imagine—does Mr Gladstone pretend to believe—that from the Land's End to John-o'-Groat's House there is any other feeling on that head dominant than disgust and indignation?

When the present session began, there was on all hands a disposition not only to condone the past and make the most of it, but to give to the Government a hearty support in any measures which they might bring forward that had a tendency to promote the best interests of the

country. We, the Tories, were ready to forget and forgive the Irish Church Bill, much as we detested it, and, as Lord Cairns has shown, to help the Government in making their Irish Land Bill, scarcely less distasteful, at all events practicable. The more moderate of the Liberals, in like manner, looked far more to a policy of reconstruction than its opposite. Both expected a great measure of Army Reform—a scheme which, without departing too much from the ancient usages of the nation, would give us a military force sufficient in point of numbers, and well supplied with all the means and appliances that render armies effective. Both alike were ready to assist in making the laws and the courts of law more manageable than they are. And, above all, had the Minister shown the slightest desire to put a stop to that system of mob-rule which has prevailed a great deal too long, and a great deal too much amongst us of late, he would have found himself sustained by such a power in both Houses as has not been seen or heard of for many a day. But what has come to pass? In a session when real practical measures were looked for, when everybody felt that there was substantial work to do, and great promises to be fulfilled, nothing has been effected, or even pertinaciously attempted to be done, except the passing of two measures, neither of them heartily approved except by the clique below the gangway. The House of Commons has abolished Purchase in the Army, taxing the country enormously for that end; and has agreed that in future the Ballot should be used in the election of members to Parliament. All their own measures the Government threw over in order to achieve these two ends, one of which the Premier not long ago pronounced to be most objec-

tionable; while to the merits of the other we take upon us to say that he never, in all his life, paid five minutes' attention. And in this course of mortifying inaction—of inaction in all that was really hoped for, and of tedious wrangling over matters, some of them noxious, others simply stale and unprofitable—Ministers have managed to waste the time of the House very much against the will of the majority on both sides. We really do not know what to liken the condition of the Legislature at this moment, unless it be to the state of Paris when the Commune was there in its glory. Not at any time in point of numbers did the Communists in the French capital amount to one-tenth of the population; yet by sheer audacity they took the lead, and by boldness they kept it. Just so it is in the House of Commons. Mr Gladstone has such a majority at his back as has not supported an English Minister since the days of Pitt; yet he dare not use it, except for party purposes, and these of a kind which recommend themselves exclusively to that small but resolute section of his followers which fills the benches below the gangway. Meanwhile his sympathies out of doors seem to be entirely with persons who make no secret of their determination to revolutionise society. He corresponds with Mr Odger on subjects of Imperial policy, as if the President of the Democratic Club were a power in the State. He is very tender of Mr Martin's feelings when that gentleman demands that Ireland shall be liberated from her connection with England, and professes his readiness to let Ireland herself choose between his views and those of the honourable member for Westmeath. Will he repeat his challenge now? We know not. The recent election of Mr Smythe to be

Mr Martin's colleague under the auspices of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, and on the nomination by a priest, pretty well decides two points—first, that Mr Gladstone has made no advance whatever to conciliate Ireland by his policy; and, next, that great troubles are in store for him and for us in consequence of that policy. There needs but the passing of the Ballot Bill to sweep away whatever of loyalty to the Constitution is still professed in that unhappy country, and to send up to the Imperial Parliament at least a hundred men, pledged to let no measure—whether it be good or evil—pass, till the legislative Union shall have been dissolved.

Meanwhile there is rising up in our midst a power, of which it is the height of folly to speak as if there were nothing formidable about it—nothing, at all events, which could call for immediate action on the part of the Executive. The *Internationale*, which six months ago had its headquarters in Paris, has either transferred them, or is about to do so, to London. Its manifestoes indicate no diminution of confidence in the ultimate success of its plans. Into its hands, trades-unions, democratic clubs, working men's associations, and a thousand societies besides, are playing. Nor are there wanting those above the condition of working men who give to it their countenance—sometimes, as it would appear, without being aware of the issues to which they are contributing. A better fellow than Tom Hughes, a more genial, kindly Tom Brown the schoolboy, never breathed. He would not injure a fly; he would benefit the entire race—not human only, but animal—if he could. Yet Tom Hughes is doing more, by his extravagant flattery, to spoil the working man, and throw him into the arms of the *Internationale*, than he

is aware of. As to Professors Fawcett and Beesley, if they be not already members of that great cosmopolitan club, there can be little doubt that, when the proper time comes, they will be constrained to place themselves at the head of it. Now this, and much more, either is known or ought to be known to the Government, and they take no steps to counteract it. On the contrary, they seem to hold office for no other purpose than so to disturb and confuse men's ideas of what is politically right and politically wrong, that when the crisis comes everything will go by the board, because nobody will rightly understand where he is, or what is expected of him.

It remains to be seen how the Lords will act when the Army Organisation Bill and the Ballot Bill reach them. If the policy attributed to Ministers while we write turns out to be a fact, the Lords will, we trust, dare everything rather than yield to it. To hang up the Army Bill till the Ballot Bill gets through, and then, and not till then, to fling it to the Lords, will be such an outrage as never before was offered to that branch of the Legislature. The Lords must answer it by summarily re-

jecting both measures. There will be the risk of a collision attendant on this course, no doubt. But unless some means can be found of stemming the tide of democracy, such collision must come, sooner or later; and the sooner, perhaps, the better. For our belief is that the country, disgusted and disappointed with the results of the present session, will support the Lords now; whereas, if the Government prevail, especially in the matter of the Ballot, the results may be different. On the whole, then, it appears to us that, great as the perils are by which we are surrounded — mischievous as the effects of recent legislation are seen to be—the case of the constitutional monarchy is by no means desperate. The country is not in accord with the acts of the House of Commons; the House of Commons is not at heart with the Government; the Government is at sixes and sevens with itself; Mr Gladstone is totally incapable of ruling men. Let the Lords do their duty, and a reaction may take place which shall give us new leaders, and carry us, under their guidance, in triumph over the many difficulties with which the perverseness of some of its old leaders, and the grievous mistakes of others, had beset the national path.

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## A HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

BY A RESIDENT.

THE causes which brought about the revolution of the 18th March, and which enabled the Commune to remain master of Paris during sixty-six days, were of two distinct kinds; they were partly moral, partly material. Socialism, stimulated by the teaching of the *Internationale*, prepared the outbreak; the military organisation and accumulation of arms and stores which resulted from the Prussian siege, supplied means of action, without which that outbreak would probably have failed. The so-called Socialist party, which was composed of various and even hostile elements—of the relics of the insurgents of June 1848, of the agitators of 1851 who had returned from exile, of workmen who would not work, and, latterly, of the active agents of the *Internationale*—began to show its head once more during the later years of the Empire; several of its members, whose names have recently become well known—Delescluze, Vermorel, Jules Vallès, Cluseret, and others—were then arrested. The moment was not favourable for action, but the movement continued in the dark; and it silently attained a strength and a development which enabled its leaders to seize the first opportunity that offered itself for an insurrection. The *Internationale*, which dates from the London Universal Exhibition of 1862, did not manifest at its origin the tendencies which it has gradually avowed; and it is only during the last three years that it has actively joined the revolutionary party in Paris. Its first object, copied from the English trades-unions, was, to a certain extent, legitimate and respectable: it

was to prevent needless competition between workmen, to regulate the conditions of strikes, and to generalise their action in Europe, and to seek all practicable and legal means of improving the condition of the labouring classes, especially in their relations towards their employers. But at the meeting held at St Martin's Hall on 28th September 1864, the character of the association received a different definition: its intention of attaining political results was then indicated unmistakably, though with some vagueness; and it was distinctly confirmed at the Lausanne conference in 1866. The French branch of the society was attacked by the Government, for the second time, in 1868, on the charge of illegal meetings. It was on that occasion that France first heard the names of Assi, Varlin, Malon, Johannard, Pindy, Combault, Arrial, Langevin, Theisz, Frankel, and Duval,—all workmen, all members of the *Internationale*, and all of whom afterwards sat in the Commune of Paris.

By degrees the *Internationale*, growing in power, in numbers, and in money, ventured to throw off the mask which it had assumed at its origin. It continued to pursue the economical questions which had appeared at first to be its sole end and object; but it began to publicly advocate the suppression of religion, of marriage, and of property, and to show itself in its real character of an institution which intends to revolutionise the world. M. Jules Favre describes it, in his letter of the 6th June 1871, to the French diplomatic agents, to be a "society of war and hatred; its base is athe-

ism and Communism; its object, the destruction of capital, and the annihilation of those who possess it; its means of action, the brute force of the majority, which will crush all who resist it." This definition cannot be considered to be exaggerated, for it is in rigorous conformity with the statement published in 1869 by the directing committee of the Internationale in London, which tells us \* that "the alliance declares itself atheist; it demands the abolition of religion, the substitution of science for faith, of human justice for divine justice, the suppression of marriage." Elsewhere they say, "We call for the direct legislation of the people by the people, the abolition of inheritance, the constitution of land as collective property."

These are the principles which, for several years, even before the Internationale intervened, have been secretly but widely circulated in Paris, amongst eager listeners agitated by a vague longing for material satisfactions, by undefined aspirations after an amelioration of their condition. Latterly, these feelings, perfectly honest and natural in themselves, have avowedly taken the form of a wish to possess without earning, to use without acquiring, to enjoy without labouring. A bitter jealousy of every one above them, an unreasoning instinctive hatred of "the rich," an unpardoning animosity against religion because it teaches the uncomplaining acceptance of poverty and trial, were the natural consequences of these disorderly desires; the lust for *jouissances* became an absorbing passion amongst a considerable part of the lower classes, including also a good many intelligent and relatively well-educated workmen. The chiefs of

the Parisian groups, though they quarrelled amongst themselves, agreed in fostering this diseased state of mind, and led their deluded adherents to believe that the satisfaction of their aspirations would result from the establishment of Communism by force.

So long as the Empire lasted, an explosion was scarcely possible; the Government was strong and absolute, apparently at least; and a rising would have seemed to present small chances of success. But the very day after the proclamation of the Republic of the 4th September, "committees of vigilance" were established by the Reds in the faubourgs; public meetings were held, clubs were instituted, sections of the Internationale were founded in all the quarters of Paris, and every night the most violent speeches were made to excited audiences, promising "the triumph of the workmen," "the ruin of the bourgeois," and the suppression of "infamous capital." The word "Commune" made its first real appearance at these meetings.

On the 31st October, when the news of the fall of Metz reached Paris, the leaders of some of the branches of the party imagined that the reaction against the Government which that news provoked would offer them the opportunity for which they were waiting; so, regardless of all other considerations than their own ambition, forgetting that Paris was defending itself against 200,000 Germans, they attacked the Hotel de Ville, crying "Vive la Commune!" Several ministers were arrested by them; but the attempt was premature and incomplete,—the population would not follow, several rival chiefs would not unite; and next day order was restored, the Government

\* As these quotations are translated from the French, the wording may not be identical with the original English.

committing the incredible folly of immediately releasing all its prisoners.

On the 22d January another similar attempt was made; but though the details differed, the result was the same—the insurrection was once more beaten.

The capitulation of Paris produced an entire change in the temper and even in the composition of the population. An immense number of persons, belonging mainly to the middle and upper classes, went away to join their absent families, or for rest after the siege. Those that remained were humiliated, discontented, and weary: the common bond of national defence which had held them together for five months was suddenly broken; no cohesion, no energy remained. But if the Conservatives were exhausted and indifferent, the Communists were as resolute as ever; and this time they appear to have sunk their animosities, and to have united for their common object.

The elections of the 8th February, when they may be said to have carried two-thirds of the candidates, supplied clear evidence of their unity and strength, and of the weakness and disorder of their opponents. The Government was powerless and discredited; and it is probable that the presence of the Prussians in the forts alone prevented the insurrection from breaking out at once. All remained tolerably quiet until the end of February: there was uncertainty in the air, and much doubt about the future; but those feelings were but natural after a national disaster, and it cannot be said that any one really foresaw or even feared the events which have happened since.

On the afternoon of the 26th February, a party of National Guards of the 183d battalion seized twenty-seven cannon in the artillery-park at the Place Wagram, and dragged

them away with their own hands to the Place des Vosges, in the Faubourg St Antoine. That was the first public act of the promoters of the Commune; its real history dates from that day. During the 24th and 25th, manifestations had taken place at the Bastille in honour of the anniversary of the Revolution of 1848: the Guards of the Belleville, Menilmontant, La Chapelle, and Montrouge battalions sent deputations to the column, laid wreaths of *immortelles* upon its pediment, and tied a red flag (the first that was seen) to the hand of the gilt statue which surmounts it. The movement was, however, supposed to be an overflow of idle rage provoked by the imminence of the entry of the Prussians into Paris, rather than a commencement of revolution. The murder of the *sergent de ville* who was thrown into the river was attributed to a diseased fury; and during the eight days which intervened between the 26th of February and the 6th of March, the police reports made to the headquarters of General Vinoy, who commanded in Paris, persistently described the rioting as being "patriotic, not political." This view of the matter was confirmed by the march to the Arc de Triomphe, on the night of the 26th, of some 15,000 National Guards, who declared that they would forcibly oppose the entrance of the Prussians, who, fortunately for these volunteers, did not come in till the 1st of March, instead of appearing on the morning of 27th February, as was expected. Any attempt to suppress these acts would certainly have been impolitic in the state of excitement into which the entire population had been thrown by the news that the Germans were really to occupy the Champs Elysées, especially as the whole movement was attributed to a purely anti-Prussian feeling. The cannon taken

from the different parks were said to be simply put in safety out of German reach; and, furthermore, even if there had been any recognised reason to interfere, General Vinoy possessed no means of effective action, for he had only 12,000 men under his command; and it was suspected, as was afterwards too well proved, that many of them were affiliated to the Belleville party, and would not serve against the people. For these various reasons no attempt was made to crush the movement; it was left to itself, in the hope that it was unimportant, that it implied no renewal of the risings of 31st October and 22d January, and that it would die out after the departure of the Prussians. General Vinoy contented himself with issuing a proclamation to the National Guard, complaining that the *rappel* had been beaten without his orders, and confiding the keeping of the city to the well-intentioned battalions.

The Prussians came and went; the Bellevillists, as they were then called, left them alone; but after their departure matters continued exactly as they were before. Instead of giving back the cannon, "the people on the hill" went on seizing others wherever they could find them; and it began to be suspected that the patriotic excuse of saving them from the common enemy concealed some less reasonable intention. Forty guns and six mitrailleuses were in position on Montmartre, all turned towards Paris; they were defended by a barricade and by numerous sentries: what did all that mean? Still the general notion was that it would blow over without a difficulty; and the necessary symptoms of coming trouble—the resignation, as deputies of Paris, of Rochefort, Panc, Malon, Tridon, and Felix Pyat, the pillage of ammunition in the Government stores, the public revelation of the

existence of a Central Committee of the National Guard at Montmartre, and the rumours which began to circulate in the provinces that a revolution was on the point of breaking out in Paris—were not regarded as being really serious. The Government, however, grew uneasy; a man of energy, General d'Aurelles de Paladines, was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guard; and his first act, on the 9th March, was to publish a declaration that he would "repress with energy everything that might disturb the tranquillity of the city." But at a meeting which took place on the same day between him and some fifty commanders of battalions of the north-eastern arrondissements, several of the latter claimed the nomination by election of all the officers of the National Guard; and at the same moment the pickets in charge of the stolen cannon absolutely refused either to give them up or to cease their watch over them, as they were ordered to do by General d'Aurelles. These were distinct evidences of the action of the mysterious Central Committee, and of the mastery which it had acquired over a large number of battalions.

Meanwhile the Government had taken all the measures in its power to reinforce the garrison, which was carried in a few days up to 30,000 men; but even this fact, significant as it was, did not rouse the people of Paris to any sense of danger; they were too worn-out and too ill-tempered to think of anything but their personal woes. Yet it became more evident from day to day that an absolute power, in opposition to the Government, was organised at Montmartre; the guards themselves began to speak out openly about it, declaring that they obeyed their Committee and not the Government, and that they never would give up

the cannon—whose number had risen to 417—until every Prussian was out of France, and until the Republic was definitely founded to their satisfaction. In addition to these abstract conditions, they also required that their pay of thirty sous a-day should be secured to them until employment could be successively provided for them all, and that General d'Aurelles should be immediately replaced by a chief chosen by themselves. The two latter points were distinctly stated in a letter addressed to the Minister of the Interior on the 9th of March by M. Courtez, delegate of the Central Committee.

The next day the Committee followed up its declaration by a proclamation claiming that the Republic should be placed upon universal suffrage, that the officers of the National Guard be chosen by their men, and that all military authority be declared subordinate to the civil power of the municipality of Paris (the word *Commune* was not yet officially put forward). General Vinoy answered this by an impolitic decree, suspending six of the most violent Red newspapers. But though these signs of approaching action on both sides were distinct enough to have struck the most careless observer, the expectation of a pacific solution continued to be general: no idea that a revolution was approaching existed seriously amongst the public, and "the question of the cannon," as it was half-contemptuously denominated, did not occupy any special place in ordinary conversation. Down to the 17th it was generally believed that the difficulty was disappearing; but the Government was sufficiently well informed of the real intentions of the Central Committee to have recognised the necessity of recovering the guns by force, and it silently prepared measures for the opera-

tion; the first of them which became public being the nomination, on the 16th, of General Valentin, formerly colonel of the Municipal Guard, to the post of Prefect of Police. The Central Committee, on the other hand, though still surrounded by an almost impenetrable veil of mystery, was evidently supplied with money, was blindly obeyed by a considerable number of battalions, and was clearly determined to hold its ground by force, if possible.

On the evening of the 17th a council of war was held, at which the details of an attack on Montmartre were discussed and settled; but no commotion existed amongst the public, and the newspapers which appeared on the morning of the 18th were perfectly calm, and indicated no possibility of difficulties. At 4 A.M. on that day, before dawn, troops were massed at all the strategical points below the heights of Montmartre, Belleville, and the Buttes Chaumont; they marched up the hill, disarmed a few sentries, took a few cannon, and all seemed to be going well, when the 88th Regiment suddenly turned up the butts of its muskets and joined the National Guard. Battalions rapidly assembled; the cannon were snatched from the artillerymen who were driving them away; General Lecomte, abandoned by his men, was made prisoner; the troops were fired at by the Guards, and began to disarm on all sides; and, finally, the order to retreat was given. General Clement Thomas, an old republican, who had commanded the National Guard throughout the siege, was recognised in plain clothes and assailed by the mob, and the whole attempt broke hopelessly down. The evidence as to the details of this disaster is rather conflicting, but it seems to be certain that the troops were badly commanded, and that



the whole operation was conducted in the most disorderly and insufficient manner. It cannot, however, be doubted that the immediate cause of its failure was the desertion of the men of the 88th, whose example was followed by many soldiers of other regiments on the ground. Towards noon the Guards began to erect barricades all round Montmartre, and as evening came on they went down to the Place Vendôme, and occupied the offices of the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard and of the army of Paris. At 5.30 Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas were murdered at Montmartre, in the Rue des Rosiers, the very street in which the Central Committee were sitting; and at 6 General Chanzy was arrested on the arrival of the train from Tours. Soon after dark the Hôtel de Ville was taken without resistance, General Vinoy having withdrawn his forces to the Faubourg St Germain.

On the morning of the 19th the Government abandoned Paris, and the Central Committee became master of the capital. Its first acts were to issue proclamations, to put up the red flag everywhere, and to announce the immediate election of a Commune, into whose hands the Committee promised to resign its functions as temporary governor of Paris.

As the news of these events got out, it was received with a sort of stupid astonishment, but certainly with more indifference than regret. No one was prepared for such an insurrection, no one recognised its causes or foresaw its consequences. But there were motives at work which disposed a considerable part of the population to imagine that the constitution of a new Government, whatever its form, might serve their personal interests, and which, consequently, led them to regard its establishment without

much hostility. The labouring classes, even those who had taken no part in the movement, were all anxious to retain their pay as National Guards; many of them had no other means of subsistence: their sympathy was therefore naturally given to any arrangement which seemed to assure the continuation of the thirty sous. The small traders and manufacturers, who are so numerous in Paris, and a large number of persons in the lower middle class, were profoundly irritated against the Government for ordering that the acceptances which had been held over during the siege, amounting in all to about fifty millions sterling, should be made payable immediately. As cheques are scarcely used in France, where they are virtually replaced, even for the smallest sums, by bills at ninety days, this measure affected the whole trading population, which had spent most of its savings during the siege, was very nearly ruined, and was, for the most part, quite unable to meet its debts. All these people hoped, that a Communal Administration—though very few of them knew what that meant—would enact gentler measures on the question, and would give them time to meet their liabilities, so as to enable them to work round. The rent difficulty was another cause of discontent against Versailles. No one had paid his landlord since July; and every one owed three quarters, which scarcely any one was in a position to pay. The Chamber had enacted a law on the subject which had given universal dissatisfaction, because it afforded no real relief to insolvent lodgers; so here again the Commune was looked to as a saviour. The number of persons influenced by these three motives of personal interest was enormous—it must have included at least two-thirds of the population.

The apathetic attitude, on the 18th March, of what are called the respectable inhabitants of Paris, may safely be attributed to lassitude and moral exhaustion amongst the upper classes, and to considerations of possible pocket advantage on the three questions of rent, acceptances, and thirty sous a-day, in the trading and working districts.

But though these motives were very generally felt, and exercised a fatal influence on the disposition of so large a number of persons, they were far from being universal. Several battalions of Guards, belonging mainly to the western quarters of Paris, were ready to resist the insurrection, and a body of about 20,000 of them united for the purpose. They held for many days the Bank, the Bourse, the Grand Hotel, the Gare St Lazare, and other important points. They sent a deputation to M. Thiers at Versailles to tell him that they were prepared to fight against the Reds, as they had already done in October and January, and to ask for officers and ammunition. But M. Thiers declared his inability to aid them; recommended them to send away their families from Paris; and to their final proposition, to hold the ground round the Arc de Triomphe as the key to Paris from the Versailles side, replied that they had better all come to Versailles to defend the Assembly. The deputation returned thoroughly discouraged, but still cherished the hope that Admiral Saisset, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard on the 20th (in place of General d'Aurelles), on the joint nomination of the Government and the Mayors, would organise them in such a way as to constitute a balance to the power of the Central Committee. This hope grew stronger on the 22d, when the Committee, which seemed to be some-

what hesitating in its action, postponed the elections to the Commune until Friday the 26th. A proclamation issued by Admiral Saisset developed that hope still more, because it appeared to indicate that the Government was disposed to make concessions. He promised in its name—

1. The complete recognition of municipal liberties.

2. The election of all officers of the National Guard, including the Commander-in-Chief.

3. Modifications of the law concerning the payment of acceptances.

4. A law on house-rents favourable to all tenants up to £48 a-year.

It might have been expected that this announcement would do some good, as showing that an arrangement was not impossible; but its sole effect was to induce the belief amongst the Communists that the Government was frightened, and was going to yield, and, consequently, to provoke still further demands on their side.

On the 22d took place the massacre in the Rue de la Paix; but notwithstanding that odious act, the Admiral continued negotiations with the Commune; and on the afternoon of the 25th he thought himself so certain of a successful settlement, that in order to prove his own sincerity he disbanded the battalions under his orders, and sent his men to their homes, to their deep disgust and humiliation. The moment this was known, the Commune ceased all attempts to come to terms, and asserted itself as sole master of Paris: no kind of opposition to its authority existed any longer.

The attitude of the Government throughout the week, from the 18th to the 25th of March, was feeble and fluctuating; it committed the double error of refusing the support

of the well-intentioned battalions, and of negotiating with the Central Committee. It is true that its own position at Versailles was dangerous, and that its main preoccupation was at first to insure its own safety and that of the Chamber; but, by the 25th, 40,000 men were assembled at Versailles, with 520 cannon and mitrailleuses; and it would really seem that on that day, at the very moment when Admiral Saisset voluntarily broke up the battalions of the party of order, M. Thiers was in a position to stem the torrent instead of yielding to it. Up to that date the whole policy of the Government towards Paris had been imprudent and weak; it had irritated the population by harsh enactments on the three money questions; it abandoned all resistance at the very moment when resistance appeared to be most hopeful. But from and after the 25th March its conduct changed; energy and prudence took the place of hesitation and provocation, and though the harm done could not be repaired, no more errors were committed.

While Versailles was negotiating with Paris, and was collecting troops from all parts of France, the Central Committee had organised a military Government; it had seized the forts on the left bank of the Seine, and had rapidly constituted an army. Here came into play the material elements alluded to in the first paragraph of this article. The Prussian siege had converted the Parisians into soldiers, and the whole city into a gigantic citadel, where every kind of arms and military stores had been accumulated in enormous quantities. Nearly 2000 cannon still remained inside the walls, and the insurgents found themselves possessed of the whole *matériel* which had served against the Germans. For the first time in history a rebellion was in possession of 250 battalions,

of arms and ammunition in vast quantities, and of a strong fortress. All this was ready to their hands; they had but to take it: without it their success could have lasted but a few days; with it, they were enabled to hold out for two months against 150,000 men. Previous insurrections had only involved small-arm fighting behind barricades; in this case the rebels had cannon behind regular fortifications; and if they had been able to seize Mont Valerien, it is possible that the siege would have lasted for months. Most fortunately, that almost impregnable position, the key to Paris, was in the hands of honest troops, commanded by a brave and honest man. Versailles retained it.

The election of the 94 members of the Commune took place on 26th March, without disorder; but as 9 of the chosen deputies were either out of Paris or were elected in two arrondissements, only 85 were really at their post; 22 of these successively resigned, and one (Flourens) was killed, leaving 62 original members. Supplementary elections were held on 16th April, to fill up the vacancies, but only 17 additional members took their seats, giving a total of 79. At the first election, on 26th March, about one-third of the electors voted; at the second occasion, on 16th April, not one-eighth of them appeared at the polling-places. The Commune cannot therefore be said to have really represented Paris; it was, after all, only the expression of the feelings of a minority.

The first sitting of the Commune took place at the Hotel de Ville on the 29th March, or, as the letters of committee expressed it, the 8th Germinal, year 79. It was then decreed that every citizen was bound to serve in the National Guard, and that the three quarters' rent due should not be paid at all. These were the first two acts of the

Commune, and they indicated with singular precision the whole character of its future policy, which was to force every one to fight, whether they liked it or not; and simultaneously to encourage and reward its adherents by pecuniary advantages. The obligation imposed on every man between the ages of nineteen and forty to immediately join his battalion, the closing of the gates to prevent the escape of unwilling soldiers, the search for *réfractaires* at all hours of the day and night, the seizure of men in the streets, the violent incorporation of all such prisoners in the army, were realisations of the first object. The adoption by the Commune of the families of all "victims of the Royalists"; the decree allowing three years from the 15th July for the payment by quarterly instalments of all outstanding acceptances; the promise of pensions to the widows, children, and parents of men killed in action; the augmentation of the pay of the National Guard to fifty sous a-day; the law ordering the seizure of all manufactories whose proprietors had left Paris, and their constitution as the collective property of the workmen employed in them; the gratuitous restitution of every article pawned at the Mont de Piété for a sum not exceeding twenty francs; the payment of a daily money allowance "to all the wives of National Guards, legitimate or not;" the nomination of these same "wives" to all the posts of sick-nurses in the hospitals with a pay of two shillings a-day, — all these measures were adopted in furtherance of the second object. The first two decrees of 29th March were types of those which followed, and, putting aside all considerations of justice and legality, it must be owned that the Commune showed a most intelligent appreciation of the character of its soldiers, and dexterously employed

the means best adapted to obtain and preserve their allegiance.

If, however, the Commune showed, in the measures which affected its military organisation, a certain amount of skill and of knowledge of human nature, it manifested utter incompetence in the conception and application of its political and social acts. Its various promoters had been preparing themselves for some years for an opportunity of realising their theories; it might therefore have been expected that, directly they acquired power, they would bring out a collection of previously-drafted laws enforcing the immediate adoption of Communist and Socialist solutions of all the more important questions. But nothing of the kind took place. They hesitated; they were not ready. The famous schemes which were to regenerate the world were not elucubrated; and furthermore, as might have been expected, the members of the Commune quarrelled so bitterly amongst themselves, that even if any of them had matured a plan, their colleagues would have opposed it. They were four days in office before they even declared the separation of Church and State, and the suppression of the salaries of the clergy: one would have supposed, however, that no difference of opinion could have existed between them on such a point as that, and that it would have received their attention at their very first sitting. No attempt was ever made to define the real views and projects of the party on the great questions of labour and capital, interest on money, "the equivalence of functions" (a Communist term implying that no man's labour ought to be remunerated at a higher rate than that of any other man, whatever be the difference of capacity or production), the existence of property, marriage, the right to believe in God, and all the other economical,

social, and religious questions which the Internationale has publicly raised. The Commune has come and gone without even attempting to suggest solutions on any one of these matters; it has destroyed, but it has not created—it has not even innovated; it has not given one indication of its ideas, or one example of its remedies, for the evils which it professes to be able to cure: it suppressed the Mont de Piété, but frankly owned that it did not know what to put in its place, though on a subject of such direct interest and importance to the working classes, a project of some kind, realisable or not, might fairly have been expected from it. The Commune produced absolutely nothing; it announced itself as a new birth for all mankind, as the guide of suffering humanity, as the saviour of the poor; but in all its proclamations and publications, which certainly have been numerous enough, it is impossible to find a trace of one true thought, and still less of any serious practical scheme for the improvement of the condition of men. It was not till the 19th of April that it decided to issue its programme under the name of a “Declaration to the French People.” This document is couched in such vague language that parts of it are difficult or impossible to understand; but as it is the only general statement of its views which the Commune gave, it may be taken as the official expression of its objects and tendencies, and therefore merits examination, notwithstanding its obscurity of form, and the total absence of all conclusions in it. After a pompous exordium, accusing the Versailles Government of “treason and crime,” it goes on to say that “it is the duty of the Commune to affirm and determine the aspirations and the wishes of the population of Paris, to precisely indicate the character of

the movement of the 18th March, which is misunderstood, ignored, and calumniated by the politicians of Versailles. Once more is Paris labouring and suffering for the whole of France, whose intellectual, moral, administrative, and economical regeneration, whose glory and prosperity, Paris is preparing by its combats and sacrifices. What does Paris ask? The recognition and the consolidation of the Republic—the one form of government which is compatible with the rights of the people, and with the regular and free development of society. The absolute autonomy of the Commune extends to all the localities of France, assuring to every one the integrality of his rights and the full exercise of his faculties, and his aptitudes as a man, as a citizen, and as a labourer.” Now what does this latter phrase exactly mean? If we are to judge by results, “the full exercise of the aptitudes” of the Commune signifies assassination and incendiarism; but as it may be supposed that the words were intended to bear a different interpretation, it is to be regretted that they should be utterly incomprehensible to an un-Communal mind.

“The rights inherent to the Commune” are described to be “the vote of the Communal budget; the fixing of taxes; the direction of all local management; the organisation of justice, police, and education; the choice, by election or competitive examination, of all magistrates and functionaries; the absolute guarantee of individual liberty, of liberty of conscience, of liberty of labour.” Here again we have a phrase which, vague in itself, becomes altogether unintelligible when the context of surrounding facts is taken into account. What is the meaning of “individual liberty” and of “liberty of conscience” in the mouths of men who, when this

declaration was published, had arrested the Archbishop of Paris, and a hundred other "hostages," had broken into and robbed a large number of houses and churches, and had declared in their individual names, though not in their corporate capacity, that no one should be allowed to have any religious faith at all? Further on we read that "Paris will introduce as it may think fit the administrative and economical reforms which its population requires, will create institutions for the development and propagation of instruction, production, exchange, and credit; will universalise power and property according to the necessities of the moment, the wish of the parties interested, and the teaching supplied by experience." Now if this sentence means anything at all (which may be doubted), it can only be understood to be a frank confession of ignorance and incapacity; in other and clearer words, it says, "we mean to do a vast deal, only we don't know what, and we don't know how." This interpretation seems to be confirmed by another clause, which says, "The Communal revolution inaugurates a new era of experimental, positive, and scientific politics," but which, unfortunately, gives no explanation of what such politics may be, and leaves the reader to again suppose that the authors of the declaration knew no more about it than he does himself. The document winds up by an appeal to France to intervene in favour of the Commune.

Every one who had at all followed the more recent proceedings of the Internationale, had read Socialist publications, or had talked with any of the leaders of the Red party, was convinced beforehand that the whole nature of the movement was subversive, and not substitutive; that it would upset and destroy existing institutions, but would be incapable

of replacing them by any others. But no one could have supposed that the whole school was so utterly empty and uninventive as it has turned out to be; no one who had at all watched its efforts would have inclined to admit that its chosen representatives could not even compose a programme of their intended action. And yet, when we examine these hollow, pretentious phrases, what meaning is there in them? Here are half-a-dozen of them, all worded so as to studiously evade and avoid everything approaching to a clear explanation or a practical result. There is but one deduction possible, a deduction which agrees with our instincts and our prejudices, but which has the merit of being based on evidence, and not on mere impression: it is, that the whole system represented by these agitators is a sham and a delusion; that it contains no answer to the questions which they have raised, no solution of the problems which they have evoked. These questions and these problems are real. The situation of the working classes, the relations between capital and labour, the rights of the *prolétariat* and its aspirations after a better lot in life, may well preoccupy all Governments, for, grave as those subjects are already, they will evidently become still more so in the future. But the difficulties which they present have been in no way dealt with by the Commune of Paris; its action has been neither practical nor philosophical; it has been null and void. Forced by the necessities of its situation to give some sort of indication of its views, it has taken refuge in meaningless phrases, of which the sole consequence was to stimulate the discontent of its adherents, without the faintest indication of a remedy for their discontent. After nine years of existence, after associating nearly three mil-

lions of men in a common bond of union for mutual good, the Internationale has had two months of power; it has shown itself utterly incapable of utilising that power for any one of the objects which it professed to pursue: it has not only done nothing, but it has suggested nothing towards the realisation of its theories, and it has ended its purposeless reign by a sanguinary manifestation of its real object and its real means of action—the destruction of everything above it. We have now got the true measure of this society; the Commune of Paris was its child, born of its ambition, nursed by its agents, guided by its counsels, aided by its money: the Commune and the Internationale are one; by the offspring we can judge the parent. Both pursue the same result, the demolition of society, as it is now constituted, in all its elements; but, as we have just seen, without being prepared with one single institution to put to the test in the room of what they pull down. However valueless and unrealisable might have been their schemes, they would at all events have indicated that these destroyers meant to attempt a modification and remodelling of the conditions in which the world at present lives: but no; they have proved that their object is to uproot, to burn, and to pillage. After so much talking, after so many promises, this is a miserable result indeed: no other one could be expected, that is true, for in the whole teaching of the Internationale there is not a sign of creative faculties or intentions; but it is useful to insist upon the fact, so that it may be clearly recognised, and that we may know exactly where the Internationale wants to take us.

In its military organisation the Commune showed not only some skill and knowledge of mankind,

but also that special form of energy which results from resolute will, and from the feeling that it must conquer or die. Every one of its members knew that he was fighting with a rope round his neck, and the exasperation which resulted from that certainty, contributed in a great degree to the efficiency of the defence. But its effect was necessarily only moral, and it influenced the leaders infinitely more than it did their troops, most of whom either gave no thought to the subject, or considered that, if they were beaten, they would receive no worse punishment than prison. Furthermore, the army of the Commune was composed of such varied and conflicting elements that it is impossible to pretend that it was actuated by any general and uniform opinion. The North-Eastern Battalions, who began the insurrection on the 18th March—the men of Belleville and Montmartre—were, for the most part, really bent on instituting what they called a “Social Republic,” but, as the event has proved, without any idea as to what they meant by the term. These men were generally workmen, but they had lost the habit of labour during the Prussian siege, and found it agreeable to be paid for soldiering, with a prospect of the division of other people’s property between them on some future day. Still, whatever may have been their precise motives—which are very difficult to define, because probably they did not know them themselves—it must be recognised that the majority of them were in earnest; they were pursuing something vague and unexpressed; but they really were pursuing it, and were ready to fight for it. The next class may be considered to have been composed of deserters from the army, thieves let out of prison, and a few foreigners, the scum of their own country. The third and by far the largest

class included the men who joined for the sake of the pay (having no work and no means of existence), and those who were forced to serve against their will. In an army made up of such heterogeneous materials no unity of feeling was possible; and though each member of it shouted "Vive la Commune!" it was with an infinite variety of shades of meaning and earnestness. The total number of National Guards enrolled is not exactly known yet, but as the pay-books have been seized, and are now at Versailles, the amount will probably be published soon. The Commune pretended that it had 172,000 men under arms; but no such figure can possibly be admitted. No battalions exceeded 600 men—many of them did not contain more than 200; the average seemed to be about 300, which for the 250 battalions would give 75,000 in all. The men were well clothed, well fed, and generally were well armed; but as for the greater part, they were hopelessly drunk three times a-week: their value as soldiers, even behind walls, was not considerable. Still there were brave men amongst them, and with time and discipline they might have been worked up into something like an army. Like all raw troops, they fired wildly, and the quantity of bullets they wasted in the air exceeds all calculation. In the open they were no good at all; on the one occasion when they were really under fire without any cover (it was on the 3d of April, on the march to Versailles), they all ran from the first shell which fell amongst them from Mont Valerien. Their artillery, which, as has been already said, included nearly 2000 cannon and mitrailleuses, was generally well served; the men pointed badly, but they stood steadily to their guns under a bombardment which must have been at moments

extremely severe, judging from the noise it made, and from the destruction which it has produced in the forts and fortifications. But the duration of the resistance is not explainable by the number or the courage of the men; it was rendered possible solely by the circumstances which preceded the proclamation of the Commune, and which, for the first time, had drawn together in Paris an immense material of war, the whole of which was employed by the insurrection. With 75,000 men, strong fortifications, and an immense artillery, defence was easy, especially as the attacking army had to be got together, armed, and organised after the 18th March. The erection of that army, under conditions of the greatest difficulty, does the highest honour to M. Thiers and the generals who seconded his efforts.

As a military operation the siege was singularly uninteresting: its progress was regular from the first moment to the last, and it presented no special features which distinguish it from other attacks on fortified places. But its history, as it is written in the bulletins of the Commune, furnishes a curious example of the height of lying which men can attain when they have once made up their minds to sacrifice everything to the prolongation of a ruined and hopeless position. The attack advanced slowly but steadily from day to day: the Versailles troops never lost a position which they had taken; were never beaten, even in a skirmish; and on no single occasion, from the 2d April forwards, did the Commune gain one step. But day after day, during those weary weeks, Paris was informed that "the Versaillaise were repulsed last night;" that "the rurals were driven headlong from the ground yesterday, with a loss of three hundred killed, we having two men wounded;" that



“ our fire has silenced the Royalist batteries at Beçon and Courbevoie,” that “ the gallant defenders of Fort Issy can hold out indefinitely, and have dismounted all the enemy’s guns at Meudon ;” and so on regularly down to the last hour. And, strangely enough, these inventions were believed by the majority of the National Guard, who really supposed that they had the best of the fighting because the Commune told them so. The men engaged at particular points, of course, knew the truth so far as those points were concerned ; but the system adopted by the Commune of never acknowledging a defeat was practised with such resolution and completeness, that the mass of the garrison was kept in hope and confidence, and that even part of the population felt uncertain about the final result. It was not till about the 15th May that the Guards began to doubt, and grow discouraged ; from that date the entrance of the Versailles troops was regarded by everybody as imminent and inevitable. When it took place, on the afternoon of the 21st of May, there was no one on the ramparts to oppose it ; and *Maréchal Macmahon* was able successfully to execute the complicated operation of marching 120,000 soldiers into Paris through three gates in twelve hours. From that moment there was an end of the Commune, for though the street-fighting occupied seven days, the mere fact that the *Versaillaise* were inside terminated the authority of the *Hôtel de Ville*, and reduced its inmates to a struggle for a few hours’ more life behind barricades. But though the civil power of the Commune finished on 22d May, it was from that same day that, having nothing more to lose, it showed itself in its true character. Then began the fires and the assassinations ; then began that frightful week which

will never be forgotten by those who lived through it, of which no description can convey the horror and the anguish. Over Paris hung a fog of smoke, through which the sun shone dimly : the shadows were no longer sharp, their edges were vague and blunted ; at night, the moon’s light was so weak and sickly, as it struggled through the pall which filled the air, that it gave an unreal look to everything ; there was no gas anywhere ; no one dared to venture out, for balls were ringing against the house-fronts, and shells were bursting, and smashed stone and glass were falling into the streets. But in the back rooms where the people crouched the news got in, “ The Tuilleries are burning ; the Louvre, the Palais-Royal, the Conseil d’Etat, the Hotel de Ville, the Ministry of Finance, are all on fire ; the hostages are murdered.” As the troops advanced, as each quarter was successively set on fire, the inhabitants rushed out to look, and, trampling over leaves and branches cut off the trees by shot, and over broken stone and bricks and glass, and through piles of paper torn by the soldiers off the walls, showing where the proclamations of the Commune had been pasted, through pools of water where the paving-stones had been pulled up, past dead horses and dead men, the horses stiff and swollen and the men seemingly flattened and empty,—breathing the choking smoke, they hurried to see the ruins ! A ghastly sight it was, but happily it did not last. The streets were cleared with astonishing rapidity, the fires burned out, the barricades were pulled down ; and on the afternoon of the seventh day, the closing fight at Belleville having taken place that morning, all Paris was out of doors, and the place looked almost itself again. So instantaneous was the revival, so rapid the suppression of the traces

of the strife, that it seemed like a waking from a dream; but it was no dream, alas!—the blackened walls stand there still and the blood-marks on the walls of La Roquette are not effaced; they show us what the Commune means.

And we need not limit our interpretation of its nature to the evidence which it supplied during its death-struggle. It is quite unnecessary to leave the door open for the possible insinuation that the atrocities of the end were provoked by the bitterness of battle and the ferocity of mad revenge. They were not accidents of the moment, provoked by failure and despair; they were resolutely organised beforehand, and formed but the culminating point of an entire system, the only one which the Commune attempted to apply, and which reveals its true sense, its real intentions. That system had but one form of action—repression; but one object—destruction. During the first few days of its existence the Commune affected to be liberal, but that pretence was soon abandoned. One of its earliest acts was to declare that “the republican authorities of the capital will respect the liberty of the press, like all other liberties;” but it successively suppressed every periodical which criticised its acts, from the ‘Figaro’ and the ‘Gaulois’, which vanished at the commencement, to the ‘Revue des Deux Mondes’, which was suspended on 19th May. All the respectable newspapers in Paris, even the ‘Siccle,’ that veteran amongst republicans, were swept away, their place being taken by a variety of new journals devoted to the Commune. The arrests of hostages, the perquisitions on the houses, the pillage in the churches, the seizure of men in the streets, are too well known for it to be necessary to do more than allude to them as elements of the general

system. The pulling down of the house of M. Thiers, of the Chapelle Expiatoire (which was not completed for want of time), and of the Column Vendôme, were but first steps towards the general demolition of all that is grand in Paris: and in order that there may be no doubt about this—in order that the preconceived intention to burn the entire city may not be disputed—it is worth while to quote the words which Jules Valles (member of the Commune) published in the ‘Cri du Peuple.’ He said on two different occasions, “The forts may be taken one after the other; the ramparts may fall; still no soldier will enter Paris. *If M. Thiers is a chemist, he will understand us.* . . . The army of Versailles may demolish the ramparts, but let it learn that Paris will shrink from nothing: *full precautions are taken.*” The words in italics are clear enough; they distinctly imply the intention to blow up and burn; and when they are coupled with the formation, about the 10th of May, of a special company of so-called “rocketmen,” and with the official requisition, towards the same date, of all the petroleum in Paris, no room is left for doubt as to the reality of the project, or of the preparations which were made, well beforehand, to realise it completely. Still more distinct warnings were given of the intention to establish a second “Terror,” different only from the first one in that the guillotine would have been replaced by the chassepot. On the 16th May, after the fall of the Column Vendôme, Miot said in his public speech, “Thus far our anger has been directed only to material objects, but the day is coming when reprisals will be terrible.” Ranvier, member of the Committee of Public Safety, declared on the same occasion, “The Column Vendôme, the house of

Thiers, the Chapelle Expiatoire, are but national erections; the turn of traitors and Royalists will inevitably come if the Commune is forced to it." When the moment arrived for the realisation of these menaces, the death-warrant of the Archbishop and the other victims was signed by Delescluze and Billioray in the following terms: "Citizen Raoul Rigault is charged, in conjunction with Citizen Régère, with the execution of the decree of the Commune of Paris relative to the hostages." This decree was followed by another, organising the fires: "Citizen Millièrè, with 150 rocketmen, will set on fire the suspected houses and the public monuments on the left bank of the Seine. Citizen Dereure, with 100 men, will do the same in the first and second arrondissements; Citizen Billioray, with 100 men, will take the 9th, 10th, and 20th arrondissements; Citizen Vésinier, with 50 men, is specially intrusted with the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Bastille.—Signed, Delescluze, Régère, Ranira, Johannard, Vésinier, Brunel, Dombrowski." And all this was done with wilful obstinacy, and as part of the adopted system. From the very first, these men refused to negotiate or yield; they meant to destroy, and they waited where they were for that sole purpose. M. Thiers declared, at the commencement of April, that if Paris surrendered at once, he would grant an amnesty to every one but the assassins of Lécomte and Clement Thomas. This announcement was answered by a decree of the Commune, dated 5th April, stating that "every person accused of complicity with the Government of Versailles shall be immediately imprisoned and kept as a hostage;" and by another decree, dated 8th April, proclaiming that "conciliation, under such circumstances, is treason." This evidence

proves that from its first hour of existence the Commune intended to fight it out; to reject all arrangements which might be proposed in the interest of peace; and to place its members and adherents in a position in which clemency towards them was impossible. They might have made terms for themselves if they had wished to do so. They preferred defeat; they publicly announced that they had "made a pact with death," and that they would "bury themselves under the ruins of Paris." They manifested throughout their intention of destruction; and the inhabitants of Paris may indeed rejoice that that intention was only partially fulfilled; not, however, from any hesitation or change of mind on the part of the Commune, but because the entrance of the troops was so sudden and rapid that there was no time to complete the preparations for blowing up and burning the entire city.

The expenditure of the Commune must have reached a total of about £1,800,000, not including the debts which it left unpaid. It published its budget from 20th March to 30th April, showing an outlay, to the latter date, of £1,005,000; but as the cost of the last three weeks must have been proportionately much greater than that of the first forty days, a general estimate of £1,800,000 is not likely to be exaggerated. Of the bullion accounted for to 30th April, about £900,000 was employed for military purposes, and £100,000 for the civil wants of the Commune. The money was provided by the seizure of £186,000 at the Ministry of Finance, by the requisition of £310,000 at the Bank of France, by the appropriation of £70,000 from the sale of tobacco in Paris, of £22,000 from the Stamp-Office, and of £12,000 from the railways. The whole of the £600,000 thus obtained belonged to the State;

the balance of £400,000 was produced by the municipal receipts of Paris, the octroi contributing £340,000 towards it. No explanation has been given of the origin of the sum spent from 1st to 28th May; all that is known about it with certainty is, that the railway companies were forced to give about £100,000 of it. The Finance Minister of the Commune, M. Jourde, was evidently an intelligent man: the means he employed were violent, but he used them skilfully; and he showed more ability in his department than all his colleagues together, in their various branches of administration which they took upon themselves. He remained in office during the whole duration of the Commune, though he tried to resign on one occasion: his management was therefore continuous, while in all the other departments there were so many changes of ministers, from personal jealousy and accusations of treason, that the policy of no individual was ever pursued for more than a fortnight. The successive Ministers of War, Cluseret, Bergeret, and Rossel, were all imprisoned by their colleagues; the last of them, Delescluze, died in office. Similar changes took place in the other functionaries of the Commune, all fearing the bitter suspicion of its members towards each other, and indicating that they were only prevented from fighting amongst themselves by the absolute necessity of temporary union against Versailles.

Some surprise has been expressed out of France at the relative security of life and property which existed under the Commune, and at the order which was maintained in the streets. It is true that, excepting during the first fortnight, there was no housebreaking, and that there was no rioting out of doors, notwithstanding the general drunkenness of the men. Civil disorder was re-

placed by political tyranny; there was no robbery and no assaults; and it is to the honour of the National Guards that, in the absence of all police and all restraint, they behaved so well. But if one imprudent Parisian was overheard saying a word against the Commune, or in favour of Versailles, he was instantly arrested. Fear was universal, not only of immediate imprisonment for *incivism*, or "want of sympathy," but still more of a coming terror, in which the massacres of 1790 would be renewed. Life in Paris under the Commune was dreary and ominous; but, with the exception of the *réfractaires* and the hostages, no one was absolutely in danger. Danger would evidently have come later on; and it is possible that, if the entrance of the army had been delayed for another week, the number of innocent victims would have been vastly greater. The emptiness and dulness of the streets were scarcely credible; a lady was literally never seen, and not a carriage was visible, unless it happened to contain an officer of the Commune. The upper and middle classes had entirely disappeared; not a shutter was open in the richer quarters; the witnesses of the scene were reduced to those who, for want of means or other private reasons, were unable to go away. The emigration reached the immense total of 400,000 persons, which, added to the number who had left before and after the Prussian siege, reduced the population from 2,000,000 to 1,200,000. Never has such an exodus occurred before; it must have shown the Commune the nature of the opinions entertained as to its intentions, and have convinced it that it was rightly judged by those who would have suffered most by it if they had remained in Paris.

The Commune ended by the

death of about 14,000 of its adherents, and by the arrest of about 32,000 others. These are such large figures that the Government has been accused of undue severity, and even of needless cruelty : but it should be borne in mind that the executions (which applied to about 8000 men, 6000 having been killed in battle) were ordered under circumstances of extraordinary provocation of many kinds. All the public buildings were in flames ; women and children were going about with petroleum, seeking to burn the private houses ; the troops were fired at from windows after all fighting in the neighbourhood was over, and in streets where no engagement had taken place ; officers were assassinated ; the defence took the form of savage destruction by every possible means ; numbers of quiet people insisted on the annihilation of the insurgents, exclaiming that there would be no safety whilst any of them remained alive ; there was a cry in the air for justice without mercy—for revenge of the murdered hostages ; and, finally, it must be remembered that the troops themselves were bitterly enraged, and were thoroughly indisposed to give quarter, or to hesitate at shooting their enemies against a wall. The gentlest-hearted Parisians saw men led out to execution, and had not a word to say. Surely this state of feeling, which was almost universal during the seven days of fighting, was excusable ; it is very horrible to hear at a distance that 8000 unhappy wretches have been summarily shot ; but the people on the spot, half suffocated by the smoke of a hundred flaming buildings, trembling for their own lives and homes, fired at and bombarded by the Communists with the sole object of adding to the ruin, were justified in calling for strong measures, and the Government was

equally justified in applying them. All the spectators of those sights will say that sympathy for such fiends is totally misplaced, and that their immediate destruction, so long as they continued their work of fire and murder, was absolutely indispensable. The ordinary forms of trial are now resumed ; but it ought to be acknowledged that the Government, represented by military authority, had no alternative but to suspend them while the struggle lasted.

Now that it is over, the feeling in France is that Paris has been made to pay for Europe, and that the Communal insurrection was far from being an entirely French question. It is urged that Paris happened to present at a given moment certain political and material conditions which facilitated an explosion, but that the true causes of that explosion exist elsewhere as completely as they did in Paris. There is exaggeration in this view of the matter, but it is correct within certain limits. It is exaggerated, because it does not sufficiently take into account the important action of the purely French elements of the Commune ; it is correct in principle, because every country is more or less menaced by a similar outbreak at some time or other. Most of the revolutions which have occurred in Europe during this century have been direct or indirect results of a previous revolution in Paris ; and on the present occasion it is more than ever probable that similar risings will be attempted elsewhere, because of the cosmopolitan character of the agents who have just been defeated in France. The objects which the Commune proposed to attain are avowedly and publicly pursued by its friends in other countries of Europe : those countries may not yet be ripe for action, as Paris was ; but if they

continue to be worked up by the Internationale, their turn will some day come. It is because they are convinced of this that the Parisians argue that they have suffered as a warning to the world; but however right they may be in that impression, it remains indisputable that the recent insurrection would have been no more possible in Paris than it is at Madrid or Brussels at this moment, if the revolutionary tendencies which may be said to exist in a chronic state amongst part of its population, had not prepared the way for it, and facilitated its success. The share of the Internationale in the responsibility of these events is enormous; but the Internationale did not do anything itself; it found half the work done beforehand by French Socialists, by French Communists, by French agitators, who had been conspiring for years before the Internationale was created. That society organised the discontented; it brought together various elements which had previously been conflicting between themselves; it supplied leaders, and probably money; but it was able to do all this solely because Paris was a willing instrument in its hands. Paris must accept its own share of the blame, and a very large share it is. Its lower classes furnished the

soldiers of the Central Committee; its middle classes stood, for the most part, apathetically aside when the danger came; its upper classes ran away. With such facts as these before our eyes, it is not possible to admit that Paris is an innocent victim, sacrificed for the enlightenment of Europe. Paris might have escaped if it had not lent itself to its own ruin. Europe may feel the deepest sympathy for its sufferings, but it cannot acquit it of the charge of having provoked them by its own acts.

The French Chamber has appointed a Committee of Investigation into the circumstances which brought about the revolution of the 18th March. These circumstances are somewhat imperfectly known thus far, and it is not yet possible to indicate them with absolute precision; but enough has come out already to enable us to judge the main features of the story, and to recognise that the war of classes has seriously commenced, and that the entire system of society is attacked. It is for the Governments of Europe to consider whether they can find the means of satisfying the appetites which are growing round them, or whether they will crush them out by force before it is too late.

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VOL. CX.

THE MAID OF SKER.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—FISHERMAN DAVY A FISH OUT OF WATER.

I AM but an ancient fisherman upon the coast of Glamorganshire, with work enough of my own to do, and trouble enough of my own to heed, in getting my poor living. Yet no peace there is for me among my friends and neighbours, unless I will set to and try—as they bid me twice a-day, perhaps—whether I cannot tell the rights of a curious adventure which it pleased Providence should happen, off and on, amidst us, now for a good many years, and with many ins and outs to it. They assure me, also, that all good people who can read and write, for ten, or it may be twenty, miles around the place I live in, will buy my book—if I can make it—at a higher price, perhaps, per lb., than they would give me even for sewin, which are the very best fish I catch: and hence provision may be found for the old age and infirmities, now gaining upon me, every time I try to go out fishing.

In this encouragement and pro-

VOL. CX.—NO. DCLXX.

pect I have little faith, knowing how much more people care about what they eat than what they read. Nevertheless I will hope for the best, especially as my evenings now are very long and wearisome; and I was counted a hopeful scholar, fifty years ago perhaps, in our village school here—not to mention the Royal Navy; and most of all, because a very wealthy gentleman, whose name will appear in this story, has promised to pay all expenses, and £50 down (if I do it well), and to leave me the profit, if any.

Notwithstanding this, the work of writing must be very dull to me, after all the change of scene, and the open air and sea, and the many sprees ashore, and the noble fights with Frenchmen, and the power of oaths that made me jump so in his Majesty's navy. God save the King, and Queen, and members of the Royal Family, be they as many as they will—and they seem, in faith, to be manifold. But His power is

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equal to it all, if they will but try to meet Him.

However, not to enter upon any view of politics—all of which are far beyond the cleverest hand at a bait among us—I am inditing of a thing very plain and simple, when you come to understand it; yet containing a little strangeness, and some wonder, here and there, and apt to move good people's grief at the wrongs we do one another. Great part of it fell under mine own eyes, for a period of a score of years, or something thereabout. My memory still is pretty good; but if I contradict myself, or seem to sweep beyond my reach, or in any way to meddle with things which I had better have let alone, as a humble man and a Christian, I pray you to lay the main fault thereof on the badness of the times, and the rest of it on my neighbours. For I have been a roving man, and may have gathered much of evil from contact with my fellow-men, although by nature meant for good. In this I take some blame to myself; for if I had polished my virtue well, the evil could not have stuck to it. Nevertheless, I am, on the whole, pretty well satisfied with myself; hoping to be of such quality as the Lord prefers to those perfect wonders with whom He has no trouble at all, and therefore no enjoyment.

But sometimes, taking up a book, I am pestered with a troop of doubts; not only about my want of skill, and language, and experience, but chiefly

because I never have been a man of consummate innocence, excellence, and high wisdom, such as all these writers are, if we go by their own opinions.

Now, when I plead among my neighbours, at the mouth of the old well, all the above, my sad shortcomings, and my own strong sense of them (which perhaps is somewhat over-strong), they only pat me on the back, and smile at one another, and make a sort of coughing noise, according to my bashfulness. And then, if I look pleased (which for my life I cannot help doing), they wink, as it were, at one another, and speak up like this:—

“Now, Davy, you know better. You think yourself at least as good as any one of us, Davy, and likely far above us all. Therefore, Davy the fisherman, out with all you have to say, without any French palaver. You have a way of telling things so that we can see them.”

With this, and with that, and most of all with hinting about a Frenchman, they put me on my mettle, so that I sit upon the side-stones of the old-well gallery (which are something like the companion-rail of a fore-and-after), and gather them around me, with the householders put foremost, according to their income, and the children listening between their legs; and thus I begin, but never end, the tale I now begin to you, and perhaps shall never end it.

#### CHAPTER II.—HUNGER DRIVES HIM A-FISHING.

In the summer of the year 1782, I, David Llewellyn, of Newton-Nottage, fisherman and old sailor, was in very great distress and trouble, more than I like to tell you. My dear wife (a faithful partner for eight-and-twenty years, in spite of a very quick tem-

per) was lately gone to a better world; and I missed her tongue and her sharp look-out at almost every corner. Also my son (as fine a seaman as ever went aloft), after helping Lord Rodney to his great victory over Grass the Frenchman,



had been lost in a prize-ship called the *Tonner*, of 54 guns and 500 Crappos, which sank with all hands on her way home to Spithead, under Admiral Graves. His young wife (who had been sent to us to see to, with his blessing) no sooner heard of this sad affair as in the *Gazette* reported, and his pay that week stopped on her, but she fell into untimely travail, and was dead ere morning. So I buried my wife and daughter-in-law, and lost all chance to bury my son, between two Bridgend market-days.

Now this is not very much, of course, compared with the troubles some people have. But I had not been used to this sort of thing, except in case of a messmate; and so I was greatly broken down, and found my eyes so weak of a morning, that I was ashamed to be seen out of doors.

The only one now to keep a stir or sound of life in my little cottage, which faces to the churchyard, was my orphan grandchild "Bunny," daughter of my son just drowned, and his only child that we knew of. Bunny was a rare strong lass, five years old about then, I think; a stout and hearty-feeding child, able to chew every bit of her victuals, and mounting a fine rosy colour, and eyes as black as Archangel pitch.

One day, when I was moping there, all abroad about my bearings, and no better than water-ballasted, the while I looked at my wife's new broom, now carrying cobweb try-sails, this little Bunny came up to me as if she had a boarding-pike, and sprang into the netting hammocks of the best black coat I wore.

"Grand-da!" she said, and looked to know in what way I would look at her; "Grand-da, I must have sumkin more to eat."

"Something more to eat!" I cried, almost with some astonish-

ment, well as I knew her appetite; for the child had eaten a barley-loaf, and two pig's feet, and a dog-fish.

"Yes, more; more bexfass, grand-da." And though she had not the words to tell, she put her hands in a way that showed me she ought to have more solid food. I could not help looking sadly at her, proud as I was of her appetite. But, recovering in a minute or two, I put a good face upon it.

"My dear, and you shall have more," I said; "only take your feet out of my pocket. Little heart have I for fishing, God knows; but a-fishing I will go this day, if mother Jones will see to you."

For I could not leave her alone quite yet, although she was a brave little maid, and no fire now was burning. But within a child's trot from my door, and down toward the sandhills, was that famous ancient well of which I spoke just now, dedicate to St John the Baptist, where they used to scourge themselves. The village church stood here, they say, before the in-road of the sand; and the water was counted holy. How that may be, I do not know; but the well is very handy. It has a little grey round tower of stone domed over the heart of it, to which a covered way goes down, with shallow steps irregular. If it were not for this plan, the sand would whelm the whole of it over; even as it has overwhelmed all the departure of the spring, and the cottages once surrounding it. Down these steps the children go, each with a little brown pitcher, holding hands and groping at the sides as the place feels darker. And what with the sand beneath their feet, and the narrowing of the roof above, and the shadows moving round them, and the doubt where the water begins or ends (which nobody knows at any time), it is much but what

some one tumbles in, and the rest have to pull her out again.

For this well has puzzled all the country, and all the men of great learning, being as full of contrariety as a maiden courted. It comes and goes, in a manner, against the coming and going of the sea, which is only half a mile from it; and twice in a day it is many feet deep, and again not as many inches. And the water is so crystal-clear, that down in the dark it is like a dream. Some people say that John the Baptist had nothing to do with the making of it, because it was made before his time by the ancient family of De Sandford, who once owned all the manors here. In this, however, I have no faith, having read my Bible to better purpose than to believe that John Baptist was the sort of man to claim anything, least of all any water, unless he came honestly by it.

In either case, it is very pretty to see the children round the entrance on a summer afternoon, when they are sent for water. They are all a little afraid of it, partly because of its maker's name, and his having his head on a charger, and partly on account of its curious ways, and the sand coming out of its "nostrils" when first it begins to flow.

That day with which I begin my story, Mrs Jones was good enough to take charge of little Bunny; and after getting ready to start, I set the thong of our latch inside, so that none but neighbours who knew the trick could enter our little cottage (or rather "mine" I should say now); and thus with conger-rod, and prawn-net, and a long pole for the bass, and a junk of pressed tobacco, and a lump of barley-bread, and a maybird stuffed with onions (just to refine the fishiness), away I set for a long-shore day, upon as dainty a summer morn as ever shone out of the heavens.

"Fisherman Davy" (as they call me all around our parts) was fifty and two years of age, I believe, that very same July, and with all my heart I wish that he were as young this very day. For I never have found such call to enter into the affairs of another world, as to forget my business here, or press upon Providence impatiently for a more heavenly state of things. People may call me worldly-minded for cherishing such a view of this earth; and perhaps it is very wrong of me. However, I can put up with it, and be in no unkindly haste to say "good-bye" to my neighbours. For, to my mind, such a state of seeking, as many amongst us do even boast of, is, unless in a bad cough or a perilous calenture, a certain proof of curiosity displeasing to our Maker, and I might even say of fickleness degrading to a true Briton.

The sun came down upon my head, so that I thought of bygone days, when I served under Captain Howe, or Sir Edward Hawke, and used to stroll away upon leave, with half a hundred Jacks ashore, at Naples, or in Bermudas, or wherever the luck might happen. Now, however, was no time for me to think of strolling, because I could no longer live at the expense of the Government, which is the highest luck of all, and full of noble dignity. Things were come to such a push that I must either work or starve; and could I but recall the past, I would stroll less in the days gone by. A pension of one and eightpence farthing for the weeks I was alive (being in right of a heavy wound in capture of the *Bellona*, Frenchman of two-and-thirty guns, by his Majesty's frigate *Vesta*, under Captain Hood) was all I had to hold on by, in support of myself and Bunny, except the slippery fish that come and go as Providence

orders them. She had sailed from Martinique, when luckily we fell in with her; and I never shall forget the fun, and the five hours at close quarters. We could see the powder on the other fellows' faces while they were training their guns at us, and we showed them, with a slap, our noses, which they never contrived to hit. She carried heavier metal than ours, and had sixty more men to work it, and therefore we were obliged at last to capture her by boarding. I, like a fool, was the first that leaped into her mizen-chains, without looking before me, as ought to have been. The Frenchmen came too fast upon me, and gave me more than I bargained for.

Thus it happened that I fell off, in the very prime of life and strength, from an able-bodied seaman and captain of the fore-top to a sort of lurcher along shore, and a man who must get his own living with nets and rods and suchlike. For that very beautiful fight took place in the year 1759, before I was thirty years old, and before his present most gracious Majesty came to the throne of England. And inasmuch as a villanous Frenchman made at me with a cutlash, and a power of blue oaths (taking a nasty advantage of me, while I was yet entangled), and thumped in three of my ribs before a kind Providence enabled me to relieve him of his head at a blow—I was discharged, when we came to Spithead, with an excellent

character in a silk bag, and a considerable tightness of breathing, and leave to beg my way home again.

Now I had not the smallest meaning to enter into any of these particulars about myself, especially as my story must be all about other people—beautiful maidens, and fine young men, and several of the prime gentry. But as I have written it, so let it stay; because, perhaps, after all, it is well that people should have some little knowledge of the man they have to deal with, and learn that his character and position are a long way above all attempt at deceit.

To come back once again, if you please, to that very hot day of July 1782—whence I mean to depart no more until I have fully done with it—both from the state of the moon, I knew, and from the neap when my wife went off, that the top of the spring was likely to be in the dusk of that same evening. At first I had thought of going down straight below us to Newton Bay, and peddling over the Black Rocks towards the Ogmore river, some two miles to the east of us. But the bright sun gave me more enterprise; and remembering how the tide would ebb, also how low my pocket was, I felt myself bound in honour to Bunny to make a real push for it, and thoroughly search the conger-holes and the lobster-ledges, which are the best on all our coast, round about Pool Tavan, and down below the old house at Sker.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE FISH ARE AS HUNGRY AS HE IS.

To fish at Sker had always been a matter of some risk and conflict; inasmuch as Evan Thomas, who lived in the ancient house there, and kept the rabbit-warren, never could be brought to know that the sea did not belong to him. He had

a grant from the manor, he said, and the shore was part of the manor; and whosoever came hankering there was a poacher, a thief, and a robber. With these hard words, and harder blows, he kept off most of the neighbourhood; but I always

felt that the lurch of the tide was no more than the heeling of a ship, and therefore that any one free of the sea, was free of the ebb and flow of it.

So when he began to reproach me once, I allowed him to swear himself thoroughly out, and then, in a steadfast manner, said, "Black Evan, the shore is not mine or yours. Stand you here and keep it, and I will never come again;" for in three hours' time there would be a fathom of water where we stood. And when he caught me again, I answered, "Evan Black, if you catch me inland, meddling with any of your land-goods, coney, or hares, or partridges, give me a leathering, like a man, and I must put up with it; but dare you touch me on this shore, which belongs to our lord the King, all the way under high-water mark, and by the rod of the Red Sea I will show you the law of it."

He looked at me and the pole I bore, and, heavy and strong man as he was, he thought it wiser to speak me fair. "Well, well, Dyo, dear," he said, in Welsh, having scarce any English, "you have served the King, Dyo, and are bound to know what is right and wrong; only let me know, good man, if you see any other rogues fishing here."

This I promised him freely enough, because, of course, I had no objection to his forbidding other people, and especially one vile Scotchman. Yet being a man of no liberality, he never could see even me fish there without following and abusing me, and most of all after a market-day.

That tide I had the rarest sport that ever you did see. Scarcely a conger-hole I tried without the landlord being at home, and biting savagely at the iron, which came (like a rate) upon him; whereupon I had him by the jaw, as the tax-collector

has us. Scarcely a lobster-shelf I felt, tickling as I do under the weeds, but what a grand old soldier came to the portcullis of his stronghold, and nabbed the neat-hide up my fingers, and stuck thereto till I hauled him out "nolus-woluss," as we say; and there he showed his purple nippers, and his great long whiskers, and then his sides, hooped like a cask, till his knuckled legs fought with the air, and the lobes of his tail were quivering. It was fine to see these fellows, worth at least a shilling, and to pop them into my basket, where they clawed at one another. Glorious luck I had, in truth, and began to forget my troubles, and the long way home again to a lonely cottage, and my fear that little Bunny was passing a sorry day of it. She should have a new pair of boots, and mother Jones a good Sunday dinner; and as for myself, I would think, perhaps, about half a glass of fine old rum (to remind me of the navy), and a pipe of the short-cut Bristol tobacco—but that must depend upon circumstances.

Now circumstances had so much manners (contrary to their custom) that they contrived to keep themselves continually in my favour. Not only did I fetch up and pile a noble heap of oysters and mussels just at the lowest of the ebb, but after that, when the tide was flowing, and my work grew brisker—as it took me by the calves, and my feet were not cut by the mussels more than I could walk upon—suddenly I found a thing beating all experience both of the past and future.

This was, that the heat of the weather, and the soft south wind prevailing, had filled the deep salt-water pools among the rocks of Pool Tavan, and as far as Funnon Gwyn, with the finest prawns ever seen or dreamed of; and also had peopled

the shallow pools higher up the beach with shoals of silver mullet-fry—small indeed, and as quick as lightning, but well worth a little trouble to catch, being as fine eating as any lady in the land could long for.

And here for a moment I stood in some doubt, whether first to be down on the prawns or the mullet; but soon I remembered the tide would come first into the pools that held the prawns. Now it did not take me very long to fill a great Holland bag with these noble fellows, rustling their whiskers, and rasping their long saws at one another. Four gallons I found, and a little over, when I came to measure them; and sixteen shillings I made of them, besides a good many which Bunny ate raw.

Neither was my luck over yet, for being now in great heart and good feather, what did I do but fall very briskly upon the grey mullet in the pools; and fast as they scoured away down the shallows, fluting the surface with lines of light, and huddling the ripples all up in a curve, as they swung themselves round on their tails with a sweep, when they could swim no further—nevertheless it was all in vain, for I blocked them in with a mole of kelp, weighted with heavy pebbles, and then baled them out at my pleasure.

Now the afternoon was wearing away, and the flood making strongly up channel by the time I came back from Funnon Gwyn—whither the mullet had led me—to my headquarters opposite Sker farmhouse, at the basin of Pool Tavan. This pool is made by a ring of rocks sloping inward from the sea, and is dry altogether for two hours' ebb and two hours' flow of a good spring-tide, except so much as a little land-spring, sliding down the slippery sea-weed, may have power to keep it moist.

A wonderful place here is for wild-fowl, the very choicest of all I know, both when the sluice of the tide runs out and when it comes swelling back again; for as the water ebbs away with a sulky wash in the hollow places, and the sand runs down in little crannies, and the bladder-weeds hang trickling, and the limpets close their valves, and the beautiful jelly-flowers look no better than chilblains,—all this void and glistening basin is at once alive with birds.

First the seapie runs and chatters, and the turnstone pries about with his head laid sideways in a most sagacious manner, and the sanderlings glide in file, and the green-shanks separately. Then the shy curlews over the point warily come, and leave one to watch; while the brave little mallard teal, with his green triangles glistening, stands on one foot in the fresh-water runnel, and shakes with his quacks of enjoyment.

Again, at the freshening of the flood, when the round pool fills with sea (pouring in through the gate of rock), and the waves push merrily onward, then a mighty stir arises, and a different race of birds—those which love a swimming dinner—swoop upon Pool Tavan. Here is the giant grey gull, breasting (like a cherub in church) before he dowses down his head, and here the elegant kittywake, and the sullen cormorant in the shadow swimming; and the swiftest of swift wings, the silver-grey sea-swallow, dips like a butterfly and is gone; while from slumber out at sea, or on the pool of Kenfig, in a long wedge, cleaves the air the whistling flight of wild-ducks.

Standing upright for a moment, with their red toes on the water, and their strong wings flapping, in they souse with one accord and a strenuous delight. Then ensues a

mighty quacking of unanimous content, a courteous nodding of quick heads, and a sluicing and a shovelling of water over shoulder-blades, in all the glorious revelry of insatiable washing.

Recovering thence, they dress themselves in a sober-minded manner, paddling very quietly, proudly puffing out their breasts, arching their necks, and preening themselves, titivating (as we call it) with their bills in and out the down, and shoulders up to run the wet off; then turning their heads, as if on a swivel, they fettle their backs and their scapular plume. Then, being as clean as clean can be, they begin to think of their dinners, and with stretched necks down they dive to catch some luscious morsel, and all you can see is a little sharp tail and a pair of red feet kicking.

Bless all their innocent souls, how often I longed to have a good shot at them, and might have killed eight or ten at a time with a long gun heavily loaded! But all these birds knew, as well as I did, that I had no gun with me; and although they kept at a tidy distance, yet they let me look at them, which I did with great peace of mind all the time I was eating my supper. The day had been too busy till now to stop for any feeding; but now there would be twenty minutes or so ere the bass came into Pool Tavan, for these like a depth of water.

So, after consuming my bread and maybird, and having a good drink from the spring, I happened to look at my great flag-basket, now ready to burst with congers and lobsters and mullet, and spider-crabs for Bunny (who could manage any quantity), also with other good saleable fish; and I could not help saying to myself, "Come, after all now, Davy Llewellyn, you are not gone so far as to want a low Scotchman to show you the place where

the fish live." And with that I lit a pipe.

What with the hard work, and the heat, and the gentle splash of wavelets, and the calmness of the sunset, and the power of red onions, what did I do but fall asleep as snugly as if I had been on watch in one of his Majesty's ships of the line after a heavy gale of wind? And when I woke up again, behold, the shadows of the rocks were over me, and the sea was saluting the calves of my legs, which up to that mark were naked; and but for my instinct in putting my basket up on a rock behind me, all my noble catch of fish must have gone to the locker of Davy Jones.

At this my conscience smote me hard, as if I were getting old too soon; and with one or two of the short strong words which I had learned in the navy, where the chaplain himself stirred us up with them, up I roused and rigged my pole for a good bout at the bass. At the butt of the ash was a bar of square oak, figged in with a screw-bolt, and roven round this was my line of good hemp, twisted evenly, so that if any fish came who could master me, and pull me off the rocks almost, I could indulge him with some slack by unreeving a fathom of line. At the end of the pole was a strong loop-knot, through which ran the line, bearing two large hooks, with the eyes of their shanks lashed tightly with cobbler's ends upon whipcord. The points of the hooks were fetched up with a file, and the barbs well backened, and the whole dressed over with whale-oil. Then upon one hook I fixed a soft crab, and on the other a cuttle-fish. There were lug-worms also in my pot, but they would do better after dark, when a tumbling cod might be on the feed.

Good-luck and bad-luck has been my lot ever since I can remember;

sometimes a long spell of one, wing and wing, as you might say, and then a long leg of the other. But never in all my born days did I have such a spell of luck in the fishing way as on that blessed 10th of July 1782.

What to do with it all now became a puzzle, for I could not carry it home all at once; and as to leaving a bit behind, or refusing to catch a single fish that wanted to be caught, neither of these was a possible thing to a true-born fisherman.

At last things came to such a pitch that it was difficult not to believe that all must be the crowd and motion of a very pleasant dream. Here was the magic ring of the pool, shaped by a dance of sea-fairies, and the fading light shed doubtfully upon the haze of the quivering sea, and the silver water lifting like a mirror on a hinge, while the black rocks seemed to nod to it; and here was I pulling out big fishes almost faster than I cast in.

#### CHAPTER IV.—HE LANDS AN UNEXPECTED FISH.

Now, as the rising sea came sliding over the coronet of rocks, as well as through the main entrance—for even the brim of the pool is covered at high water—I beheld a glorious sight, stored in my remembrance of the southern regions, but not often seen at home. The day had been very hot and brilliant, with a light air from the south; and at sunset a haze arose, and hung as if it were an awning over the tranquil sea. First, a gauze of golden colour, as the western light came through, and then a tissue shot with red, and now a veil of silvery softness, as the summer moon grew bright.

Then the quiet waves began—as their plaited lines rolled onward into frills of whiteness—in the very curl and fall, to glisten with a flitting light. Presently, as each puny breaker overshadowed the one in front, not the crest and comb alone, but the slope behind it, and the crossing flaws inshore, gleamed with hovering radiance and soft flashes vanishing; till, in the deepening of the dusk, each advancing crest was sparkling with a mane of fire, every breaking wavelet glittered like a shaken seam of gold. Thence the shower of beads and lustres lapsed

into a sliding tier, moving up the sands with light, or among the pebbles breaking into a cataract of gems.

Being an ancient salt, of course I was not dismayed by this show of phosphorus, nor even much astonished, but rather pleased to watch the brightness, as it brought back to my mind thoughts of beautiful sunburnt damsels whom I had led along the shore of the lovely Mediterranean. Yet our stupid landmen, far and wide, were panic-struck; and hundreds fell upon their knees, expecting the last trump to sound. All I said to myself was this: "No wonder I had such sport to-day; change of weather soon, I doubt, and perhaps a thunderstorm."

As I gazed at all this beauty, trying not to go astray with wonder and with weariness, there, in the gateway of black rock, with the offing dark behind her, and the glittering waves upon their golden shoulders bearing her—sudden as an apparition came a smoothly-gliding boat. Beaded all athwart the bows and down the bends with drops of light, holding stem well up in air, and the forefoot shedding gold, she came as straight toward this poor

and unconverted Davy as if an angel held the tiller, with an admiral in the stern-sheets.

Hereupon such terror seized me, after the wonders of the day, that my pole fell downright into the water (of which a big fish wronged me so as to slip the hook and be off again), and it was no more than the turn of a hair but what I had run away head over heels. For the day had been so miraculous, beginning with starvation, and going on with so much heat and hard work and enjoyment, and such a draught of fishes, that a poor body's wits were gone with it; and therefore I doubt not it must have been an especial decree of Providence that in turning round to run away I saw my big fish-basket.

To carry this over the rocks at a run was entirely impossible (although I was still pretty good in my legs), but to run away without it was a great deal more impossible for a man who had caught the fish himself; and beside the fish in the basket, there must have been more than two hundredweight of bass that would not go into it. Three hundred and a half in all was what I set it down at, taking no heed of prawns and lobsters; and with any luck in selling, it must turn two guineas.

Hence, perhaps, it came to pass (as much as from downright bravery, of which sometimes I have some little) that I felt myself bound to creep back again, under the shade of a cold wet rock, just to know what that boat was up to.

A finer floatage I never saw, and her lines were purely elegant, and she rode above the water without so much as parting it. Then, in spite of all my fear, I could not help admiring; and it struck me hotly at the heart, "Oh, if she is but a real boat, what a craft for my business!" And with that I dropped all fear.

For I had not been able, for many years, to carry on my fishing as skill and knowledge warranted, only because I could not afford to buy a genuine boat of my own, and hitherto had never won the chance without the money.

As yet I could see no soul on board. No one was rowing, that was certain, neither any sign of a sail to give her steerage-way. However, she kept her course so true that surely there must be some hand invisible at the tiller. This conclusion flurried me again, very undesirably; and I set my right foot in such a manner as to be off in a twinkling of anything unholy.

But God has care of the little souls which nobody else takes heed of; and so He ordained that the boat should heel, and then yaw across the middle of the pool; but for which black rocks alone would have been her welcome.

At once my heart came back to me; for I saw at once, as an old sailor pretty well up in shipwrecks, that the boat was no more than a derelict; and feeling that here was my chance of chances, worth perhaps ten times my catch of fish, I set myself in earnest to the catching of that boat.

Therefore I took up my pole again, and finding that the brace of fish whom I had been over-scared to land had got away during my slackness, I spread the hooks, and cast them both, with the slugs of lead upon them, and half a fathom of spare line ready, as far as ever my arms would throw.

The flight of the hooks was beyond my sight, for the phosphorus spread confusion; but I heard most clearly the thump, thump of the two leaden bobs—the heavy and the light one—upon hollow planking. Upon this I struck as I would at a fish, and the hooks got hold (or at any rate one of them), and I felt



the light boat following faster as she began to get way on the haul; and so I drew her gently toward me, being still in some misgiving, although resolved to go through with it.

But, bless my heart, when the light boat glided buoyantly up to my very feet, and the moon shone over the starboard gunwale, and without much drawback I gazed at it—behold! the little craft was laden with a freight of pure innocence! All for captain, crew, and cargo, was a little helpless child. In the stern-sheets, fast asleep, with the baby face towards me, lay a little child in white. Something told me that it was not dead, or even ailing; only adrift upon the world, and not at all aware of it. Quite an atom of a thing, taking God's will anyhow; cast, no doubt, according to the rocking of the boat, only with one tiny arm put up to keep the sun away, before it fell asleep.

Being taken quite aback with

pity, sorrow, and some anger (which must have been of instinct), I laid hold of the bows of the skiff, and drew her up a narrow channel, where the land-spring found its way. The lift of a round wave helped her on, and the bladder-weed saved any chafing. A brand-new painter (by the feel) it was that I caught hold of; but instead of a hitch at the end, it had a clean sharp cut across it. Having made it fast with my fishing-pole jammed hard into a crevice of rock, I stepped on board rather gingerly, and, seating myself on the forward thwart, gazed from a respectful distance at the little stranger.

The light of the moon was clear and strong, and the phosphorus of the sea less dazing as the night grew deeper, therefore I could see pretty well; and I took a fresh plug of tobacco before any further meddling. For the child was fast asleep; and, according to my experience, they are always best in that way.

#### CHAPTER V.—A LITTLE ORPHAN MERMAID.

By the clear moonlight I saw a very wee maiden, all in white, having neither cloak nor shawl, nor any other soft appliance to protect or comfort her, but lying with her little back upon the aftmost planking, with one arm bent (as I said before), and the other drooping at her side, as if the baby-hand had been at work to ease her crying; and then, when tears were tired out, had dropped in sleep or numb despair.

My feelings were so moved by this, as I became quite sure at last that here was a little mortal, that the tears came to mine own eyes too, she looked so purely pitiful. "The Lord in heaven have mercy on the little dear!" I cried, without

another thought about it; and then I went and sat close by, so that she lay between my feet.

However, she would not awake, in spite of my whistling gradually, and singing a little song to her, and playing with her curls of hair; therefore, as nothing can last for ever, and the tide was rising fast, I was forced to give the little lady, not what you would call a kick so much as a very gentle movement of the muscles of the foot.

She opened her eyes at this, and yawned, but was much inclined to shut them again; till I (having to get home that night) could make no further allowance for her, as having no home to go to; and upon this I got over all misgivings about the

dirtiness of my jacket, and did what I had feared to do, by reason of great respect for her; that is to say, I put both hands very carefully under her, and lifted her like a delicate fish, and set her crosswise on my lap, and felt as if I understood her; and she could not have weighed more than twenty pounds, according to my heft of fish.

Having been touched with trouble lately, I was drawn out of all experience now (for my nature is not over-soft) towards this little thing, so cast, in a dream almost, upon me. I thought of her mother, well drowned, no doubt, and the father who must have petted her, and of the many times to come when none would care to comfort her. And though a child is but a child, somehow I took to that child. Therefore I became most anxious as to her state of body, and handled her little mites of feet, and her fingers, and all her outworks; because I was not sure at all that the manner of her yawning might be nothing more or less than a going out of this world almost. For think, if you can see it so, how everything was against her. To be adrift without any food, or any one to tend her, many hours, or days perhaps, with a red-hot sun or cold stars overhead, and the greedy sea beneath her!

However, there she was alive, and warm, and limp, to the best of my judgment, sad though I was to confess to myself that I knew more of bass than of babies. For it had always so pleased God that I happened to be away at sea when He thought fit to send them; therefore my legs went abroad with fear of dandling this one, that now was come, in a way to disgrace a seaman; for if she should happen to get into irons, I never could get her out again.

Upon that matter, at any rate, I need not have concerned myself,

for the child was so trim and well ballasted, also ribbed so stiff and sound, that any tack I set her on she would stick to it, and start no rope; and knowing that this was not altogether the manner of usual babies (who yaw about, and no steerage-way), I felt encouraged, and capable almost of a woman's business. Therefore I gave her a little tickle; and verily she began to laugh, or perhaps I should say by rights to smile, in a gentle and superior way—for she always was superior. And a funnier creature never lived, neither one that could cry so distressfully.

"Wake up, wake up, my deary," said I, "and don't you be afraid of me. A fine little girl I've got at home, about twice the size that you be, and goes by the name of 'Bunny.'"

"Bunny!" she said; and I was surprised, not being up to her qualities, that she could speak so clearly. Then it struck me that if she could talk like that I might as well know more about her. So I began, very craftily, with the thing all children are proud about, and are generally sure to be up to.

"Pretty little soul," I said, "how old do you call yourself?"

At this she gathered up her forehead, not being used to the way I put it, while she was trying to think it out.

"How old are you, deary?" said I, trying hard to suck up my lips and chirp, as I had seen the nurses do.

"I'se two, I'se two," she answered, looking with some astonishment; "didn't 'a know that? Hot's 'a name?"

This proof of her high standing and knowledge of the world took me for the moment a good deal off my legs, until I remembered seeing it put as a thing all must give in to, that the rising generation was be-

yond our understanding. So I answered, very humbly, "Deary, my name is 'old Davy.' Baby, kiss old Davy."

"I 'ill," she answered, briskly. "Old Davy, I likes 'a. I'll be a good gal, I 'ill."

"A good girl! To be sure you will. Bless my heart, I never saw such a girl." And I kissed her three or four times over, until she began to smell my plug, and Bunny was nobody in my eyes. "But what's your own name, deary, now you know old Davy's name?"

"I'se Bardie. Didn't 'a know that?"

"To be sure I did;" for a little fib was needful from the way she looked at me, and the biggest one ever told would have been a charity under the circumstances.

"Pease, old Davy, I'se aye hungy," she went on ere I was right again, "and I 'ants a dink o' yater."

"What a fool, I am!" cried I. "Of course you do, you darling. What an atomy you are to talk! Stop here a moment."

Setting her on the seat by herself (like a stupid, as I was, for she might have tumbled overboard), I jumped out of the boat to fetch her water from the spring-head, as well as the relics of my food from the corner of the fish-basket. And truly vexed was I with myself for devouring of my dinner so. But no sooner was I gone, than feeling so left alone again after so much desertion, what did the little thing do but spring like a perfect grasshopper, and, slipping under the after-thwart, set off in the bravest toddle for the very bow of the boat, in fear of losing sight of me? Unluckily, the boat just happened to lift upon a bit of a wave, and, not having won her sea-legs yet in spite of that long cruise, down came poor Bardie with a thump, which hurt me more than her, I think.

Knowing what Bunny would have done, I expected a fearful roar, and back I ran to lift her up. But even before I could interfere, she was up again and all alive, with both her arms stretched out to show, and her face set hard to defy herself.

"I 'ont ky, I 'ont, I tell 'a. 'Ee see if I does now, and ma say hot a good gal I is."

"Where did you knock yourself, little wonder? Let old Davy make it well. Show old Davy the poor sore place."

"Nare it is. Gardy là! nare poor Bardie knock herself."

And she held up her short white frock, and showed me the bend of her delicate round knee as simply and kindly as could be.

"I 'ont ky; no, I 'ont," she went on, with her pretty lips screwed up. "Little brother ky, 'e know; but Bardie a gate big gal, savvy voo? Bardie too big enough to ky."

However, all this greatness vanished when a drop of blood came oozing from the long black bruise, and still more when I tried to express my deep compassion. The sense of bad-luck was too strong for the courage of even two years' growth, and little Bardie proved herself of just the right age for crying. I had observed how clear and bright and musical her voice was for such a tiny creature; and now the sound of her great woe, and scene of her poor helpless plight, was enough to move the rocks into a sense of pity for her.

However, while she had her cry out (as the tide would never wait), I took the liberty of stowing all my fish and fishing-tackle on board of that handy little boat, which I began to admire and long for more and more every time I jumped from the rock into her foresheets. And finding how tight and crank she was, and full of spring at every step, and with a pair of good ash sculls, and,

most of all, discovering the snuggest of snug lockers, my conscience (always a foremost feature) showed me in the strongest light that it would be a deeply ungracious, ungrateful, and even sinful thing, if I failed to thank an ever-wise and overruling Providence for sending me this useful gift in so express a manner.

And taking this pious and humble view of the night's occurrence, I soon perceived a special fitness in the time of its ordering. For it happened to be the very night when Evan Thomas was out of the way, as I had been told at Nottage, and the steward of the manor safe to be as drunk as a fiddler at Bridgend; and it was not more than a few months since that envious Scotchman, Sandy Macraw (a scurvy limb of the coast-guards, who lived by poaching on my born rights), had set himself up with a boat, forsooth, on purpose to rogue me and rob me the better. No doubt he had stolen it somewhere, for he first appeared at night with it; and now here was a boat, in all honesty mine, which would travel two feet for each one of his tub!

By the time I had finished these grateful reflections, and resolved to contribute any unsold crabs to the Dissenting minister's salary (in recognition of the hand of Providence, and what he had taught me concerning it no longer ago than last Sabbath-day, when he said that the Lord would make up to me for the loss of my poor wife, though never dreaming, I must confess, of anything half so good as a boat), and by the time that I had moored this special mercy snugly, and hidden the oars, so that no vile wrecker could make off with her feloniously, that dear little child was grown quiet again, being unable to cry any more, and now beginning to watch my doings as much as I could wish, or more.

She never seemed tired of watching me, having slept out all her sleep for the moment; and as I piled up fish on fish, and they came sliding, slippery, she came shyly, eyeing them with a desire to see each one, pushing her mites of fingers out, and then drawing back in a hurry as their bellies shone in the moonlight. Some of the congers could wriggle still, and they made her scream when they did it; but the lobsters were her chief delight, being all alive and kicking. She came and touched them reverently, and ready to run if they took it amiss; and then she stroked their whiskers, crying, "Pitty, pitty! jolly, jolly!" till one great fellow, who knew no better, would have nipped her wrist asunder if I had not ricked his claw.

"Now, deary," said I, as I drew her away, "you have brought poor old Davy a beautiful boat, and the least that he can do for you is to get you a good supper." For since her tumble the little soul had seemed neither hungry nor thirsty.

"Pease, old Davy," she answered, "I 'ants to go to mama and papa, and ickle bother and Susan."

"The devil you do!" thought I, in a whistle, not seeing my way to a fib as yet.

"Does 'ee know mama and papa, and ickle bother, old Davy?"

"To be sure I do, my deary—better than I know you, almost."

"'Et me go to them, 'et me go to them. Hot ma say about my poor leggy peggy?"

This was more than I could tell; believing her mother to be, no doubt, some thirty fathoms under water, and her father and little brother in about the same predicament.

"Come along, my little dear, and I'll take you to your mother." This was what I said, not being ready, as yet, with a corker.

"I'se yeady, old Davy," she

answered; "I'se kite yeady. 'Hen 'll 'e be yeady? Peshy voo."

"Ready and steady: word of command! march!" said I, looking up at the moon, to try to help me out of it. But the only thing that I could find to help me in this trouble, was to push about and stir, and keep her looking at me. She was never tired of looking at things with life or motion in them; and this I found the special business of her nature afterwards.

Now, being sure of my boat, I began to think what to do with Bardie. And many foolish ideas came, but I saw no way to a wise one, or at least I thought so then, and unhappily looked to prudence more than to gracious Providence, for which I have often grieved bitterly, ever since it turned out who Bardie was.

For the present, however (though strongly smitten with her manners, appearance, and state of shipwreck, as well as impressed with a general sense of her being meant for good-luck to me), I could not see my way to take her to my home and support her. Many and many times over I said to myself, in my doubt and uneasiness, and perhaps more times than need have been if my conscience had joined me, that it was no good to be a fool, to give way (as a woman might do) to the sudden affair of the moment, and a hot-hearted mode of regarding it. And the harder I worked at the stowing

of fish, the clearer my duty appeared to me.

So by the time that all was ready for starting with this boat of mine, the sea being all the while as pretty as a pond by candle-light, it was settled in my mind what to do with Bardie. She must go to the old Sker-house. And having taken a special liking (through the goodness of my nature and the late distress upon me) to this little helpless thing, most sincerely I prayed to God that all might be ordered for the best; as indeed it always is, if we leave it to Him.

Nevertheless I ought never to have left it to Him, as every one now acknowledges. But how could I tell?

By this time she began to be overcome with circumstances, as might happen naturally to a child but two years old, after long exposure without any food or management. Scared, and strange, and tired out, she fell down anyhow in the boat, and lay like a log, and frightened me. Many men would have cared no more, but, taking the baby for dead, have dropped her into the grave of the waters. I, however, have always been of a very different stamp from these; and all the wars, and discipline, and doctrine I have encountered, never could imbue me with the cruelty of my betters. Therefore I was shocked at thinking that the little dear was dead.

#### CHAPTER VI.—FINDS A HOME OF SOME SORT.

However, it was high time now, if we had any hope at all of getting into Sker-house that night, to be up and moving. For though Evan Thomas might be late, Moxy, his wife, would be early; and the door would open to none but the master after the boys were gone to bed.

For the house is very lonely; and people no longer innocent as they used to be in that neighbourhood.

I found the child quite warm and nice, though overwhelmed with weight of sleep; and setting her crosswise on my shoulders, whence she slid down into my bosom, over

the rocks I picked my way, by the light of the full clear moon, towards the old Sker-Grange, which stands a little back from the ridge of beach, and on the edge of the sand-hills.

This always was, and always must be, a very sad and lonesome place, close to a desolate waste of sand, and the continual roaring of the sea upon black rocks. A great grey house, with many chimneys, many gables, and many windows, yet not a neighbour to look out on, not a tree to feed its chimneys, scarce a firelight in its gables in the very depth of winter. Of course, it is said to be haunted; and though I believe not altogether in any stories of that kind—despite some very strange things indeed which I have beheld at sea—at any rate, I would rather not hear any yarns on that matter just before bedtime in that house; and most people would agree with me, unless I am much mistaken.

For the whole neighbourhood—if so you may call it, where there are no neighbours—is a very queer one—stormy, wild, and desolate, with little more than rocks and sand and sea to make one's choice among. As to the sea, not only dull, and void it is of any haven, or of proper traffic, but as dangerous as need be, even in good weather, being full of draughts and currents, with a tide like a mill-race, suffering also the ups and downs which must be where the Atlantic Ocean jostles with blind narrowings: it offers, moreover, a special peril (a treacherous and a shifty one) in the shape of some horrible quicksands, known as the "Sker-Weathers:" these at the will of storm and current change about from place to place, but are, for the most part, some two miles from shore, and from two to four miles long, according to circumstances; sometimes almost bare at half-tide, and sometimes covered at low water.

If any ship falls into them, the bravest skipper that ever stood upon a quarter-deck can do no more than pipe to prayers, though one or two craft have escaped when the tide was rising rapidly.

As for the shore, it is no better (when once you get beyond the rocks) than a stretch of sandhills, with a breadth of flaggy marsh behind them all the way to the mouth of Neath river, some three leagues to the westward. Eastward, the scene is fairer inland, but the coast itself more rugged and steep, and scarcely more inhabited, having no house nearer than Rhwychyns, which is only a small farm, nearly two miles from Sker-Grange, and a mile from any other house. And if you strike inland from Sker—that is to say, to the northward—there is nothing to see but sand, warren, and furze, and great fields marked with rubble, even as far as Kenfig.

Looking at that vast lonely house, there were two things I never could make out. The first was, who could ever have been mad enough to build it there?—for it must have cost a mint of money, being all of quarried and carried stone, and with no rich farm to require it. And the second thing was still worse a puzzle: how could any one ever live there?

As to the first point, the story is, that the house was built by abbots of Neath, when owners of Sker-manor, adding to it, very likely, as they followed one another; and then it was used as their manor-court, and for purposes more important, as a place of refectation, being near good fisheries, and especially Kenfig Pool, stocked with all fresh-water fish, and every kind of wild-fowl.

But upon the other question all that I can say is this: I have knocked about the world a good bit, and have suffered many trials, by the which I am, no doubt, chastened and highly rectified; nevertheless I would

rather end my life among the tombstones, if only allowed three farthings' worth of tobacco every day, than live with all those abbots' luxuries in that old grey house.

However, there were no abbots now, nor any sort of luxury, only a rough unpleasant farmer, a kind but slovenly wife of his, and five great lads, notorious for pleasing no one except themselves; also a boy of a different order, as you soon shall see.

Thinking of all this, I looked with tenderness at the little dear, fallen back so fast asleep, innocent, and trustful, with her head upon my shoulder, and her breathing in my beard. Turning away at view of the house, I brought the moonlight on her face, and this appeared so pure, and calm, and fit for better company, that a pain went to my heart, as in Welsh we speak of it.

Because she was so fast asleep, and that alone is something holy in a very little child; so much it seems to be the shadow of the death itself, in their pausing fluttering lives, in their want of wit for dreaming, and their fitness for a world of which they must know more than this; also, to a man who feels the loss of much believing, and what grievous gain it is to make doubt of everything, such a simple trust in Him, than whom we find no better father, such a confidence of safety at the very outset seems a happy art unknown, and tempts him back to ignorance. Well aware what years must bring, from all the ill they have brought to us, we cannot watch this simple sort without a sadness on our side, a pity, and a longing, as for something lost and gone.

In the scoop between two sandhills such a power of moonlight fell upon the face of this baby, that it only wanted the accident of her lifting bright eyes to me to make me cast away all prudence, and even

the dread of Bunny. But a man at my time of life must really look to the main chance first, and scout all romantic visions; and another face means another mouth, however pretty it may be. Moreover, I had no wife now, nor woman to look after us; and what can even a man-child do, without their apparatus? While on the other hand I knew that (however dreary Sker might be) there was one motherly heart inside it. Therefore it came to pass that soon the shadow of that dark house fell upon the little one in my arms, while with a rotten piece of timber, which was lying handy, I thumped and thumped at the old oak door, but nobody came to answer me; nobody even seemed to hear, though every knock went further and further into the emptiness of the place.

But just as I had made up my mind to lift the latch, and to walk in freely, as I would have done in most other houses, but stood upon scruple with Evan Thomas, I heard a slow step in the distance, and Moxy Thomas appeared at last—a kindly-hearted and pleasant woman, but apt to be low-spirited (as was natural for Evan's wife), and not very much of a manager. And yet it seems hard to blame her there, when I come to think of it, for most of the women are but so, round about our neighbourhood—sanding up of room and passage, and forming patterns on the floor every other Saturday, and yet the roof all frayed with cobwebs, and the corners such as, in the navy, we should have been ropended for.

By means of nature, Moxy was shaped for a thoroughly good and lively woman; and such no doubt she would have been, if she had had the luck to marry me, as at one time was our signification. God, however, ordered things in a different manner, and no doubt He was con-

sidering what might be most for my benefit. Nevertheless, in the ancient days, when I was a fine young tar on leave, and all Sunday-school set caps at me (perhaps I was two-and-twenty then), the only girl I would allow to sit on the crossing of my legs, upon a well-dusted tombstone, and suck the things I carried for them (all being fond of peppermint), was this little Moxy Stradling, of good Newton family, and twelve years old at that time. She made me swear on the blade of my knife never to have any one but her; and really I looked forward to it as almost beyond a joke; and her father had some money.

"Who's there at this time of night?" cried Moxy Thomas, sharply, and in Welsh of course, although she had some English; "pull the latch, if you be honest. Evan Black is in the house."

By the tone of her voice I knew that this last was a fib of fright, and glad I was to know it so. Much the better chance was left me of disposing Bardie somewhere, where she might be comfortable.

Soon as Mrs Thomas saw us by the light of a home-made dip, she scarcely stopped to stare before she wanted the child out of my arms, and was ready to devour it, guessing that it came from sea, and talking all the while, full gallop, as women find the way to do. I was expecting fifty questions, and, no doubt, she asked them, yet seemed to answer them all herself, and be vexed with me for talking, yet to want me to go on.

"Moxy, now be quick," I said; "this little thing from out the sea—"

"Quick is it? Quick indeed! Much quick you are, old Dyo!" she replied in English. "The darling dear, the pretty love!" for the child had spread its hands to her, being taken with a woman's dress.

"Give her to me, clumsy Davy. Is it that way you do carry her?"

"Old Davy tarry me aye nicely, I tell 'a. Old Davy good and kind; and I 'ont have him called kumsy."

So spake up my two-year-old, astonishing me (as she always has done) by her wonderful cleverness, and surprising Moxy Thomas that such clear good words should come from so small a creature.

"My goodness me! you little vixen! wherever did you come from? Bring her in yourself, then, Dyo, if she thinks so much of you. Let me feel her. Not wet she is. Wherever did you get her? Put her on this little stool, and let her warm them mites of feet till I go for bread and butter."

Although the weather was so hot, a fire of coal and driftwood was burning in the great chimney-place, for cooking of black Evan's supper; because he was an outrageous man to eat, whenever he was drunk, which (as a doctor told me once) shows the finest of all constitutions.

But truly there was nothing else of life, or cheer, or comfort, in the great sad stony room. A floor of stone, six gloomy doorways, and a black-beamed ceiling—no wonder that my little darling cowered back into my arms, and put both hands before her eyes.

"No, no, no!" she said. "Bardie doesn't 'ike it. When mama come, she be very angy with 'a, old Davy."

I felt myself bound to do exactly as Mrs Thomas ordered me, and so I carried Miss Finical to the three-legged stool of firwood which had been pointed out to me; and having a crick in my back for a moment after bearing her so far, down I set her upon her own legs, which, although so neat and pretty, were uncommonly steadfast. To my astonishment, off she started (before I could fetch myself to think) over



the rough stone flags of the hall, trotting on her toes entirely, for the very life of her. Before I could guess what she was up to, she had pounced upon an old kitchen-towel, newly washed, but full of splinters, hanging on a three-legged horse, and back she ran in triumph with it—for none could say that she toddled—and with a want of breath, and yet a vigour that made up for it, turned up her little mites of sleeves, and began to rub with all her power, but with a highly skilful turn, the top of that blessed three-legged stool, and some way down the sides of it.

“What’s the matter, my dear?” I asked, almost losing my mind at this, after all her other wonders.

“Dirt,” she replied; “degustin’ dirt!” never stopping to look up at me.

“What odds for a little dirt, when a little soul is hungry?”

“Bardie a boofley kean gal, and this ’tool degustin’ cochong!” was all the reply she vouchsafed me; but I saw that she thought less of me. However, I was glad enough that Moxy did not hear her, for Mrs Thomas had no unreasonable ill-will towards dirt, but rather liked it in its place; and with her its place was everywhere. But I, being used to see every cranny

searched and scoured with holy-stone, blest, moreover, when ashore, with a wife like Amphitrite (who used to come aboard of us), could thoroughly enter into the cleanliness of this Bardie, and thought more of her accordingly.

While this little trot was working, in the purest ignorance of father and of mother, yet perhaps in her tiny mind hoping to have pleased them both, back came Mrs Thomas, bringing all the best she had of comfort and of cheer for us, although not much to speak of.

I took a little hollands hot, on purpose to oblige her, because she had no rum; and the little baby had some milk and rabbit-gravy, being set up in a blanket, and made the most we could make of her. And she ate a truly beautiful supper, sitting gravely on the stool, and putting both hands to her mouth in fear of losing anything. All the boys were gone to bed after a long day’s rabbiting, and Evan Black still on the spree; so that I was very pleasant (knowing my boat to be quite safe) toward my ancient sweetheart. And we got upon the old times so much, in a pleasing, innocent, teasing way, that but for fear of that vile black Evan we might have forgotten poor Bardie.

#### CHAPTER VII.—BOAT *VERSUS* BARDIE.

Glad as I was, for the poor child’s sake, that black Evan happened to be from home, I had perhaps some reason also to rejoice on my own account. For if anything of any kind could ever be foretold about that most uncertain fellow’s conduct, it was that when in his cups he would fight—with cause, if he could find any; otherwise, without it.

And in the present case, perhaps, was some little cause for fighting; touching (as he no doubt would

think) not only his marital but manorial rights of plunder. Of course, between Moxy and myself all was purely harmless, each being thankful to have no more than a pleasant eye for the other; and of course, in really serious ways, I had done no harm to him; that boat never being his, except by downright piracy. Nevertheless few men there are who look at things from what I may call a large and open standing-place; and Evan might even go so

far as to think that I did him a double wrong, in taking that which was his, the boat, and leaving that which should have been mine—to wit, the little maiden—as a helpless burden upon his hands, without so much as a change of clothes; and all this after a great day's sport among his rocks, without his permission!

Feeling how hopeless it would be to reason these matters out with him, especially as he was sure to be drunk, I was glad enough to say "Good-night" to my new young pet, now fast asleep, and to slip off quietly to sea with my little frigate and its freight, indulging also my natural pride at being, for the first time in my life, a legitimate ship-owner and independent deep-sea fisherman. By this time the tide was turned, of course, and running strong against me as I laid her head for Newton Bay by the light of the full moon; and proud I was, without mistake, to find how fast I could send my little crank bark against the current, having been a fine oarsman in my day, and always stroke of the captain's gig.

But as one who was well acquainted with the great dearth of honesty (not in our own parish only, but for many miles around), I could not see my way to the public ownership of this boat, without a deal of trouble and vexation. Happening so that I did not buy it, being thoroughly void of money (which was too notorious, especially after two funerals conducted to everybody's satisfaction), big rogues would declare at once, judging me by themselves perhaps, that I had been and stolen it. And likely enough, to the back of this, they would lay me half-a-dozen murders and a wholesale piracy.

Now I have by nature the very strongest affection for truth that can be reconciled with a good man's love of reason. But sometimes it happens so that we must do violence to our-

selves for the sake of our fellow-creatures. If these, upon occasion offered, are only too sure to turn away and reject the truth with a strong disgust, surely it is dead against the high and pure duty we owe them, to saddle them with such a heavy and deep responsibility. And to take still loftier views of the charity and kindness needful towards our fellow-beings—when they hanker for a thing, as they do nearly always for a lie, and have set their hearts upon it, how selfish it must be, and inhuman, not to let them have it! Otherwise, like a female in a delicate condition, to what extent of injury may we not expose them? Now sailors have a way of telling great facts of imagination in the most straightforward and simple manner, being so convinced themselves that they care not a rope's end who besides is convinced, and who is not. And to make other people believe, the way is not to want them to do it; only the man must himself believe, and be above all reasoning.

And I was beginning to believe more and more as I went on, and the importance of it grew clearer, all about that ill-fated ship of which I had been thinking ever since the boat came in. Twelve years ago, as nearly as need be, and in the height of summer—namely, on the 3d of June 1770—a large ship called the 'Planter's Welvard,' bound from Surinam to the Port of Amsterdam, had been lost and swallowed up near this very dangerous place. Three poor children of the planter (whose name was J. S. Jackert), on their way home to be educated, had floated ashore, or at least their bodies, and are now in Newton churchyard. The same must have been the fate of Bardie but for the accident of that boat. And though she was not a Dutchman's child, so far as one could guess, from her wonderful

power of English, and no sign of Dutch build about her, she might very well have been in a Dutch ship with her father and mother, and little brother and Susan, in the best cabin. It was well known among us that Dutch vessels lay generally northward of their true course, and from the likeness of the soundings often came up the Bristol instead of the English Channel; and that this mistake (which the set of the stream would increase) generally proved fatal to them in the absence of any lighthouse.

That some ship or other had been lost, was to my mind out of all dispute, although the weather had been so lovely; but why it must have been a Dutch rather than an English ship, and why I need so very plainly have seen the whole of it myself (as by this time I began to believe that I had done), is almost more than I can tell, except that I hoped it might be so, as giving me more thorough warrant in the possession of my prize. This boat, moreover, seemed to be of foreign build, so far as I could judge of it by moon-light: but of that hereafter.

The wonder is that I could judge of anything at all, I think, after the long and hard day's work, for a man not so young as he used to be. And rocks are most confusing things to be among for a length of time, and away from one's fellow-creatures, and nothing substantial on the stomach. They do so darken and jag and quiver, and hang over heavily as a man wanders under them, with never a man to speak to; and then the sands have such a way of shaking, and of shivering, and changing colour beneath the foot, and shining in and out with patterns coming all astray to you! When to these contrary vagaries you begin to add the loose unprincipled curve of waves, and the up and down of light around you, and to and fro of

sea-breezes, and startling noise of sea-fowl, and a world of other confusions, with roar of the deep confounding them—it becomes a bitter point to judge a man of what he saw, and what he thinks he must have seen.

It is beneath me to go on with what might seem excuses. Enough that I felt myself in the right; and what more can any man do, if you please, however perfect he may be? Therefore I stowed away my boat (well earned both by mind and body) snugly enough to defy, for the present, even the sharp eyes of Sandy Macraw, under Newton Point, where no one ever went but myself. Some of my fish I put to freshen in a solid mass of bladder-weed, and some I took home for the morning, and a stroke of business after church. And if any man in the world deserved a downright piece of good rest that night, with weary limbs and soft conscience, you will own it was Davy Llewellyn.

Sunday morning I lay abed, with Bunny tugging very hard to get me up for breakfast, until it was almost eight o'clock, and my grandchild in a bitter strait of hunger for the things she smelled. After satisfying her, and scoring at the "Jolly Sailors" three fine bass against my shot, what did I do but go to church with all my topmost togs on? And that not from respect alone for the parson, who was a customer, nor even that Colonel Lougher of Candleston Court might see me, and feel inclined to discharge me as an exemplary Churchman (when next brought up before him). These things weighed with me a little, it is useless to deny; but my main desire was that the parish should see me there, and know that I was not abroad on a long-shore expedition, but was ready to hold up my head on a Sunday with the best of them, as I always had done.

At one time, while I ate my breakfast, I had some idea perhaps that it would be more pious almost, and create a stronger belief in me, as well as ease my own penitence with more relief of groaning, if I were to appear in the chapel of the Primitive Christians, after certain fish were gutted. But partly the fear of their singing noise (unsuitable to my head that morning after the hollands at Sker-house), and partly my sense that after all it was but fore-castle work there, while the church was quarter-deck, and most of all the circumstance that no magistrate ever went there, led me, on the whole, to give the preference to the old concern, supported so bravely by royalty. Accordingly to church I went, and did a tidy stroke of business, both before and after service, in the way of lobsters.

We made a beautiful dinner that day, Bunny and I, and mother Jones, who was good enough to join us; and after slipping down to see how my boat lay for the tide, and finding her as right as could be, it came into my head that haply it would be a nice attention, as well as ease my mind upon some things that were running in it, if only I could pluck up spirit to defy the heat of the day, and challenge my own weariness by walking over to Sker-Manor. For of course the whole of Monday, and perhaps of Tuesday too, and even some part of Wednesday (with people not too particular), must be occupied in selling my great catch of Saturday: so I resolved to go and see how the little visitor was getting on, and to talk with her. For though, in her weariness and wandering of the night before, she did not seem to remember much, as was natural at her tender age, who could tell what might have come to her memory by this time, especially as she was so clever? And it might be a some-

what awkward thing if the adventures which I felt really must have befallen her should happen to be contradicted by her own remembrance: for all I wanted was the truth; and if her truths contradicted mine, why, mine must be squared off to meet them; for great is truth, and shall prevail.

I thought it as well to take Bunny with me, for children have a remarkable knack of talking to one another, which they will not use to grown people; also the walk across the sands is an excellent thing for young legs, we say, being apt to crack the skin a little, and so enabling them to grow. A strong and hearty child was Bunny, fit to be rated A.B. almost, as behoved a fine sailor's daughter. And as proud as you could wish to see, and never willing to give in; so I promised myself some little sport in watching our Bunny's weariness, as the sand grew deeper, and yet her pride, to the last declaring that I should not carry her.

But here I reckoned quite amiss, for the power of the heat was such—being the very hottest day I ever knew out of the tropics, and the great ridge of sandhills shutting us off from any sight of the water—that my little grandchild scarcely plodded a mile ere I had to carry her. And this was such a heavy job among the deep dry mounds of sand, that for a time I repented much of the over-caution which had stopped me from using my beautiful new boat at once, to paddle down with the ebb to Sker, and come home gently afterwards with the flow of the tide towards evening. Nevertheless, as matters proved, it was wiser to risk the broiling.

This heat was not of the sun alone (such as we get any summer's day, and such as we had yesterday), but thickened heat from the clouds themselves, shedding it down like a

burning-glass, and weltering all over us. It was, though I scarcely knew it then, the summing-up and crowning period of whole weeks of heat and drought, and indeed of the hottest summer known for at least a generation. And in the hollows of yellow sand, without a breath of air to stir, or a drop of moisture, or a firm place for the foot, but a red and fiery haze to go through, it was all a man could do to keep himself from staggering.

Hence it was close upon three o'clock, by the place the sun was in, when Bunny and I came in sight of Sker-house, and hoped to find some water there. Beer, of course, I would rather have; but never was there a chance of that within reach of Evan Thomas. And I tried to think this all the better; for half a gallon would not have gone any distance with me, after

ploughing so long through sand, with the heavy weight of Bunny, upon a day like that. Only I hoped that my dear little grandchild might find something fit for her, and such as to set her up again; for never before had I seen her, high and strong as her spirit was, so overcome by the power and pressure of the air above us. She lay in my arms almost as helpless as little Bardie, three years younger, had lain the night before; and knowing how children will go off without a man's expecting it, I was very uneasy, though aware of her constitution. So in the heat I chirped and whistled, though ready to drop myself almost; and coming in sight of the house, I tried my best to set her up again, finding half of her clothes gone down her back, and a great part of her fat legs somehow sinking into her Sunday shoes.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—CHILDREN WILL BE CHILDREN.

The "boys of Sker," as we always called those rough fellows over at Newton, were rabbiting in the warren; according to their usual practice, on a Sunday afternoon. A loose unseemly lot of lads, from fifteen up to two-and-twenty years of age, perhaps, and very little to choose between them as to work and character. All, however, were known to be first-rate hands at any kind of sporting, or of poaching, or of any roving pleasure.

Watkin, the sixth and youngest boy, was of a different nature. His brothers always cast him off, and treated him with a high contempt, yet never could despise him. In their rough way, they could hardly help a sulky sort of love for him.

The seventh and last child had been a girl—a sweet little creature as could be seen, and taking after Watkin. But she had something on

her throat from six months up to six years old; and when she died, some three months back, people who had been in the house said that her mother would sooner have lost all the boys put together, if you left Watkin out of them. How that was I cannot say, and prefer to avoid those subjects. But I know that poor black Evan swore no oath worth speaking of for one great market and two small ones, but seemed brought down to sit by himself, drinking quietly all day long.

When we came to the ancient hall (or kitchen, as now they called it), for a moment I was vexed—expecting more of a rush, perhaps, than I was entitled to. Knowing how much that young child owed me for her preservation, and feeling how fond I was of her, what did I look for but wild delight at seeing "old

Davy" back again? However, it seems, she had taken up with another and forgotten me.

Watkin, the youngest boy of Sker, was an innocent good little fellow, about twelve years old at that time. Bardie had found this out already; as quickly as she found out my goodness, even by the moonlight. She had taken the lead upon Watkin, and was laying down the law to him, upon a question of deep importance, about the manner of dancing. I could dance a hornpipe with anybody, and forward I came to listen.

"No, no, no! I tell 'a. 'E mustn't do like that, Yatkin. 'E must go yound and yound like this; and 'e must hold 'a cothes out, same as I does. Gardy là! 'E must hold 'a cothes out all the time, 'e must."

The little atom, all the time she delivered these injunctions, was holding out her tiny frock in the daintiest manner, and tripping sideways here and there, and turning round quite upon tiptoe, with her childish figure poised, and her chin thrown forward; and then she would give a good hard jump, but all to the tune of the brass jew's-harp which the boy was playing for his very life. And all the while she was doing this, the amount of energy and expression in her face was wonderful. You would have thought there was nothing else in all the world that required doing with such zeal and abandonment. Presently the boy stopped for a moment, and she came and took the knee of his trousers, and put it to her pretty lips with the most ardent gratitude.

"She must be a foreigner," said I to myself: "no British child could dance like that, and talk so; and no British child ever shows gratitude."

As they had not espied us yet,

where we stood in the passage-corner, I drew Bunny backward, and found her all of a tremble with eagerness to go and help.

"More pay," said little missy, with a coaxing look; "more pay, Yatkin!"

"No, no. You must say 'more play, please, Watkin.'"

"See voo pay, Yatkin; I 'ants—more pay!" The funny thing laughed at herself while saying it, as if with some comic inner sense of her own insatiability in the matter of play.

"But how do you expect me to play the music," asked Watkin, very reasonably, "if I am to hold my clothes out all the time?"

"Can't 'a?" she replied, looking up at him with the deepest disappointment; "can't 'a pay and dance too, Yatkin? I thought 'a could do anything. I 'ants to go to my dear mama and papa and ickle bother."

Here she began to set up a very lamentable cry, and Watkin in vain tried to comfort her, till, hearing us, she broke from him.

"Nare's my dear mama, nare's my dear mama coming!" she exclaimed, as she trotted full speed to the door. "Mama! mama! here I is. And 'e mustn't scold poor Susan."

It is out of my power to describe how her little flushed countenance fell when she saw only me and Bunny. She drew back suddenly, with the brightness fading out of her eager eyes, and the tears that were in them began to roll, and her bits of hands went up to her forehead, as if she had lost herself, and the corners of her mouth came down; and then with a sob she turned away, and with quivering shoulders hid herself. I scarcely knew what to do for the best; but our Bunny was very good to her, even better than could have been hoped,

although she came of a kindly race. Without standing upon ceremony, as many children would have done, up she ran to the motherless stranger, and, kneeling down on the floor, contrived to make her turn and look at her. Then Bunny pulled out her new handkerchief, of which she was proud, I can tell you, being the first she had ever owned, made from the soundest corner of mother Jones's old window-blind, and only allowed with a Sunday frock; and although she had too much respect for this to wet it with anything herself, she never for a moment grudged to wipe poor Bardie's eyes with it. Nay, she even permitted her—which was much more for a child to do—to take it into her own two hands and rub away at her eyes with it.

Gradually she coaxed her out of the cupboard of her refuge, and sitting in some posture known to none but women children, without a stool to help her, she got the little one on her lap, and stroked at her, and murmured to her, as if she had found a favourite doll in the depth of trouble. Upon the whole, I was so pleased that I vowed to myself I would give my Bunny the very brightest halfpenny I should earn upon the morrow.

Meanwhile, the baby of higher birth—as a glance was enough to show her—began to relax and come down a little, both from her dignity and her woe. She looked at Bunny with a gleam of humour, to which her wet eyes gave effect.

“E call that a ponkey-hankerchy? Does 'a call that a ponkey-hankerchy?”

Bunny was so overpowered by this, after all that she had done, and at the air of pity wherewith her proud ornament was flung on the floor, that she could only look at me as if I had cheated her about it. And truly I had seen no need

to tell her about mother Jones and her blind. Then these little ones got up, having sense of a natural discordance of rank between them, and Bunny no longer wiped the eyes of Bardie, nor Bardie wept in the arms of Bunny. They put their little hands behind them, and stood apart to think a bit, and watched each other shyly. To see them move their mouths and fingers, and peep from the corners of their eyes, was as good as almost any play without a hornpipe in it. It made no difference however. Very soon they came to settle it between them. The low-born Bunny looked down upon Bardie for being so much smaller, and the high-born Bardie looked down upon Bunny for being so much coarser. But neither was able to tell the other at all what her opinion was; and so, without any further trouble, they became very excellent playmates.

Doing my best to make them friends, I seized the little stranger, and gave her several good tosses-up, as well as tickles between them; and this was more than she could resist, being, as her nature shows, thoroughly fond of any kind of pleasure and amusement. She laughed, and she flung out her arms, and every time she made such jumps as to go up like a feather. Pretty soon I saw, however, that this had gone on too long for Bunny. She put her poor handkerchief out of sight, and then some fingers into her mouth, and she looked as black as a dog in a kennel. But Bardie showed good-nature now, for she ran up to Bunny and took her hand and led her to me, and said very nicely, “Give this ickle gal some, old Davy. She haven't had no pay at all. Oh, hot boofley buckens oo's got! Jolly, jolly! Keel song grand!”

This admiration of my buttons—which truly were very handsome,

being on my regulation coat, and as good as gilt almost, with "Minotaur" (a kind of grampus, as they say) done round them—this appreciation of the navy made me more and more perceive what a dear child was come ashore to us, and that we ought to look alive to make something out of her. If she had any friends remaining (and they could scarcely have all been drowned), being, as she clearly was, of a high and therefore rich family, it might be worth ten times as much as even my boat had been to me, to keep her safe and restore her in a fat state when demanded. With that I made up my mind to take her home with me that very night, especially as Bunny seemed to have set up a wonderful fancy to her. But man sees single, God sees double, as our saying is, and her bits of French made me afraid that she might after all be a beggar.

"Now go and play, like two little dears, and remember whose day it is," I said to them both, for I felt the duty of keeping my grandchild up to the mark on all religious questions; "and be sure you don't go near the well, nor out of sight of the house at all, nor pull the tails of the chickens out, nor throw stones at the piggy-wiggies," for I knew what Bunny's tricks were. "And now, Watty, my boy, come and talk to me, and perhaps I will give you a juneating apple from my own tree under the Clevice."

Although the heat was tremendous now (even inside those three-foot walls), the little things did as I bade them. And I made the most of this occasion to have a talk with Watkin, who told me everything he knew. His mother had not been down since dinner, which they always got anyhow; because his father, who had been poorly for some days, and feverish, and forced

to lie in bed a little, came to the top of the stairs, and called, requiring some attendance. What this meant I knew as well as if I had seen black Evan there, parched with thirst and with great eyes rolling after helpless drunkenness, and roaring, with his night-clothes on, for a quart of fresh-drawn ale.

But about the shipwrecked child Watty knew scarce anything. He had found her in his bed that morning—Moxy, no doubt, having been hard pushed (with her husband in that state) what to do. And knowing how kind young Watty was, she had quartered the baby upon him. But Watkin, though gifted with pretty good English (or "Sassenach," as we call it) beyond all the rest of his family, could not follow the little creature in her manner of talking; which indeed, as I found thereafter, nobody in the parish could do except myself, and an English-woman whose word was not worth taking.

"Indeed and indeed then, Mr Llewellyn," he went on in English, having an evident desire to improve himself by discourse with me, "I did try, and I did try; and my mother, she try too. Times and times, for sure we tried. But no use was the whole of it. She only shakes her head, and thinks with all her might, as you may say. And then she says, 'No! I'se not hot you says. I'se two years old, and I'se Bardie. And my papa he be very angy if 'e goes on so with me. My mama yoves me, and I yove her, and papa, and ickle brother, and everybody. But not the naughty bad man, I doesn't.' That isn't true English now, I don't think; is it then, Mr Llewellyn?"

"Certainly not," I answered, seeing that my character for good English was at stake.

"And mother say she know well enough the baby must be a for-



eigner. On her dress it is to show it. No name, as the Christians put, but marks without any meaning. And French leather in her shoes, and fal-lals on her underclothes. Rich people mother do say they must be; but dead by this time, she make no doubt."

"Boy," I replied, "your mother, I fear, is right in that particular. To me it is a subject of anxiety and sorrow. And I know perhaps more about it than any one else can pretend to do."

The boy looked at me with wonder and eagerness about it. But I

gave him a look, as much as to say, "Ask no more at present." However, he was so full of her that he could not keep from talking.

"We asked who the naughty bad man was, but she was afraid at that, and went all round the room with her eyes, and hid under mother's apron. And dreadful she cried at breakfast about her mama and her own spoon. To my heart I feel the pain when she does cry; I know I do. And then of a sudden she is laughing, and no reason for it! I never did see such a baby before. Do you think so, Mr Llewellyn?"

#### THE PARADISE OF BIRDS.

WE trust we shall ever be ready to do justice to the claims of Physical Science in all its departments, both on the score of dignity and of utility; but we sometimes suspect that there is a disposition at the present day to exact, if not an exclusive, yet at least an excessive, attention to studies of that kind. Some parts of Physical Science will always be studied for their material results, as forming a professional and profitable pursuit, of which Chemistry supplies one obvious example. Others are entitled to our regard as an indispensable means of promoting human health and happiness, such as those inquiries that are conversant with sanitary and dietetic laws; and recent investigations have shown from what remote and unexpected quarters important aid can be got to assist in those objects. Another class of physical topics appeals chiefly to the speculative or sentimental part of our constitution, such as the sense

of beauty, the admiration of symmetry, and a natural curiosity as to the systematic arrangements of the universe; though in many of these, such as astronomy and meteorology, results of practical benefit have now been attained which would fully vindicate them from that reproach of inutility which Socrates affixed to the study of Physics as prosecuted in his day. But while seeking to impose no restraint on any of these forms of science, we feel that there are other matters that have at least a co-ordinate claim along with Physics to a share of our estimation. Moral and mental science, as well as literature and a taste for art, must not be deprived of their fair share, both in the education of youth and in the practice of mature life; for without these the full human character will have been very imperfectly developed, and its highest happiness left unattained.

Johnson may have been prejudiced, or have laboured under some

special disqualification; but he always deserves to be listened to, and his remarks on this subject may not unseasonably be reverted to at the present time. In speaking of the Academy which Milton founded, and in which it was his design "to teach something more solid than the common literature of schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects," Johnson observes:—

"But the truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions.

"Prudence and justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians."\*

This judgment leans, perhaps, too much to the other side of the question, as Socrates did, whom Johnson claims as an ally, and of whom he says: "It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators whom I oppose, are turning off attention from life to nature."

We are glad to think that there are still among us a body of men

who at once advocate and illustrate the merits of scholarship and literary power, in connection with right feeling and pure taste; and we are not sorry that there should be a few, who, when Science pushes her pretensions a little too far, and promulgates conjectures for certainties, and resultless theories for important truths, are able and willing to play the part of the great Author of the *Clouds*, with more justice of personal application than he observed, and with a higher and purer refinement than the *Old Comedy* commanded. Ridicule is not always the test of truth, but it is a great preservative from absurdity.

The volume to which we here seek to direct attention is the work of a scholar, a gentleman, and, as we think, a poet; and in this *Extravaganza*, as he has called it, he has favoured us with a pungent, but yet a gentle and genial satire upon some of the eccentricities of the day, both in scientific and in social matters. His style is easy, elegant, and graceful, his versification flowing and harmonious, and he has studied in the best schools the true character of that highest form of the burlesque which produces laughter, by professing to dignify what is mean and aggrandise what is little. But amidst the general expanse of ludicrous absurdity, which is the main character of the poem, there occur every now and then pleasing passages of simple beauty and true pathos, which redeem it from any suspicion of cynical scorn or heartless apathy. On the whole, we consider it the most successful specimen of polished and agreeable railery at the prevailing crotchets of so-called Science that has appeared for many a day.

The book is not, perhaps, sufficiently clear in the exposition of its

\* Johnson's *Life of Milton*, p. 23.

own plan; and we shall here endeavour to stand somewhat in the attitude of Prologue to the play, and explain the situation out of which it arises.

The two human heroes of the piece are Maresnest, a philosopher of the "Development" persuasion, and Windbag, a poet of the romantic school. The time of the history is that era, yet to come, in which it is supposed that by the encroachments of man and the persecutions of boys, the Birds will have disappeared from the face of the earth, occasioning thereby a serious loss both to Science and to Poetry, and involving other consequences of a most threatening character. The object of the two personages referred to is to recover the lost tribes by a visit to the Paradise of Birds, supposed to be situated at the North Pole. With this view they have embarked on an iceberg, drawn by a hundred white bears which they have tamed for the purpose. The situation is thus explained by Maresnest, the man of science:—

"Meantime, to explain the state of our affairs,

Both of ourselves, our iceberg, and our bears,  
Which seem perhaps unusual. Know then,  
O lovely ladies, courteous gentlemen,  
We who appear in this outlandish place,  
In times so dark, in such prodigious case,  
That from some star you might suppose us  
hurled,

Are human bipeds, citizens of the world,  
In which Republic, I would have you know  
it,

I am a Naturalist, and he a Poet.  
Hither we sail amid these icy blocks,  
Full of philanthropy and paradox,  
To benefit our species: in brief words,  
We've come to make a treaty with the Birds.  
Next for the cause;—but first, to make  
things clear,

You should my theory of existence hear,  
Learn all the worth of Man, and who you  
are,  
That we have ventured for your sakes so  
far.

Hopeful and bold, progressive from his birth,  
Man through all quarters of productive earth  
Advanced his posts: he sowed the shore with  
crops,  
Turned mountain-summits into turnip-tops;

Cut down the virginal forests, drove a share  
O'er barren waves, and tracked the pathless  
air.

Where'er he made his dwelling, far and wide  
The ancient speechless tenants pined and  
died;

First the wild beasts, and then the gentler  
herds

Of antlered game, and last of all the Birds.  
These, by the new-built town from wood-  
lands chased,

Soon proved attractive to the city taste.  
The truant schoolboy sought their mossy  
nests;

The milliner their plumes and curving  
breasts.

Others, preferred from their Seven-Dials  
court,

Made for the gentler Gun Club generous  
sport;

While cooks and beauties claimed an even  
share—

Cooks for their pies, and beauties for their  
hair.

In short, by such proscription, one by one,  
Cut off to improve man's cookery, clothes,  
or gun,

The holiday of birds is most distinctly done.

If it were well that lives so bright and gay  
Should thus be quenched, is not for me to  
say:

Men are progressive animals:—but hear  
From this extinction what results appear.  
The Birds being gone, the Caterpillars, freed  
From all restraints, began to enlarge their  
breed.

The chaffer in the wheat his larvæ laid;  
Dark weevils, mustering like the Cossack,  
preyed

Upon each leaf, and blackened every blade.  
Scorched up, as though by arson, sword, or  
plague,

Our land lies sickening through every league;  
Our children pine beneath the winged curse,  
Our cattle starve upon the hills—nay, worse,  
The foe, swoll'n up to monstrous size, now  
seems

Hideous and huge as nightmares in our  
dreams.

Food they no longer find in fruit or flower,  
But, pressed for sustenance, must now devour  
Man, man himself! The caterpillar soon  
Will be the last live thing beneath the moon!  
To save this antici-max, if we can,  
We have come hither, I and yonder man,  
Who tells me—and I know not if he lies—  
That at the Pole, beyond the snow and ice,  
The souls of birds live on in Paradise.

This Paradise once reached, I mean to beg  
Two birds of every species in the egg,  
Which, hatched at home with artificial heat,  
The old ways of love and pairing shall  
repeat:

Their beaks sweet pasture in our foes shall  
find,

And so restore the sceptre to Mankind."

As they advance they come into a  
kind of purgatory, where the souls of

those human beings are confined and punished who on earth had been guilty of destroying or tormenting birds. Among others, the souls of a Bird-catcher, a Cook, and a fine Lady, present themselves, and pour forth both their sins against birds done in the body, and the penance they now suffer for those delinquencies. The fine Lady desires to be informed by the poet as to the present fashions, and then laments the empire that she had wielded in that domain, where she and her sister-directresses

“Dispensed, in latitudes below,  
The laws of flounce and furbelow,  
And held on bird and beast debate,  
What lives should die to serve our state.”

Now the feathers and eider-down which had once been her favourite ornaments are converted to instruments of torture. She informs the visitors, however, of the way which they should go, and that passing through the Limbo of the Obsolete, they would come to the Paradise of which they were in search, and of which the gate is guarded by a Roc's egg. The embryo in that egg they must endeavour to conciliate so as to gain admittance. This announcement stimulates the two pilgrims, and especially the Man of Science, who exclaims:—

“On, on to Limbo! did you hear?  
The Roc's Egg! Perish every fear.  
Opalæontological sea!  
Was ever traveller blest like me?  
Now is the time, and here the station,  
For a new Theory of Creation!”

They proceed, accordingly, and announce themselves to the Great Porter; but Maresnest goes near to spoil all by disputing some of the doctrines held by Roc's Egg,—particularly some of a theological char-

acter. The Great Embryo having intimated his belief that he got his “beak and wing” from Providence, Maresnest, in the spirit of the Aristophanic sceptics, exclaims, “There's no such thing.”\* Roc then asks:—

“By whose direction  
Was this egg made?—M. By Natural Selection.

R. What's that?—M. The rise of Species:  
can it be  
You know not how it was? Then hear from me.”

The philosopher then proceeds, in a wild and jumbling metre, to expound how many things arose out of few or none, and how different things came from similar ones:—

“Ho! ye obsolete wings in the outset of things, which the clergy Creation mis-call,  
There was nought to perplex by shape, species, or sex; indeed, there was nothing at all,  
But a motion most comic of dust-notes atomic, a chaos of decimal fractions,  
Of which each under Fate was impelled to his mate by Love or the law of Attractions.  
So jarred the old world, in blind particles hurled, and Love was the first to attune it,  
Yet not by prevision, but simple collision—and this was the cause of the Unit.

Of the worlds thus begun the first was the Sun, who, wishing to round off his girth, Began to perspire with great circles of fire—and this was the cause of the Earth.  
Soon desiring to pair, Fire, Water, Earth, Air, to monogamous custom unused, All joined by collusion in fortunate fusion, and so the Sponge-puzzle produced.  
Now the Sponge had of yore many attributes more than the power to imbibe or expunge,  
And his leisure beguiled with the hope of a child.

CHORUS.

O philoprogenitive Sponge!

MARESNEST.

Then Him let us call the first Parent of all, though the clergy desire to hoodwink us; For He gave to the Earth the first animal birth, and conceived the Ornithorhynchus.”

\* Strepsiadēs, in ‘The Clouds,’ says:—

“ὄρᾳς οὖν ὡς ἀγαθὸν τὸ μαυθαίνειν;  
οὐκ ἔστιν, ὃ Φειδιππίδῃ, Ζεὺς. Φ. ἀλλὰ τίς;  
Σ. Δῖνος βασιλέναι, τῶν Δῖ ἐξεληλακῶς.”

The Ornithorhynchus being thus produced, and being an ambidexter animal, with a duck's bill and a quadruped's extremities, proceeds to devise means for diversifying its progeny. Its efforts come to this, that of four young ones from two pairs of eggs, one pair incline in one direction, and another the opposite way :—

“From the bill, in brief words, were developed the Birds,

Unless our tame pigeons and ducks lie ;  
From the tail and hind legs, in the second  
laid eggs,  
The Apes and—Professor Huxley.”

These views, and some deductions from them, incense Roc's Egg to such a degree that he seems resolved to keep the gate of Paradise shut against the strangers. Windbag, however, appeases him with an appropriate song in praise of the Obsolete, and they are allowed to pass in.

But in this “enchanted region of twilight and gentle temperature, abounding in trees, grass hollows, and fresh water,” and every luxury and appliance that can soothe and satisfy its winged inhabitants, our two pilgrims have new difficulties and dangers to encounter. All the birds turn out to reconnoitre them, including the Bird of Paradise, the sovereign of the place ; and it is soon remembered that there is a law by which any soul of any mammal, and specially of man, which there intrudes, shall die. The travellers are thereupon put upon their trial, and a jury is empanelled. Various of the birds come forward to give evidence as to the injuries inflicted on their race by mankind ; and Windbag, then, in defence, adduces, on the other side, examples of those who have been what we may call Philornithists—Anacreon, Catullus, Aristophanes, Chaucer, and last, not least, Selborne's Sage—

“He, bright historian of your loves and  
fends,  
Dated your building, chronicled your broods,  
Described your times of flight, your change  
of feathers,  
Your light moods shifted with the shifting  
weathers,  
And by long commerce with his gable guests,  
Learned all the secrets of your souls and  
nests.”

To each or most of these examples the birds sing forth their approval ; and as to the last named, the Swallow twitters some pleasant stanzas :—

“If Transmigration e'er compel  
A bird to live with human heart,  
I pray that bird have choice to dwell  
From human ills apart.

“Books he shall read in hill and tree ;  
The flowers his weather shall portend ;  
The birds his moralists shall be ;  
And everything his friend.

“Such man in England I have seen ;  
He moved my heart with fresh delight ;  
And had I not the Swallow been,  
I had been Gilbert White.”

The Bird of Paradise admits the force of these “extenuating circumstances,” but reluctantly declares that “Law is law :” “the Law must take its course.” Windbag, however, has still another arrow in his quiver. If strict law is to rule, the defendants must be acquitted ; for the law under which they are being tried cannot reach them. Its enactment is that the *soul* of any man which trespasses is to die ; but there is nothing said about his *body* ; and if the body must live it will be difficult to kill the soul. This solution of the question is welcomed by all parties, and the King exclaims :

“Then they must be discharged. A legal  
flaw  
Is (blest be Justice !) stronger than the  
Law.”

A full reconciliation takes place, the Human parties to the treaty engaging that Birds shall in future be protected from cruelty or ill-usage :—

“ Save by your free will,  
None shall touch or taste ye,  
Roast you, fry, or grill,  
Or crowd you in a pasty.  
No man e'er shall get  
A reprieve or pardon  
Who shall dare to net  
Or shoot you in his garden.

When your nesting is begun,  
Whatever truant urchin  
Takes more eggs than one  
Shall receive a birching.”

Then, again, in spring-time—

“ If a girl  
Wish a new hat or bonnet,  
She must a leaflet curl,  
And write discreetly on it,  
'When you moult your blue  
Feathers, great Kingfisher,  
Save a plume or two  
For your own well-wisher.'”

These terms being considered satisfactory, the Convention is concluded, and the Birds come trooping in with nests full of eggs in their beaks to enable the pilgrims to repeople earth with the lost tribes; and the Philosopher and Poet put to sea with their bear-drawn iceberg, among the farewell carols and good wishes of the Birds, who are thus trusting them with their embryo offspring. There is something pleasant and touching in the valedictory chorus with which the Birds in Paradise address their unborn young in anticipation of their entering on possession of the earthly seats where their ancestors had once been happy; and we shall

wind up this article with some of the verses thus chanted:—

“ Go from the home of your birth,  
Children, unhatched in the shell;  
Go afar off upon earth,  
In the woods of your fathers to dwell!  
To pair in your leafy possessions,  
To mingle, in sunlight or shade,  
Your labours, your loves, and your sessions,  
Your lingering late serenade!

“ Snow-winged, wave-loving hosts,  
Whiten the skirts of the land!  
Pipe on the summer-clad coasts,  
Warming your bosoms in sand!  
Build high on the piles of the granite,  
And over calm fisheries float,  
From the Longships far eastward to Thanet,  
The Lizard to lone John o' Groat!

“ You, too, swallows, that hatch  
Broods by the dwellings of men,  
Colonise chimney and thatch,  
Fresh from migration again!  
Shoot swift over market and haven,  
Or gnat-haunted river, that hems  
Grass meadows, serene-flowing Avon,  
The aits and the willows of Thames!

“ Eremite birds and recluse,  
Lovers of infinite room,  
Go, for your tenements choose  
Cromlech, and sheepway, and combe!  
The curlew once more in the fallow  
Shall whistle at night by the main;  
The peewit, whose children are callow,  
Lament upon Salisbury plain.

“ Rivers and streams shall resound;  
The water-rat down in the reeds  
Shall hear the sedge-warbler around,  
And the crane on the low-lying meads:  
And the bittern shall boom o'er the rushes  
Love-signals, deep-throated and harsh,  
Where solitude mournfully hushes  
The stagnated pools of the marsh.

“ Yet, wheresoe'er ye shall roam,  
Seek not in life for your goal;  
Death shall restore you your home,  
Death the imparadised Pole.”

## CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

## IRELAND REVISITED.

I WAS told I should find great changes in Ireland since I had last seen it. I was prepared to find Dublin itself much altered; and in some respects, I believe, considerable change has occurred. One trait has, however, sustained no modification of any kind. The genial, generous hospitality is just the same as ever; and for the courtesy of a graceful welcome, and the warm cordiality of a generous reception, I am ready to back my countrymen against Europe. I have lived, I am sorry to own it, so much away from home, that I have at last attained to that sort of observation which a stranger is apt to bestow on a foreign country; and in this way I find myself questioning modes and ways and habits amidst which I was brought up, but have lived so long away from that they come before me as new and strange, and even peculiar.

The most strongly marked change in the tone of society which struck me was, that Dublin had ceased to be as provincial, and become far more national, than I remembered it of old. Nor is there any paradox in what I say. The old provincialism of Dublin displayed itself in an almost slavish imitation of London, as though it revelled in the sense of its secondary position. It adopted the hours, the dress, it even tried to counterfeit the accent, of the greater capital. It mimicked, I rejoice to say most unsuccessfully, the languid air of semi-exhaustion so conspicuously distinctive in English manners; and it tried its very utmost to be as dreary and tiresome as its better.

It has apparently outgrown all

those affectations; and now, in one sense, there has grown up an Ireland for the Irish. A gradual distrust of English parties, a growing feeling that the great rivals for political power cared more for the Irish vote than for any real interest of the land, has estranged many from the ranks of either Whig or Tory, and prepared them, in a measure, to listen to the discussion of a separate legislative system with far more patience than they would have vouchsafed a few years ago. So that, while the present Cabinet are flattering themselves on their success, and chanting the praises of their "healing measures," they are little aware to what cause is due the seeming quietude of the land, and the actually wider toleration that is found in society. They fancy the patient to be cured, because he makes less complaint than of old; while the real reason is, he has discharged his doctor, and thrown his physic to the dogs!

That old party-worship which made itself felt in every social gathering, and marked a dinner-table as distinctly as the benches in the House, has totally disappeared, with what gain to the spirit of pleasant intercourse I need not say.

Whatever a portion of the press may say, England cannot afford to despise the Nationalists. The green flag that these men would now hoist is not the banner of rebellion. There are at least a very considerable number who do not desire separation from England, who would wish to see Ireland intrusted with the care of her own interests, and able to attend to the development of her own resources, without hav-

ing, as a necessary preliminary, to swell the lists of a party majority in England, or take the *mot d'ordre* from the staff at Downing Street. An Irish member now knows that before he can blast a rock in a Galway harbour, he must earn the right by exploding a Tory combination; and that a successful sneer at Mr Disraeli in the House is the essential preliminary towards a bounty for the coast fishery; and feels how ignominious a position he occupies in the House at Westminster.

I know it is not a gracious office to question the boons which a strong Administration have taxed all their strength to bestow upon Ireland, but I also know that many of these remedies have been advised in utter ignorance of the real wants and the true sentiments of Irishmen. The great physician Abernethy used to say, that no inconsiderable part of the treatment of disease was the endeavour of the doctor to obviate at one time the effect of the remedies he had employed; at another and in this way the bark and the strong nutriment administered were simply the compensation to the sick man for all the bloodletting and depletion before. Now there is something like this in the legislation adopted towards Ireland. To certain things that we have done for her, a great deal of late legislation has been framed as the corrective, and the Downing Street doctors have less been curing their patient than trying how to counteract their own remedies.

The chief intention of the Encumbered Estates Act was unquestionably to substitute for the old and ruined proprietors a class of small farmers tied to the soil by their especial interests, and responsible, by their properties, for the quietness of the country. The project was certainly wise. No order of men could be better adapted to replace the old

gentry of the land, nor with any other could so many guarantees be found for peace and security. It was not possible to imagine a transfer of land which should occasion less inconvenience or less local disturbance than this. The very farm-labourers would, in all likelihood, remain to till the soil they had lived on from childhood, and not a tradition of home or neighbourhood be invaded.

In the working of the system, however, this happy issue was sadly disappointed. The purchasers "under the Court" were not, as was expected, the tenant-farmers of the estate, but a set of people totally new to landowning and its obligations—the small shopkeepers of small towns—men who had amassed considerable wealth, and in many respects worthy and excellent people, but quite unused to the position of territorial owners, and totally deficient in the sort of knowledge that befits a man for country life and its habits. These men staked their money on land with a very small return for their capital, accepting in lieu of larger interest the greater security they obtained. They invested, however, on the distinct understanding that their two and a half or three per cent—and they rarely got even so much—should be as punctually paid as their bank dividends. They knew nothing of good or bad seasons, of smut in the wheat or rot in the potato; they took little account of drought in spring or floods in autumn. Of the thousand and one contingencies of a farmer's life, of which every country gentleman knows the bearing and the pressure, they were utterly ignorant. They were alike unable to discuss with their tenants the themes interesting to each, and by that very show of knowledge evidence the sort of sympathy that should bind the owner to the tiller



of the soil. They only knew that their rent represented the very lowest rate of interest their money could return, and that their greater security was the compensation. When, however, the rent remained unpaid—when they found that the tenant came forward with complaints and excuses, demands, and even defiance—these men had at once recourse to law. They sued exactly as they should have sued had the defaulter been a man in trade, and their joint transaction one of woollen or hardware or soft goods. They obtained their decree, and they acted upon it. Against these evictions—heartless evictions it would not be difficult to prove them in regard to the many innocent victims they included—Mr Gladstone's land laws were directed. He could not exactly tell the landlord, You shall have no remedy in case of non-payment of rent. He could scarcely legalise the refusal to pay, nor the powder-and-ball argument of terror; but he could encumber the law of distress by such complications, introduce so many clauses for drawbacks, abatements, and allowances, that, on regaining his possession, the owner of the soil got very little else, and saw his demands for arrears so reduced, that he actually found the tenant had been living rent free, and that the sole benefit the law gave him was the repossession of a profitless tenure.

Now, when it is borne in mind that the men for whose especial castigation these new laws were passed were not the old proprietors of the soil—that they were not, in scarcely any instance, conversant with land-owning and its obligations—there is certainly a hardship in subjecting the entire property of a nation to laws whose necessity has been only justified by a small and absolutely adventitious class, and inflicting upon the gentry of a country the

penalties that men totally estranged from their order have incurred.

I have been assured, over and over again, that if a census of the Irish evictions was taken, it would be found that the same measures were almost exclusively taken by the class of purchasers under the Court I have already mentioned, and that a very small number, indeed, proceeded from the old proprietors of the soil. The law of tenant compensation was of this nature, and made to remedy an adventitious evil. It was, in its relation to the action of the Encumbered Estates Court, only another instance of the "bad doctoring" I have alluded to, where one portion of the treatment was meant to repair or counteract some results of another remedy. Had the preamble to the late law been explicit, it should have set forth that, "as the Bill for Legalising the Sale of Encumbered Estates had so far failed in its object that the new proprietors of land were taken from a class who knew nothing of land, or cared for land in any degree but as security for capital, the present Act was intended to remedy so much of the former Act as had not foreseen this contingency, and embarrass this new proprietary with such difficulties and obstructions, that they would heartily wish they had invested in Poyan fives or Guatemala threes, rather than land in Tipperary!"

The satisfaction of the Cockney sportsman, though he never killed a bird, was complete when he found that at least "he made them leave *that*." So the Premier may say, "I do not altogether wish that these men should be shot—the remedy is somewhat too rough; but if they could be induced to 'leave that,' we shall obtain a new state of things, and a new class, over whom the sense of an obligation will always be a source of power." Nor is this Act the mere conse-

quence of former legislation, but it is actually in direct conflict with the former law. By what was called a Parliamentary "Title," a purchaser obtained under the Encumbered Estates Court all the rights, privileges, and immunities which pertained originally to the land. The new title was as complete an investiture as it was possible for the law to devise. To subject the men who bought land under this assurance to the penalties of Mr Gladstone's new law—to all the charges for tenant-occupancy, improvement, and even surrender—is, in fact, to repeal that law, and, what is worse, to repeal without declaring it. Now, what should we say if, acting on Mr Bright's well-known defence of adulterations in food, it became lawful to colour wine with logwood, sweeten it with molasses, and impart bouquet with rosemary and alderflower; that every bottle of wine in your cellar, and which satisfied your tastes and suited your health, should now be submitted for purposes of excise to all these new discoveries in adulteration, and made as impure as a popular Minister and an importunate people should desire?

I see by the newspapers that Lord Cairns, who has already shown some aptitude for helping his opponents out of scrapes—as witness the Irish Church Act—is about to

legalise the operation of the recent Act by an additional Bill, and make a Parliamentary Title earn its designation, as being the least stable of all instruments by which the transfer of land was guaranteed, and less than any other equal to fulfil its pledges.

If blunders to repair blunders are the sort of legislation which we are to accept as the healing measures of a friendly Administration, I no longer wonder at Nationalists nor at Nationalism. Indeed, I believe the wisest politicians of Ireland are now less bent on defending their opinions as to home rule, than desirous to see what securities could be devised for maintaining the English connection; and whether the dualism they think of could be as surely and safely secured as that Austro-Hungarian connection which they assume to take as example. At all events, neither the sneers at the old ante-Union Parliament, nor the sarcasms at some of the men who now represent Ireland in Westminster, are arguments of sufficient force to turn men from a project which gains adherents every day, and which, in uniting men of adverse opinions, promises more for the peace of Ireland than all the blandishments bestowed upon the Romish priesthood, and the most slavish submission to Cardinal Cullen.

#### AN INSIDIOUS COMPLIMENT.

When Bickerstaff assured the world that Dean Swift, in reporting his death, had circulated a falsehood, the Dean replied, "Now we know you are dead, for you never told a word of truth in your lifetime"—I confess it was under the pressure of a very similar logic the other day that I read of what the newspapers called a Cobden Dinner.

It was about this time last year

a Cobden celebration was held, and a number of very eloquent orations were made, vaingloriously commemorating the great achievements of the man who, more or less, had been assailed by the same speakers during his lifetime, but who, by universal consent of our opponents, had been called the great peacemaker of Europe. Now, from the memorable period when the apostle

of Free-Trade promulgated his commercial opinions, in France even more questionable than his logic, to the Continent—to the present, the confident prediction which he made as to the peace that must follow the adoption of his doctrines has been, to say the least, unfortunate. Magenta and Solferino, Custozza and Lissa, the terrific slaughter of Nachod, and the rout of Sadowa, and, more fearful than all, the downfall of France and the long series of Prussian victories, whose history, however redolent of military skill and prowess, has scarcely been charged with any peculiar tribute to the advanced civilisation of our century;—all these, I say, have occurred since Mr Cobden was feted by the civic authorities of Europe as the promulgator of universal peace.

There is a vulgar adage that tells us how much wiser is the man who carries out his umbrella on a fine day, than he who only arms himself against bad weather by its actual presence; and in this way the Cobden festival may possibly have its application; for however serene the sky and fair the prospect at the time of the commemoration, the wisdom of being prepared for a change has been abundantly proved by experience.

This time last year we all of us can call to mind the pleasant little jocosities we were uttering to each other about the antiquated engines of war; but, above all, as to our own insular security. The “streak of silver sea”—sickening enough, as most of us have found it—and other equally high-flown assurances of immunity, cannot be soon forgotten; and if we recall them now, it is assuredly more in recognition of their beauty as poetry than for their force as prediction. The Isaiah of Downing Street is more distinguished by imagination than strictly prophetic.

The profound peace of Mr Cob-

den is a myth. Great as are the influences of commercial treaties—all proceeding on the benefits of a good balance-sheet—the passions of men, the envy, hatred, and uncharitableness against which we pray, have still their place in the world; and though we boast about higher standards of intelligence and progress, and proclaim that the schoolmaster is abroad, we are obliged to admit that so is M. Bismark also,—and the confession is not always comforting.

I do not know if I should have reverted to this Cobden Dinner at all, nor to the gloomy forebodings with which such a celebration always inspires me—every recurrence of the festival being the prelude to fresh war—if it were not that I wish to express my especial admiration of one feature of the after-dinner eloquence of the last celebration.

There can be no greater success of oratory than when the speaker, catching the tone and temper of the occasion, is able by his very words to reproduce the situation he commemorates, and, by artful illustration, displays a resemblance there is no mistaking. It was in this spirit that an orator declared that, however blamed by many for not having taken an active part in the late Franco-Prussian war, there were abundant reasons why we should not have done so; and rather preferred that attitude of proud neutrality, whose greatest triumph was that it made us hated by both, and denounced with the name of egotistical hypocrites, and other polite epithets I need not repeat.

Having argumentatively demonstrated that the quiescent attitude was the sound policy—as we all agreed it was the safe policy—he might have stopped here; but, like the man whose last blow of the hammer rather loosens the nail than sends it home, he would add the unlucky tap of say-

ing, "Had we, indeed, interfered, we should not have aided either party, and only prolonged the war, and increased the horrors and miseries of the conflict." Now I am quite convinced that in the first statement he is fully justified. We should not have aided either party! Even without the Army List to aid us, the late debates in the House are sufficient to show that we have no army disposable for home purposes, far less for foreign aggression, and that by the time Mr Cardwell and Sir Henry Storks have worked their wicked will on us, we shall be still worse off than before. So far, therefore, as to the little benefit our alliance might have rendered to either side, I completely go with him. Von Moltke would not have been any more grateful than MacMahon; of that there can be little question: but how, with the admission of this fact, it could be said, "We should only have prolonged the war and

augmented its horrors," I own I am unable to perceive. The pugnacity that does not fight, but renders every one else implacable, is a new quality; and I hope Europe is duly grateful for the streak of silver sea that separates her from such a dangerous neighbour.

I have puzzled my head long to guess how this passive attitude of ours could reconcile these two conditions, and all my ingenuity being balked, I have come to the conclusion that the speech was a rhetorical artifice, intended to revive the impression of what it commemorated; and that as the Cobden festival was a Blunder, the orator neatly introduced its merits by a Bull. As an Irishman, I cannot but be grateful. A compliment to my countrymen so insidiously conferred is something to remember; and I feel the same sort of pride in the recognition as when I see an English Viceroy with a shamrock in his button-hole.

#### GLASS EYES.

It is said that Turkey, in those old unregenerated days before Ottoman Banks and Hobart Pashas, used to indulge in "gouging," and to such an extent that a one-eyed Turk was as common a spectacle in Constantinople as a slashed-cheek student in the streets of Bonn and Heidelberg—the Turk with two eyes being at last such an optical affluence as to be regarded with envy.

Wisely foreseeing what a market might be opened, a speculator—of course they called him a Yankee—arrived at the port with a cargo of glass eyes of every possible shade of colour, and with every imaginable expression. There were eyes of languishing softness, and with that grey-blue tint so popular down in Thessaly. And there were an

endless variety of fierce and flashing orbs that a Maronite would gladly have taken in exchange for his own. There were cunning eyes to encounter the rogues in the bazaar, and piercing eyes that could penetrate a yashmak and leave a blush on the cheek behind it. But above all these perfections of expression was one quality. These glass eyes were "warranted to see;" and the purchaser always obtained a guarantee, duly signed and authenticated, that for all purposes of vision his crystal orb would be the equal of his own.

The dissatisfaction of the public when it was found that the eyes failed in this one important point was great, and numerous reclamations were made to the vendor that

his wares did not sustain their character. His reply was complete and convincing: Unless the nerves have accommodated themselves to the new optical machinery, vision is not effected; this, however, is a mere matter of time. When the eye has been worn six months, the owner will find it the best he possesses. Before three months, however, had elapsed, the whole cargo was disposed of, and the speculator had tripped his anchor and left the Bosphorus for ever.

A late visit I made to Ireland brought this story to my mind; and so completely did the parallel adapt itself to the new Land Act, that if I did not know how the genius of our present First Minister is marked by originality, I should have said he had been plagiarising the smart gentleman from Ohio, and selling glass eyes to my countrymen.

With that marvellous acuteness that distinguishes him, Mr Gladstone not only saw that the Irish tenant-farmers were essentially one-eyed, but the idea occurred to him to supply the necessary orb by a contrivance of his own, so ingeniously and artistically made, that for every purpose but one it might be called perfect. A less accomplished statesman would have set himself to work to correct the mistakes of vision produced by a single eye. He would have tried to call other senses than sight to his aid, and laboured by instance and by argument to combat the errors of monocular vision. Not so the great genius who controls our destinies. "I have hit upon an invention," said he, "that will make these creatures fancy they have got two eyes. I shall not waste time in showing them where they are mistaken in all that they think they see. I shall leave them every one of their errors, and only ask them to look at them with my new glass eyes. If they grumblingly declare

that they see no more than before, I'll regard it as a mere matter of time. Go on wearing the eyes, and when your system has conformed to them, you'll see perfectly."

Now it so chanced that I arrived in the land just as the great public who had invested in the glass eyes were beginning to discover that for purposes of vision they were good for nothing. The same ignorant impatience people exhibit about the Income-tax, and other wholesome burdens of a like tenor, displayed itself here; and there was a regular outcry at this speculation, which recalled the well-known fraud of the wooden nutmegs.

As another instance of those rogueries which Mr Bright once assured us were the legitimate weapons of competition in trade, the thing might have passed, and Whigs might have said, Why did not the Tories think of it? They stole our Reform Bill, and scores of little shabbinesses in economy, and they would have stolen our glass eyes if they could. I am not in a mood either to concede this point or contradict it. I am more concerned with the question of the people who bought Mr Gladstone's cargo, and now find they are "done."

With the same one-eyed vision that they contemplated land at first, are they looking at it still, and the Ministerial glass eye shows them no more than before. The reigning idea was, We have made this country so perfectly ungovernable by any Cabinet, and property of so little worth, that the English will buy peace at any price, even to confiscation of the land. Fortune has blessed us with an Administration of men whose personal craving for popularity is only exceeded by their personal timidity: a little blarney and a little bluster will do the work. While Paul Cullen flatters them we shall shoot the landlords; and

if the Premier finds out that the double malady can be cured by the one specific—a man of genius as he is—he is sure to be caught by such a trick, and adopt the measure. Land without rent will then be Law! and Erin-go-Bragh will be rendered Hurrah for gunpowder!

Paddy was told that by taking the Gladstone eyes he would see himself a landlord; and he now discovers that this is not true, and that for all purposes of land tenure he must go on shooting as before. Improvement, indeed! “Pay me for my improvements,” quoth he. “Thank you for nothing! *You* say, No eviction; but *my* cry is, No rent.” The speculator, however, has got rid of his cargo, and for a while at least he need not reappear amongst his customers. Sincerely, however, do I counsel him not to visit Ireland; let no temptation of Killarney or Connemara induce him to cross the Channel. Ten thousand times rather would I be the Yankee speculator in Turkey than the Minister in Tipperary! The disappointment in the one case, great and deep as it was, is nothing to the sense of defeated hope in the other.

The political agitator had persuaded the peasant that the land question was a “grievance” to be dealt with only by a political intervention; and by argumentation on this theme the connection between what is called Agrarian crime and Fenianism was established. Paddy cared very little whether Councillor Bletherum was or was not raised to the bench, or whether this man or that should be eligible to be a chancellor; he troubled himself scarcely more as to whether the laws, that he never thought much of, should be made at Westminster or College Green: but he was deeply interested in the fact as to whether or not he should pay a rent for his holding; and if any party could assure him that he

should have land and pay nothing for it, they were the men for him.

Now, latterly in England the favourite policy of statesmen is that expressed by a very worn commonplace, and called the “thin edge of the wedge;” and as Mr Gladstone could not actually transfer the soil from the owner to the peasant, the “thin edge” was made use of, so to burden land with liabilities to the advantage of the tiller, that the owner would gravely hesitate whether he would not make any sacrifice to get rid of a very doubtful property; while the peasant, tempted by the bait of future possession, should be talked into a quietude that Parliamentary rhetoric could call peace. These were the glass eyes of the Ministerial Land Bill; and it is to have a little more patience, and let your system get used to them, that appeal is now made.

If Paddy cannot see with the eyes of the Downing Street manufactory, I only say, small blame to him! He has done as much for his political convictions as most men. However it may suit his calumniators to say it, he is neither naturally cruel nor is he illogical, and a great deal of English legislation proceeds on the assumption that he is both.

There is nothing vindictive in his temperament, and, in consequence, the heavy blow inflicted on the Protestant Church failed to bring with it the satisfaction it was hoped would follow. Outside the circle of the rival Churchmen there was no sense of a triumph. The disfranchisement and disestablishment were all glass-eyed.

How much of “glass eye” there may be in throwing the whole country into litigation by creating claims without rights, and making the precarious condition of property a plea for the reduction of rent, time will tell us, and without waiting long for it. Of one thing I feel assured,

that a like policy will not avail the Minister when he comes to deal with the Education question. Though Pat may be cajoled, the Priest will not; and however devotional the expression of the glass

eyes, or heavenward their glance, they will not impose on Father Cullen, nor induce him to see with the orbs of Downing Street, though verified by the signature of W. G., and warranted genuine.

A LOOK BACK AND A LOOK FORWARD.

One of the most impressive, I am far from calling it, in all cases, one of the pleasantest, experiences in visiting your country after long absence, is to mark how your contemporaries grow old; I mean, to see how the various temperaments you have known in the heyday of youth, have accommodated themselves to the altered circumstances that years have brought with them.

It is often said that plain women—there are none ugly—have the faculty of wearing better than the pretty ones, and that Time deals more leniently with these than with those charming creatures whose earlier years were a round of homage and admiration. I do not feel quite sure that I accept the theory, and that I have not felt the thrill of delight some play of feature has imparted; and my memory bounded back to the time when those eyes shot their light into my very heart, and the murmur of those lips was softest music.

I will not trust myself even to think of these now. I turn to an analogy that suggests itself, and would ask, Are there not certain natures which, like the plain women, bear the march of time better than their more brilliant rivals? Are there not some people whose qualities, never very striking or remarkable, come out better by maturity, and, like a wholesome wine, ripen into vigour and richness, and a species of mildness, not to be acquired by anything but time? I half suspect this to be true; and if it be,

what a glorious compensation for all the commonplace men of one's acquaintance, to feel what years—mere years—will do for them, and how pleasant, and genial, and companionable they will become by the time they reach the age of Methuselah. It is not by a visit to Ireland I acquired this same experience. On the contrary, I found the youth I remembered a curate now a dean, perhaps a bishop; the briefless barrister a chief baron, or a vice-chancellor, somewhat time-worn, wrinkled, a shade or two more severe in expression if you will, but in no other way altered; and in lively fancy, in ready wit and racy humour, all that I knew him when he set the Chamber in a roar, and made the Historical Society ring with the cheers that greeted his eloquence.

Nationalities have a speciality as to how they grow old, and I believe in my heart Irishmen are not inferior in this respect to any. A Frenchman cannot do it at all. In the first place, he will not accept the march of time, but resists it like an enemy he is determined to conquer; and by certain appliances of false whiskers and cosmetics, and a forced energy of spirit, and a supercharge of levity, he fancies that he has achieved the deception that has only succeeded with himself, and made others believe he is as young as he wishes to imagine himself. It is not easy to say how a German grows old, for he is never young. The beer-bemuddlement of centuries

is in the life-blood of the race, and their very childhood is dreary, fog-surrounded, and misty. The gnarled complexity of their uncolloquial language impresses silence on a race, who would need the impetuous ardour of the south to clear the barriers of their terrible compounds, and those rough gutturals that suffice to them for expressions of passion.

Italians grow old gracefully enough. They have less of the levity that offends us in the Frenchman, and, though dignified, have none of that pomposity which an Englishman occasionally assumes, as though to make believe that it is a matter of choice, and not of necessity, that he is white-haired and large-waisted, solemn of gait and grave of utterance.

I am not sorry to be able to speak of the Irishman as of another nationality, and to say why I think he meets years in a better spirit than most men. First of all, that large stock of geniality which supplied highspirits in youth, subsides by time into a species of humoristic pleasantry, sufficiently dashed by fancy to be brilliant, and enough matured by experience to avoid the impertinence of levity. Few men go through life more enjoyably, and, in consequence, few men's experiences are less darkened by discouraging impressions of their neighbours, or by that distrust of humanity, in the main, which shows itself in great depression or melancholy.

This certainly was the impression I received and brought away with me in my last visit to Dublin. The Church dignitaries were, with all the staid gravity that became their station, able, and even witty, as conversers; and the Judges at once the most acute talkers, the most prompt in illustration, and the neatest in reply of any to be found.

There is no great misfortune,

thought I, in growing old in this fashion; and if it be the air or the climate can do this for them, I'll never abuse rain again. It is not the water does it, nor even their wine, though they do give you such claret that your lips pout at the mere mention of it. I believe a great deal of the secret lies in the charm of a society small enough to insure a great deal of familiarity, and yet large enough not to become "small town," or what Germans call *krae-winckel*. Peculiarities, in this way, are made to season talk, and are never disagreeably personal; while there is a noble tolerance for everything and everybody—but the Bore! By the way, this conciliatory spirit, as opposed to party or religious difference, has made large progress of late. I do not quote my own experience for this opinion, for my visit was too short, and men of every shade of opinion too courteous and too flatteringly kind, to enable me to pronounce; but all have agreed in telling me how the spirit of mutual respect and forbearance has gained ground, and that of the old rancorous tone of partisanship little trace is to be found anywhere.

I cannot say that Nationalism, as the movement for home rule is called, has done this; for I have observed it amongst men avowedly unfavourable to this policy, and who are not always over-complimentary in stating the reasons for their opposition. The tolerance I speak of would seem to be rather the slow growth of a better spirit on all sides, showing that national prosperity, which they see, and that brotherly affection, which they feel, are better things in the main than party rancour or jealous rivalry. It is the best evidence I have ever seen of that clanship so remarkable in Scotland, and whose absence in Ireland provoked that well-known sarcasm of



O'Connell, that "not only was one Irishman always ready to put another on a spit, but a third could be found just as prepared to turn it." I hope this imputation will apply to us no more, and that if there be any superabundant bad feeling amongst us, like good economists, "we'll keep it for exportation."

Externally, Dublin has vastly improved; the new quarter to the southward of the city is remarkable for beauty and elegance. The streets are lined with trees, and the houses, with their open spaces and gardens around them, have that air of "villa" in their aspect that makes them most enviable places of residence; and when one remembers that the sea lies within half-an-hour's drive, and the Dublin mountains, backed by the Wicklow chain, close in the far distance, even until the Parliament meet in College Green, there are worse places to live in than those picturesque alleys. I should be puzzled to say that any city of Europe, except Florence, could vie with these surroundings; and though Fiesole is finer than the Three Rock Mountain, and the Val d'Arno more

gloriously picturesque than the Liffey above Castleknock, I am proud to declare that when the hour sacred to white ties and tailed coats came round, the balance would incline to the other scale, and the stranger unhesitatingly declare that for social intercourse, for the charms of pretty women and pleasant men, even without a "count," the Paddies have it.

One of the ablest and most gifted, as he was pre-eminently the noblest and most kind-hearted man, I ever knew, the late Mortimer O'Sullivan, always predicted a time when Ireland should take a leading place in Europe; when her men of learning would have their admitted positions on the Continent as authorities in scholarship and science; the Green Island become the Mecca of all that the world possessed in art and in literature—the rallying spot where the poet, the painter, and the musician, the statesman and the archæologist would come, as to a shrine long neglected and forgotten, but now renovated and restored, recalling all bygone glories, and receiving the fame of centuries.

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## FAIR TO SEE.—PART VIII.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

AFTER parting with Eila, as described in the last chapter, Bertrand Cameron wandered about the streets for hours in a purposeless sort of way. He had nothing to do—no object whatsoever—till to-morrow morning, when, at all events, he should see Eila again, and when he hoped she would be so far recovered as to admit of the discussion of their plans. He had nothing to do but think; and so he walked about, pondering in deep trouble on all their griefs and perplexities.

Her agitation had been most distressing, and it was all on his account; her illness most alarming, and he was the cause. What fathomless depths of love and generosity there were in a woman's heart! How she would have sacrificed herself for him!—even traduced herself to his uncle to save his fortunes, and accepted the lot of a lonely and loveless life that it might be well with him! Well with him! How little she could have comprehended the depth of his love! But it showed how noble was her nature. Her resolution to persevere in this absurd self-sacrifice would, of course, give way before his calm expostulation. She was agitated and hysterical when she spoke of it as unalterable. Of course it would give way. She was certain, however, that her father would never consent to their marriage under the circumstances. Be it so. At all events that would remove the painful feeling that he gained anything in marrying her but her own beloved self. It might be looked upon as a sacrifice for her to make; but, judging by his own experience, that would only enhance her pleasure in bestowing herself

upon him, even in opposition to her father. There was quite a singular harmony in the way things were running—such coincidences—such unparalleled love—such probable mutual sacrifices. Everything cast to the winds by both—friends, fortune, prospects—everything—all for love! It would be a sight for the gods if Mr M'Killop *did* refuse his consent, and he and Eila went forth to face the world in a state of beatified beggarhood. Then there would be an end of a disgraceful connection for her and for himself; and if it entailed poverty—even abject poverty—that would be better for them than wealth coming through a channel which made the purity of its origin doubtful. As a result of his cogitations, he came to the conclusion that, notwithstanding Eila's wish to the contrary, he had better see her father at once. No good purpose, he assured himself, could be served by postponing the discovery of Mr M'Killop's actual views. Time was precious; and if an elopement had to be resorted to, he might as well employ this evening in maturing the plan for it. Besides, Mr M'Killop would think it strange if he was not informed that day of Sir Roland's decision. Mr M'Killop had a right to expect the earliest information from him; though how, if that gentleman pressed him for Sir Roland's real reason for absolutely forbidding the marriage, he was to get out of the difficulty, he didn't quite see.

But, after all, if M'Killop was guilty—of which Bertrand was not sanguine enough to entertain a doubt—he would certainly conclude that his own crime and Sir Roland's

veto were cause and effect, and say nothing about it; whereas, if by chance he was innocent, he had perhaps the right to have an opportunity of vindicating himself. That was a consideration, and a grave one. On the whole, he would call upon him, and be guided by circumstances; and so he turned once more in the direction of the hotel.

It was not a pleasant interview to approach. Apart from the communication he had to make, which was bad enough, he had to combat the loathing he felt for this man—this man with the taint of felony and the shadow of the jail upon him—this man, whom, under ordinary circumstances, he would have shunned as if plague-stricken,—it was not a pleasant thing to go to such a person and ask him if it was still his pleasure that they should become relatives. But then, Eila—; it was only another sacrifice made for her, and that was sufficient.

With these feelings, he was ushered into Mr M'Killop's presence. Our fates and fortunes, as every one has remarked, seem constantly to hinge upon some trifling little condition; and the future events recorded in this history were very materially affected by the circumstance that, when Bertrand made his visit, Eila was, to his disgust, not visible—that, indeed, she was unconscious of his presence in the house, and was at the time engaged, not in invaliding on the drawing-room sofa, as he had expected, but very earnestly in the composition of a letter in an upper chamber. If, when she had finished and despatched her letter, she had come down-stairs at once and seen him, even then the course of events might have been entirely changed; but she didn't, and so—why, so they weren't.

M'Killop rose to receive Bertrand with smiles of welcome. He said

he was delighted to see him—and so no doubt he was. For these long weeks that had been so dreary for the young lover, had been passed by his intended father-in-law in anxiety and impatience. Mrs M'Killop said that he had actually displayed more impatience than he had done during the three weeks intervening between his betrothal and marriage to her; and although we may doubt the severity of this test, the admission proved that M'Killop's state had been far from that of his normal quiescence.

“Come at last, Bertrand,” he cried, holding out both his hands. “My daughter has left all the good news to be told by you; I've not even seen her to-day. But to show you how impatient I have been to congratulate you (for the moment I knew you had come in person I knew that it was a case for congratulation), I have been five or six times at your hotel already this morning; I suppose you have been with Eila. Well, well, it was only natural; but now sit down and let us hear all about it. I thought you were to telegraph; but, after all, it is pleasanter to learn things by word of mouth.”

Although M'Killop spoke with all this confidence in the goodness of the news, there was a perceptible nervousness in his manner, and a sort of questioning look in his eyes, as Bertrand seated himself—in silence.

“Well,” said M'Killop, as the silence was not broken—“well? what says his Excellency?”

“His Excellency's letter is not a pleasant one, Mr M'Killop,” said Bertrand, in a grave, sorrowful tone, with his eyes fixed on the ground. M'Killop caught his breath as if touched by a sudden spasm; something seemed to vibrate all through him, and every line of his face was changed as if by the effect of galvanism.

These symptoms were lost upon Bertrand, till, after two or three ineffectual efforts, during which he seemed to be labouring for breath, Mr M'Killop spoke : then so altered, strange, and discordant was the sound of his voice, that Bertrand started and looked up, and, seeing the miserable change which had come over the man's appearance, felt that his guilt was beyond a question.

"His Excellency's letter is not so pleasant as we had hoped?" said M'Killop, slowly, as if trying to collect his composure.

"Much the reverse, I am sorry to say," replied Bertrand, again looking down.

"He thinks, perhaps, that this engagement has been entered upon too hurriedly?"

"He does not dwell specially upon that."

A pause, during which Bertrand was trying to decide whether it was his duty to disclose unreservedly the contents of his uncle's letter.

"Not specially upon that?" repeated M'Killop, mechanically; and then, "I am to understand that he withholds his sanction?"

"Yes."

"Unconditionally?"

"Quite; absolutely."

"Gentlemen at his time of life have their crotchets" (M'Killop went on talking pretty much at random); "object to early marriages, and so forth. He is jealous, perhaps—men in his position are apt to become exacting—of not having been consulted before the engagement was made?"

"He *does* say I was bound to consult him first of all."

"Oh!" said M'Killop, with a slight gleam of hope, "we must humour him a little; we must talk him over—we mustn't despair: perhaps he won't say 'No' a second time."

"Indeed he would, if I ever asked

him again,—which I certainly am not going to do."

"No? He has forbidden the subject?"

"Nothing more will pass between us, Mr M'Killop, on that or any other subject; all connection is broken off between us."

"Good heavens, Bertrand! what is this?"

"Simply, that he has forbidden the marriage on pain of my disinheri- tance, and I have declared for dis- inheritance."

M'Killop, who had risen, fairly staggered back into his chair at these words, and sat for some time, rigid and motionless, staring at Bertrand without a word. At last he started up, and cried out with great vehemence,

"This is madness! sheer mad- ness! it must not be—it shall not be; you shall not ruin yourself; I will not suffer it. God forbid that I, or daughter of mine, should bring this upon you. Give up the mar- riage, give up everything, rather than lose your uncle's favour: you can get a hundred wives, but you have only one birthright. Write to Sir Roland—write, and say that you bow to his wishes."

Bertrand was both surprised and touched by M'Killop's disinterested regard for his welfare. It appeared to him that this man, who had been guilty, was magnanimously unwill- ing that the consequences of his guilt—long past, and no doubt bit- terly repented of—should involve the detriment of others; for that M'Killop divined the cause of Sir Roland's refusal he was thoroughly convinced. He replied, however—

"It is useless, Mr M'Killop; I cannot weigh my birthright against your daughter's love; and I have written to my uncle in such terms as to make a reconciliation hopeless, even if I desired it. No, that is out of the question; but I assure you, from the bottom of my soul, that I

consider the sacrifice a very trifling one to make for Eila's sake ; and all I have got to do now, is to ask you to sanction our marriage, regardless of Sir Roland altogether."

"Not till you are reconciled—not till then, much as I like you, and because I like you much. What I can give is unreliable ; it might go as it came—by a turn of the market ; and then it would be on my conscience, God knows how heavily, that I had ruined you irretrievably. No, no ; be reconciled first—first—and then——"

"I have told you already, Mr M'Killop, that it is impossible ; Sir Roland's objections are insurmountable."

"Then, for the love of heaven, give up the engagement."

"Even that would not restore my birthright."

M'Killop covered his face with his hands, and remained thus, in profound thought, for some minutes ; then rising, and, as if collecting all his fortitude to put the question, he said, in a steady voice—

"Be candid with me. Are you aware of the *precise* nature of Sir Roland's objection ?"

"Yes, Mr M'Killop, I am."

"And it is ?"

"It is too painful for me to mention ; it would serve no purpose : his decision is unalterable."

"Bertrand, I have a *right* to know his reason ; tell it to me frankly."

Bertrand hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, Mr M'Killop, you *have* a right—I will give you his letter to read ; here it is."

M'Killop took the letter, sat down, and read it through. The contents did not seem to surprise him ; he made no exclamations ; he read it through with quiet determination, and when he had finished, his voice and manner were calmer than they were when this interview

began. Bertrand had not trusted himself to look at him, till he spoke.

"It was well I saw this—very well : do you believe the charge ?"

This was a home-thrust for which Bertrand was not prepared ; but, truthful to the core, he replied, "My uncle is so careful and accurate a man, that it did not occur to me to doubt it."

"And still you were willing to make such a connection ?"

"I was—I am—as I have told you."

"You are not a worldly man, Bertrand ; perhaps you may find your reward. This letter contains a truth, and yet not a truth. I was convicted, Bertrand, sentenced, and punished—all that is true ; but I was an innocent man—I was no felon : do you believe me ?"

"I—really—I——"

"No matter ; it is as I say. I was made a tool of by others in a design which, though legally questionable, was, I believed, morally innocent. Misfortune overtook me ; appearances were against me ; I was poor and friendless. I went to the wall ; those who might have saved me kept silence and left me to my fate. The story is not an uncommon one."

"But," exclaimed Bertrand, eagerly, "can this not be righted now ?"

"Have patience. I underwent my term of punishment, steadfastly adhering, through it all, to a fixed resolution neither to despair nor to succumb to the deteriorating influences of convict life ; to do my duty to the utmost, and look forward to a reward, however distant. It came sooner than I expected : my conduct was observed, and my partial release was obtained earlier than usual. I procured a mercantile situation in the colony to which I had been banished, and I prospered ; so that by the time my legal term of punishment expired, I was

on the highroad to wealth. My subsequent conduct there obliterated the marks of my antecedents. Many others were similarly situated, and the consideration of antecedents was not much in vogue. I prospered and became rich; and then I carefully considered whether or not I should take steps for the vindication of my character at home. On mature reflection I decided to let matters stand as they were. I had good reason. I had changed my name, you must know, before I began to be known in the colony, and when my term of punishment had elapsed, and I had shifted to a distant part of another but adjacent colony, I changed it again; and I hoped that when I returned home a wealthy man, my identity with the poor convict of forty years ago would never by any chance be suspected, and that therefore it would be unnecessary to rake up the old story and vindicate myself. There would have been many difficulties in doing so; and even if I had been successful, many people would have remained unconvinced, and the prison stigma would have more or less remained with me. So I preferred to start as an unknown man, having originally sprung from the humblest origin, and having no ties either of blood or of friendship to bind me to the identity which I had lost. Only one man in Scotland, to the best of my knowledge, was aware of my secret. It had been necessary that he should become aware of it professionally from some business connected with the transfer of property in the colony in which I had originally begun to prosper. He is no doubt the source of your uncle's information, although Sir Roland, from his intimacy with the colony, might possibly have become cognisant of my history independently. Still, as he alludes to an informant at home, this man is no

doubt the man who, directly or indirectly, has supplied the information. On the whole, I am glad of this. It shows that my incognito has been otherwise preserved. That is my story—a sad one, is it not?"

"Deplorable," said Bertrand; "but you may right yourself yet."

"There is no necessity that I should do so, except for your sake, with your uncle; and that I hope I shall be able to do without any public scandal. I think you told me some time ago that Sir Roland was about to return home?"

"Yes, in a few weeks he will certainly leave the colony. His intention is to spend the spring at Pau."

"Very well, I will go there. I will wait for him there. When he arrives I will present myself to him and do my best to satisfy him. Probably I shall succeed; I think it probable that I shall induce him to withdraw his refusal; and as to what you have said to him in a moment of heat, why, he is a man of the world, and will not think the less of you in the long-run for a little spirit and impetuosity. Have you told Eila of his refusal?"

"Yes, I have."

"But not of its cause?"

"No, no; I would have done anything sooner."

"You are a gentleman, Bertrand: and what did she say? was she willing to take you penniless?"

"Oh! I am sure she was—of course she was; but she was agitated and overcome, and dwelt too much upon the sacrifice which she foolishly considered she would be entailing upon me, and in that way hung back a little, but it was only the result of the first shock of these deplorable news."

"Well, Bertrand, you have behaved perhaps recklessly, but, as a lover, nobly; and I would not have my girl not meet you half-way."

"She is an angel; and I have her

love more fully far than I deserve."

"Very well; and now, for the present, will you agree to leave the case entirely in my hands?"

"Willingly."

"You may trust me to do my best."

"I am sure of it."

"But, in the mean time, we must not give his Excellency a handle; we must be all submission."

"Very well."

"And therefore there must be neither meeting nor correspondence till I have seen him."

"Oh! that would be dreadful."

"It is necessary, however: if you put the matter into my hands, I must manage it according to my own ideas."

And, after a long fight, Bertrand was fain to consent to this. Under ordinary circumstances he would have felt that the delay and his submission to his uncle were too heavy a price to pay for Sir Roland's compliance; but as it was to clear Eila's birth from the stain of infamy, it must, of course, be paid with fortitude.

"We shall go abroad for the spring months," continued M'Killop. "We may as well go abroad at once and take up our abode at Pau. When Sir Roland arrives,

matters shall be righted at the earliest possible moment. And you must go back to your regiment and amuse yourself. The time will pass quickly enough."

"I may say 'good-bye' to Eila?"

"No, no—better not; I'll explain it all to her,—that I am to reconcile Sir Roland, and that in the mean time we must be all fair and above-board in our obedience to his wishes. I'm sorry to part with you in this way, Bertrand; but keep up your heart. We shall all be happy together before long."

And so they parted; and Bertrand went homeward, sad, yet not despondent, and with a full belief that his intended father-in-law had all the heroic virtues of Jean Valjean, without any of that heroic criminal's shortcomings.

"I must be patient," he said; "I daresay the discipline is good for me; but oh! it will be very dreary without even a letter from her."

"That's a noble young fellow," muttered M'Killop to himself, when Bertrand had left him, "full of spirit and generosity; he shan't go to the wall: and if Sir Roland won't come to terms, the screw must be put on him—the screw—even if——" The end of his sentence was not finished, however.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Bertrand reached his hotel, he found a letter, addressed to him in Eila's hand, lying on the hall-table. It had arrived only a few minutes before, the waiter said, so that she must have actually been writing it while he was with her father, unconscious of his presence in the hotel, and of the momentous interview going on below.

What luck it was, he thought, that she had written before an em-

bargo was laid upon their correspondence. It was the last letter he could receive from her for a considerable time, and he must make the most of it; fortunately it seemed to be a long one. And so he betook himself to his room, to read it in the seclusion befitting so sacred an occupation. Eila was, as a rule, profuse in her epithets of endearment, and the commencement of her letters to Bertrand par-

took somewhat of an invocational character; but this letter was strangely barren of initial ornament, beginning simply "Dear Bertrand."

"A joke!" thought the reader, and went on.

"DEAR BERTRAND,—Though I suffer grievously both in body and in mind, I must nerve myself to write to you. I must collect all my strength and fortitude to do so—it is a task that will demand them all. Bertrand, I am going to do my *duty*! That word! how sad it is that it always sounds like a knell! I must do it, however, for your sake as for my own—my duty. Bertrand, all must now be over between us; what you told me to-day makes that inevitable. I must unsay any promise which I may weakly have allowed you to extract from me. I cannot consent to a clandestine marriage, or even to a secret correspondence—indeed I cannot. Duty to my father, openness, truth—these have always been my guiding principles. I cannot fall away from them—even for you. My father *positively refuses* his consent to our marriage without your uncle's sanction, and that can never be obtained now, as you have yourself said. Your own folly and rashness (it grieves me to use these reproachful expressions) have removed all such hopes. But indeed my father says—and I quite feel with him—that it would be beneath our dignity to permit you to sue your uncle further. We may not be aristocrats, but we have our proper pride, and neither of us could consent to be placed in such a humiliating position: therefore, Bertrand, you and I must do our best to forget the past. It has been very pleasant and bright, but, alas! all that is bright must fade. Earthly happiness is fleeting and unstable, and this lesson we must lay to heart,

and try to profit by its salutary pain. Believe me, that if we face our trials in a spirit of brave resignation, we shall find our reward. I have often had my misgivings during our engagement—I will tell you so frankly now, as it may be some consolation to you. I have often had my misgivings as to whether the measure of love which I could give you was an adequate return for the fervent affection which you have professed. I have had my doubts. I have often said to myself, 'Is this a summer-day love, or will it stand, as well, the test of trouble, trial, sorrow, and adversity? If it will not, it is not the return which Bertrand's love merits.'

"I often tortured myself with these doubts. To-day I have again closely examined my inmost heart, and though there I find love for you, I cannot be at all sure that it is that kind of love which would be capable of consoling and supporting either you or myself in the circumstances under which marriage between us would now alone be possible. Therefore, perhaps, it is providential that that has happened which *has* happened; for if you had discovered, after marriage, that my love was not what it had seemed, you would have had bitterness in your heart against me all the days of your life. How could I have borne that?"

"Very likely it is all for the best; I have at all events the satisfaction of feeling in my conscience that I am acting honestly and truthfully to you and to my father; and though I suffer keenly, I am supported by that feeling. Let us then forget the past. You will find many better and worthier of you than I am. Such disappointments wear off, they say, surprisingly soon, and very likely I shall hear of your marriage, and, I hope, happiness, before long. But you *must* make up matters with



Sir Roland if possible. I must say your recklessness with regard to him has been *most* foolish; but when he knows that all is *quite* over between you and me, perhaps he will forgive and forget. I hope so. It will be unnecessary for you to see papa. A meeting would only be painful to you both. I have been with him ever since we parted, discussing this sad matter; and now I am writing this beside him, with his approval and sanction, and he shall read it before it is despatched. He thoroughly exonerates you, and desires me to express his good wishes. Now, farewell. Be happy, and forget, yours sincerely,  
EILA M'KILLOP."

"Jupiter e cælo perjuria ridet amantum." Very well for his Olympian majesty to laugh, who had the laugh usually on his own side, and very well for us who have outlived the "perjuria" in which, perhaps, some of us have had, let us hope passively, our share; but the sufferer who, in all his fresh youth and innocence, receives such a blow as this letter dealt to Bertrand Cameron, requires the strength of an Olympian to sustain the first effects of the shock. He received it in silence—not a word, not a cry escaped him. If you receive a musket-shot which wounds you not mortally, there is no end to your writhings, groans, and exclamations of pain; you tear up the grass, rend your garments, bite the stretcher, and execrate the surgeon; but the bullet which strikes the mortal blow lays you down calmly and quietly enough—a faint exclamation, a shiver, a gasp—and life is no longer there. The work has been done cleanly.

Thus when Bertrand received the letter from Sir Roland, his love was wounded deeply and painfully, and we all remember how vehement

were his demonstrations; but now that he had read Eila's letter, he made no demonstrations, because his love was *dead*—pierced through and through, killed and slain on the spot—killed by a LIE. She might have loved him less than he had thought, she might have had less fortitude than he had believed, and still, albeit wounded, his love would have clung to her who dealt the wound, and still hoped for better times.

But a Lie! his love died before it, as by the stab of an assassin—died by murder,—

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is,  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural."

"A lie!" he muttered, as he crushed the letter in his grasp, and sat down silent, stern, motionless. His image of fine gold turned into most worthless clay, a world of bright hopes crumbled into dust and ashes, faith shattered, even dreamland dissolved, nothing left him but the reality of a cheated heart, no prospect between him and the horizon of his life, but a blank, empty wilderness, despoiled of every feature that yesterday had made it look so fair, even beneath the clouds; and all this transformation, all this ruin, wrought by the evil magic of a lie! How would he bear it? how could he bear it? He gave no outward indications. "While he was musing, the fire burned," no doubt, fiercely within him; but he sat perfectly silent and motionless, his gaze fixed on vacancy; sat on, hour after hour, till darkness deepened into night, and his room was only lighted by the gleam of a street-lamp flaring drearily through the window. At last he became gradually conscious of a continued knocking at the door, and roused himself, looked about confusedly as if he had been asleep and dreaming, then rose and opened the door. A

waiter—somewhat ill-pleased at having been kept so long waiting, and perhaps disappointed to find that the sensation of discovering Bertrand hanging to his bed-post was denied him—proved to be the knocker.

“Gentleman down-stairs for you, sir; particular anxious to see you,

sir. Thought you was asleep, sir; thought you was—didn’t know *what* to think, sir.”

“Never mind, I’ll follow you; go on.”

“This way, sir; coffee-room, sir,” and Bertrand walked mechanically into it.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The room was occupied by two gentlemen, one unknown to Bertrand, but the other was Mr Cop-pinger of the —th.

“Good morning,” said that gentleman, affably. “I’ve ki-called to make it all square with you.”

“Oh!” said Bertrand, still in a dream. “Oh! indeed? but I don’t quite understand.”

“You’re not s-savage, are you?”

“Not at all; why should I be?”

“Well, you know, I was a little fi-flustered last night, and je-jealous, and savage, I suppose, and wanted to call you out; only you wouldn’t wait for L-arkins. Don’t you remember? Ah! perhaps you were too ski-crewed?”

“No; I remember something about it now.”

“I’ve referred it to Larkins (let me introduce my friend L-arkins of the —th), and he’s certain I was in the wrong. Very likely I was. I s-s-sometimes am; but when I am, I ap-pop-pologise. I ’pologise now. Accept my a-pop-pop——?”

“Certainly,” said Bertrand. “I bear no malice.”

“That’s right; here’s my hand.” And they shook hands over it.

“D-doing anything to-night?” continued the Kicker.

Doing anything to-night! Bertrand’s every motive of action was so entirely paralysed that the idea of spontaneous action, of his having any will on any subject, or any existence apart from passive suffer-

ing, sounded strange to him; but he answered that he didn’t think he had anything to do that evening.

“Dine with me then at the — ki-Club. Some of the regiment who have relieved us are ki-coming. They aint like us, you know, but I daresay they won’t pick your pock-ockets. Is it a fi-fixture?”

Bertrand reflected for a moment. After all, why should he stay moping by himself? He should go mad if he did; not that that signified, of course—nothing signified now; but he might as well dine with this fellow: it would help to keep thought away, at all events, for an hour or two; and so he agreed.

“Eight sharp,” said the Kicker; and then, stepping back from the door, remarked,—“I say, how you took me in! I thought it was a ki-case between you and Miss Mac-Collop; it l-looked dey-evilish like it; but I expect I was rather t-ight; and she says it’s all humbug, and that you’re only ki-common friends.”

“There is nothing between us, you may depend upon that,” said Bertrand.

“I know that now, and at first I thought there ki-couldn’t be; she laughs so fi-furiously at in-fantry—no of-fence to you, old fellow; it’s a way gi-girls have; can’t help it, I expect. I’ve been having tea there just now; it was awfully jolly; she’s as sp-pooney as an owl on me. Rum old thing the mother! Ang-ling, L-arkins says; but trust ki-

Coppinger to dodge the h-ook. Bye, bye ; eight sharp."

A bitter smile crossed Bertrand's face as the hussar left the room. "It would be a just retribution," he said to himself, "if she only had a heart, that it should be trampled under foot by a travesty of a man like this fellow. Pshaw! I'll think no more of her, or any woman. Pigott's right, after all. I'll stick to his maxim for the future. Broken hearts are all very well for the stage. Hearts don't break in real life. Mine shan't" (with a sort of hysterical gasp), "and I don't feel a bit down on my luck now. In a week I shall be perfectly jolly, and go back to the good old soldiering life, and to men and friends—men who are always true. How my head aches! Champagne will cure that, though! and my imbecile host is good so far, at all events." With which complimentary reflection on the genial Kicker, he went to dress, feeling a strange, tight pain across the forehead, but a rising exhilaration of spirits. "What an extraordinary-looking fellow I am!" he cried, as he looked in the glass; "my eyes look twice their usual size, and ten times as bright as usual. Ha! ha! ha! it's really most absurd! What spirits I'm in! No one would think that—— Oh! hang all women!

' Merrily, merrily march away,  
Soldier's glory lives in story;  
His laurels are green when his locks are  
grey.  
Hurrah for the life of a soldier!'

and he kept singing the refrain of the devil-may-care old marching-song till he was dressed, trolling it lustily as he drove along to the Club, and only suppressing it with an effort, in compliment to that institution, when he entered its walls. It was quite astonishing, he kept remarking to himself, what spirits he was in.

The party consisted of some half-a-dozen gentlemen—Coppinger, Lar-kins, and the promised contingent from the new regiment—rather stolid-looking young men, on the whole, with a sealed-pattern look about the face, collars, and other features, suggesting the idea that they had been run up on contract by the same firm, and not promising great things in the way of an intellectual evening. It is wonderful, however, what miracles champagne will effect on such occasions; it not only loosens tongues, but induces a bland feeling of toleration for whatever platitudes they may utter. And so, after two or three rounds of the magical fluid, the party was as noisy and convivial as need be. The *quantity* of talk was at all events undeniable, and the laughter boisterous—evidently kindling the wrath of several greybeards dotted about the dining-room, and who were topping up their frugal repasts with jorums of whisky-punch, through the fumes of which many a jaundiced glance was cast upon the proceedings of the banqueters.

Coppinger naturally became at once the butt of the party, and the smallest jackdaw had a peck at that bird of gorgeous plumage. He bragged about himself, his regiment, his horses, his clothes, cigars, and conquests. He was trotted out on all these subjects, and stepped out bravely, inspiring the mildest tyro in the art of chaff, supplied by the new regiment, with a notion that he (the tyro) was "going it," and no mistake, and that his brother officers, in mess assembled, must be shown at the earliest possible opportunity what an unsuspected magazine of wit and banter they possessed in him. But Bertrand was the life of the party; he never flagged; his spirits rose to the wildest exuberance. Story after

story, sally after sally, flowed from him in a sparkling stream; and when, dinner being over, and the greybeards gone, he proposed the Kicker's health, it was in a serio-comic speech of such grotesque fun, that the house fairly "came down"—in more senses than one, indeed, for angry seniors descended from the reading-room to remonstrate. The Kicker himself was loudest in his plaudits, confiding to a neighbour in a hiccupy whisper, "This ki-codger is a deal too good for the Fi-feet, you know; *we* must have him. I've got my eye on him, mark you; and, ki-cost what it may, he comes to us. Lord bless you! he could give most of us a stone in the way of chaff. Talk of bi-Belcher of the Blues! bi-Belcher's a baby to ki-Cameron."

The party did not conclude their festivities in the dining-room; eventually an adjournment to the smoking-room took place, where their loud merriment soon left them a clear field; and there they "made a night of it." Scarcely a Club rule escaped infraction. Supper was ordered up and procured by menaces; bones, and more bones, and yet again bones. Songs, choruses, and view-holloas echoed through the outraged halls; and in the lulls between the grander salvoes, the popping of champagne and soda-water corks indicated the process of priming and loading for new efforts. Bertrand still led the orgies; it was under his direction that the fun grew faster and more furious. By degrees a certain enfeeblement crept over some of the revellers; certain legs began to decline the perpendicular; certain voices began to stray hopelessly up and down the gamut in search of a practicable key-note. Men might be seen dropping their tumblers on the floor, and making elaborate apologies to the fragments; and a proposal on the part of the Kicker to "draw" the sleeping

members of the Club, only escaped execution from the difficulties of "getting up the hill" (the brandy-and-soda equivalent for the staircase).

But there was no enfeeblement about Bertrand; his spirits never flagged. The wine which he drank in bumpers never sent him beyond the level he had been on all the evening. Again and again he rallied the drooping forces; again and again repelled the remonstrances of the Club-master; again and again scouted the idea of turning out. Coppinger—who looked at all times the very incarnation of strong waters—beyond several attempts to press a shilling into Bertrand's hand, with a view, it was surmised, to securing him for the mounted branch of the service, did not betray that he was seriously inconvenienced by his liberal potations, and manfully seconded Bertrand's efforts to keep the ball rolling. But at last a time came when the ball would roll no farther. The bravest sub of horse or foot is but mortal, and, like other mortals, has his gauge. A pretty general collapse took place, and Bertrand and Coppinger retired together from the stricken field, carrying off their slain in the shape of Larkins—not without difficulty, that gentleman's "ma-chinery," as Coppinger characterised his legs, being "all nohow." As for the others, two at least were left to be swept up by the servants in the morning—the Kicker contemptuously remarking, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of their prostrate forms,— "Never saw such form for ki-cavalry. Hang me if they're even fit for the Engineers! ki-carry nothing—the di-duffers!" He apologised for Larkins's state of dilapidation by explaining that his "stomjack" was out of order—the result of an unusually protracted trial, incident to a change

of quarters, which up to this moment it had undergone most creditably—adding, however, that he would have left him there without compunction, if it wasn't that they were both due in York on the following forenoon, and it would be slow travelling without him. They reached the hotel as the bleak winter morning was beginning to dawn. Coppinger asked Bertrand as to his plans. Bertrand hadn't thought of them; but he was ready for anything.

"Come with us to York? I'll put you up, and sh-ow you what a regiment *can* be made."

"All right," said Bertrand; "when does the train start?"

"Ten o'clock; we'll put in an hour or two of sleep, then a de-evil'd kidney, a brandy-and-soda, and off you go."

"I'll be ready; but I don't feel sleepy. I'll take a walk and see the beauties of the place, ha! ha! Please tell the people to have my things put up." And Bertrand strode away down the street. The Kicker gazed after him in hazy admiration.

"Fi-form, by Jove! Pace and form! L-ost on in-fantry! quite lost; but I've got my eye on him, so just you wait a bit." With which consolatory reflection, addressed to an adjacent lamp-post, the Kicker nodded his head sapiently, and turned into the hotel.

Bertrand was not sleepy; he felt as if nothing could ever make him sleepy again. A wild exhilaration still possessed him—a desire for rapid motion, bustle, and noise. At the moment he would have been the very man for a forlorn-hope or a reckless charge. Everything was a glorious whirl in his brain. No dull thoughts of grief were there. Wild incongruous absurdities presented themselves to his mind, and made him laugh aloud; fragments of last night's songs rose to his lips,

and he shouted them in the empty streets.

Pursuing his random walk, he chanced to pass the M'Killops' hotel. At sight of it he seemed to be touched by some exquisitely humorous thought, and his laughter rang loud and high under their windows—no bitter, self-mocking laughter, but blithe and hearty peals of merriment; and so he passed on and on; and the sun rose, and the town became broad awake, and the streets filled, and the strange glances of the passers-by delighted him as something irresistibly comic and absurd; and so, in the highest glee, he arrived at the hotel, just in time to dress, and start with his two companions, both showing considerable symptoms of wear and tear, for the train.

"I'll tell you what it is, Kicker," cried Bertrand, "it's a deal too slow going to York; I can't do it, old fellow. I don't think I could stand the smell of the stables just now. I'll go on to town, and perhaps run over to Paris to-morrow; will you come?"

The Kicker could not, but he honoured the sudden change of plans and the wholly insufficient reasons given for it, as a new indication of "form," and so let Bertrand off his engagement easily.

During the journey Bertrand sang and rattled on like a maniac; and nothing but his appreciation of the "form" thereby indicated would have prevented the Kicker from feeling a good deal bored by his new friend, being, to use his own expression, not a little "jumpy" this morning. As for Larkins, he and his "stomjack" had made no very perceptible rally, and were travelling as more or less the luggage and personal effects of Lieutenant Coppinger.

At York, the latter gentleman, after carefully collecting Larkins, left

the train, bidding Bertrand adieu with affectionate *empressement*, and an assurance that his eye was, and

would continue to be, on him; and so we shall leave Bertrand for a little while he pursues his journey.

## CHAPTER XXX.

We know a good deal about Eila now, and not much to her advantage; but we shall not moralise over her, or set ourselves to trace by what process of thought she had decided to write that letter to Bertrand which had produced such exhilarating effects upon him: whether she had once loved him, and, having loved, had tired of him; whether she had never loved him at all, but only his future prospects, and so thrown him over when they seemed lost; or whether some new and violent attraction (scarcely the Kicker, surely!) had suddenly possessed her. Into such speculations we shall not enter; suffice it that she had written what she had written, and committed herself by the clumsy and unlady-like expedient of a falsehood. That Nemesis overtakes all crime in some shape or other is the orthodox belief—and in this instance the orthodox belief was justified. Her letter had barely reached its destination, when Nemesis was down upon her, “wanting” her for the little fiction which it contained. A message came from her father that he wished particularly to see her at once, and she went down to him. His manner was grave, but neither gloomy nor depressed.

“I have seen Bertrand,” he said. This was startling to begin with, and rather threw her off her balance.

“When?” she asked faintly, wondering if he could possibly have received her letter and communicated its contents to her father already.

“He only left me a quarter of an hour ago.” Eila breathed again.

“He has told you of his uncle’s refusal?” continued her father.

“Oh yes.”

“And of what he has done?”

“Yes, indeed; he has been most foolish.”

“Still I should scarcely have expected you to make the admission.”

“Indeed, papa, I am more sensible than you imagine.”

“Humph! but you were willing to marry him?”

“Never without your permission, dear papa.”

“And that you shall have, my child, I trust.”

“What!” cried Eila, in an agitation which her father mistook for joy.

“You must not be too sanguine, my dear, but I hope to be in a position to sanction it before long.”

“Oh! but—but——”

“But what, Eila?” said her father, looking at her in surprise.

“Sir Roland will *never* give his consent, papa.”

“What does that matter, if you only wait for mine?”

“True,” said Eila, with despair in her heart and the ghost of a smile on her face, which had become very pale—“true.”

“However,” M’Killop continued, “mine is still dependent upon his.”

“Yes, papa,” murmured Eila.

“In the mean time you must promise me not to have any sort of communication with Bertrand.”

The promise was given with most filial alacrity.

“I think—mind I only say, I think—I shall be able to get over Sir Roland’s objections.”

“Oh, papa!” gasped Eila; “how can you?”

“Never mind how; I think I can; but don’t be too sanguine.”

“I won’t! I won’t!”

“There is a reasonable prospect of success, and no call to despair—that’s all.”

“Thank you, papa.”

“A month or two will settle it all; meantime you must try to be as happy as you can. It is all to be worked out by me, without any communication with Bertrand—that’s part of the conspiracy, ha! ha!—and you may rely upon my using every effort, and making any sacrifice for you both. Bertrand is a noble fellow; you will be lucky if you become his wife. Now run away, my dear; I must be busy.”

And Eila went back to her room, feeling rather like a person who has inadvertently punched an unstopable hole in the bottom of his boat far out at sea. “How could I be so mad as to write that letter?” so ran her reflections. “I might have waited twenty-four hours, at all events. Now, if Sir Roland gives his consent, what is to happen? Good heavens! what *will* happen? Bertrand *must* know that I have told him a fib about papa. What will he think of me?” and at the reflection her face tingled with shame. “I wish I had kept a copy of it; I’m pretty sure, though, that it could not be explained away. It was too broad. Why *did* I make it so broad? Goose! Oh, dear! oh, dear! how he will despise me! What *shall* I do?” and she wrung

her hands in sheer despair. Nemesis had it all her own way for a little. “And if,” Eila went on thinking,—“if the consent *did* come! fancy losing him—such a match! all for this foolish, abominable, stupid, useless, little fib! Oh, dear! oh, dear! I deserve to be poisoned for my clumsiness.” After a little, though, and all of a sudden, a brighter view dawned on Eila, and she started up and clapped her hands with delight. “I have it!” she cried; “I have it! I’ll tell Bertrand that I told the fib all for his sake—merely to prevent him from ruining himself by marrying me; that I did my best to alienate and disgust him with me, for his own sake, out of my generosity and love for him. Bertrand *is* such a goose, I don’t think he can possibly refuse to take it all in. No fear; I’ll whistle him back, and he’ll come, with thanks and apologies.” And she laughed gleefully at the prospect. “What a piece of good fortune that correspondence is forbidden; was ever anything so lucky? I can never be sufficiently thankful for that. But what papa’s chances are, I don’t understand; still he never speaks with such confidence unless he is pretty certain. Meantime, Eila, my dear, keep your spirits up; it will all come right somehow; and if any good chance offers in the mean time, why, Master Bertrand, you mayn’t get me yet.” And the airy unsophisticated young creature went liling gaily down to the drawing-room; and Nemesis went home again—for a space.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

Two nights after we left Bertrand *en route* for London, Pigott was sitting in his barrack-room, deep in the recesses of the cosiest of chairs,

before the brightest of fires, smoking the most fragrant of cabanas.

It was all but his usual hour for going to bed, and he was grappling

with the problem whether it would bore him most to rise and let his dog in at once, or to endure his scratchings and whinings at the door till he got up, at any rate, to go to bed. Having apparently "concluded" to let the dog scratch, and having decided that the boredom of a dog generally isn't compensated for by any pleasure he affords, his thoughts branched gradually from the canine to the human bore, and to the reflection how Bertrand Cameron had bored him lately, and what a relief it was that he was away—for a bit.

"I don't know, after all," he amended, on continued reflection, "that it *is* any comfort. One misses the beggar, somehow. I suppose that incessant irritation has some sort of a—what d'ye call it?—stimulating effect. I daresay I should be glad enough if Bertrand was sitting there at this moment. It's habit, I suppose. Besides, I should like to know how this business of his is getting on. Hang it! there's the lamp going out next! I won't get up, though. *Let it go out; there's lots of fire. I don't care.*" He spoke bitterly, as if the lamp was going out from personal *animus* against him, and as if his resignation would mortify it. "But a saint couldn't stand *this* now!" he cried, starting up a little later. His dog was barking furiously outside the door, and some one was apparently baiting him—some one who danced about, with whooping, and shouting, and laughter. Pigott strode rapidly to the door, and threw it open with a bang. His dog rushed in past him, cowed and trembling, and a tall figure, stepping out of the darkness, shouted with grotesque gesticulations—

"'Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,  
Or bobtailed tyke, or trundle-tail,  
Tom will make them weep and wail!'

Yes, that he will. Hand him over, in the King's name! Your dog, your dog; my kingdom for your dog!"

"What in the devil's name is all this?" cried Pigott. "Bertrand Cameron! by all that's sinful! Why—what! Good heavens, man! are you drunk?"

"Drunken with youth, but not a drop of wine!" and Bertrand stalked into the room, revealing to his astonished friend a face pale as marble, from which his great dark eyes seemed to stand out as if bursting with the lurid fire that shone through them. His dress was all in disorder, and his whole aspect ghastly and appalling.

"Good heavens, Bertrand!" cried Pigott, starting back, "what has happened to you?"

"Of all men else I have avoided thee," was the reply, still in the stage-struck manner; "yet why not thou as well's another? Caitiff, I thirst! Bring me a goblet of nectar, dashed with the waters of Pharpar, Abana, and the Oxus!"

"Wait a minute," said Pigott, leaving the room, "and you shall have it. The Oxus, did you say?"

"Strong of the Oxus."

"All right." And he was off, and ten minutes after, poor Bertrand was lying on his back in bed, held down by four of the strongest men in the regiment.

"Brain-fever," said the doctor to Pigott, as he left the room. "These fellows mustn't take their eyes off him for a minute. See that they're properly relieved; and call me if there's anything special wanted. He's as strong as an elephant, and he and the fever will have a jolly good round. Five to two on Cameron, though. Good-night."

Poor Bertrand! The hardest might feel some pity for him now, as he lay there, wrecked and shat-



tered, all his sufferings personified by the weird magic of delirium, and hovering about him a sleepless army of visionary foes. It was a cruel deed that had brought him to this, slaying his love, eclipsing his faith, mocking a heart infinitely true and trusting, and robbing it of these "first joys that come not back again." Exalted loyalty and stainless truth were the very essence of his character; and his love, like Sir Galahad's strength, was as the love of ten, "because his heart was pure." It was a cruel apocalypse for such a nature, when his ideal appeared with "a lie in her right hand." It was a cruel death for such a love to die—poisoned by the impurity of that to which it clung. As for her who had done the deed, perhaps Pigott might almost be forgiven the energetic anathema which he awarded to her, as he sat watching by her victim's side, surely divining the story of his plight. It was brief, incisive, and to the point, as his utterances were wont to be.

The doctor's prediction proved true; the struggle between Bertrand's splendid vigour of frame and the fever was long and fierce. Day after day passed, and still the battle raged, with now and then an armistice of lethargy, but never one gleam of coherent consciousness.

Day after day, the dark eyes—seeming to grow ever darker and larger—stared with a hunted look of anxiety and dread, or blazed with the fire of frenzy. Day and night the parched lips moved unceasingly, moaning piteous remonstrances, or shouting fierce defiance—chanting some scrap of a tuneless song, muttering some fragment of a prayer, or whispering a haunting name or number in weariful iterations; day and night doomed to utter every waif and stray from the chaos of the mind, to repeat every echo from the

hurlyburly of the brain. Day after day passed, and still the fever held its ground, and poor Bertrand lay, as lost to life and use as Merlin in the hollow oak, imprisoned by his false enchantress, with the spell of "woven paces and of waving arms." Through all this weary ordeal Pigott's devotion never flagged; allowing himself a very minimum of rest and change, he was by his friend's side at all times when not absolutely required for regimental duty. Watching and supervising, a very terror to *laissez-aller* hospital orderlies and sluggish "fatigue-men," the sybarite forgot his roses, the typical "selfish beggar" of the regiment forgot himself. Ungrudging and ungrumbling, he went about his labour of love in the same quiet practical way in which he was wont to cherish himself; and he did more than he would have done for himself, for he restricted and denied himself in everything that might have hindered his efficiency as a nurse. The secret, perhaps, was, that what are called "unexpansive natures" gain in concentration what they lose in expansiveness. They are less ornamental; they do not fill the eye and challenge public admiration; they are not for ever posturing in benign attitudes; but for steadfast thoroughness, when once their feelings have made way through the unpromising crust, commend us to them rather than the others—the "sympathetic natures." The spaniel is all things delightfully to all men, and true to none; but the churl of a bull-dog—there is nothing to beat his loyalty to his single friend. No outsider shall share his manger, though there is room in it for ten; but he would die for his friend if occasion was, and he only knew how. To his brother officers, not given to ethical speculation, Pigott was a wonder.

“Given up his whist, you know,” cried one. “And his billiards,” cried another. “And his rackets,” “And his hunting,” “And his champagne,” “And sleeps in his clothes,” all in an ascending scale of astonishment. “And yet how he grumbled about Bertrand’s boring him with his love-affairs!” “Said he must exchange to get away from it.” “Awfully queer fellow, Pigott.” “Selfish beast, though, all the same; positively refused to take my duty on Saturday, to let me go out hunting!—pretended he couldn’t leave Bertrand!” “Rubbish!” “Selfish to the backbone.” One or two voices, indeed, would be raised against the theory of Pigott’s selfishness, but the general sentiment favoured it. And yet probably there were not many in that self-abnegating circle of young men who would have done what Pigott was doing for his friend. There is nothing so selfish as your society of “awfully good fellows,” who are for ever exclaiming against the selfishness of their neighbours; and nowhere are there more real Levites, than where every one is, *ex officio*, as it were, an honorary good Samaritan.

At last the crisis of the fever came—the grand final struggle between the antagonists. It came; it was intense and protracted, and it seemed doubtful if Bertrand could come out of it alive; or, if alive, with his reason unimpaired. But it passed, and the patient fell into a long and gentle sleep—the signal and the assurance of his victory. It was a moment of sincere happiness for Pigott when at last he heard his name uttered, in a scarcely audible voice, from the bed, and, drawing aside the curtain, found that his friend was awake and conscious.

“Where am I, Pigott?”

“At home, in your own barrack-room, old fellow.”

“Oh, yes, I see;” but his eyes wandered about in a questioning way; the world of reality seemed dim and strange to him after the vivid phantasmagoria of his long delirium.

“Is there no parade to-day? I feel as if I had been asleep for an age.”

“You’ve been very ill, but you’re all right now, Bertrand; only you must be very quiet. Don’t speak, but try to sleep.”

“Very ill! yes, yes—why, I can’t even lift my hand! I declare I can’t move! How odd it is! Turn me away from the light, please; I’ll go to sleep again, if you’re quite certain there’s no parade.”

“Not an atom of a parade.”

And Pigott turned him, and he slept long and deep, and woke the next time stronger, and quite comprehending that he had been dangerously ill, though he said nothing, as yet, of the cause. And so he passed through the first stages of his recovery, sleeping much, and lying silent when awake—scarcely speaking, indeed, except to express a want—querulously enough, as the wont of convalescents is. And Pigott still stuck to his post, and nursed him zealously through this most trying period to nurses, displaying a gentleness and consideration truly wonderful, but which would have been still more astonishing in a professed philanthropist, perhaps.

And so the weeks rolled on, and Bertrand still continued silent on the subject of his love-catastrophe, which to his friend appeared a satisfactory symptom. “It shows, at any rate, that the thing’s at an end,” he would say to himself; “if it hadn’t been, he would never have kept off the subject so long. It’s a great comfort—it was a horrid bad business. The girl is as hollow as a drum, and her governor a snob compared with

our big-drummer. It's a blessing it's at an end; but I wish I saw the old boy a little cheerier. That will come in time, though. He must have change of air and scene, and all that sort of thing, as soon as he can be moved." The doctor quite fell in with this latter view, and by-and-by Bertrand got a

couple of months' sick-leave, and went down to Bournemouth accompanied by his faithful friend.

"It is my own case, you see," Pigott explained, as if apologising for his devotion; "and I'm not going to let him out of my hands till he'll do me credit."

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

The spring was well advanced, the season was an early one, and the weather was glorious as summer; and in such circumstances, Bournemouth is a charming place to those who come, as Bertrand did, to drink in health and vigour from its pure but genial air. The woods, where, among the much-prevailing pines, their monotony was relieved by less sombre trees, were beginning to wrap themselves in that wonderful soft green mist—if one may so express it—when the foliage has just been wooed from the bud by spring's carresses; and everywhere the primrose ran riot, and, mingling with early wild-flowers of other hues, lettered spring's advent gloriously in grove and lane, on slope and meadow; and the sun shone constantly, and the sky was clear and blue, and the sea, reflecting all, lay sleeping underneath the sunny cliffs peaceful and motionless for days. It was a delicious time for all men, but for an invalid the days came "with healing on their wings," and Bertrand regained his strength rapidly. He and Pigott were established in quarters on the eastern cliff; and they could not have been better placed, for the aspect was southern, and the sea lay at their feet. On one hand they looked upon the Isle of Wight, with its constant strange transformations of light and shade wrought by the sea-mists and the sun; and

on the other to the graceful outlines of the Dorsetshire coast, sweeping round to form the western enclosure of the bay. But it was to the sea Bertrand constantly looked; the contemplation of its vastness and calm soothed his lacerated spirit, and, gazing at the far-away sea-horizon, he drank in unconsciously that indefinable sense of promise and hope which it always suggests. It was very good for him to be there; the companionship of the sea was very good for him. Pigott was indeed a little disappointed to find that his abstraction did not abate very much, and that his efforts to divert his mind to what was going on about him, or to amuse him with everyday subjects, continued to be but very partially successful; yet the return of health and strength, the pure air, and "the lessons of the sea," were surely, if slowly, doing their work. Never, indeed, might the elastic joyousness of youth before its first check return to him—never again the same simplicity of faith—never again those early dreams of the heart that make a fairy-land of life. But all these things go necessarily in the tear and wear of the world; it is only a matter of time—simply a question between a sudden lopping off and a gradual process of grinding away with a file. The end of our third decade sees the last of

them, one way or other. And as for the permanent effects of love-disappointments beyond this limit, does any one now believe in them? Does any one believe that any nature not afflicted with some grave moral or intellectual flaw, will have its capacity for work, usefulness, sympathy, and even enjoyment, paralysed for ever by any such agency?

Not very long ago it would have been held a kind of blasphemy against "the higher sensibilities" to hold such language. A few generations back, it was quite a venial offence to be useless, worthless, or at least disagreeable, for the remainder of your days, if you had only been disappointed in love: it was expected of you, indeed, by the romantic. But from that affectation, at least, let us be thankful that our age is free, and that the disappointed lover is no longer under any sort of necessity either to become a respectable cynic, the pest and scourge of his associates, or to go drunk to destruction at a hand-gallop *via* the dirty sloughs of the vulgarest Bohemianism.

We give the hapless lover our sympathy, and a reasonable time to "wax well of his deep hurt;" but we know perfectly well that a time arrives when the reality of his suffering comes to an end, and when any farther demonstration thereof becomes fictitious and dramatic. For his own and Pigott's sake, may this time soon come to Bertrand, and we should be disappointed in him if we found him wearing the willow thereafter.

Time passed on; the two months' leave drew towards a close; Bertrand's health was almost quite restored, and he was on the fair way to be very soon fit to return to his old duties and pursuits: but never, all this time, had he spoken to his friend of Eila, or his recent engage-

ment, or the catastrophe which had terminated it. Pigott was not only very inquisitive about it (although this he would have scorned to admit), but he had formed an idea—to which the wish, perhaps, was father—that Bertrand's health and spirits would both be materially benefited by an unbosoming of himself; and so he now never lost an opportunity of giving him "a lead over" when any event or turn of the conversation suggested an opening. It was in vain, however, that Pigott skirmished or "showed the way;" Bertrand was evidently not going to be manoeuvred into a confidence, and he still refrained from volunteering one. There is not a great deal to be done at Bournemouth. Fine air, sunshine, blue skies, the beautiful sea, the bursting foliage, the glories of the spring—these are all very well for a dreamer or an invalid; they were all very well for Bertrand as yet, and he was contented with sitting in the open air, strolling along the cliffs and among the pine-woods, or now and then undergoing an hour or so of modified dislocation on a hired "animal." But for Pigott, who was a man of action, and in his normal state went in for everything, his friend began to feel that Bournemouth must be very slow indeed; and at last he begged him not to sacrifice any more of his leave to him. He was all right now, he said, and would get on famously by himself, and probably rejoin the regiment in a fortnight. But Pigott refused to desert his friend. "No, no," he said; "I'll stick to you till I land you on the duty-rolster again. I take a pride in my case, you see. If I went away you would be hipped and moped, and ten to one you would have a relapse, and I might have all this business over again. We're doing very well; we'll take

some more camel exercise to-morrow; and, by the by, I was forgetting—I've found a friend—a lady friend, here. I met her this morning when I was struggling with that thief of a butcher—romantic spot for a meeting!—I went to point out to him that, though ignorant of anatomy generally, I was aware that sweet-breads and liver are not identical—not even in value—which he seemed to fancy. She, it appeared, had come to annihilate him with some similar sarcasm; but we met, and our wrath vanished. The butcher still survives.”

“Who is your friend?”

“A very jolly sort of woman; I knew her in India. She is the wife or the widow of one Curtis, who commanded a native infantry regiment at Benares when we were there, years ago. I wonder whether she is wife or widow now—no interested motives, she's fifty if she's a day, and could no more get into your chair than the hippopotamus;—but it's awkward not knowing. Curtis's habits were certainly not calculated to lengthen life, still I think he must be alive.”

“Well, what about the lady?”

“Oh! only that I met her, and we were very glad to see each other; and I was refreshed by hearing the old Hindoo jargon again—the *lingua Franca* which native infantry used to talk, you know; and she wanted me to go to ‘tiffin,’ and I told her I had to go back to you; and she asked about you, and your illness, and your name; and when I mentioned the musical word ‘Cameron,’ she snuffed the heather, and asked if you were from Scotland; and when I said I feared you were, she sprang upon me—morally, that is—and said that she too hailed from that fortunate country—information which her application of the term ‘impertinent’ to me, rendered

superfluous; but when she found that you really were a true-born Celt, she was much interested, and said, ‘Bring him to dinner, to-night:’ and now, will you come?”

“My dear fellow, it is impossible—quite impossible.”

“Why?”

“Because it is. I'm not up to it. You must go by yourself.”

“You don't know what you're missing, Bertrand. Her maiden name, she tells me, was ‘M'Kascal.’ Can you resist *that*?”

“I must indeed. Did you promise for me?”

“I said I would try to bring you.”

“Well, you must go yourself, and make my apologies. It will be a change for you, after moping with a sick man for weeks;” and Pigott finally agreed to go, and went.

The evening might have passed rather heavily for Bertrand, thus left to himself, but when the post came in, it brought him something which effectually rescued him from *ennui*, at all events—a letter addressed in a handwriting well known, and once inexpressibly dear to him. At sight of it his heart beat so violently that he gasped for breath; and his hand so shook that he was unable to tear open the envelope. He was still, we must remember, but a convalescent. “What a fool I am!” he muttered to himself, at last. “As if anything could alter the past! Nothing short of a revelation from heaven could make me believe in truth from that hand again! So, what does it matter to me what the contents of the letter are?” He then opened, and read as follows:—

“PAU, May 186—.

“MY OWN DEAREST BERTRAND,—  
Man proposes, but God disposes.

When I wrote my last sad letter to you, in which I seemed to sign away my very life, I was proposing to secure your ultimate happiness—your prosperity, at all events. In doing so I was prepared to sacrifice myself in every way, and this I did. I do not boast of it. I would do it again for your dear sake. I even deceived you a little for your own good. I even sacrificed what was dearer to me than life—the truth. Ah, Bertrand! I fear I am sadly wicked. I fear you are dearer to me than the truth. I sacrificed it for you, and I belied my own love that you might rather even think me unworthy than that I should be the destroyer of your fortunes. I wrote that letter with my heart's blood, and I have never smiled since—never, at least, till yesterday. But a merciful Providence has seen fit to remove the burden from me which was heavier than I could bear. I send you news—joyful news—glorious news. It has pleased Providence so to dispose the heart of that dear, excellent man, your uncle, that he no longer objects to our *union*. Everything else seems to go from me as I write these words, and I can only see my beloved Bertrand standing before me, claiming me as his *bride!* and he shall not claim in vain. Come to me, my own—come quickly; every moment without you is an agony. Yes, Bertrand, papa had a *long, delightful* interview with Sir Roland yesterday; and he has agreed to *everything*. We are to have *enough* in the mean time; and he says he has no intention of marrying, and that *we are to be his heirs!* Is it not too much happiness? I said to you in jest once that if he only saw *me*, all his objections would fade away! A conceited speech, was it not? But, dearest, I do really flatter myself

that I have had *something* to do with this blessed turn of affairs; and it is my pride and joy that I have been able to serve my beloved Bertrand's interests. His Excellency was *immensely* taken with me. (Don't be jealous.) I could see *that* at once; and, under Providence, I believe I have been the instrument of softening his heart.

"But I will not talk of that now. We shall laugh over all our troubles and adventures soon—shall we not?"

"And now, dearest, come, come, come! Papa says 'Come;' Sir Roland says 'Come;' and *I* say 'COME!' in the largest capitals. If you can get leave, we might be married here, and then have a ramble in the Pyrenees. What a heavenly programme! In that case I would get my *trousseau* in Paris. Might we not meet there, and then come back to this place, which, *from yesterday*, will always be dear to me? His Excellency, who is *far from strong*, I grieve to say, cannot venture on England till the summer is well advanced; and as he *must* be at the wedding, this place would suit all parties best. Write—telegraph—let me hear from you *on the instant*—best of all, telegraph to say, 'I am starting,' and then start at once. And now a short farewell, my beloved Bertrand.—Your own fond, hoping, loving, adoring

"ÉILA.

"P.S.—If you decide on coming straight on here, would you mind bringing for me, from Paris, one dozen pair of gloves—three buttons—6½? You can choose the colours you like best. The gloves here are execrable.

E. M."

There was much to surprise Bertrand in this letter—his uncle's reconciliation most of all. "The other," he said, bitterly, "follows as a matter of course." He paced the

room in deep thought, paused, re-read the letter, and resumed his walk. "Can this be true about my uncle?" was his idea; "or is it another trick—another wheel within the wheel of her falsehood?" At last he was apparently satisfied that the statement as to his uncle must be true. "But," he said, tossing the letter from him, "if his fortune were a hundred times larger, and his favour a hundred times more valuable, and I could only have them on this condition, I would say, 'Never.' I must answer this letter, I suppose; and I must write to Sir Roland and Mr M'Killop. These letters will require thought. I can't begin to-night, though; I shall be having the fever back. This business seems to have taken it out of me a good deal. I feel as tired as if I had walked a hundred miles. I'll go to bed. No; perhaps I had better sit up and see Pigott. I ought to have told him about my affairs before. He has been awfully kind. I'll tell him to-night, and take his advice as to the tone of my letters. When it comes to be a matter of hard common-sense, his advice is worth having." Then he threw himself upon the sofa, much exhausted, and waited for his friend. As his friend was returning from his party, he chuckled to himself on this wise—"Well, I've got a lead for him at last that he can't help following. It's perfectly childish of him, all this mystery; bad for him too. He's too strong now to be damaged by the excitement; and when it's over, he'll be all the better for it. I'll have it out with him to-night;" with which determination he joined his friend.

"Sleeping, Bertrand?" he cried, cheerily, as he entered the room.

"No, no; I was only resting a bit."

"Well, you must waken up, and

hear all about my dissipation. After our quiet life, I feel like a young lady just come home from her first ball, and I must talk it all over."

"How is the widow?"

"The excellent person you allude to is not on the war-path. Her gallant husband still slakes his thirst in salubrious Bundlecund."

"How did you find that out?"

"I circumvented it by degrees—drew the conversation to the Indian regimental funds, in connection with which, a man is described in the matrimonial language of the East as good for so much, 'dead or alive;' and I saw that Curtis's posthumous advantages were still in prospect."

"And had you a lot of people there?"

"Ten ortwelve—and a good enough dinner. A brother—M'Kascal—did host—a man rather of the Tainsh pattern, but stupider. He had a deplorable story about a capercailzie; nobody would listen to it, but somehow it seemed to entangle itself with the conversation, and kept rising at the most unlooked-for times, all through dinner. Then there was an old foggy—also Scotch, and very fierce and argumentative. I suppose he thought I looked like a Tory, for he kept dangling little controversial baits in front of me, in a Radical sense. He abused the Army Estimates, and was awfully sold when I agreed with him; he pronounced Gladstone to be a 'Phoenix,' when I agreed with him again, on the ground that he was for ever rising on the ashes of his old principles. He didn't quite seem to understand the allusion, but, considering it hostile, kept reiterating the statement that, 'say what they liked, he was a "Phoenix," and a "Phoenix" he would prove himself.' The whole thing got rather into a cross-purpose jumble at one time, for M'Kascal was a Tory, and stuck by

his principles, without, however, relinquishing his yarn: so that at one time it appeared that, if people only stuck to the capercaillie, Ireland would be pacified; whereas if Gladstone happened to be sitting upon eggs, and you came upon him in a wood, the chances were ten to one he would come at you like a steam-engine. The Phoenix and the capercaillie were really distracting. But lovely woman was there to mollify everything—M'Kascal's wife and the Phoenix-man's daughters; the former talked about something she called 'protoplasm.' It seems to be a new sort of arrowroot, which does not necessarily, as she assured me, impeach the veracity of Holy Writ. She seemed perfectly sober too, so I suppose that confounded capercaillie has been too much for her intellect. It would pretty soon do for mine, I know. The younger lady was very arch,—told me she knew *all* about me and my friend up yonder (you); and wasn't it odd and mysterious? I admitted that it was, but how? Ah! there it was—couldn't I guess? No, I couldn't. How stupid I was! was it true that officers were all stupid and conceited? Yes, I believed so. Ah! there I was—fishing for compliments! but I must guess, guess. Well, perhaps she had read about us in the Bournemouth Visitors' List? No, she hadn't—a very, very dear friend of hers had told her about us. A lady? Yes, and *such* a nice girl. Unnecessary to say so of a 'very, very dear friend' of hers.

"There I was, again, with my absurdity. How did *I* know *she* was not horrid and nasty, and therefore the friend of horrid and nasty girls? I quite felt the justice of the question, and said I gave up the riddle. 'Well,' she said, 'you must have patience; she is coming in here this evening. You shall have a surprise.

I quite look forward to seeing your meeting. It's almost romantic, I declare. I wouldn't for worlds miss the meeting. Certainly I won't tell you who she is.' And she didn't, but gushed and prattled away on other subjects; and what with her archness, and the protoplasm, and the capercaillie, and the Phoenix, and the Aberdonian clangour of the voices all round the table, I can assure you I was not sorry when dinner was over. When we got to the drawing-room, who do you think the mysterious lady proved to be? Not that you'll guess any more than I did. I was glad to see her, however—although I can't say there was much romance about the meeting. She was always rather a friend of mine; but, by the by, Bertrand, you've become such a dark horse, I don't know whether she is a friend of yours any longer. Perhaps" (with mock gravity) "I had better change the subject?"

"Not at all: you may talk of any man, woman, or child under the sun, I assure you."

"Very well, I will. It was Morna Grant."

"Morna Grant here!"

"In the flesh; and apparently in better spirits than the last time we saw her."

"What is she doing here?"

"Abiding, residing with some of her mother's ancestors, I should say, from the name, which begins with a sneeze, turns into a cough, and ends airily in a hiccup. I won't attempt it."

"Don't, please. I certainly should not have expected to meet her here."

"She asked very kindly for you."

"Hum!"

"Hoped she would see you."

"Ah!"

"Gave me her address, that we might call."



“Oh!”

“What a genius you have for monosyllables to-night! I told her about your illness. She had only just heard of it. Wasn't that odd?”

“No; why should she have heard of it?”

“Ah! why indeed, of course? And then she said—but, hang it! perhaps you'll blaze out, and think me impertinent if I say what she said?”

“Not I; go on.”

“Well, of course, Bertrand, I know nothing of your affairs. I have only conjectured; and, after all, it seems, from what she says, that my conjectures have not been correct.”

“As how?”

“Well, not to mince matters, she began to talk about her people, and your—your engagement, you know, and that it had been suspended for a time, but that it was all on again, and the marriage to come off immediately. I said I knew nothing about it; but you hadn't been corresponding with her people—I knew *that*—and that I thought you would have told me if the marriage was coming off. I said I thought she must be mistaken. But she said that was impossible, for she had had a letter from her people—her mother or her step-sister, I forget which—this very evening, announcing that the marriage is to take place at Pau a few weeks after this.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed Bertrand.

“I must say, Bertrand, I think you might have told an old pal like me. Here have I been cherishing a spirit of malice and all uncharitableness against the future Mrs Cameron. Why on earth didn't you tell me you were going to be married?”

“Why didn't I tell you? because

it's an infernal lie from beginning to end.”

“Odd, that; for I should have said that if truth were possible in a woman—I don't assert it is, mind—probably it might be possible in Morna Grant.”

“Granted, granted; I have no doubt she believed what she told you. She was deceived—lied to—that's all; don't you see?”

“No, hang me if I do. It's as mysterious as the proto—what d'ye call it? I'll have a pipe; and you had better go to bed—you are looking done up.”

“No, no; I wish to talk to you, Pigott. I have a lot to say to you on this very subject. I was going to speak to you about it to-night at any rate. I daresay you've been surprised that I have never alluded to my engagement since I came back?”

“My dear fellow, you ought to know by this time that nothing ever surprises me.”

“No matter; I ought to have spoken to you about it before. I owed it to you, Pigott. You've been kinder to me than I ever dreamt it possible a man could be. I've never thanked you; but I've felt it, old fellow—believe me, I have. Very few men would have gone through what you have for me, and——”

“There, there, Bertrand. For heaven's sake don't gush about it! I hate that sort of thing, you know. If it hadn't amused me to nurse you I wouldn't have done it, be sure of that. Now, go on with your yarn.”

“Well, if you won't be thanked, you shan't be. Pigott, you were right about—about Miss M'Killop.”

“I never said anything about her.”

“Not in words—even in words you hinted things that made me

angry,—but I knew by your manner you didn't believe in her: was I not right?"

"Well, if you put it to me, frankly, I never did, from the moment I clapped eyes on her. If you would like to throw things at me, say so, and I'll go to bed."

"No; it's all over between us long ago. I am not going to indulge you with a tirade against her, and female faithlessness, and all that sort of thing, however."

"*Soit pour dit*, by all manner of means."

"I will simply tell you that she treated me—that she treated me very ill, and that she was actually guilty of falsehood."

"Ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon, Bertrand, but your earnestness was so appalling; and then only to hear, after all, that the world goes round!"

"It may amuse you, but it very nearly killed me. I haven't the advantage of being a sceptic or a cynic—not even yet, you see."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Bertrand. Upon my honour, I'm sorry I spoke as I did. The whole affair must have been hard on you, or you wouldn't have suffered as I have seen you suffer. Go on, old fellow; I won't transgress again."

And Bertrand went on and narrated all the particulars of his eventful visit to Edinburgh, and read him the letter just received—all without passion or comment of any description; insomuch that Pigott said to himself, "What a boon that fever has been to him! it has positively almost made him sensible." He dwelt pretty strongly upon his interview with old M'Killop—fully exonerating him of complicity, as indeed the result—the unexpected compliance of Sir Roland—clearly did. It was rather a disappointment to Pigott to admit this, and

also that the conviction of felony must have been satisfactorily explained. "It remains, however, a wonderful puzzle," he said, "how M'Killop could have persuaded your uncle—not so much of his innocence, but to recognise its value in a convicted man. Even to tolerably unworldly people, the conviction would be worse than the guilt. Perhaps your uncle is thoroughly unworldly, however?"

"On the contrary, perhaps there is not a more worldly man in existence."

"Then either M'Killop must be one of the cleverest fellows out, or this letter is another specimen of his daughter's talent for fiction."

"I thought of that, but it is impossible; it would be quite meaningless, for one thing: besides, detection would be so certain. No; strange as it may sound, M'Killop must have carried his point with Sir Roland."

"Then, Bertrand, you've made about as narrow an escape as man ever did."

"I have; and learned a lot of lessons into the bargain."

"I fancy you rather agree with me about the fair sex now?"

"If you mean that I include them all in one common sneer, you are quite mistaken. You brag about your stern logic; mine may not be so stern, but I think it is fully more correct. It certainly doesn't teach me to reason from one particular instance up to a general truth."

"Spoken like a schoolman!"

"It is all very well to laugh, but yours is the absurdity; I think he would be a mean, miserable, petty creature who took to misanthropy or misogyny—or whatever the word is—for such a cause. It would be just as reasonable, if, after you had picked one sour apple in an orchard,

you were to cry out, 'Have nothing to do with that orchard; its apples are all sour!'"

"You stick to your apples and I'll cling to the 'mahogany;' but really you ought to sell out and go to the bar."

"And as for unhappiness setting one against all creation, on the contrary, it ought to make one better and kinder."

"You must relinquish the idea of the bar, and declare for the Church; but wait till the bishop has said, 'Go forth and preach'—for the present, don't do it, like a good fellow. Why didn't you write to M'Killop at once from Edinburgh?"

"I was nearly out of my mind at first; then you know I was ill; and then, afterwards, I thought silence was best. I fancied the young lady would take her own way of telling her father; and she must have been deceiving him all along."

"Evidently; how she has out-manceuvred herself! Fancy the

row she'll get into with her own people!"

"That depends on how I answer her letter, and how I write to them. If I leave her to make her own story, no doubt she'll get out of it cleverly enough."

"Yes, and the next act in the piece will be a breach-of-promise case instituted by the unconscious M'Killop, and perhaps a second disinheritance by his amiable Excellency;—that would be quite in keeping with your old style. *Place aux dames* in all things, even if they should wish to walk into our reputations and our fortunes without an equivalent."

"No, no, I would not consider myself bound to make any sacrifice for her; still, unnecessary cruelty is not in my line. We must talk this matter over seriously, however, before I write. To-night I am too tired; I must go to bed. And, of course, I must see Miss Grant tomorrow, for it will not do to have her publishing this fiction all over the place."

## NATIONAL DEFENCE AND ARMY ORGANISATION.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Notwithstanding all that has been said and written during the last few months upon National Defence and Army Organisation, no very definite conclusions appear to have been yet established, and even such as exist seem in some respects erroneous.

The prevalent tone of public opinion seems to be, that wars for the future will be made on a great scale, and will be suddenly undertaken without previous warning; that we should therefore maintain large forces for our own safety, and to preserve our due influence in Europe. There is also, apparently, a very general notion that we are deficient of *matériel*, and that our army is defective in organisation, in numbers, and in intelligent preparation. My experience does not confirm the major part of these views, so far as they relate to the defences of the United Kingdom, although I believe that our military arrangements require certain reforms.

The great Continental Powers of Europe feel themselves called upon to keep vast masses of soldiers ready for the field, because their frontiers are open and contiguous to each other for long distances, and are often, in fact, mere geographical lines of demarcation; and therefore the ambition or the warlike propensities of one compel the rest, for their safety, to arm heavily. And no doubt the modern means of rapid communication of orders by the telegraph, and of concentration of men and *matériel* by railway, do give great facilities for entering on a campaign, and for the sudden movements of great armies. Our insular position, however, very much neutralises all these powers of concen-

tration and quick movements so far as attack on our shores is concerned. We hold a powerful position in Europe and in the world, not so much on account of the numerical strength of our army, but on account of our great maritime power, our colonial and foreign possessions, the freedom of our institutions, and partly, we may hope, from the energy and enterprise of our national character.

In considering the danger of a possible invasion of this country, we should always bear in mind the great difficulties inherent to all expeditions across the sea. The Crimean expedition is a striking instance in point. Those who were engaged in the arrangements connected with it are aware that the assembling of the ships and their preparation—more especially those for the cavalry, artillery, and munitions of war—and the necessary rafts for disembarkation, occupied many anxious weeks; preparations which were notorious, and could not be concealed.

In the voyage from Varna to the Crimea the Allies were favoured with fine weather, they were not attacked by the enemy's fleet, and the disembarkation was equally quiet and unopposed. A moderate gale would have dispersed the ships, and even a slight attack might have thrown the whole into confusion, and have disconcerted our plans. Every thoughtful person present at the time was struck with the helplessness of a great crowd of transports laden with men, horses, guns, and stores.

Favoured in every respect, the French and English only succeeded in landing 50,000 men with proportionate field-artillery. Even

after our landing on an open beach, and when we were without any base of operations, the Russians did not fire a shot or attempt opposition, otherwise the expedition might then have been exposed to danger of failure. The successful landing in the Crimea, therefore, by no means bears out the view that the operation is one which can be hastily undertaken or easily accomplished.

With regard to this country, for many years after the great war which terminated at Waterloo, our defensive arrangements both by land and sea fell to a very low, and, what now appears to us to have been, a dangerous condition. In the celebrated correspondence between Sir John Burgoyne and the late Duke of Wellington in 1846, it was pointed out that our standing army at home did not exceed 30,000 men; that the militia were not embodied; that our dockyards and harbours were feebly defended; that militia stores were deficient, and the field-artillery reduced to a skeleton. On the other hand, France, at that very time, had, it was stated, at least 150,000 men always ready for the field. She had a fleet almost as numerous as our own, and a long line of coast, with numerous harbours, great and small, in comparative proximity to our shores; steam, moreover, had to a certain extent bridged the Channel. Sir John Burgoyne pointed out that the temporary loss of our command at sea was therefore possible, and that the success of an invasion under such circumstances was probable. The Duke considered that the French could readily land 40,000 men provided with artillery.

Our condition and state of preparation are, however, more satisfactory now than in those days. The regular troops at home amount to 100,000 men; we have 135,000 militia, and 170,000 volunteers; and shall shortly have 336 field-

guns manned, horsed, and equipped, which is almost double the amount we have had at any time since Waterloo. Whether as regards the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, or the guns, ammunition, and equipments generally, the field-artillery of this country can, in my opinion, compare favourably with that of any other nation. The establishments of the individual batteries are on a more liberal scale than is usual in time of peace with other Powers, and there is a depot of about 2600 men to supplement them in time of war. We have upwards of 7000 garrison gunners for the fortresses, besides 15,000 militia and 37,000 volunteer artillerymen; so that, with respect to this particular branch of the army, and one which is so especially important for defensive purposes, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on our position, as compared with that of 1846. Again, without dwelling on the present condition of France, it is, I think, evident that our nearest neighbour will not, for many years, be so predominant in Europe, and will not possess the same aggressive power as heretofore. It may perhaps be argued that if France is weaker, Prussia or other Powers will be proportionately stronger; but as a matter of fact, the very geographical position of France, her long line of coast with its numerous harbours — some of them fortified, and in such close comparative proximity to our own — affords her facilities such as no other nation can possess; indeed, of late years, when the invasion of England has been discussed, it has almost always been considered, and very naturally, that the danger would lie in that direction. The difficulties of maritime expeditions increase rapidly according to the distance to be traversed, especially in rough northern seas.

I therefore look upon an invasion

of England without considerable previous warning as an impossibility. It would at all events require a total defeat of our naval force before an enemy could approach our shores, and when we consider the numbers and efficiency of our ships, and the power of their magnificent armaments, it is assuming a great deal to suppose that they could be driven from the sea. The armaments of all our ships both in commission and in reserve are complete in guns, carriages, ammunition, and stores.

As regards our home defences, the modern fortifications of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Portland, Dover, the mouths of the Thames and Medway, and of other places, are approaching completion, after ten years of labour. These great works are now receiving their armaments, and those armaments are probably the most powerful in the world, and are rapidly progressing. No doubt much remains to be done with respect to the numerous and important commercial ports and rivers, but the manufacture of heavy guns is proceeding with vigour, and with the great means of our arsenal in the production of ordnance and ammunition, it is a question more of money than anything else. We should also bear in mind that the development of the new auxiliary defence by torpedoes adds considerable facilities for protecting our harbours and rivers. The necessary arrangements connected with them are now in hand; they can be applied to any position, and do not require long to mature; so that, combined with land armaments and with the assistance of small gunboats, we ought to feel certain of being able to close the entrance of every harbour and creek on the coast to a hostile fleet. We have ample supplies of military stores; and in all that relates to the produc-

tion of *matériel* of war, we are, in my opinion, better prepared now than at any period within my recollection.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on the difficulties of maritime expeditions and of landing on an enemy's coast, because the great and singular advantages of our insular position appear to me to have been somewhat overlooked in the late discussions, and because I am anxious to show that a sudden and unforeseen invasion of this country is impossible. Should an enemy break through our blockade of his ports and succeed in defeating our fleets, and, favoured with fair weather, approach our coasts, even then we have the power, by means of land batteries, gunboats, and torpedoes, of preventing his entering our harbours, and of forcing him to the hazardous attempt of landing on an open beach, and entering on a campaign without a base of operations. It is at such a critical juncture that the Militia and Volunteer Artillery might be expected to prove useful auxiliaries to the Royal Artillery, not only with the heavy ordnance in our coast batteries, but also with movable guns of position. At all hazards the enemy should be attacked on landing.

No doubt it is possible that in spite of every effort on our part such a contingency may arise, and then the struggle must be fought out on land. Still it must be carried on upon terms advantageous to us in every way. The enemy must be comparatively limited in numbers, weak in artillery, and in some confusion. On the other hand we have all the inner lines of communication, the railways and telegraphs in our possession; and certainly, under these circumstances, if we retain any of our ancient courage and determination, we ought to be able to defeat such a rash attempt, and

to drive our foes back into the sea.

There seems to be a general impression that our main arsenal at Woolwich is very open to attack, and that we should therefore maintain another more inland. To this argument I demur. Now that the great forts on the Thames at and below Gravesend are approaching completion, some of them being already armed, and considering that the river itself is a difficult one in parts for large vessels, and considering also how easy it is to close it with lines of torpedoes, Woolwich, under these circumstances, appears to me as safely as it is conveniently placed. We have depots of guns, ammunition, and stores also at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, Weedon, and other places.

As regards manufacture, Messrs Armstrong at Newcastle, Sir J. Whitworth & Co. at Manchester, and other firms, are capable, in case of need, of turning out guns and munitions rapidly, in large quantities; consequently, there seems no necessity to incur the expense of a second manufacturing arsenal. Our policy in this matter has been, to manufacture partly ourselves and to encourage the trade; and this seems as sound in principle as it is economical to the State.

With respect to the position of our depots, it should always be borne in mind that we are a great maritime Power, that we have to supply the navy with guns and munitions of war, and that our chief land defences are on the coast, and our depots should be placed accordingly. In short, we should adapt our arrangements to the requirements of the service, and not provide for imaginary campaigns in the heart of England when our natural defences lie elsewhere. Not only that, but, for all foreign expeditions, it is essential that our depots should

be at hand; therefore, for offensive or defensive purposes, we should keep our strength and our munitions near the coast, because it is the point of departure for foreign war, and the strongest line for national defence. Our exceptionally fortunate position renders it unnecessary to map out the country into districts and to maintain large *corps d'armée*, as in reality we have no neighbours—we stand apart in the ocean. The requirements of an army for home defence, in all that relates to supplies, camp equipage, and transport, are of a very modified character, as compared to those of troops engaged in a distant campaign in a hostile country. But, on the other hand, in entering on a Continental war, we have always at the commencement to encounter the special difficulties of transporting our troops with all their *impedimenta* across the seas, and we must therefore make our arrangements accordingly.

Passing now to the next portion of the subject, and in considering what should be the organisation of our forces, and in comparing it with that of other nations, it is to be observed that the duties required of our troops are more varied, and in many respects more onerous, than those of others, and our system cannot consequently be so simple.

The great military Powers of Europe have one main object in view—namely, to protect themselves from powerful neighbours; the whole of their army is at home; their military systems, therefore, are devoted to the creation of the largest possible army at the smallest cost, and to be ready in the shortest time.

Our circumstances, however, are different. In the first place, our insular position gives us considerable advantages so far as home defence is concerned, and renders unneces-

sary the colossal arrangements considered essential by the Continental Powers; and therefore, were our responsibilities limited to the protection of the United Kingdom, our military organisation might be simple and cheap. We could adopt the Prussian or some similar plan, so far as required, and feel secure. But, on the other hand, our colonial possessions and our empire of India require a large number of troops to protect them; in fact, at present we have 80,000 men abroad, three-fourths of whom are in the East.

These troops are so dispersed over the world that they cannot be relied on for assistance at home in case of need; and the very distance of our foreign dependencies, especially of India, renders it impossible to adopt altogether the cheap and efficient short-service plan, and therefore our whole army system is complicated and overborne by the nature of our empire.

There are many officers who, perceiving the great difficulties of reconciling these somewhat conflicting varieties of service, are disposed to cut the matter short by creating two separate and distinct armies — the one for permanent duty in India, the other for home defence. There are, however, great objections to this proposal. An army of English soldiers, permanently localised in a country and climate such as India, far away from English associations, and ever resident amidst inferior Eastern races, is apt to become turbulent in spirit and lax in discipline, and these defects in time become chronic. Those who are acquainted with the circumstances connected with the dissolution of the local European army in India, in 1859, would be able to urge strong reasons against the renewal of such a system. But there are other and still greater objections. The distinguishing features of the English army have been

its love of enterprise and its varied experience from service in all quarters of the globe. The army has, in this respect, been imbued with the national character, and both officers and men have derived great advantages from the various and enlarged nature of their duties. To create a local army for India would cut off our forces from their widest field of enterprise in the East; and it may be feared that if the home army were to be limited to the defence of these shores, it would be found, after a few years of peace, to have dwindled away into a mere lifeless local militia, without ambition or experience, and would probably be unprepared and ignorant in the hour of need.

The chief defects of our present military arrangements, as regards men, appear to consist, not so much in deficiency of numbers as in want of unity and elasticity of system. The army, the militia, the pensioners, and the volunteers, have all distinct organisations, and instead of being parts of one whole, are rivals, and in a degree almost antagonistic to each other, both in feeling and in fact; and there is no sufficient trained reserve.

The army consists of men regularly trained, enlisted for service all over the world, passing most of their time abroad. The militia is only available for home, or occasionally in war for colonial duties. It is not permanently embodied, the men are but partially trained, and the officers, as a rule, are not professional soldiers.

The volunteers, though patriotic in spirit, are hardly soldiers in the strict sense of the word; they are civilians, under arms occasionally, subject to no military law, and generally without professional leaders. It is sometimes supposed that in their organisation they represent to



a certain extent the Prussian system, whereas in reality they are precisely the reverse, the Prussian soldiers having to undergo three years' training, the service being compulsory, the discipline strict, and the officers all professional.

The militia and the volunteers may be looked upon as auxiliaries more or less useful, but at present they are not, in the ordinary sense, reserves for the army. The volunteers are of course out of the question in this respect; and although the militia give men in certain numbers to the line, the doing so is justly considered an injury to the former force. The one is a rival, not a reserve, to the other.

Whether the militia and the volunteers be considered as reserves or auxiliaries to the regulars, or whatever relation they may be supposed to hold, the organisation, taken as a whole, is the reverse of that which obtains in Continental armies. With us the old soldiers stand in the first line, then the partially-trained men, then the armed civilians; whereas in the Continental armies the new levies come first, and so on, each reserve being composed of older men than the one before it; and this seems a more natural order of things.

At present, owing to the absence of reserves, the army and the militia, in the event of augmentation, both go to the same source—that is, to the open market—for recruits. If the increase is a large one, the men are not obtained for months, and even then they have to be drilled before they are fit for war; in fact, with the militia, the annual training is so short that they never become efficient. It is evident, therefore, that what we require is unity and elasticity of system; our forces at present constitute a disjointed structure

of armed men without cohesion, and the result is a vast expenditure, and but little real efficiency, except as regards the regular forces. Each body of men should be a reserve to the other, so that when an augmentation is required, the Secretary of State for War ought to feel that he has the power of immediately calling out the numbers required, not of recruits, but of trained soldiers.

In short, we require an army composed of men who have to perform two different duties—the one for home defence, the other for the protection of India, the colonies, and for foreign wars. The first may be men of short service, but with the other it is impossible.

It appears to me that we might accomplish our double object by making the militia the basis of the whole; enlisting a certain proportion of the population annually for short service, sending them home when their education is sufficiently complete—say at the end of twelve months—calling them out afterwards for short summer drills; and out of this home army allowing volunteers for the line. The regular forces should have no other means of obtaining recruits. Each regiment of militia, properly officered, should be the depot battalion of its fellow in the line, to which the old soldiers would return and form a second reserve. This would at once produce unity of feeling and of system, would make the army popular by localising its interests, and would put an end to the present regimental depots and to rival recruiting.

I merely sketch out this plan as a simple and cheap solution of a great difficulty. It is one which has been advocated, to a certain extent, by Lord Monck,\* Lord Sandhurst, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir William Russell, and others.

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\* Speech in the House of Lords, 23d April 1869.

Lord Sandhurst, in a recent speech in the House of Lords, said :—

“He would suggest that the age at which the militia recruit should be received should be 18, and the line recruit 21. That regulation would at least get rid of the evil of which the officers complained—namely, the competition which now existed for the same class of men for both services. At the end of every training season the Secretary for War would declare what number of young men were required to fill vacancies in the army for that year, and he would then call for volunteers from the militia regiments to fill the vacancies in the line regiments. It must be understood that any man thus coming from the militia into the line must have completed his 20th year.”

Sir William Russell, in a debate in the House of Commons, said :—

“Our present experience in recruiting for the army and militia proved that there would be no difficulty in raising 50,000 men annually. He certainly thought the best course to pursue would be to enlist men for the militia in the first instance, and draft them into the army afterwards.”

Again, he writes on 10th May :—

“Three years is unnecessarily long for the training of a soldier for the army of defence; one year would be amply sufficient, after which he would return to his civil occupation, being available for home service whenever required. Three years is not long enough for the duties required from a professional soldier in a very small standing army, such as we ought to maintain.

“The formation by voluntary enlistment, annually, of an embodied militia of 50,000 men, as a training school for one year for the whole military force of the country, would admit of a reduction of 50,000 men in the standing army. And under my proposed scheme, the sum required annually would be very considerably less than the present army estimates, at the same time that the local militia and the army and militia reserves would consist of more than double the number of men provided by the Government plan, and their efficiency would be very greatly increased.”

General Sir Robert Walpole, in a letter to the ‘Times,’ 3d February 1871, writes :—

“The militia is the proper reserve for the army; it should be the feeder for the line, but it is not so. Indeed it is a detriment, as it monopolises the men required for the army, and holds them fast when they are required for active service. It is well known, as Sir William Mansfield states in his letter to Lord Elcho, recently published in the ‘Times,’ that difficulties are thrown in the way of the men in the militia volunteering for the line, notwithstanding that the men are willing to volunteer.

“The remedy for this is the fusion of the militia with the army. Every battalion of infantry should have a militia regiment amalgamated with it; the former for active service, the latter to form a depot and reserve to it.

“The headquarters of the reserve and depot battalion should be permanently established in its own county, not in the county town, but in cantonments in its neighbourhood.

“The men should be enlisted for service at home and abroad in their own regiment. The colonel of the regiment should draw annually, or oftener if necessary, by volunteering, the number of men required to complete the service battalion.”

The original intention of George III., in giving regiments county denominations in 1782, was to promote recruiting by creating local and mutual attachments; and as long ago as 1809, Sir Harry Calvert, the then adjutant-general, advocated a system very similar to that now proposed.

It is, in my opinion, somewhat difficult to reconcile the efficient and economical administration of an army with Parliamentary government as at present conducted, and with what are usually called free institutions.

The army is as it were dissected, and its administration and numbers canvassed every year in the House of Commons by members, the great majority of whom, from their avocations, are not well fitted for such investigations. This arrangement is unfavourable to unity of system. Constant interference in details almost paralyses the administrative

departments; personal interests and political considerations also enter largely into the debates, and the tendency of modern legislation has been to diminish the official representation of the army in Parliament. For instance, in the year 1829, when

the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister, and when the army and ordnance estimates combined only amounted to £7,750,000, the army was officially represented in Parliament as follows:—

*Secretary of State, War, and Colonies*—The Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Sir George Murray, G.C.B.  
*Commander-in-Chief*—Lord Hill, G.C.B.  
*The Master-General of the Ordnance*—Lord Beresford, G.C.B.  
*The Secretary at War*—The Right Honourable Sir Henry Hardinge, K.C.B.  
*The Clerk of the Ordnance*—The Right Honourable Spencer Perceval.  
*Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance*—Lord Edward Somerset.  
*Surveyor-General of the Ordnance*—Major-General Sir Henry Fane, K.C.B.  
*Principal Storekeeper of Ordnance*—Colonel Trench.  
*The Clerk of Deliveries of Ordnance*—General Phipps.  
*Secretary to the Master-General*—Lord Downes.  
*Treasurer of the Ordnance*—William Holmes, Esq.  
*The Paymaster-General of the Forces*—The Right Honourable J. Calcraft.  
*The Judge Advocate-General*—The Right Honourable Sir John Beckett, Bart.

One favourite argument in the House of Commons is, that the defence of this country is but an affair of money—a matter of insurance. This is a great error. No amount of mere money can stand in place of that personal service which is incumbent on every man. Golden shields will never save a country. We want more soldiers, and then we shall require less money. In North Germany about 100,000 are trained yearly, and the estimates in 1867 were estimated to be 9½ millions; whereas with us only 15,000 were raised in the same time for the army, and our estimates in that year exceeded £14,000,000. It may be true that the Prussian system, in removing so many from the pursuits of civil life, is equally costly in the end. Conscription doubtless consists in obtaining the services of men below their market value, but then they obtain what they require—namely, soldiers sufficient for national defence; and when the safety and honour of their country are at stake, they are lavish, not of their money, but of their blood.

In considering military organisation, it should be borne in mind that the efficiency of an army depends far more upon national character than upon mere administration. There are many officers of rank and experience who have commanded troops with success in the field, and who are fully capable of organising and administering its affairs; but unless the nation is true to itself, and unless the people, as a body, are prepared to exhibit that devotion, and to submit to those sacrifices of their time and personal liberties, by which alone the army can be maintained in efficiency, all our efforts will be rendered nugatory. This is the important question which the people of this country have to consider, and to be prepared to respond to.

The late events in France, and the great defeats which the French have sustained, are striking evidences of what I have stated. Although it is now the fashion to discredit the arrangements in that country, we should bear in mind that their military system is one

which, in former years, led them constantly to victory; that in its main features it was still in force when the crash came; consequently, we must seek elsewhere for the cause of the sudden collapse, which seems due far more to the degradation and loss of virtue of the people generally, than to mere military defects. The army fell with the nation.

There are three main principles on which all successful armies must be formed—drill, discipline, and professional leaders. The first is the training of the body. Men who aspire to be soldiers must not only be well drilled to the use of their arms, to rapid movements and hard marching, but they must be content to sleep in the open air, to live occasionally upon rough, scanty, badly-cooked food, and in every respect to submit cheerfully to exposure and privations. The second is the training of the mind, and is far more difficult of acquirement. Soldiers, to be really such, must be content to sacrifice their personal and political liberties, and, in silence and cheerfulness, to submit to the superior will of their commanding officers. These iron rules are absolute, and can never be relaxed; they are the basis of all success.

But, above all, it is necessary that armed men should be commanded by experienced professional leaders. A man who aspires to lead others must know more, dare more—ay, and have suffered more—than they. He must

be one to whom his men can look up with confidence, and with a feeling that he is able to lead them to victory, and, what is still more difficult, to save them in defeat. Armed men without such a leader will rarely gain a victory, and a disaster will render them a despairing, helpless mob of men with muskets. These principles are eternal. They have been the foundation of successful armies since the creation, and will continue to be so to the end. Each one can judge for himself how far they form the basis of our present military arrangements, and how far the nation generally is prepared to acquiesce in them. There are many who fear that a large number of people in this country are gradually giving themselves up to luxury and pleasure, whilst others are completely absorbed in the sordid pursuit of wealth. If this be so in any great degree, our national character will assuredly deteriorate, and the army cannot be maintained in efficiency. If we continue to be brave, simple, enterprising, and modest, as of yore, the country is in no danger; but if, on the other hand, we become lazy, frivolous, and effeminate, and if we live chiefly for the pleasure of heaping up money, then it may be relied on that no army organisation, however perfect, will be sufficient to save us in the day of peril, should it come.

JOHN ADYE,  
*Brigadier-General, Royal  
Artillery.*

LONDON, *July* 1871.

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## THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF FRANCE.

THE events of the last twelve months placed France in a position of financial difficulty of so varied and complicated a nature, that the impression produced amongst a large number of the lookers-on was that she might possibly be unable to rally from so tremendous a blow. Not only was her prestige destroyed as the first military Power, but it appeared to many people, even of those who regarded her with real sympathy, that her material ruin was complete, and that she might collapse under it. The disaster looked so vast, the burden so crushing, that the most hopeful were constrained to admit that long years must pass before she could fill up the hole which had been dug by her defeat. And yet these forebodings, which may have seemed quite reasonable and natural to persons who have not studied the resources of France, have faded out of sight during the last few weeks. The astonishing success of the loan, and the energetic revival of work and trade, have suddenly led Europe to suspect either that France is less hurt than was imagined, or that her recuperative powers are infinitely greater than any one had supposed. The notion that she is ruined beyond redemption has vanished utterly; even the impression that she will need much time to heal her wounds is disappearing; the feeling generally prevalent now is, that her complete recovery is certain, and will probably be very rapid.

Hostile critics and desponding friends may have really believed that a great country—great in agriculture, in manufactures, and in trade—a country of thirty-eight millions of people—could be entirely ruined by seven months of unsuccessful war; but though the circumstances were grave, and pro-

voked legitimate anxiety as to the means which France could employ to repair her losses, they never justified the fears of almost total destruction which were so current during the early part of the year. The revulsion of opinion is now so thorough that many people will probably be unable to recognise that they ever entertained a doubt on the subject; but a reference to the newspapers of January and February will show how deep and general doubt then was, and will give the exact measure of the change which has taken place in the interval. The confidence which has now sprung up, the expectation that France will not only be able to pay with relative ease its debt to Prussia, but that it will speedily recoup all the money losses consequent upon the war and the Communist insurrection, are, however, sentiments rather than convictions; they are feelings provoked by reaction and surprise rather than deductions resulting from an examination of the facts. They are much nearer the truth than were the previous ideas of coming ruin; but, amongst the great majority of the public, they are not founded on any solid knowledge of the details of the case, and if political difficulties again occurred in France, these impressions would perhaps yield their place to renewed fears, as exaggerated and as groundless as those which have just disappeared. A continued series of revolutions would necessarily delay material recovery, and would produce a degree of exhaustion which would render that recovery far more laborious than it is likely to be as things stand now; but, ultimately, the reconstitutive power which the country possesses in so extraordinary a degree would infallibly produce its result, the difference being

that the process would in that case be slow and difficult, instead of being rapid and relatively easy. The subject is of deep interest to England: our relations with France are so intimate and varied—the consequences to us of any ruin across the Channel would be so serious in a money sense, and so keenly felt politically and socially—that it is well worth our while to closely examine the financial situation of France, and to try to form a definite opinion for ourselves as to the future prospects which that situation seems to render probable. Finance is a dry study, but, in the question before us, it is the only basis on which discussion can rest; and as it will lead us to encouraging results, we shall find some recompense in them for a little attention to figures and calculations.

Before we look at the present or the future, it is, however, essential to glance backwards for an instant in order to see where France was before the war broke out. Her position at that moment must necessarily be taken as our starting-point. The budget of 1870, which gives the latest information on the subject, was, like its predecessors during the later years of the Empire, divided into three parts. The ordinary budget showed an expenditure of £66,036,000; the extraordinary budget amounted to £4,976,000; while what is generally called the departmental budget added a fur-

ther sum of £11,212,000. The whole outlay of the country for 1870 appeared therefore to reach £82,224,000; but this figure is illusory: the real sum was considerably less. The cost of working the post-office, the telegraph, the State forests, and the tobacco and gunpowder monopolies, is included in the total for £6,556,000, while the gross products of these five items are counted as receipts on the other side of the account. The so-called departmental budget contains an entry of £4,187,000 for “repayments and non-realizations on direct taxes.” The result is that, under these six heads, the budget is fictitiously swollen to the extent of £10,743,000. This way of calculating may be entirely correct according to the laws of book-keeping, which may require that the amounts in question should be passed through both receipts and payments; but in fact those sums form no part of the income or the expenditure of the country, which, for 1870, were estimated to reach £71,481,000, and no more. In order to be able to appreciate the present position, and to judge the probable value and effect of the new ways and means proposed for the future, it is indispensable to indicate the composition of the revenue which produced this total. It was as follows, grouping together the elements of the three sections of the budget:—

	Land tax, . . . . .	£6,900,000	
	Personal and furniture tax, . . . . .	2,143,000	
	Doors and windows, . . . . .	1,574,000	
	Patents (that is to say, the right to trade),	2,671,000	
	Fines, . . . . .	23,000	
		<hr/>	
Direct Taxes,		£13,311,000	
	Additional direct taxes, specially affected to the departmental budget, and included therein as a receipt,	9,360,000	
		<hr/>	
		£22,671,000	
	Less repayments and non-realisation,	4,187,000	
	Forward, . . . . .	<hr/>	£18,484,000

	Forward, . . . . .	£18,484,000
Land-transfer, registration, and mortgage fees; . . . . .		14,511,000
Stamp duty, . . . . .		3,347,000
State domains, . . . . .		200,000
Sale of various objects from the Ministries, . . . . .		305,000
Products of various State establishments, . . . . .		50,000
Product of State forests, . . . . .	£586,000	
Less cost of working, . . . . .	569,000	
	<hr/>	17,000
Customs import duties, . . . . .		4,869,000
"    export duties, . . . . .		4,000
Navigation dues, . . . . .		11,000
Sundry products of the customs, . . . . .		62,000
Excise duties on salt, . . . . .		1,273,000
"    on wine, beer, and spirits, . . . . .		9,737,000
"    on home-made sugar, . . . . .		2,530,000
"    on sundries, . . . . .		1,334,000
Sale of tobacco, . . . . .	£9,872,000	
"    gunpowder, . . . . .	528,000	
	<hr/>	£10,400,000
Less cost of working, . . . . .	2,862,000	
	<hr/>	7,538,000
Post-office receipts, . . . . .	£3,573,000	
Less cost of working, . . . . .	2,647,000	
	<hr/>	926,000
Product of the universities, . . . . .		150,000
"    of Algeria, . . . . .		660,000
<i>Retenues</i> on salaries, &c., . . . . .		589,000
Various receipts, . . . . .		1,745,000
Cochin China indemnity, . . . . .		43,000
Payment from the Société Algérienne, . . . . .		666,000
Balance in hand from the last loan, . . . . .		614,000
Receipts specially affected to the departmental budget, over and above the £9,360,000 already shown in the direct taxes, . . . . .		1,852,000
	<hr/>	£71,517,000
Deduct loss on the telegraph service—		
Cost, . . . . .	£478,000	
Receipts, . . . . .	442,000	
	<hr/>	36,000
	<hr/>	<u>£71,481,000</u>

It is quite unnecessary, for the purposes of this article, to extend this column of figures by giving the details of the expenditure side of the account; it is sufficient to say that interest on the Consolidated Debt (*Rentes*) absorbed £14,000,000, and that the nominal capital of those *Rentes* was £447,000,000. This was the situation when the war broke out.

In August 1870 a first loan of £50,000,000 nominal was effected

by M. Magne, then Minister of Finance. It was in 3 per cent *Rentes*, and was issued at 60½. It consequently costs £1,500,000 a-year, and it produced in cash about £30,000,000. Three months later another loan for a nominal capital of £10,000,000 was brought out in England, in 6 per cent stock at 85. The annual interest on it amounts to £600,000, and its net product to the Treasury was £8,160,000. It results from these facts that on 1st

January 1871 the nominal amount of the Consolidated Debt of France was about £507,000,000, and the annual amount of interest thereon about £16,100,000.

The direct cost of the war is stated by M. Thiers to amount to about £320,000,000, of which £200,000,000 is for the indemnity to Germany, and about £120,000,000 for outlay by France. But the latter sum contains nothing for the requisitions made by the invading army, or for the damage done by battle. It is, however, recognised that the country must pay the value of all this, or, at all events, a large part of it. It would be flagrantly unjust to leave the money consequences of the destruction caused by the war to be paid solely by the inhabitants of the 8000 communes which have been occupied by the Prussians. The other 28,000 communes which have escaped all material suffering ought naturally to contribute their proportion to the losses incurred in the Northern Provinces; and they can only do it in the form of a national payment. The amount to be provided for this purpose is estimated at a minimum of £20,000,000. The cost of the Communal insurrection is another item to add to the list. No official statement has been made with respect to it; but it seems to result, from the various estimates which have

been published, that it must reach somewhere about £6,000,000, not including, of course, the damage done in Paris by fire and bombardment, which alone is said to represent £18,000,000, and which will have to be borne by the municipality. Finally, the interest, at 3 per cent, on the German indemnity represents, for three years (on the £120,000,000 still unpaid), £10,800,000. The total of these various charges reaches about £357,000,000; and it must be remembered that they include nothing but the liabilities which fall on the State—that they make no allowance either for the large share of outlay which the towns and village corporations will have to cover, or for the deficiency of £27,000,000 which has arisen in the estimated product of the taxes in 1870 and 1871—and that the vast sum represented by destruction of trade and by privation of profits must be added to them in order to arrive at a general statement of the entire loss to France, which has, directly or indirectly, been provoked by the war and the insurrection. We, however, are dealing with the cost to the State alone; and we may take £357,000,000 as being very nearly the exact amount of that cost. Part of this sum has been paid already, the cash for it having been provided from the following sources:—

M. Magne's loan gave about . . . . .	£30,000,000
The English loan produced . . . . .	8,160,000
The Departments contributed (for the Garde Mobile) about . . . . .	5,500,000
The Rentes of the army dotation were appropriated and sold for about . . . . .	4,000,000
The Bank of France advanced . . . . .	53,200,000
Exchequer bills were issued for . . . . .	12,240,000
The new loan lastly raised . . . . .	80,000,000

The total of the resources obtained to this date is consequently about . . . . . £193,100,000

With this sum the first £80,000,000 expenses have been discharged. have been paid to Germany, and The amounts remaining to pay are £113,000,000 of the French war a balance of some £7,000,000 on



the French side, £120,000,000 to Prussia, about £11,000,000 of interest thereon, and £26,000,000 for the damage done by the war, and for the cost of the Communist rebellion; the total of these debts is about £164,000,000, forming, with the £193,000,000 already paid, the general amount of £357,000,000, already indicated. The whole of this sum will not, however, constitute a permanent debt; the advances obtained from the Bank, from the army dotations, and on Exchequer bills, representing together £69,440,000, and certain parts of the outstanding claims, will be paid off by degrees out of income, and will never assume a consolidated form: that at least is the intention announced by M. Thiers, and it is easy to understand why he should wish to realise it; he cannot at present raise money under 6 per cent by an issue of Rentes, but the money lent by the Bank of France comes to him in notes which cost that institution nothing, and on which he pays an interest of 3 per cent during this year, and of only 1 per cent from 1st January next; furthermore, this advance in no way presses, for it is repayable during eight years at the rate of £8,000,000 a-year. The consequence is, that the real amount of lasting debt which will have to be contracted is £258,000,000, composed of M. Magne's loan, the English loan, the £80,000,000 just brought out, the £120,000,000 to come three years hence, and, probably, a special and separate issue to provide the £20,000,000 which have to be paid for damages. This £258,000,000 would form a nominal capital in Rentes of about £300,000,000, supposing, which does not seem improbable, that the loans which have yet to be effected are arranged at par, with 5 per cent interest. The entire amount of the National Debt of

France would, on this hypothesis, be carried to about £750,000,000, and the interest on it to about £28,000,000. The balance of war expenditure over and above the £258,000,000 will be successively repaid out of income. This brings us to the next part of the question: what will be the annual expenditure of France when all these charges are included in the Budget?

In his speech of 20th June, on the Loan Bill, M. Thiers has given an explanation of that budget; but, notwithstanding his lucidity, he does not enable us to exactly follow him, and there are some obscure points in his statement which will not be cleared up until the debate takes place on ways and means: his figures permit us, however, to form a very approximate idea of the truth, though in order to do so it is necessary to group the elements of the account in a different way from that which he adopted.

The nominal Budget of 1870 may be taken as the basis of the modified Budget of 1871; it amounted, as has been already shown, to £82,224,000 (including the double entries on each side). The items which will increase this sum will come into play at various dates; some of them will be temporary, some of them permanent; and in order to class them correctly, we are obliged to make two separate calculations;—the first showing the Budget of 1871, as it seems likely to finally come out; the second indicating the Budget of some future year, after all debts are discharged, and all temporary payments completed.

The economies proposed in this year's expenditure do not appear to exceed £1,200,000. This figure is not distinctly given by M. Thiers, but it results, or seems to result, from his speech. If it be correct, the amount we start from—that is

to say, the total of the Peace Budget of 1871—will be £81,024,000. To this we have to add £4,600,000 for interest on the three loans already issued (it should be remembered that the coupons of the last loan date only from 1st July); £3,000,000 for ten months' interest to Germany on the £120,000,000 which remain unpaid; £1,600,000 for interest on the advance made by the Bank; £8,000,000 for the first instalment of repayment of that advance (due 1st January 1872); £4,000,000 for the reconstitution of the dotation of the army; and a margin of, say, £2,000,000 for the unforeseen liabilities which will surely arise at a moment of such complication. This form of estimating the Budget in no way resembles that adopted by M. Thiers; but it does not appear to be far wrong, and it leads us to a total of £104,224,000 for 1871. After Germany is paid in full—after the Bank of France has got back its advances—this amount will be considerably diminished; it will probably fall to about £94,000,000, including therein the interest on the new loans of £120,000,000 for Prussia, and of £20,000,000 for home indemnities. Consequently the future budgets of France seem likely to range between a maximum of £104,000,000 now, and a minimum of £94,000,000 a few years hence. These figures may be modified after discussion of the Budget by the Chamber, but the principle of loading the present in order to diminish the permanent charges in the future is wise and practical, and it is unlikely that the Assembly will reject it. When it became known that the war had cost about £350,000,000, the general idea was that the whole of that sum would be raised in the form of Rentes, and that the interest thereon would involve, at an average of 6 per cent, a durable addition of £21,000,000

to the national expenditure. But instead of borrowing £350,000,000, M. Thiers takes only £258,000,000 (including £20,000,000 for French damages); and instead of incurring a permanent annual payment of £21,000,000 for interest, he will leave behind him an augmentation on that head, which probably will not exceed £14,000,000. To attain this result, however, the next ten years will have to bear a special load, averaging something like £10,000,000 a-year, the effect of which will be to produce a total increase of the Budget during these ten years of about £23,000,000, as compared with the total before the war. This was the original estimate of the new taxes which France would have to support. The plan adopted involves, however, a diminution of that sum hereafter, amounting, as has been shown, to about £10,000,000, so leaving the permanent increase at about £13,000,000 altogether.

M. Poyer Quartier has laid before the Chamber a scheme of taxes destined to make up this deficit: that scheme is mainly based on an increase of the customs duties, which means that, if it be adopted, France will resume the practice of protection which it abandoned in 1860 when the Treaty of Commerce was signed with England. The interest of the subject is doubled by this proposal; it involves not only the raising of some £23,000,000 of new receipts, which is in itself a singularly large question, but also the probability of a total modification of the commercial policy which France has followed for the last eleven years. Before the present project was communicated to the Assembly, the feeling was general throughout the country that the Government would resort to direct taxation in some shape to be determined—that income-tax was

the most likely solution, and that a return to protection (notwithstanding the well-known personal proclivities of M. Thiers and of Pouyer Quertier) could not reasonably be expected. The publication of the Ministerial plan consequently produced considerable surprise, some emotion, and endless discussion. The advocates of direct imposts, especially of income-tax, urged that, at a moment like this, the requisite revenue ought to be raised on production, and not on consumption; that taxes on consumption alone leave each consumer at liberty to determine for himself the amount which he will contribute to the needs of the nation, for he has only to diminish the quantities of the objects which he eats, drinks, and wears, in order to simultaneously diminish the taxes which he pays; that duties on production oblige each citizen, on the contrary, to pay up in proportion to what he gains, and deprive him of the faculty of evading by economical living the proportion of responsibility which attaches to his position in the world. The Protectionists retort that these are only disguised arguments in favour of income-tax, which is, in fact, the only "impost on production;" that income-tax is impossible in France, not only because the people will not have it, and would steadfastly make false returns in order to escape it, but also because the average income of adult Frenchmen is under £80 a-year, and consequently offers no ground for the application of such a duty; that the whole nation hates the sight of the tax-gatherer, and would prefer to support any amount of indirect contributions rather than get off for a less sum on condition of paying it straight away; finally, that the manufacturing interests absolutely need protection against foreign competition in order to enable them to compensate the addi-

tional burdens which they have henceforth to bear. The Free-Traders reply, with a mixture of irritation and scorn, that the pretended horror of the tax-gatherer is all nonsense, that a French peasant is as crafty a calculator as any Paris banker can be, and that he knows his own interests well enough to elect the form of taxation which costs him the least, no matter whether he has to pay directly or indirectly; that as in 1870 the direct taxes produced £22,670,000, while the customs and excise dues together did not reach quite £20,000,000, it is evident that he is as much accustomed to one as to the other; that the objection based on the average insufficiency of incomes throughout France is, in fact, a strong argument in favour of taxes which specially affect the rich, and against duties which weigh equally on rich and poor alike; and that the idea of protecting home manufacturers because they have to pay their share of the new taxes is totally inadmissible, since it applies with equal force to every Frenchman whatever be his trade.

All these arguments, however, refer only to the principles involved in the discussion; it is when it approaches the details of M. Pouyer Quertier's scheme that it grows bitter, because direct personal interests then come into play. That scheme proposes to add £10,520,000 to the import duties hitherto levied, £4,000,000 thereof being on raw material of various kinds, the new tax being at the rate of 20 per cent *ad valorem*. The announcement of this project produced a general outcry in the trades which draw their raw material from abroad; the silk-weavers particularly declared that such a duty would ruin them, and sent a deputation to Versailles to protest against it. Whether other manufacturers could support it bet-

ter will appear in the debate hereafter, but there does not appear to be any reason to suppose that French-made goods can continue to be exported under such a load. It is evident that an increase of one-fifth in the cost of raw silk would be fatal to Lyons, for the home growth has been so diminished during the last twenty years that it is quite incapable of supplying the looms, and the proposed system of drawbacks on exportation is so cumbersome and unpractical that it is not likely to counterbalance the disorder which would be introduced into the trade by so enormous an import duty.

The arguments employed in France against the entire plan leave out, however, altogether one of the most striking points connected with it. They take no notice of the fact that it would carry the customs dues in one jump from £5,000,000 to £15,500,000, and they do not invoke the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of trebling taxes on consumption without so diminishing that consumption that it will no longer produce the anticipated yield, especially as this huge addition of dues is given as the net result after deducting all drawbacks on exportation. Can it be expected that £20,000,000 worth of raw material will continue to be imported annually into France in the face of such a duty as 20 per cent? The £2,120,000 of proposed extra taxes on sugar and coffee might perhaps be realised, but the £3,200,000 expected to be raised on textile goods would seem to be a most uncertain item. Furthermore, none of these additional duties could be put into force until the commercial treaties by which France is bound to other countries have been modified or annulled. For these various reasons,

it is in no way surprising to find that a serious opposition to the whole scheme is being organised in the Chamber, and that its chances of passing into law are diminishing every week. This opposition applies almost exclusively to the adoption of customs dues as the essential element of the arrangement; its other parts are less attacked.\* The proposed increase of the stamp and registration fees, the new taxes on marine and fire insurances, on playing-cards, paper, allumettes, and the chicory used as a substitute for coffee; the augmentation of the excise duties on wine, spirits, beer, and cider; and even the rise of one sou on the cost of letter postage,—are all considered more or less practical and wise solutions; but the adoption of such tremendous import duties seems likely to raise a real storm. The extra revenue which France wants now at once is stated by the Minister to amount to about £19,300,000, though it results from the preceding calculation that a larger sum will be needed if the unfunded part of the new debt is to be paid off by annual instalments. That revenue, whatever be its precise figure, must be raised; whether the people like it or not, they will have to provide it, in some form or other, but at all events they have the right, through their representatives and by direct action of their own, to manifest their wishes and to protect their interests. These wishes and interests cannot be correctly judged from our English standard; neither in cause, form, or result do they exactly resemble our own desires or necessities; but the French absolutely agree with us in the main principle that agricultural and wine-growing districts

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\* Since the above was written, the Budget Committee has rejected the duty on raw materials.

have nothing to gain by the application of duties on the importation of raw or manufactured articles. About three quarters of the population would, therefore, if they expressed their opinions, be opposed to taxes which, while they increase the cost of their food and clothes, bring them no kind of corresponding advantage. It is only in certain branches of manufacture that any compensating advantage would be found; and as, notwithstanding the recent enormous development of its industrial productions, France is still essentially an agricultural country, it is clear that the proportion between those who would gain and those who would lose by a re-adoption of protection is very small indeed. An income-tax (which is not, however, the only other practical solution) would have the merit of weighing equally on everybody; but its application would probably be difficult, and its opponents may be right in urging that all kinds of fraud would be practised in order to evade it. Furthermore, French Government employes are, as a rule, the most offensive, inquisitorial, insolent class in Europe; they would inevitably discharge their duties of verification with a want of tact, with an indiscreet zeal and a personal curiosity, which would render that verification more disagreeable still. But these considerations, serious as they are, can scarcely be admitted to constitute a sufficient and valid motive for rejecting the principle of such a tax; they would naturally induce the Legislature to seek all practicable means of protecting the public from unnecessary annoyance, but that is the only real result which they ought to be permitted to bring about. The other and far graver argument that France is not rich enough to pay an income-tax is absurd on the face of it; if such a statement were true, France would never be able to

get out of its present difficulties at all, for it is income alone, or, more exactly, the accumulation of wealth represented by it, which can supply £100,000,000 a-year to the Exchequer. It may possibly be true that the average annual receipt of each Frenchman does not exceed £80; but in every country in the world the mass of the population is poor, and France is no exception to the rule. It is, however, equally true that the incomes above £80 a-year make up a total of about £300,000,000; and that, before the disasters of the last twelve months, the country was regularly laying by one-third of that sum. £300,000,000 of taxable revenue certainly supply matter enough for the extraction of the £10,000,000 which are wanted. If the entire sum were honestly stated in the returns, a rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent ( $8\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the pound) would suffice; and if we admit that only £200,000,000 would be acknowledged by the public, a tax of 5 per cent (a shilling in the pound) would produce the requisite amount. The latter rate appears to be the maximum which would have to be applied; the question, therefore, lies between 20 per cent of import duties, or 5 per cent of income-tax. The declared intention of M. Thiers being, however, to abandon office rather than accept the latter solution, it may be supposed that if the majority of the Chamber should reject the duties on raw material, a compromise of some kind will be effected, both sides abandoning their theories, and that some altogether new tax will be adopted to fill up the gap. There are in France a group of economists who have taken up income-tax with enthusiasm, as if it were a remedy for all difficulties, and a panacea for all trials. This party is influential and active, but it has become so blinded by its own convictions that it has

ceased to recognise that whatever be the merits of its plan, it is not the only one which the position offers. France is singularly rich in taxable matter, and if from real inherent objections, or from the purely political motives which might result from the resolute opposition of M. Thiers, all parties should agree that income-tax shall not be tried, there will remain several other solutions capable of providing the £10,000,000. A tax on clothing, especially on the dearer articles which are included under that head, would be a wise and popular arrangement: it would mainly fall on the wealthier classes, but would give them the satisfaction of paying indirectly, for it would, of course, be included amongst the excise duties, and would involve no visit from the tax-gatherer. The consumption of stuffs in France (cotton, wool, silk, and linen) reaches about £120,000,000 a-year, so that an impost of 10 per cent thereon would produce more than the sum required. The other articles employed in dress—leather, felt, straw, &c.—afford a margin for additional taxation, if it were thought desirable to put a lower rate on tissues. The proposed increase of the wine and spirit duties, which stands in M. Pouyer Quertier's plan at about £3,500,000, might certainly be carried considerably further. Many objects of luxury—carriages, servants, pianos, jewels, and other articles of daily use, such as books, candles, furniture in all its forms—are untaxed, and would offer a large field for examination, so that, without touching bread, meat, coal, or iron, which four categories of home production the Finance Minister rightly declares to be sacred, there is room enough to turn round and to select a scheme which, without adopting either protection or income-tax, will make up the required revenue. The difficulty

of choice does not lie in the dearth of matter; it springs mainly from the strong prejudices which exist in both sides, and which render mutual concessions almost impossible. The end will probably be that neither party will carry its object; that both customs duties and income-tax will be abandoned; and that some totally different source of revenue will be selected from the list which has just been given.

But if there is difference of opinion as to the selection of the means to be employed, there is, happily complete unanimity as to the power of France to support the new charges, whatever be their form, which will be imposed upon it: not a doubt, not a hesitation exists on that part of the subject; and when we have glanced at the reasons invoked in explanation of this confidence, we shall recognise how legitimate and well based it is. Those reasons are of two sorts: some of these result from the singularly healthy signs which were furnished by French securities during the war, others from an examination of the inherent condition of trade and production.

The forced currency of bank notes was adopted in August 1870, and, notwithstanding the series of disasters which have occurred since, those notes have never been at more than one per cent discount in Paris, and that only for a few weeks: in Belgium they actually reached a small premium. They have long been at par again, though there is no probability of an immediate resumption of specie payments by the Bank. This fact is an argument in itself, and, even if it stood alone, would almost suffice to justify the feeling that France will recover rapidly. But when we remember that it has taken place simultaneously with a total suspension of all commercial payments, and with a fall of 30 per cent in the price of Rentes (74 to

52), its value becomes infinitely increased. On 13th August the Chamber passed a Bill delaying for one month the payment of all outstanding acceptances: the delay has been successively extended down to March for the provinces, and to this moment for Paris: the Bank held a very large amount of those acceptances, which it had taken, as usual, under discount: its current receipts were therefore correspondingly diminished, while its advances to the State were carried to more than £50,000,000; yet, in the face of all this, its notes retained their value, and its shares only fell 5 per cent in all between 15th July 1870 and 1st June 1871. The shares of other institutions came down enormously; even those of the *Crédit Foncier* fell 30 per cent, while the stock of many strong financial companies lost 50 or 60 per cent; but Bank shares moved only in the trifling proportion indicated, and have since risen to a higher price than they reached before the war began.

So far as a National Bank can be taken to represent the credit of a country, so far as public confidence in that Bank can be taken as the measure of its power and influence, it must be owned that the Bank of France has come out wonderfully from this trial, and that the strength which it has shown and the skill with which it has been managed argue well indeed for the interests over which it presides. But the Bank is not the only great corporation which supplies evidence of the monetary force of France; the Railway Companies, which, from their special organisation, may almost be regarded as national institutions, have shown almost equal vitality. With the exception of the southern lines, all traffic on them has been virtually stopped during a period of six months, while damage of every kind has been simultaneously in-

flicted on their works and stock; yet their shares never fell more than about 25 per cent in the worst cases, while their debentures only lost about 18 per cent, the greater part of which, in both classes of securities, has been recovered already. This resistance to the depressing effects of invasion and disaster, is one of the features of the history of the war; it has remained generally unnoticed, because the great facts of the campaign struck public attention with so much intensity that economical questions were lost sight of in the smoke of battle; but now that the smoke has cleared away, the time has come to put them forward. We may fairly argue that if the crushing events of the last twelve months have had, relatively, so little effect on the position of the Bank and the Railways, which are the two most manifest expressions of the money dealings and the interior trade of the country, the damage caused by those events cannot have been either deep or extensive. This opinion is confirmed by the rapidity with which the traces of war have been effaced, and by the evident abundance of the supply of money for all the necessities of trade. The subscriptions for the loan partook somewhat of a speculative character, and consequently offered a less certain proof of a really sound condition than that which is furnished by the energetic revival of industry and commerce. In every direction business is resuming its former activity; and unless it should be checked again by political complications or by unwise fiscal regulations, we may expect soon to see France laying by £100,000,000 a-year, as she did during the prosperous years of the Empire.

If from these actual and special evidences we turn towards the general prospects of France as indi-

cated by its rate of progress during the last quarter of a century, we find equal ground for expecting that she can easily carry the burden which the war has imposed upon her. Her foreign trade (imports and exports together) has risen from an annual average of £54,000,000 for the ten years ending with 1836, to £251,000,000 for the same period ending with 1866. The yearly balance of value of her exports over her imports rose in the same thirty years from £1,240,000 to £12,280,000. On 31st December 1869 she had 10,575 miles of railway open, all constructed since 1840; while 3671 miles of new lines were being made. The development of her home traffic is proved by the facts that, in 1869, the railways carried 105,017,972 passengers over an average distance of 23 miles, and 42,078,413 tons of goods over an average distance of 94 miles. The gross receipts produced by this traffic amounted to £27,000,000, giving an average of £2550 per mile per annum. The production of coal rose from 5,900,000 tons in 1853, to 13,100,000 tons in 1869; and that of iron from 660,000 tons to 1,350,000 tons in the same period. The manufacture of beet-root sugar, which was only 26,000 tons in 1841, reached 204,000 tons in 1869. The bills discounted at the Bank of France represented £73,000,000 in 1852, and £267,000,000 in 1869. The progress has been the same in almost every branch of trade; and the closer we look at the details of each branch, the more clearly do we see that the progress has been real, solid, and sound, and that it shows no mark of fictitious success. Furthermore, the signs of national prosperity are not limited to these augmentations, great as they are, in the quantities of business done. The extension of foreign trade in new articles, especially in iron-work, rail-

way stock, and textile manufactures, supplies evidence of equal value. Until 1855 France had no share in the supply of metallic products to other countries. That trade was monopolised by England and Belgium; but during the last fifteen years, rails, iron bridges, railway carriages, and fixed plant, have been sent all over Europe by French makers; locomotives from the Creusot Works have been sold in England itself, and the wire covering of the Atlantic Cable of 1867 was supplied from the Jura. That France should be able to compete successfully with England in iron seems scarcely credible, but it is so; the fact is explainable by the relative cheapness of labour in France, and by the admirable management which it brings to bear: coal and ore cost far less in England, but the difference in the price of raw material diminishes with the degree of work employed to convert it into a manufactured article, and France can turn out a locomotive at the same price as England, though the matter which composes it costs nearly twenty-five per cent more in one case than in the other. The same results may some day be attained in other trades, even in cotton perhaps; for France is already able to sell muslins and other similar fabrics in central Europe, notwithstanding the rivalry of the cheap Swiss makers. The rapid extension which has taken place in the export of French agricultural products deserves to be specially alluded to, for but few persons probably are aware of its importance. The value of the wine shipped has risen from an annual average of £1,880,000 forty years back, to £9,000,000 at present; the increase in corn shipments between the same dates has been from £440,000 to £5,200,000, in cheese and butter from £90,000 to £1,800,000, in horses and cattle from £320,000 to £5,200,000, in eggs from



£130,000 to £850,000, in fruit from £130,000 to £660,000, in linen and hempen threads from £50,000 to £520,000, while a hundred other articles have increased in similar proportions. The only objects in which a diminution has occurred are those known as "articles de Paris," which include coffrets, glove-boxes, dressing-cases, and analogous trifles; their exportation has fallen from £250,000 a-year to £180,000. With this one exception, every single element of export has gone up from five to ten times since 1830.

In the face of such facts as these, which could be multiplied almost indefinitely, if there were any use in furnishing further proofs, is it not reasonable to suppose that the home and foreign trade of France will continue to develop in the future as they have done in the past? Is it not fair to expect that the balance of trade in its favour will steadily increase, that the yearly profit laid by will go on augmenting, that production in all branches of industry and manufacture will maintain its progress? Education is advancing with rapid strides: a few years ago, forty per cent of the conscripts drafted into the army were unable to read and write; in 1869, the proportion was only twenty per cent, and it seems to be steadily decreasing at the rate of about one per cent per annum. The population is becoming more and more able to understand its interests, and to extend the productiveness of its work. Excepting in politics it appears to be advancing on all the roads which lead to profit; its old habits of economy have not been really affected by the influences which got into play during the extravagant years of the Empire. And it should be remembered that the wasteful outlay of that period was not only compensated by special gains, but that it

was localised in Paris and a few other large cities, and that the mass of the inhabitants took no part in it. The French, as a whole, are still a thrifty, sober, hardworking race; the one black spot in their commercial future is the separation which is growing up between the objects, tendencies, and interests of the agricultural population and those of the manufacturing classes; that separation is not yet sufficiently defined to enable us to determine how far it may some day influence the forward march of national wealth; but it may be feared that the scission between the peasant who owns land and the workman who owns nothing, may grow hereafter into a grave danger.

From the facts and figures before us, it results that the events which have occurred since this time last year have involved an outlay which obliges France to add about £23,000,000 to its budget for the next ten years, but that that addition can be reduced to about £13,000,000 at the expiration of that period. Whether these amounts will turn out to be absolutely correct depends on the form which may be finally given to the settlement of the still outstanding part of the debts incurred; all that can be said with certainty at this moment is, that these amounts appear to approximate closely to the truth, according to the statements made by M. Thiers. An increase of £23,000,000 of taxation in one lump has never yet been applied in Europe, and it will necessarily weigh heavily on France, especially at a moment when she is suffering in so many other ways, materially and morally. But there cannot be the slightest doubt, in the face of the evidence that has been adduced here, that she can bear it, and that, if necessary, still higher sums could be extracted from her without producing exhaustion, or

even much fatigue. The accumulation of money in the country has permitted France to support the disasters of the war without showing a sign of breaking down under them. The development of her resources will continue; four or five years of prosperity will enable her to reconstitute by profits the entire sum which she has lost; and, but for the eventuality of political difficulties, there seems to be no ground for doubting that she will recover with an energy and a speed which will be cited in history as a great example of the recuperative forces which trade and production are beginning to bring into play. These forces are relatively new, and their application in France has not yet been seriously tested: they will now be called upon to show what they can effect; and if they carry France quickly up the hill again, the experiment will once more

prove the truth of the principles of the modern school of economists, and will demonstrate that in France, as elsewhere, the progress of nations depends on their productive powers and on the extension of their trade. France, fortunately for her, has become as thoroughly a nation of shopkeepers as England is or was; but, in addition to her commercial aptitude, she possesses a special elasticity of character and temper which serves her admirably now, for it supplies her with confident hope in her trial and humiliation, and prevents her suffering from the despondency which would assuredly afflict most other races at such a moment. We may look on without anxiety at our neighbour's convalescence, and may feel certain that the moment of completely restored health is not far off.

## A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM 1750 DOWNWARDS.

## NO. II.—WALTER SCOTT.

THE name which we have just written is one which no Scotsman can pronounce or think of without a special movement of pride and pleasure—a gratification more tender, more familiar and homelike, than that even with which we bethink ourselves of Shakespeare, who is the greatest magician of all, the wizard whose magic is still more widely spreading and penetrating. Shakespeare is England's, Britain's—part of the inheritance of all who speak our language; but Scott belongs to us by a closer relationship. He has made us glad and proud in one tender, private corner of our heart, which does not open to the poet purely as a poet. There happens to be, as we write them, a special meaning in these words, but their truth is beyond times and seasons; it was as true twenty years ago as now, and will be as true as ever generations hence. A passing irritation, an affectionate anger even moves our minds that we should be supposed to feel more warmly towards him now than at any other moment. Walter Scott needs no celebrations, no feast held in his honour. Scotland herself is his monument. It is with no ephemeral enthusiasm that we regard a man whose thoughts have mixed themselves inextricably with our thoughts, whose words rise to our lips unawares, whose creations are our familiar friends, and who has thrown a glow of light and brightness over the scenes which are dearest to us. From Schiehallion to Criffel, from the soft coves and lochs of the west to the rugged eastern coast with all its rocks and storms, something of him is on every hillside and

glen. We do not know any poet who has so identified himself with a country, so wrapped himself in its beauty, and enveloped it with his genius, as this greatest of our national writers has done for Scotland. His fervid patriotism (unlike as the two men are in every respect) is more like the Italianism of Dante than the milder nationality of any other poet. Dante was fierce and terrible in his narrow patriotism, Scott benign and cordial; but what Florence was to the one Scotland was to the other. Her name was written in his heart. Had she been convulsed with the great throes of national conflict, it was in him too to have shown that wild vehemence of patriotic love and grief as truly as did Allighieri. As the days he fell upon were peaceful days, he contented himself with the sweeter task of lighting up and beautifying the country of his love. He hung wreaths and ornaments about her with lavish fondness. He adorned and decked her, sometimes with the enthusiasm a man has for a tender mother, sometimes with the passion of a lover for his bride. He is henceforward to all the world the type and model of a patriot-poet. When a critic means to bestow upon Manzoni, for instance, the highest encomium that can be given, the very grand cross of literature, he calls him the Scott of Italy; and we feel the praise to be overweening. Nobody but Dante has ever so concentrated himself upon a beloved country, and perhaps no poet ever born has received so full and abundant a reward.

The present moment, of course, suggests reflections of its own; but

these are apart from Scott and the real impression he has made upon the mind of his country. It suggests to us a wondering, half-smiling reflection that a hundred years ago there was no Scott known in Scotland. No Scott! no genius of the mountains, shedding colour and light upon their mighty slopes; no herald of past glory, sounding his clarion out of the heart of the ancient ages; no kindly, soft-beaming light of affectionate insight brightening the Lowland cottages! And yet more than this—there were no novels in the land. There was Richardson, no doubt, and the beginning of the *Minerva* press. But the modern novel was not, and all the amusement and instruction and consolation to be derived from it were yet in the future. The softer and lesser, but still effectual, hands which helped in the origination of this prose form of perennial poetry, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Miss Ferrer, rose with the greater magician, like secondary moons round a planet. There were no novels; and a hundred years ago the past history of Scotland was a ground for polemics only—for the contentions of a few historical fanatics, and the investigations of antiquarians—not a glowing and picturesque path in which all the world might rejoice, a region sounding with music and brilliant with colour, as living as our own, and far more captivating in the sheen and brightness of romance, than the sober-tinted present. This is but a superficial enumeration of what Sir Walter has done for us. He has made our past beautiful and dear; he has lighted up our country, and given her a charm for all the nations of the earth; but he has done even more than this. To us he has populated Scotland. He has set that enthusiasm of loyalty which belongs only to a primitive race in full and splendid relief against the darkness

of the hills to which it belongs; but he has also set forth the less demonstrative faithfulness of the tamer peasant of the plains, triumphant over the complications of more artificial life and the restraints of prudence and common-sense. He has surrounded us with the beautiful, the noble, and the fair, and he has not disdained to pluck a very daisy from the soft slopes of St Leonard's and wear that as his crowning glory. Could we go back to that Scotland of 1771, into which a new Scott was born without much remark, of the old mosstrooping race, tamed down to all the soberness and regularity of a respectable family, how strangely different should we find it! The people we should meet would be more entertaining in themselves, more original, less like everybody else, no doubt. They would remember the '45, and still feel in their hearts some remnant of that thrill of doubt and fear and hope which must have run through the island before the ill-fated prince turned back on his way to London. But in their recollections there would have been no Vich-Ian-Vohr, no Evan Dhu, no Flora—high quintessence of the old Celtic race. And Arthur's Seat would have risen to the sky with no consciousness in its lion crest that David Deans's cottage lay safe below. And Stirling would have shone in the sun with no Fitz-James treading its lofty streets, no Douglas and no Lufra to call forth applause even from the Ladies' Rock. And Loch Katrine and her isles would have lain hidden in the darkness, with no soft courageous Ellen to bring them to human ken. What a strange, what an incredible difference! No Highland emigration could so depopulate those dearest hills and glens as they are depopulated by this mere imagination. A hundred years ago they were bare and naked—nay, they were not, ex-

cept to here and there a wandering, hasty passenger—such a passenger, for example, as Samuel Johnson—who made what haste he could to escape from these dreary wilds. Not even Shakespeare—no poet we know of—has done so much as this for his country. And it has all been done within the century which in this month comes to an end.

This, however, is, as we have said, an accidental reflection. Scott himself is greater than all celebrations, and wants nothing to keep his memory fresh in the popular heart. He is not only the most perfect example of a national poet, but he is in himself a typical Scotsman. In his strength and in his weakness he is alike an example of the best and most characteristic qualities of his race. The restrained and disciplined force of his mind, the curb which he always holds over his imagination, even in its wealthiest overflowings, the absence of exaggeration in his warmest enthusiasm, the serene and broad common-sense which gives a sober daylight reality to all his pictures, are essentially Scotch; and so is the equally characteristic imprudence which helped to cloud over the end of his life—the love of hospitality and a kind of homely splendour—the openness of house and heart—the pride of family—which were the kind and endearing failings of his great soul. This self-restraint of mind and extravagance of life, perfect sobriety of thought and unbounded fervour of aspiration, are as national as is the cold-blooded caution of Andrew Fairservice, or the prudence of Cuddie Headrigg,—nay, they are far more distinctly and characteristically national. Scott's longing ambition to establish a house—a warm and kindly, and, in its way, splendid home—for his posterity after him—a house in which good men's feasts should be held and wide welcome given, and the libe-

ral lavish life of a chief in his own land be kept up for generations, is a kind of weakness which, for our own part, we are incapable of criticising. It is wrong, no doubt; for there is always a keen and sharp injustice involved in the career of all those who make it even possible that others may have to pay the penalty of their liberalities, and that a poor creditor ruined may be obliged unwillingly to counterbalance a poor friend helped—nay, even a piece of temporary splendour or vague general hospitality. It is wrong so—but only because the experiment has failed. Success makes it right, and quenches every thought of fault-finding. No mean self-glory was in Scott's thoughts. His Abbotsford was to have been a very light of kindness all over the world; shutting its doors on none; spreading a warmth of welcome and happiness through the very atmosphere. If there is a certain subtle pride involved in the desire to be always the giver, always the source of advantage and pleasure, a dispenser to others, a superior genial power in the midst of dependants, it is a kind of pride which has a thousand kindly excuses, and which attracts rather than repels. It is a fault which, buried deep out of sight, and little discerned by the shallow critic, lies at the very root of the native character of Scotland. It is not the reckless extravagance which distinguished the old race of Irish gentlemen—for waste is alien to the national temper; but it is (we confess) a proud inclination to be the bestower—to give rather than to receive. This was the source of many of Scott's imprudences, and of much of his suffering; but which of us shall throw a stone at the liberal soul, simple in his own tastes as a child, yet eager to make everything warm with sunshine and plenty about him, and to scatter the crumbs from his abundant genial table over

half the world? A cynic, no doubt, might take a different view of this kind of pride—might call it ostentation and vanity, and a hundred hard names; and it has its darker side, no doubt, like every other; but it is essentially a national weakness. Hospitality, somebody says, is a barbarous virtue; but, anyhow, it is one which penetrates the Scottish character down to the lowest level of society. It is not, so far as we know, at all characteristically or universally English—a curious shade of difference between such near neighbours, which we do not remember to have seen any attempt to account for.

Walter Scott was born in the year 1771, on the day which is sacred in Catholic countries as that of the Assumption of the Virgin, and which, for many recent years (last year, even, in the fierce irony of time and fate), has made all the French skies hiss and sparkle to the glory of Napoleon—the 15th of August. His childish history, as contained in his autobiography and Mr Lockhart's illustrations,\* is altogether charming. Never was a more genial, poetic child born into this dreary world. In his sweetness of temper and love of his kind—his kindly enthusiasm of genius, which could not run in the ordinary channels, nor do itself much credit in book-learning—in his manful simplicity and true childhood—were all the germs of the future man. We may say, indeed, that the Walter Scott of Sandyknowe is as nearly identical with the Walter Scott of Abbotsford as it is possible to imagine. The large, sweet, liberal nature cannot be hid; and while the man is scarcely less fresh and open-hearted than the child,

the child is scarcely less wise in human nature than the man. His breeding was peculiar, as by some benign arrangement of Providence the breeding of a child of genius generally is. He was brought up for the first six years—counting, at least, for fifteen of any other child's—in the lonely house of Sandyknowe, with his old grandfather and grandmother, in absolute enjoyment of country sights and sounds, riding on the shoulders of the ewe-milkers as they went about their work, and with the "cow-bailie" in his pastoral wanderings. Besides the cow-bailie and the milkmaid, he had his aunt, Miss Jenny, for his instructor, and a whole world of ballad and genealogical story to dwell in—happy boy!—a foundation of life never to be forgotten, and the importance of which it would be impossible to over-estimate. When this sweet preface of rural existence was over, and he had returned to Edinburgh, there is a half-expressed disappointment visible on the part of his parents that he was not quite sufficiently advanced for the High School! which, however, he seems to have entered in his eighth year. There is evidently very little foundation for the tradition which places Scott in the list of the dolts of genius. He was not a careful or anxious scholar, but he was always full of those flashes of brilliant perception which reveal the power within; and there is all the movement and energy of boyhood about the story, its frays and daring deeds, as well as those dreams which are common to youth, but which surround with a mist of glory and of joy the youth of genius. Except that he was more bright and sweet-tempered, more

\* It seems almost unnecessary to add here a tribute of admiration to the many already rendered to Lockhart's Life of our great poet. We know no work that can be placed by its side. It is neither an *éloge* nor a defence; but (barring Boswell's) the clearest and fullest narrative one man has ever made of the life of another.

genial, and gay, and kind, than most youths of his age, there seems to have been nothing peculiar about young Walter. Sometimes he would tell his confidants of his "visions," the expression of his face changing as he did so from its usual kindly brightness to the gravity of intense feeling; sometimes he would climb high into the silent nooks of Arthur's Seat, with his chosen friend and a packet of books, which they read together. "He read faster than I," says the companion of these wonderful hours of leisure, "and had, on this account, to wait a little at finishing every two pages before turning the leaf." One wonders what thoughts came into the boy's head as he waited, perched high up on those silent heights, with the most picturesque of cities lying below him, the soft steeps of St Leonard's, or, far away on the other side, the blue distant Firth, with its islands.

"Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?"

Did he croon the words to himself long ere ever the English squire was brought into being who was to say them? Or was David Deans already in his cottage, with his cows munching the sweet gowans, and Jeanie, the beloved of our heart, looking out, with her hand shading her eyes, for wilful Effie's return? Who can tell? And then the leaf would turn, and the boy-poet go back to rush through the breathing woods with Una, or sit and listen with that graceful company on the lawns of the Decameron. Never was fitter scene for such studies and such dreams. "We used to climb up the rocks in search of places where we might sit sheltered from the wind; and the more inaccessible they were, the better we liked them," says his companion. A lonely shoulder of the hill, no doubt, rose above,

sheltering the two heads over the book. The whole soft, rich, lovely country was at their feet; the grey city slowly lighting its windows, glimmering in unequal fairy lines of human tapers, full of mystery and suggestion; the Firth, broad and calm and glorious, leading off into the unknown,—such a combination of land and water, of hill and plain, of town and country, as perhaps is to be found on no other spot on earth. Here the young mind grew, nourishing itself with the dew and the poetry, with the dreams and the romance that had charmed a score of generations. If school and college were but little to him, a better training was in those absorbed readings, those dreamy pauses, and that delicious stillness of the hills.

All this time he seems to have been laying in thoughts and incidents, and even words and phrases, for future use; putting them by, unconsciously, in the capacious caverns of that poetic memory, which is not so much memory as a vivid consciousness of everything that has ever befallen its possessor. Long after, when the Waverley Novels appeared, awakening the wild delight and curiosity of a whole people, a hundred broken bits of words with which they were familiar came back to the recollection of the men who had been boys in the days when Walter Scott was a boy, calling out vague echoes from the half-forgotten past, and confusing, or else enlightening, their anxious guesses at the identity of the Great Unknown. The "Prætorium here, Prætorium there," of Edie Ochiltree, which was taken from an anecdote told him by one of his friends, was perhaps odd enough to catch the fancy; but as much cannot be said for some of the chance expressions, spoken by careless lips, which turned up thirty

years after in the web of the great Magician's weaving, to the wonder of his old companions. Nothing escaped him in those early days; and this extraordinary power of imaginative memory becomes all the more wonderful when we recollect that he never occupied the passive position of a spectator, but was always one of the foremost actors in everything he had a share in. So vivid, we suppose, is the sense of being in such a mind, that something of that Divine fulness of recollection which makes everything present, was in the rich and large perceptions of the poet. He laid up everything unconsciously in his silent garner, hearing and seeing what no one else noted, living that double life of action and meditation,—the one most visible and real, the other utterly unsuspected,—which was natural to him. His soul in secret roved about among men and things, like a bee among the flowers, taking something from each new place or being,—here a character, there a story, even a phrase, if nothing better came in his musing, busy way.

His life as a young man is full of the same genial activity and enjoyment of life, and the same silent accumulation of the materials for his work. His journeys to the north and south—to the unexplored hills of Liddesdale and up into beautiful Perthshire, strike us with a pleasant surprise as we follow him, wondering where Tully Veolan is to be and where Charlieshope. He went like the founder of new empires through those lonely ways selecting his sites unawares, with eyes that glowed with warm and enthusiastic admiration, but as yet no sense of what he was really about. To us his way is traced in lines of light; but to him it was rich only in pleasant souvenirs of friendship, hospitable welcomes, good stories, scraps

of ballads, and many a happy laugh and good-humoured jest. He was going through his *Wanderjahr* without knowing, piling up knowledge everywhere. But no idea of the brilliant future had yet come to him, even when he noted the scenes which were hereafter to inspire him, or which at least were to afford the garments of natural beauty and quaint human character to clothe his inspiration withal. So far indeed was he from foreseeing his own original career, that his first essay in print, made doubtfully, and more as a joke than a serious venture, the pleasant self-indulgence of an amateur, not the work of a born minstrel, was a translation. His version of Bürger's 'Lenore' was his first effort; and its picturesque force and spirit made a great impression upon friendly critics, though not much upon the public, which just then had several translations of the same poem to choose from, and was not excited by it. Scott's translation, however, had all the animation and brilliancy of an original poem; and it is difficult on reading it to imagine that anything in it is second-hand, or that the ideas are derived from another. He was twenty-five when it was published; and there seems to have been a private motive for the publication apart from desire of fame or even love of poetry. It was supposed by some of the anxious confidants who were in his secrets, and knew that his life had been coloured for some years by a half-hoping, half-despairing love for a nameless young lady, that the sight of a real printed book by her lover might move her heart. It was a forlorn hope, and it was not successful. The lady married another notwithstanding 'Lenore'; choosing, it is said, a worthy and admirable but undistinguished man, instead of the immortal who wooed her with all the humility of his



chivalric nature. The reader feels almost inclined to hope that she lived to repent it, for Scott's heart had received a lasting wound. But this is a spiteful thought, which never, we are sure, entered the mind of Scott. He did not break his heart altogether, it is apparent, but shortly after permitted it to be caught in the rebound by a sprightly half-French half-English maiden, whom he met on the Borders. He was married after a short interval, and it is to be supposed that the life and character of his bride merged gently into his, as we believe it is considered best for a woman to do; for there is little note afterwards of any individual appearance on her part, or influence upon him.

After this event the poet settled quietly in Edinburgh, going on with his professional work as behoved a young husband—the founder of a new family—but spending his spare time, and a great deal of it, in the collection of ballads for his 'Border Minstrelsy.' The appointment of Sheriff-Substitute of Selkirk, which came to him about this time, threw him more and more in the way of this search, and in 1802 his book was published. Percy and Ritson had already developed a taste for ballad literature, and the work was successful. It was just about this time that Longman, on purchasing the copyrights of Cottle of Bristol, decided the 'Lyrical Ballads' of Wordsworth and Coleridge to be worth nothing, and allowed them to be withdrawn and returned to their authors; but Scott, after receiving £100 as the profit for a small first edition of his 'Minstrelsy,' sold the copyright to the same publisher for £500. No doubt it would be sufficiently easy to explain why this collection of the earliest popular literature of the country, the pure and genial romance, concerned with

external life only, and full of picturesque incident and primitive uncomplicated feeling, should seize the uneducated public ear in a way impossible to the deep thought, the undecided and struggling philosophies, and the much loftier pretensions of the new school of poetry; but still the contrast is curious. The publication of the 'Minstrelsy' led by the easiest and most accidental (seeming) ways of gentle suggestion and pliant fancy to Scott's first great original production. In the beginning of the year 1803 the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' was published. It was followed in three years by 'Marmion,' and two years later still by the 'Lady of the Lake.' Never was fame more instantaneously won. From the time the 'Lay' was given to the world, that world was at his feet. The two subsequent publications did but enhance his fame; and by the year 1810, when the last of the three was published, he reigned supreme over a crowd of worshippers, fought for by publishers, adored by his audience, receiving the highest plaudits and the most solid rewards which poet, up to that time, had ever won. The books sold by thousands, the public never seeming to have enough, and from every side nothing but praise came to their author. He was elevated at once into the highest rank, and the author of 'Waverley' did not rouse a greater enthusiasm than did, in these early days, the author of the 'Lay.'

In this judgment we cannot say that posterity has altogether agreed; but then it must be remembered that posterity has known Scott as so perfect and supreme in another walk, that his poetry has been somewhat lost in the blaze of his other fame, and has not received, since that other fame began, the notice it deserved. Scott has vanquished Scott, and silenced his own praise.

It is a hard thing for a man to be in the first class in two of the great branches of art, and Scott the poet is not so unquestionably supreme as is Scott the novelist. Before his other gift was known, however, the world was wild on the subject of his merits. He became the great "Magician" before he had ever printed a word of prose; and the universal popularity which he won so easily, was entirely due to the wonderful success of his poems. He took everybody by storm—critics and non-critics, men and children. There was no class and no age beneath his sway. He came out like his own Lochinvar and sprang "light to the saddle," to lead everybody captive after him. At the first outset the 'Lay' was everybody's favourite, though after a while, when the wild rush of enthusiastic partiality for the first poem had a little abated, calmer judgment placed the more complete and perfect 'Marmion' in the highest place. The 'Lay' is always likely to attract the imagination. It is sweet and tender as a fairy tale in all its softer passages, though daring and rapid in its movement, as such a story ought to be. Never was a more ideal pair of gentle lovers than fair Margaret and her Knight. And in all the records of that poetry which touches the trembling string of the supernatural, we know no just parallel to the mission of Deloraine. The wild and strange character of the narrative is at once tempered and increased by the absolute truth, dulness, and bravery of the mostrooping hero, who is as unable to understand the spell he has gone through so many dangers to seek, as he is—even with that precious burden in his bosom—to resist the crane on the baron's crest which moved him to immediate warfare. All the complications occasioned by this yielding to the only tempta-

tion which could have made him swerve from his immediate duty, are dashed forth from the rapid harp with all the true animation and musical movement of a strain chanted, not written. This character is kept up throughout—the music wavers and changes as a minstrel would naturally change it—leaping of a sudden from the plaintive weariness of one canto—

"Alas, fair dames, your hopes are vain,  
Thy heart has lost the unthinking strain,  
Its lightness would my heart reprove,  
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,  
My heart is dead, my veins are cold,  
I may not, must not, sing of love;"

to the fervour of the next, in which, warmed with applause and wine, he strikes a bolder note upon his harp—

"And said I that my limbs were old,  
And said I that my blood was cold,  
And that my kindly fire was fled,  
And my poor withered heart was dead,  
And that I might not sing of love?  
How could I, to the dearest theme  
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,  
So foul, so false a recreant prove;  
How could I name love's very name,  
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?"

The same charming animation and susceptibility to all the changes of his audience carry the singer from Branksome's echoing hall to the still bower of the weird lady, to Margaret, trembling at every breath as she steals out to meet her lover, and to the wild pranks of the elfin page. The song sweeps along without pause or weariness. Never once does it flag upon the reader's ear. It is like a Scotch river, hasty and buoyant, flashing its dark clear waters under the trees and over the rocks, with here a deep sunny pool and there a waterfall, never weary, incapable of a pause. Such a stream is essentially unlike the broad smooth current of the great river as it flows through southern plains, soft, steady, and monotonously gentle in its flow; but the Highland river, with its sudden depths and shallows, its gleaming

rapids and rock-broken channel, though it has not the stateliness nor the use of the Lowland flood, is as bright a companion as ever wanderer had. It makes the country musical to him, brightens the darkest nooks, and lends new meaning to the sunshine. This is the distinction of Scott's poetry: it is not profound, nor very lofty; it touches upon none of the deeper questions that agitate and confuse humanity. Its life and movement are on the surface, not veiled in mystery, or even haziness. The child enters into its meaning, while the oldest are stirred by it. It is simple and straightforward in its lyrical brightness. With a true sense at once of the power and of the limitations of his craft, the Minstrel puts nothing in his song which cannot be sung. And the very nature of the song forbids any over-vivacity of dramatic power, for the work is not a drama in which every man has to speak for himself, but a narrative proceeding from the lips of one. To compare this poetry with that of Wordsworth, for instance, would be a simple absurdity; it would be like comparing the Tay to the Thames. The well-trained, useful, majestic stream, which carries trade and wealth into the very bosom of the land, is as unlike as possible to the wayward child of the mountains, rushing against its rocks with wreaths and dashing clouds of spray, unfit to bear a boat for any steady progression, yet flowing on strongly, brightly, picturesquely, charming all eyes that look upon it, and delighting all hearts.

We do not of course mean this to apply to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' only, but to its successors as well. In all these poems there is the same rapid, brilliant motion—the same animated variety of scenery and incident—the same warm, full tide of life. 'Marmion,'

we believe, has come to be very generally regarded as the best of the series; and there can be no doubt that its dramatic form and picturesque splendour transcend the others in some notable respects. It treats a larger subject, the canvas is broader, the personages more majestic; but for that very reason it fails of a certain tenderer and more gentle interest, which is very strong in its immediate successor, the 'Lady of the Lake.' If critics have given the palm to the courtly scenes in 'Marmion,' to its brilliant battle-pieces, and the splendour of its pictures, the popular mind has taken into its warmest liking the national romance of James Fitz-James. Something of that visionary warmth of feeling, in season and out of season, with which Scotland has all along regarded her "native kings"—a feeling held by none more strongly than by Scott—has stolen into this delightful rendering of the familiar tradition. And there is at the same time a more subtle interest, which has crept in one cannot tell how. The beginning of the transition from one class of poetry to another is to be found in this poem. Ellen Douglas, so brave, so innocent, so simple-hearted and true, the very type of a high-spirited and high-born maiden, bold with the fearlessness of innocence, is such a picture as has not appeared before, and it is one which charms every heart. Never while Benvenue stands, and Loch Katrine holds up to him her silver mirror, shall that light skiff and lighter form forsake the silver strand, or cease to throw a charm over those loveliest islets. The picture is so clear, so sweet, so fresh, that—as we say of Raphael—it might have been made yesterday. It is no profound study of an ideal woman, but it is a true Highland girl, frankest, most courageous, and most stainless of human creatures, capable

of all and every exertion which love requires of her—facing all perils, like Una herself, with an unflinching brow, when those who are dear to her require her help. None of Sir Walter's poetical heroines are so perfect. In her simplicity there is at once a gleam of frolic and a possibility of all the stateliness which becomes a lady of the far-famed Douglas blood. And there is a fine and delicate harmony between her and the scenery we find her in, which acts upon the reader like a perfect strain of music. It wants no elucidation, no explaining, like those grand chords with discords freely intermixed, which belong to a great sonata. This is the "melody that's sweetly played in tune," the air as simple and as sweet as the flowers it breathes over, which even a child can catch, and which tempts every voice to take up its cheerful refrain. In this fascinating way is a new power, the development of character, introduced into the tale. The dark chieftain in his waving tartans, the wonderfully strange and exciting scenes in the history of Clan Alpine, charm us by their picturesqueness and dramatic force; but in Ellen and her noble father there is, mingled with the poetry, a curious breadth and unexaggerated truth of portraiture, which show how Scott's powers had grown. These two stand behind the veil of the verse, as it were, with all the noble force of reality which distinguishes the work of after-days. As they stand they might be transported into 'Waverley' with little harm.

Thus the greater artist had already begun to form and show himself within those early garments of poetry. This is, we think, the great distinction of the 'Lady of the Lake.' His former poems have just enough humanity to interest the reader in the rapid course of the

tale; but here the great Maker finds himself unable longer to refrain from putting character into his poetic creations. It was perhaps a dangerous experiment; for the art of the minstrel is too light, too swift, too essentially musical, to be weighted with such grave necessities of detail. In 'Marmion' there is no character-painting. The great lord himself does and says nothing which can make us believe in the forged letters, or indeed which can help us to any insight into his probable proceedings one way or another. We accept him on the poet's showing in what character he pleases. Neither is De Wilton more distinct, nor the sweet conventional medieval figure of Clare. It is better for the poem that they should not be so; for it is a vivid narrative of events, not an inquiry into the secrets of human nature. And where was there ever found a broader landscape, or one more full of atmosphere and sunshine, than that great picture which opens upon the southern noble and his train as they approach Edinburgh? or where a more glowing and splendid sketch than that midnight scene at the Cross? or where such a battle-piece as that of Flodden? This is true minstrelsy, the song flung from rapid harp and voice, the strain of the primitive chronicler. The warm impulse of external life thrills through every line. There is no time nor place for details of individual humanity, nor for the deeper thoughts and emotions which clog and curb all instantaneous action. The minstrel cannot pause to disentangle that confused and confusing network. This is not his vocation in the world.

'The Lord of the Isles' has never reached the high popularity attained by the earlier poems—a fact for which we can give no sufficient reason, unless, indeed, that Scott had

attained by a bound such perfection in his chosen strain, that it was impossible for him to mount higher, and that a certain monotony had crept into the repetition. We have, for our own part, the prejudices of personal association in favour of this poem; but putting these as much as possible apart, it seems to us very little if at all inferior to the others. The picturesque scene in the hall of Ardtornish; the wonderful voyage among the isles, which conveys to ourselves all the exhilaration and wild delight in the sweeping seas and favourable gales—the flying motion and continually-varying scenery which are characteristic of such a voyage; the romantic surprise of Arran; and, finally, the grand picture of Bannockburn—match at once in beauty and interest anything in ‘Marmion;’ while there is, besides, a second manifestation of another power, which we have remarked upon as appearing in ‘The Lady of the Lake.’ The great and noble character of the kingly Bruce, shows once more that not only the audience but the poet had outgrown the primitive music, and was groping towards something deeper and higher. There is no reason to suspect that the author, any more than his audience, knew what it was which was coming; but already the charm of a broader art had begun to attract and draw him away from the old harp which lent him so much grace and sweetness, yet limited his genius and cramped the real soul within him. It seems to us that nothing can be more plain than this gradually rising necessity for a fuller utterance. The new power worked with the old tools with an unconsciousness of itself which belongs only to the greatest mould of man; but yet felt that the tools were old, and longed for instruments more fitted to its nature. Except Shakespeare, no one we know of has

possessed this unconsciousness, which is the crowning charm of genius, in such a degree as Scott. He was perfectly contented and happy in his simple strain; half amused that anything so easy could have gained him so much fame, and always aware that some day the world might change its mind on the subject, but taking it with a delightful ease and naturalness. When the new stream began to swell upwards out of the murmuring spring among the hills, Scott himself tried, as it were, to dam it down, and keep it within the narrower channel. He kept on trying to make the graceful and vague forms he had been used to, till the grander heads forced themselves through the clay. When, out of the rose-tinted mists of poetry, Ellen Douglas and her father looked him in the face—and when the grand serene countenance of the Bruce insisted on making itself apparent out of the romance of the Maid of Lorne, one can imagine a certain confusion growing into the mind of the poet. Here was something which wanted larger development—a sphere more extended, a different kind of utterance. No doubt, for the first moment, they bewildered him with the vague delicious consciousness they must have brought of a giant’s strength yet untried, and a whole new world yet to be conquered. He had outgrown the earlier singing-ropes, the primitive music. Something weightier, something wider, was to come.

Thus the poems of Scott were but as the preface to his work. His real and enduring glory is in his novels—the fuller and greater drama which did not naturally with him shape itself into verse, and which was quite beyond the minstrel’s sphere. There is a certain confusion here in words, which we trust may not involve our meaning to the reader’s apprehension. Scott was a great poet

—one of the greatest—but not in verse. In verse he is ever and at all times a minstrel, and nothing more. He is the modern representative of that most perennially popular of all characters, the bard who weaves into living song the exploits and the adventures of heroes. It is no mean band, for Homer stands at the head of it, supreme in the love and admiration of all the ages; but it is essentially different from the other schools of poetry which have flourished among us, and in more recent times. It does not admit of the great impersonations of the drama proper, and at the same time it forbids, as strictly as the true drama forbids, those explanations which are permitted to reflective and philosophical poetry. The impression it makes must be conveyed rapidly, without interruption to the song; the narrative must flow swift as a stream, vivid and direct to its end. The primitive passions, the motives known to all men, the great principles of life which all can comprehend and even divine, are the materials in which alone it ever works. The fact must never be lost sight of, that the tale is told by one voice, and that this one voice *sings*. The story has to be done at a hearing, or at two or three hearings, but must, by its nature, never be allowed to flag or become monotonous. Neither can it be permitted to be elaborate. Directness, simplicity, comprehensibility, are absolute necessities to it. No one must pause to ask what does this or that mean. To thrill the listeners with a rapidly-succeeding variety of emotions—to hold them breathless in suspense for the *dénouement*—to carry them along with the hero through some rapid adventure—these are the minstrel's powers. If he lays his hand on the more complicated chords of existence, and tries to unravel the deeper mysteries,

he forsakes his sphere. Hamlet and Lear are impossible to him, and so are the musings of Jacques, and even the delicious trifling of Rosalind. His is a hasty muse, with staff in hand and shoes on feet. He must be doing at all hazards. He must know how to relieve the strain upon his audience by a rapid change of subject, but never by a pause. Thus he stands apart among the ranks of the poets—a great artist in his way, the most popular perhaps of all—but never attaining to that highest sphere in which the crowned singers dwell.

This is Scott's position in what is called his poetry as distinct from his prose writings, and we think it is a mistaken love which claims a higher for him. Of all poets it is perhaps the minstrel who has the largest and most sympathetic audience. When we reflect that while all the world vied in celebration of Scott, Wordsworth was known only to a handful of friends, this fact will be made very apparent. The critics who applauded the one to the echo, and fell with savage cruelty upon the other; the public who bought up edition after edition of the minstrel's lays, and left the poet unregarded among his mountains,—enforce the lesson with a clearness above all comment. And it would be wrong to say that there was no justice in the award of the world. That world was made up of—a small class of people able to appreciate the loftier flights of poetry, and to understand those researches into the depths of human nature, and those high communings with heaven and earth which are her privilege—and of myriads who were too busy, too joyous, too sick and sorrowful, too hard-working and worn with care, to have any power to enter into the depths or ascend to the heights of that divine philosophy which speaks in music and

song ; but these myriads at the same time were pervaded by that vague longing for beauty and sweetness, for noble deeds and thrilling tales, which is one of the broadest principles of humanity. In the midst of the flatness of their own particular lives their ears were open to the tale of passions, sufferings, and generousities—of those conflicts of love and hate which (they are always ready to believe) make the lives of some men as full of interest as their own lives are devoid of it ; and for this throng, this multitude more than could be numbered, Scott took up his harp and sang. He played upon them as upon another harp. He moved them to instant excitement, to sympathy with the generous and the injured, to admiration of the lovely and good. He turned their tame partiality for their native country into a passion ; he raised patriotism into a proud determined principle ; he made the blood run warm in their veins, and roused them to the influence of poetry, to the sway of the unseen. Therefore we say that the award was just. The poetry of Wordsworth affected one to the depths of his being, where the poetry of Scott roused a thousand superficially out of the dullness of theirs. The effect and the means were alike superficial in comparison. The nightingale in the darkling woods moves to deepest delight the few wakeful ears that hear him ; but the daylight lark spreads the joy of his song over a world of fields, and wakes up a whole village with his simpler melody. Such is the minstrel's place in the economy of art ; he gets his reward at once, warm and abundant ; the other waits for the slow coming of his day, sadly enough often, not knowing if it will ever come. But it does ; and the dear minstrel whom we love, who gave us our first thrill of poetic interest,

who woke the dull heart in us, who made us first to hear and see—he wanes. It is the nature of things. “In thy lifetime thou hadst thy good things.” Such is the sentence pronounced upon this facile yet merited success.

For these poems Scott received not only, as we have said, the universal plaudits of this world, but a great deal of money. A thousand pounds was given to him for ‘Marmion’ before the poem was published or even written, and his other works were in proportion. The sum was wonderful then, and indeed is not much less than miraculous now, for Scott was still but a new poet, and had not done anything to fight his way into prosperity. He had, however, unfortunately, taken a step which neutralised those advantages to him. He had helped his friend James Ballantyne, his acquaintance with whom had been formed in childhood, to begin business in Edinburgh as a printer, and after a while became his partner—a step which involved him in all the after-troubles of his life. For it was not really Abbotsford, nor family pride, nor any other of the causes by which his downfall is commonly accounted for, which really produced it ; but the half-benevolent, half-prudent scheme by which, no doubt, he hoped to put money in his own purse, but, at the same time, to establish his friend in business, and help him on in his career. Before this step was taken, he had reached a pleasant eminence of comfort and tranquillity in respect to pecuniary matters. He had somewhere about £2000 a-year, an income sufficient for all the necessities of his position ; and though his professional work had suffered from his poetry, the poetry itself had done a good deal to redress the balance, and he had already purchased the farm of Abbotsford before

a word of the novels had been written, or at least published. This new connection, however, involved him at once in business difficulties, and kept him for the rest of his life the slave of those wants and foolishnesses which he had rashly connected himself with, notwithstanding the clear perception of character which always distinguished him. He worked for his partners, or rather for the necessities forced upon him by his relations with them, as he had never worked for his own convenience; and he had now reached the commencement of that middle period of life, in which it is not easy for a man to begin to deny himself, or to give up for himself or those he loves the indulgences and graces of existence. The publication of the 'Lord of the Isles' was the first check in his triumphant poetical career. This was after the publication of 'Waverley,' of which we have not yet spoken, and he had consequently a fund of consolation to strengthen his heart. We quote from Lockhart's Life an account of the manner in which he received the news of this check:—

"One evening, some days after the poem had been published, Scott requested James Ballantyne to call on him; and the printer found him alone in his library, working at the third volume of 'Guy Mannering.' I give what follows from Ballantyne's *memoranda*. 'Well, James,' he said, 'I have given you a week; what are people saying about the 'Lord of the Isles'?' I hesitated a little after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony with me all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word—*disappointment*.' My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event. . . . However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather that his poetical popularity should have lasted so long than that it

should have now at last given way. At length he said, with perfect cheerfulness—'Well, well, James, so be it; but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else;' and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel."

Brave, modest, truthful, indomitable soul! just so might Shakespeare have done had the audience of the Globe tired of tragedy—turned to at a historical play or one of those delightful comedies which are what no other comedies ever were; so might Shakespeare have done—but no other poet we ever heard of. In every other individual of the race, the tormenting of an irritable self-esteem and profound indignation against a world not wise enough to appreciate him, has more or less soured both temper and life—but not with these two. There is a certain grandeur, no doubt, in the persistent self-support of a neglected poet, who gives himself all the moral backing of his own good opinion, and persists in believing in himself till he has elicited a gleam of answering belief from the world. But how much sweeter and dearer to the heart, in its charm of modesty and humility, is this acceptance of the verdict of others, this cheerful putting aside of self, and undiscouraged change, since the friendly world so wills it, of fashion and form! "We must not droop; we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something." Unimpressive, commonplace words; and yet no sublime expression of any poet's faith in himself ever touched us so much. It is what Shakespeare would have done. And Scott did it—and no one else.

There is a grandeur in the life which is above common rules—which is a law unto itself—emptied by its great endowments from the common course of living. Such an existence, when it is pure



like Wordsworth's, commands our respect and almost awe. When it is wild and irregular like Byron's, it moves us to seek out every eager excuse for that light, leading ever astray, which still is light from heaven. But how much nobler, how much more truly great, is the life raised by genius above the common level, but loyally subject to all the daily burdens of humanity, throwing off no yoke; patient, not petulant under every restraint; if one thing fails, cheerfully, bravely, with a smile, taking up another. This is a subject of which we cannot trust ourselves to speak, so infinitely, to our thinking, does this broad loyal simple humanity, the common nature sublimated and expanded all over, not individualised into sharp identity, transcend those lower peaks of obstinate, self-regarding, self-idolising personality. Scott conducts himself throughout in his faults as in his virtues, as any ordinary man of generosity and honour would have done. He seeks no benefit of clergy. He toils, mortgages himself, anticipates the exertions of his own future, as if he had been no poet, but an honest man struggling hard by sacrifice and manual labour—common work—to keep his head above water, and save himself and his friends. He takes no thought for his own ruffled *amour propre*, makes no moan over the hard necessity of putting his Pegasus into harness. Far other is the effect of necessity and embarrassment upon him. That which the poorest scribbler mourns over as a degradation of his genius, this man accepted without a whisper or a thought of shame. It was no ignominy and no grief to him that he had to keep all his mighty faculties in constant exercise, and work like a slave or a giant for the money which was needed. Neither his work nor his anxiety disturbed the gracious nature which through all

could take its pleasure, could bear up and press on, ever with more and more work, and ever dragging after him, upheld by his strong arm, the incapable souls whose fault it was. His poetic contemporaries, while he went through this long struggle, were preaching to the world the necessity laid upon it of providing a peaceful nest and a sheltered life for the man of genius, in order that he might work without care or restraint; while gaily in his fetters, bound hand and foot, anxiously striving only to keep on, and not to fail, this man of genius lived and laboured. Honour and highest praise to the brave soul who was first of all things a man before ever he was a poet! He did it—and Shakespeare—no more.

Perhaps, however, we ought to take a less enthusiastic view, which is also a true one. No amount of high principle or training could have made Wordsworth or Byron do what Scott did. Their narrower temperament and constitution could no more have borne it than a weak man could have borne the burden which is easy to the strong. It would have been intolerable to either, and must have been thrown off as incompatible with their lofty pretensions, or else would have crushed them to death. But Scott's unbounded healthfulness of soul, his superiority to all those tremors of sickly foresight which are to the mind what neuralgia and toothache are to the body—his native cheerfulness carried to the edge, but never over the edge, of *insouciance*—his delightful faculty of shaking off all burdens from his memory, and leaving to the morrow its own cares,—brought him through this enormous struggle as no man of less perfect health and breadth of constitution could have been brought. It cannot even be said that the lamentable malady which

clouded the end of his life was caused by these unexampled exertions ; for in such a way, with just such sufferings, his father, a man with no cares to afflict him, had also passed into the dark valley. Scott laboured at the highest mental work as if it had been weaving or carpentering, only with energy tenfold greater than is ever employed at the bench or the loom, and would have been the first to laugh, no doubt, at the thought of hardship in his own bright and noble lot.

The story of the origin of 'Waverley' is almost too well known to need repetition ; but it is necessary in every sketch of his life. After the success of the 'Lay,' it occurred to him to illustrate the manners of the past in prose as he had already done in verse ; and, moved by the pleasant impulse with which a man so exuberant in strength and genius takes up any new work, he wrote the first chapters—the description of Waverley Honour and the dreamy youth and studies of the young heir. When he submitted this, however, to some friends, he was discouraged by them from proceeding with it. They feared that he would risk the fame he had won by the puerility of a novel, and were of opinion besides that Waverley Honour itself was dull, and likely to excite no interest. One can imagine the spark of humorous incredulity in Sir Walter's eye at this judgment ; but his life was full as life could be. He had but to weave so many couplets together, and gather up the laurels and the gold that were sure to follow ; and he put away the manuscript, accordingly, at the bidding of his advisers, without, it would appear, a word of remonstrance. In the drawer where he had placed it, it lay long forgotten, for some seven or eight years, at the end of which time, in a search for some fishing-tackle, he found the neglected sheets. Pro-

bably by this time it had become apparent to his sagacious mind that his fountain of poetry was not one which would flow for ever. He took it out, read it over, and doubtless, with more amusement than displeasure, recollected, and did not agree in, the unfavourable verdict. The half-forgotten papers were not restored to their drawer ; and with all the pleasant excitement belonging to a new and fresh piece of work, Scott began to finish his story. The two last volumes were written in *three weeks!* There is a curious story told in Lockhart's Life of the effect produced upon one of a young party of convivial law-students in Edinburgh by the sight, through a window, of the perpetual movement of Scott's hand as he wrote. "It never stops," he said ; "page after page is finished and thrown upon that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied ; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books." It was the conclusion of 'Waverley' which was being written in this untiring way, and the fact—though it cannot reasonably tell either for or against the book as a book—is curious, as demonstrating the warmth of interest with which Scott threw himself into everything he undertook. He did not put it aside, it is evident, till it was finished, knowing, no doubt, his own readiness to accept counsel on the subject, and resolving to make this work at least certain. We do not hear that he submitted it to any further private judgment ; but good James Ballantyne shook his head over it, and found that Waverley Honour was dull, and Tullyveolan *vulgar*—save the mark ! and had but poor expectation of any good result. Thus humbly and diffidently was a book to steal into the world which made such a revolu-

tion in the world of letters as has not been made since. It was received with such a flash of enthusiasm as none of his works had as yet called forth. Not even the fresh delight of the 'Lay' had stirred the public mind as did the new revelation—the beginning of a new branch of literature, as it may be called—which came before it in 'Waverley.' The effect was electrical. "Opinion!" said Lord Holland, when asked what he thought of the book; "none of us went to bed all night, and nothing slept but my gout." The world was once more taken by storm.

We have said that in these days there were no novels; except the contemporary works of Miss Edgeworth—works which are said (as the lesser sometimes manages to convey the spark of life to the greater) to have directed the thoughts of Scott to this kind of literature—nothing of any weight or importance in the shape of fiction had appeared between 'Waverley' and 'Sir Charles Grandison.' Richardson had had his day; and his influence, so far as it was living and real, was dying out of the world. He was falling into the position of a classic—much admired and quoted, but little read. The field altogether was clear; and Miss Edgeworth's novels, though full of truth and genius, could not stand for a moment in comparison with those of Scott. He came upon the stage not quite knowing what was to follow, with none of the sublime self-confidence with which some of his contemporaries faced the world, feeling certain, however it might decide, that they themselves could be nothing but supremely right. Scott did not attach to his work the same tremendous importance. It was not, in his estimation, great enough to hold the world in balance, and he knew himself ready and

cheerfully willing to change the manner of it at any time if such a proceeding seemed expedient. Nevertheless it must have been a serious question with him whether or not this new venture was to be successful. Lockhart remarks upon "the gallant composure" with which Scott "awaited the decision of the public," as exemplified in the fact that immediately on the publication of 'Waverley' he started on a yacht voyage of nearly two months' duration. This, however, may be interpreted in two ways, and it might well be that the thoroughly brave but harassed and hard-working soul was glad to escape from that interval of suspense—to turn his mind entirely from the question, which, no doubt, was an anxious one, and to return only when it must be distinctly decided one way or another. He had the faculty invaluable to every hard-working man, and above all to one whose work is of a mental kind, of separating himself alike from his toils and his anxieties, and living in the cheerful, novel day of adventure and change when that came to him, without torturing himself with unavailing broodings over what was going on behind. That he turned his back upon Edinburgh, and indeed upon the world in which letters and newspapers were practicable, and went out to the silent seas, to the coasts with which he was unacquainted, and to the small society, all congenial and pleasant to him, who were thrown upon each other in the inevitably close companionship of the "stout cutter,"—was exactly one of those brilliantly-sensible expedients of self-deliverance which so healthy and manful a nature selects by intuition to get itself through its difficulties. He never spared himself work, nor took any cowardly means of escape from the trials that had to be borne. But he avoided the suspense which was avoidable, and which it was useless and un-

availing to brave. Before going away, however, he had heard already the buzz of rising curiosity and fame. "It has made a very strong impression here," he writes to his friend Morritt, a few days after its publication, "and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing out the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains;" he "does not expect, however, that it will be popular in the South, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local, and some of it even professional." In another letter he adds a piece of criticism which is true enough, and shows the impartiality with which he looked upon the children of his brain. "The hero," he says, "is a sneaking piece of imbecility, and if he had married Flora she would have set him up on the chimney-piece as Count Borolaski's wife used to do with him. I am a bad hand," he continues, "at depicting a hero properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description." This shows that Scott recognised a deficiency which is, indeed, not common to him only, but to the greatest of dramatists as well. When one recalls not only Waverley, but the Claudios, Bertrams, Bassanios, and Sebastians of Shakespeare, as well as Scott's own mild, respectable, and ineffectual band of Harry Mortons, Lovels, &c., it becomes evident that to "depict a hero" is a very hazardous task indeed, transcending even the highest powers.

But hero apart, what a wonderful and enchanted world was there and then opened to the astonished public! Here was no astonishing Grandison ideal, no work of mere imagination created out of nothing, but a revelation of a whole broad country, varied as nature is, and as true. The veil was drawn

from the face of Scotland, not only to other nations, but to her own astonished delighted inhabitants, who had hitherto despised or derided the Highland caterans, but now saw suddenly with amazed eyes the courtly figure of Vich Ian Vohr descending from the mists, the stately and beautiful Flora, with all their attendants, such surrounding personages as Evan Dhu and Callum Beg, either of them enough to have made any ordinary man's fortune. We can comprehend but dimly at this distance—we who have been brought up upon the Waverley novels, and scarcely can remember when we first made acquaintance with that wonderful Highland court, any more than we can remember when it was that we first set childish foot within Prospero's enchanted isle—it is with difficulty that we can realise the first magical effect produced by them. They had no rivals in the field. They were read everywhere, by all kinds of people; they flew from hand to hand like the news of a campaign in which everybody was personally interested; and it is easy to realise how, as book followed book, the world kept ever growing larger and larger round the astonished, entranced, breathless audience, which had enough ado to look on while the bright panorama glided before them, and sketch after sketch of new country rose brilliant out of the mists. The race whose power and place was over—the economy of the past in its last splendid, fatal outburst—became visible suddenly, as no amount of historical description could ever have made it, in the persons of Fergus MacIvor and his valiant and loyal henchman. In that wonderful flow of narrative the reader was carried along from admiration to disapproval, to blame, to enthusiasm, to regret, and finally to that scaffold and conclusion which he came to with a pang of the "*hysterica passio*" in his throat,

and at the same time that sense of inevitable and necessary fate which ennobles and saddens the Greek drama—all without time to breathe or pause, or escape from the spell that had seized upon him. The splendid warmth of kindly and genial humour which lighted up the absorbing tale, gave to it all the breadth of that life which goes on cheerily, feasts and laughs, and finds a sober enjoyment in the midst of the greatest convulsions. What could be more delightful, more loving in its fun, more whimsical in its quaint conception, and, at the same time, more completely true to nature, than the Baron of Bradwardine, a knight and gentleman every inch of him—with his wisdom, his learning, his vanity, and gravest solemn foolishness? “I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task,” says Scott, with the gleam of enjoyment in his eyes. He, too, liked it as much as his audience. To him, as to every true humorist, his Baron was dear—there is moisture beyond the laughter in his eye, rising half from the heartiness of the laugh, half from a tender affection below. Without this no man ever attains to true humour, which is ever kind, ever delicate in its touch, mellowed and sweetened by the heart of sympathy within. And all is so easy, so natural, flowing from detail to detail with the quiet succession of fact, no strain of invention perceptible, or even, the reader feels, possible. The book advances, grows, lives by its own instinctive vitality. One thinks of the hand seen through the window finishing page after page without a pause. Why? Because by force of genius the author had, as it were, no will in the matter. The book brought itself into being; took its own way, amusing the writer even by its waywardness, by the flow of its incidents, by the changes and

slips it made in his half-conscious hands.

And pouring after ‘*Waverley*’ into the world came the flood of its successors, all instinct with kindred life, proving that no adventitious help of historical interest was wanted, but that the humblest incidents of common life were enough to furnish at once drama and interest. The cottage of the Mucklebackits with its simple tragedy is brought as close to us as the rude hall of the Highland chieftain, and goes even more warmly to our hearts. Scott draws them as if he had been studying fishermen and their ways all his life. His sympathy enters into everything. The rustic dalliance on one hand, and that sorrow of the poor which has to be put aside for all the necessities of ordinary life, are all open to his sympathetic eye; and, with the touch as of a magician’s wand, he conjures all coarseness out of the one, and teaches us to feel for the petulance of grief restrained—the passion of sorrow which takes the form of irritation—in the other. As the brilliant series flows on, it is as if each new study was the author’s masterpiece; and so mightily does he work upon us, that even the conventional machinery of the lost child, in its different forms, gains a new interest, and becomes in his hands the most ready way of securing a picturesque arrangement of characters. More than this, however, Scott never aims at in his plot. Though we defy the most cold-blooded reader to follow without excitement the story of those strange events which make Captain Brown into Henry Bertram of Ellangowan, it is not upon such means of arousing and retaining the reader’s interest that Scott depends. The story is but a thread to him upon which his pearls are strung; and though each tale has its love-story, we do not suppose that any but the youngest

reader is much concerned whether Waverley marries or not, or takes any great interest in the vapid loves of Lovel or Hazeldean. It is the men and women whom he introduces to us who engross our interest; and besides this, which is the primary attraction, his power of simple narration is unequalled. This is almost a more rare gift than that power of creation which has peopled our earth and our country with so many new and original and noble beings. Scott not only introduces us to a crowd of men and women whom we did not know before, but he sets incidents so before us that they make as vivid an impression upon our minds as things that have happened to ourselves. We feel that it would be quite possible for a man in all good faith, after reading, say, the Battle of Prestonpans, the Porteous Riot, or the expedition of Dandie Dinmont and young Bertram across the moors, to feel his mind overshadowed by a momentary doubt whether these incidents had occurred in his own experience or had been simply told to him. He takes us into a new district, and sets it before us so that we feel capable of recognising every bush and cothouse. He makes a scene so to pass before us that we feel we have been in it. In every way he pours the full tide of his own exuberant existence over the subject he has chosen; he makes it live, he makes it glow, he removes it out of the region of hypothesis, and writes certainty all over it. His novels are as vivid, as lifelike, as lavish in their vitality, as are his poems; and though the probabilities are by no means slavishly adhered to, or facts severely upheld, there are few among us who do not stand by Scott against both history and likelihood. What he has created, is—and we are impatient of any contradiction, for do not his brilliant imaginations, his pictures, even his dreams and visions, prove them-

selves? By their internal evidence we feel ourselves ready to stand or fall.

The curious breadth of Scott's character is apparent also in the fact that he has given us every possible kind of man and woman to add to the population of our world. Almost all other writers have been limited in this respect. In our own day, Dickens had his special kind of character which he could bring out to perfection—Thackeray his—and Lord Lytton his; but Scott, like Shakespeare, has a world of men under his belt. From Jenny Densson, up to Rebecca the Jewess, what a range of variety; from *Cœur-de-Lion* to Dirk Hatteraick! and yet they are all so vivid that we might (as people say) shake hands with them. Every one of his figures is an individual study. They are not divided into classes, as is so usual even with novelists of genius, who have one stock old man whom they vary at their will, one humorous character, one grave one, with which they play all the changes possible in a circle so limited. Scott is entirely free from this. Baron Bradwardine and Jonathan Oldbuck are as little like each other as either is like Waverley or Fergus MacIvor; and the same may be said of every picture he has made. Except in the thankless *rôle* of hero, where it is very difficult to vary the no-character, he never repeats himself. Guy Mannering, Pleydell, and Dandie Dinmont are in no way to be confounded with the other soldiers, lawyers, or honest fellows in the series. Neither have we any counterpart or echo of Nicol Jarvie or of Andrew Fairservice. This notable expedient for saving trouble evidently had not occurred to him. Even his heroines, though they partake of the same disadvantages as the heroes, have a certain glimmer of identity. Rose and Lucy are not the same, neither are the spright-

ly Julia and Miss Wardour, though there is a certain resemblance between them. This wonderful variety cannot be better illustrated than by taking one class of characters as an example. There is Andrew Fair-service, Cuddie Headrigg, Ritchie Monypies, all serving-men—all with a strong tendency to prudence and care of themselves, all quaintly attached to their masters, all full of native wit, and fertile in excuse and self-defence. They are all alike vivid and distinct, and are occasionally placed in very similar circumstances. But there is no resemblance between them. They are just as separate as if one had been a knight and another a baron. And then compare them with that wonderful picture of the old-world Major-domo, Caleb Balderstone. He is as distinct from them, in some respects as superior to them, as it is possible to conceive. It would be easy to go through the whole series, and prove from one group after another the manysidedness of the painter. There is not a child even whom he passes at a cotter's door, but becomes individual to him. He notes every similarity, every feature they have in common with others, and then he makes them different. There is no more to be said. If we knew how he did it, we too ourselves could do it—but at least we can perceive the fact. They are like the people we meet—alike in a thousand things, exactly alike in none. This is another point of resemblance between the broad and expansive nature of our great novelist and that of Shakespeare. He too, and above all who have ever tried, painted all mankind—not a few typical figures disturbed by doubts of their own identity, and followed about by a little crowd of shadows, but a host of in-

dividuals. In the same way from prince to bedesman, from the ewe-milker to the lady of romance—Scott is able for all. He looks on the world with eyes of sunshiny daylight, not with spectacles coloured by his own theories or other people's. He is indeed troubled by no theories which can warp his cheerful unfailling eyesight. What he sees and feels, what he has laid up and noted unconsciously in the long bright days of silence and obscure existence, he brings forth now with an instinctive fidelity. Though he is called the *Great Unknown*, people find him out everywhere by chance words he says, by the stories he tells—by the current, as it were, of his mind. At all times he is true to nature and recollection, and brings forth out of his treasures things new and old—things always genial, large, and true. We cannot, after reflection (barring always the heroes), bring to our mind a single instance of repetition. His smaller figures and his great are alike distinct: every new novel has a new standing-ground, a new succession of groups, an individuality distinctive to itself. The reader has but to cast his eye upon all the works of imagination he knows, except Shakespeare and Scott, and he will easily perceive how rare and remarkable this distinction is.

Scott's first novel was published in 1814, and by the year 1818 his genius had attained one of its distinct climaxes and culminating-points in the 'Heart of Midlothian.' Between these two dates, 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'The Black Dwarf,' 'Old Mortality,' and 'Rob Roy,' had been published. Of these the 'Black Dwarf' is the only\* weak spot; all the others show the full fervour and power of

\* This weakness was discovered before its publication by William Blackwood, the founder and first Editor of this Magazine, and pointed out by him with the courage

his first and freshest inspiration. It is difficult to distinguish where all are so much above criticism; but there can be no question that, among so many remarkable works, the 'Heart of Midlothian' separates itself, prince or rather princess among equals. Here is the humblest, commonest tale of deception and betrayal, a story in its beginning like one of those that abound in all literature. There is the pretty, vain, foolish girl gone astray, the "villain" who deceived her, the father and sister brokenhearted with shame, the unhappy young heroine's life spoilt, and ruined like that of a trodden-down flower; nothing, alas! can be more ordinary than the tale. Put to it but its usual moral conclusion, the only one possible to the sentimentalist, the "only act" which the "lovely woman" who has "stooped to folly" can find "her guilt to cover," and the moralist has no more well-worn subject; but the touch of Scott's hand changed all. "Had this story been conducted by a common hand," says a judicious anonymous correspondent quoted in Lockhart's 'Life,' "Effie would have attracted all our concern and sympathy—Jeanie only cold approbation: whereas Jeanie, without youth, beauty, genius, warm passions, or any other novel-perfection, is here our object from beginning to end." Jeanie Deans, to our thinking, is the cream and perfection of Scott's work. She is tenfold more, because in all ordinary circumstances she would be so much less interesting to us than a score of beautiful Rowenas, than even Flora or Rebecca. She is a piece of actual fact, real as the gentle landscape in which she is first enclosed, true as her kine that browse upon the slope—and yet she is the highest ideal that Scott has ever at-

tained. A creature absolutely pure, absolutely truthful, yet of a tenderness, a forbearance, and long-suffering beyond the power of man, willing to die rather than lie, but resolute that the truth her nature has forced her to speak shall not be used for harm if her very life can prevent it. And this flower of human nature expands and blooms out, its slow sweet blossom opening before our eyes without one moment's departure from the homely guise, the homely language, even the matter-of-fact channel in which her thoughts run by nature. She is never made anything different from what it is natural that the daughter of David Deans, cowfeeder at St Leonards, should be. In all her many adventures she is always the same simple, straightforward, untiring, one-idea-ed woman; simple, but strong not weak in her simplicity, firm in her gentleness, resisting all unnecessary explanations with a sensible decision, at which the clever, bold, unscrupulous villain of the piece stands aghast. He has not the courage to keep his secrets, he who has courage to break hearts and prisons; but Jeanie has the courage. There is not one scene in which this high valour of the heart, this absolute goodness, fails her; nor is there one in which she departs ever so little from the lowliness of her beginning. She is as little daunted by the Duke and the Queen as she is by the other difficulties which she has met and surmounted with that tremulous timidity of courage which belongs to nerves highly strung; nay, she has even a certain modest pleasure in the society of these potentates, her simple soul meeting them with awe, yet with absolute frankness; making no commonplace attempt at equality.

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and clear-sightedness which distinguished him—a bold act, which roused Scott into a most unusual outburst of petulance, almost the only one recorded of him; though it is evident that he soon adopted the opinion which had irritated him.



Nothing but the beautiful unison of a soul so firm and true with the circumstances and habits appropriate to her class, could have brought out the whole of Jeanie's virtues. Nor do her dangers, or the fame and success she has won, make for a moment that effect upon her which such experiences would make upon the temperament to which a desire of "bettering itself"—in one way as noble a desire as it is possible to entertain—is the chief of human motives. That desire has been the parent of many fine deeds, but its introduction would have desecrated Jeanie. With a higher and nobler art, the poet has perceived that the time which has been so important to her is, after all, but a little interval in her life, and that it has no power to upset the sweet balance of her nature, or whisper into her sound and healthful brain any extravagant wishes. The accidental and temporary pass away, the perennial and natural remain. Jeanie is greater than rank or gain could make her in the noble simplicity of her nature; and the elevation which is the natural reward of virtue in every fairy tale would be puerile and unworthy of her—false to every principle of art as well as nature. The pretty Perdita becomes a princess by every rule of romance, even when she is not an anonymous king's daughter to begin with; but Jeanie is above any such primitive reward. She is herself always, which is greater than any princess; and there never was a more exquisite touch than that in which, after her outburst of poetic eloquence to the Queen—eloquence to which she is stimulated by the very climax of love and anxiety—she sinks serene into herself, and contemplates Richmond Hill as "braw rich feeding for the cows," the innocent dumb friends of her simple and unchanging soul. This is the true moderation of genius. An inferior writer would have kept

Jeanie up at the poetic pitch, and lost her in an attempt to prove the elevating influence of high emotion—an elevation which in that case would have been as poor as it was artificial, and devoid of all true insight. Scott knew better; his humble maiden of the fields never ceases for a moment to be the best and highest thing he could make her—herself.

It is with a mingling of surprise and amusement that we read in the letter we have just quoted a contemporary's bold criticism upon the construction of this tale. When we think of it, we entirely agree with what is said, and have felt it all our life, though it has been a kind of irreverence to think of saying it. "The latter part of the fourth volume unavoidably flags," says this bold critic, whom we suppose by the style to be a woman. "After Jeanie is happily settled at Rosneath, we have no more to wish for." This is quite true. The postscriptal part of the story is unnecessary and uncalled for. We do not much care to know what became of Effie, nor have we any interest to speak of in her abandoned child. We are perfectly contented to part with them all, after the hurried farewell between the sisters, and when the minister's wife has been settled in homely dignity upon her beautiful peninsula. We cannot even make out very clearly for what object this postscript is added on. It does not help, but rather mars, the tale; it is huddled up and ended in a hurry, and no necessity of either art or nature demands its introduction. When we thus apply the more ordinary rules of criticism to a book which has taken possession of our very hearts, and twined itself in with our lives, we feel a certain surprise at our own temerity. For here once more Scott is as Shakespeare in our minds. His very errors are dear to us; they

are, to our thinking, rather the beloved weaknesses of a dear friend—the little clouds that make his glory supportable, and which we love for his sake—than defects to be criticised in art. We can no more take him to pieces in cold blood than we could

“Peep and botanise  
Upon our mother’s grave”—

that last profanity of the intellect, denounced as it deserves by another great poet. Far from us be this irreverence. It is well for the national heart, for its faithfulness and its true humanity, that it should possess poets and heroes who are above comment—men who can do no wrong. If history disagrees with our Shakespeare, so much the worse for history; and if our Scott, in a moment of weariness, runs contrary to a law of perfect art, why, then, it is not for such a crowned and reigning soul that laws of art were made. Let us be bound by them, who are as other men—but not our sovereign, of whose gentle errors, whose splendid mistakes and irregularities, we are proud.

While all this magnificent stream was going, Scott was, thank heaven, at the height of happiness, enjoying his harassed, laborious, and anxious life as few men enjoy the most undisturbed existence. He had to toil as none but himself could toil to pay John Ballantyne’s terrible notes of hand, which seem to have dropped in at the most unexpected moments, to everybody’s consternation—and to float off by his fairy vessels and ships of light the heavy mass of dead and valueless lumber which the brothers had accumulated. And while he was stirred to the last possibility of his powers by this gigantic task, he was himself extravagant, let us allow. He joined field to field with that strange craving for a little and a little more and which is one of the strongest appetites of human nature when

once indulged in; and he bought armour and knick-knacks with a very rage of acquisition; and he opened his hospitable doors—the doors of the cottage which was soon to become a castle, the little house of Abbotsford which he could not content himself without turning into a great one—to all the world. This was very imprudent, let us confess, but it was no doubt a very condition of the wonderful inspired existence which he was leading. Without this margin of self-indulgence—the word seems harsh—of indulgence in his own innocent tastes and perfectly legitimate pleasures, it is probable that he could not have gone on at all. But for the dead weight of the Ballantynes and their concerns, his land-buying, his rococo, and his hospitality would all have been within his means; but granted the terrible clog, and the superhuman exertions necessary to drag on with it, Scott’s personal extravagances were, we should be inclined to say, necessary to his very existence. They were to him what fresh air, fresh water, a draught of generous wine, is to a man engaged in some immense athletic feat. They kept him going; the spring of pleasure and exhilaration which they communicated give him vigour for his almost hopeless labour. Here was at least something in which there was satisfaction, something gained out of the wreck and fermentation of time. There are some of us now who know as well as Scott did what ease and consolation there is in now and then a piece of pure personal extravagance, an unjustifiable yet most balmy and sweet indulgence in the midst of hard and thankless labours. It is foolish—it makes the burden heavier and the toil harder—but it is life. Economy, self-denial, a few years’ seclusion like that of Wordsworth, sharp saving and care of the pennies,

since the pounds must go into the Ballantynes' miserable till, would very likely have set him right. But this, Scott—born, as people say, of the thriftiest race in Christendom—was simply incapable of. Necessary poverty he would have borne as bravely as he did everything else, but voluntary economy was impossible to him. He had to live largely while he strode along under his burden, or to throw it down and die. Heaven help those who have such burdens on their shoulders! They must make out to live and labour somehow, and one way or other they have to pay for the power.

In the year 1817 another immense and novel success was attained in 'Ivanhoe,' which took England (especially) by storm, and which has since reigned among the very best of Scott's novels. "As a work of art 'Ivanhoe' is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts in prose or verse," says Mr Lockhart; but this is an opinion in which we cannot agree. It is a model of a romantic and picturesque narrative, perhaps the very finest and most animated sketch of ancient manners ever made, and certainly the noblest in the English language. But Mr Lockhart adds: "I believe no reader who is capable of comprehending the author's Scotch character and Scotch dialogue will ever place even 'Ivanhoe' as a work of genius on the same level with 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' or the 'Heart of Midlothian.'" In this verdict we emphatically concur. The splendour of life and movement in this work, the ease with which it carries the reader back to a period so far beyond the limits of natural interest, and the dazzling reproduction before us of that early age, which, however far it be from absolute correctness, is henceforward our only picture of the days of Cœur-de-Lion—all this, we repeat, cannot for a moment be put in the balance

with Jeanie Deans. The triumph in one case is as great in degree as in the other, but it is infinitely inferior in kind.

It is impossible in our limited space to enter more fully into either the work or the life of this brilliant middle period. From the time when Constable took upon him the burden of the Ballantynes' responsibilities, until the time when Constable himself began to stagger in his too-impetuous career, the pressure upon Scott diminished. He was led from extravagance to extravagance, all, alas! but too congenial to his mind, by the sanguine impetuosity of the publisher, who was ever ready to advance to him thousands upon thousands of pounds for future novels, without any stipulation, except that they were to be by the author of 'Waverley.' This time of his splendour and happiness is pathetic beyond description to the reader who knows what is coming, and is aware of the frightful precipice upon the very edge of which this beautiful, liberal, princely household was standing. But he was very happy, thank heaven! All the good that man could get out of life was his. He built himself the castle of his dreams—he gathered round him all the curious and beautiful things which he loved—he saw his children grow and thrive about him—he received, with a hospitality without bounds, everybody that was worth receiving in the three kingdoms, and a great many who very little merited that delightful and never-failing welcome. Everything went well with him for these glorious abundant years—or at least appeared to go well. In was in 1825 that the first threatenings of ruin came. One of the commercial crises that overtake, it seems periodically, all great commercial countries, had arrived; and Constable, a most daring, sanguine, and enthusiastic man by nature, had gone further than

man ought to go in a career of business, which reads like a publisher's fairy tale, and had rushed at last far beyond the limits of a well-founded commercial standing into the bog of debt and bills. Sir Walter—for by this time his title had been conferred upon him—had through the Ballantynes become involved in Constable's affairs in a manner which we have no time to explain, and he was the first, and indeed only, hope of the despairing publisher in his downfall. By this time he had attained his fifty-fourth year, a time when men begin to feel the comfort of slackening their labours. But when this terrible news broke upon him, the first and only thought in Scott's mind was how he could best and most rapidly work off the enormous burden. We cannot enter into Constable's mad schemes, one of which was to borrow £100,000 from the Bank of England on the security of future works by the author of *Waverley*! All we can do is to keep to the thread of Scott's own actions and feelings. He had already suffered a great deal from serious illness, and had met with one or two discouragements, interruptions in the wonderful course of his literary success. In the saddest pathetic way he forebodes in his journal the possible failure of his powers in the gigantic struggle with ruin and shame which he was about to undertake. Nothing can be more sad than the following passage, written in the first pang of the discovery. As he gazes into the face of probable ruin, his whole life passes before him like a dream.

“For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He will no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly as the means of

planting such scaurs and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

‘Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale Passion loves.’

“This cannot be: but I may work substantial husbandry; *i.e.*, write history and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm: at least, I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must work for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation.

‘While the harness sore galls, and the spurs  
his side goad,  
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the  
road.’

“It is a bitter thought, and if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created—there is scarce a tree in it that does not owe its being to me.

“What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself: stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and a clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again—but the crack will remain to my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come): because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

“Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? how live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my

friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking for me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do, could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch?—or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his scutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave, and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—'nobody's enemy but his own'—'thought his parts would never wear out'—'family poorly left'—'pity he took that foolish title'? Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw!—poor Tom Purdie!—such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread."

Further on he breaks into an apostrophe more touching still, one which makes the heart contract, and the eyes fill with a too-painful sympathy. "Oh Invention, rouse thyself!" he cries; "may man be kind, may God be propitious! The worst is," he adds, with unspeakable and most pathetic humility, "*I never quite know when I am right or wrong*;" and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me." This was in January 1826, some few months after the catastrophe had happened. Yet the man who writes thus—with a cry of uncontrollable anguish which some few minds will be able to realise but too deeply, and which must impress all—by sheer work, by the invention which he thus invoked, did, between the close of 1825 and the 10th of June 1827, "diminish his debt to an amount which," Mr Lockhart tells us, "can-

not be stated at less than £28,000!" This was produced by the novel of 'Woodstock,' for which £8000 was given; by the 'Life of Napoleon,' which produced £18,000; and by some portion of the 'Chronicles of the Canongate.' These immense earnings were accompanied by corresponding economies; and though the courageous cheerfulness of his mind broke down at intervals under the terrible weight, he pursued his course with a passion of zeal and earnestness. In two years he had cleared off £40,000, and in 1830 the debt was reduced to £54,000, considerably less than half the original sum. The creditors, in admiration and gratitude, presented him with his own library, plate, and furniture—a gift which he received with simple and profound pleasure. They had before allowed him to continue to live in Abbotsford. But from this time a cold shadow began to creep over the great life. He had one or two fits of paralysis, trifling in themselves, but sadly sufficient to show what was coming. He tells us himself that he has "awkward feelings" which he "cannot bear up against," confusions of head and thought, dreariness, and pain. "A man carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value," he cries once more, with sharp anguish in his tone. The power is gliding away from him unawares. In 1831 he has "a remonstrance from these critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of 'Count Robert.'" "I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public," he adds, with a desperate calmness; "at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet, God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaking, I think, into the bargain. . . . I have

suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under critical clamour. Did I know how to begin I would begin again this very day, although I know I should sink at the end."

The writer who transcribes these words, and who follows with a feeling which is more than sympathy the last awful pause of coming impotence which shadows over this valiant ever-labouring soul, can scarcely see the lines for tears.

Thus he fell who had worked, we believe, as never man worked before, with a steadiness, a bravery, an indomitable gaiety of heart, which raises him as high among the heroes of his race as his genius does among its poets. This last prodigious effort was to clear his honest name, and to preserve the dear home which had been for so long the delight of his heart; and if he himself had helped to make the ruin which he sought single-handed to repair, it was not his kind profusion, his congenial magnificence, that was the sole, or indeed the chief, causes of that overthrow. But what others had done he only struggled to undo—struggled till the pen fell from his feeble hand—till the last ray of light sunk and faded from his despairing soul. He felt the light and the power steal away from him as the darkened days went on. His wife died by his side when he most wanted solace; yet, with one faithful child standing by him of all his once joyous family, his daughter Anne, he still toiled and struggled on until nature refused to struggle more.

We need not attempt to touch on the last despairing journey to Italy. He went to Rome, Naples, places he would have loved to roam about and

take into his heart, with one sad moaning cry everywhere to get home—to die at home. And so he did. They took him back to his Abbotsford for the last scene of all. From that dearest familiar place his most Christian, most honest, most courteous, noble, and gentle soul must have known its way better to the open gates of heaven.

And what can we say of Walter Scott which all the world has not said already? His last fierce and terrible struggle against those giant powers of Debt and Shame, which are to this generation what dragons and devouring monsters were to the past, humbling, as he felt it, and as many a man has felt it, was in reality the greatest, if saddest, glory of his career. It was the thing he could bear worst, and he bore it like a hero. The greatest works of his genius pale before this work of his life. We shake our head and sigh over the fatal darkness that enveloped his end. He himself mournfully speaks of the degradation which, in the public eye, attends the author who works for his bread. But if such a degradation ever existed, he made an end of it; and never was battle against the most chivalrous of foes on the noblest field more splendidly fought than this dark and desperate battle against the modern demons whose grip is ruin, and whose conquest gives no fame.

His bones are laid by the Tweed, as he would have had them. But the heirs and descendants for whom he laboured have all but died out of the land, a pathetic moral to his tale of tenderest and most natural ambition. Yet Scott has not lived in vain; for Scotland is his monument, and the nation his heir, proud to her heart of her poet, the type of our race, the flower of our genius, the noblest and truest, as well as most gifted, of all Scots who glory in that name.

## THE BALLOT BILL.

THE dead-lock in the management of public affairs, of which we complained last month, seems to be growing more decided, and more pregnant with mischief to the commonwealth, every day. Not over either House of Parliament can her Majesty's Ministers pretend that they are able any longer to exercise the smallest legitimate control. By a desperate and most unwise expedient they are endeavouring, it is true, to regain their influence with the House of Commons; and it remains to be seen how far the end will justify the means even in the eyes of those who are consenting parties to it. But as to the other House, that has got quite beyond their management. Mutterings about a collision are now as little regarded there as threats of dissolution are seriously thought of elsewhere; and the consequence is a state of things, so far as legislation is concerned, to which modern history presents no parallel. The Commons, when appealed to in their proper chamber, where alone both law and constitutional usage require that appeals to them should be made, have thus far taken their own measure of each case as it came before them, and dealt with it after the humour of the moment. Crowding beside and behind the Ministerial benches, and professing confidence in Mr Gladstone so far as that they resist every overt attempt to displace him, they still meet his proposals as he brings them forward with just that measure of cold respect which is, even more than carping and disjointed querulousness, mortifying to the head of an Administration. If the bill brought forward deal with some trivial matter—if it be a lectionary bill, for example, or some-

thing of the sort which can hardly provoke controversy, and therefore raises none—they vote for and pass it without much discussion. If it touch points that affect in any way the wellbeing of the State, they look at it in all its possible bearings; and, having wrangled over it for weeks together, either compel the Minister to withdraw it, or carry for him just as much or just as little of his scheme as renders both the measure itself and the authors of it ridiculous. Such has undeniably been their manner of proceeding up to the present date, and the results are before us. For who can speak of the controversy on the Army Regulation Bill as other than a virtual defeat to Mr Gladstone in his own House of Commons? Sustained at the second reading by a majority of a hundred and twenty, it received in Committee such rough treatment, that before the proposal to read it a third time had been made, it had entirely changed its nature. Even that incident, however, failed to reconcile the House to the proposed object and the mode of attaining it. Sixty-two out of the hundred and twenty members who had greeted the scheme in the earlier stages with approval, withdrew their support; and it went to the House of Lords at last not only mutilated and worthless, but affirmed by a majority of not more than fifty-two votes.

We have recapitulated all this, because it is necessary that our readers should keep in view the ups and downs of the one solitary important measure which a Government more numerous supported than any that has ruled in Downing Street for wellnigh forty years has been able, between February and August, to

carry in the House of Commons. At what expense of character they succeeded even thus far—how facts were distorted to meet difficulties, and figures misplaced—no one who followed the course of the debate needs to be reminded. But the point which we desire especially to press upon public attention is this, that all else undertaken by the Government, as such, has been a failure; that their bill for the better management of expenditure in English counties, their Liquor Bill, their Scottish Education Bill, with many more which we cannot stop to particularise, because their name is Legion, have with difficulty been advanced to the first or second stage in their progress, there to be stopped, and in due time formally withdrawn. The measures referred to may have been good or bad in themselves—that is a question which in no way touches our present argument; they were certainly not, upon the face of them at least, revolutionary. But they all equally miscarried. Why? Because in one direction, and only in one, Mr Gladstone appears to be capable of moving. He can put in order plans for the overthrow of a Church, or for breaking down the rights of property, or abolishing charitable endowments, and so state his case as to receive the support, willing or unwilling, of his party; but the moment he is called upon to construct or to conserve, if it be even by passing a bill for the better protection of life in a disturbed district of Ireland, his right hand forgets its cunning. A more thoroughly inefficient Minister than he, except to unsettle men's minds, and in doing so to bring the whole machinery of Parliamentary government into dis-

repute, never presided over the destinies of this or any other constitutional monarchy.

Among other expedients to keep himself in place, Mr Gladstone has taken up of late the question of the Ballot, to which, throughout the whole course of his political career, he had declared himself, on every fitting occasion, uncompromisingly hostile. The reasons which he assigns for this change of opinion are as disingenuous as the change itself is a blunder. He tells us that the franchise has ceased to be a trust, because it has been conferred on householders, and even on lodgers; and that there no longer exists that necessity for exercising it, subject to the control of public opinion, which, while the privilege was more restricted, rendered public voting a moral obligation. Now, in the first place, as we need hardly stop to point out, the franchise, though greatly extended, has not as yet changed its character even in boroughs. There are conditions on which both householders and lodgers can alone exercise the privilege, such as residence in the same tenement for a specified period of time,\* maturity of age, and so forth; while householders and lodgers together do not now, nor ever will, make up the sum-total of the population even in boroughs. Women, minors, children, domestic servants of both sexes, all these are just as much interested in the work of legislation as their husbands, fathers, and masters. If, therefore, it were the case, which it is not, that each particular borough sends its one or more members to Parliament charged with the interests exclusively of the place for which they sit, the franchise, or right to vote, would still

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\* The term of residence originally fixed was three years—a wise and salutary arrangement. Mr Gladstone and his friends struck out three years, and inserted the brief space now required.



be a trust; which, as the voter holds it for the benefit of his neighbours not less than for his own, he is bound to exercise conscientiously, and to satisfy the world that he does so. But reasoning of this sort is, in truth, out of place on such a question. No member of Parliament, whether he represent a borough or a county, enters the House of Commons as a mere delegate. He goes thither to legislate for the whole empire; and the electors who choose him, keeping this before their eyes, cannot rid themselves, however willing they may be to do so, of the responsibility that attaches to their act. All this is so obviously true, that we need not go with Mr Walter into the palpable absurdity of applying to counties a device which is clearly inconsistent with their political condition, whatever may be said of its fitness for the political condition of boroughs. No doubt we have brought down our rural franchise pretty low. Still, a twelve-pound house in the most thickly-peopled county of England is the residence of less than one out of every ten, or, it may be, of one out of every twenty, of the householders of the division. If the right of voting which the last Reform Bill conferred upon the master of that house be not a trust, then we must arrive at the conclusion that the franchise never was a trust at all, but a mere personal privilege or property.

Mr Gladstone's argument will not hold water for a moment, and he knows it. The expression of it seems to have escaped him in an unguarded moment. He is well aware that, if gravely advanced in debate, it would be knocked to pieces, and therefore keeps himself judiciously in the background. But he has done more than this. Not content to abdicate his proper functions in favour of another—not satisfied to put Mr Forster forward, and to take

his own place among the supporters of that gentleman—he prepares the way for a successful campaign on the Ballot question by the most extraordinary, and, we must be allowed to add, the most unconstitutional, extra-Parliamentary proceeding on record. We need not say that party meetings outside the Houses of Parliament, when great questions are pending, and the fate of Ministries is known to hang in the balance, are well-understood things. They have always been held in times past, and always will be held in times to come, so long as there are constitutional questions to be discussed, and constitutional parties to discuss them. Not to go farther back than to times within the memory of living men, we may remember that the late Lord Derby, when about to fight the battle of his Electoral Reform, called his friends together and opened to them his mind—just as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, when respectively at the head of Administrations, had on momentous occasions done before him. But in each of these cases, and in all others to which our personal recollection extends, the meetings so called were made up of Lords as well as of Commons. They were fair, honest, straightforward gatherings of noblemen and gentlemen—the members of both Houses—to whom the Minister was desirous of explaining his views, and whom he was anxious, before taking any decided step towards advancing them, to consult, because without their hearty support he knew himself to be powerless. Mr Gladstone has inaugurated an entirely novel mode of procedure. He explains nothing to his party beforehand. He launches his great measure, with its endless complication of details, first, and then, and not till then, considers how it is to be carried. His party treat him on

this occasion as they had treated him on many others—they read his bill twice. But scarcely is this done ere they give notice of amendments by the score, the prospect of fairly considering which, as they become successively mature, is appalling. How does he act? He invites his party to meet him in a private room. Observe that not a single member of the House of Lords receives an invitation to be present at this meeting. Why should Peers be invited? He is not going to hold a party consultation. He has no policy to explain, no measure to submit for the consideration of others, no advice to ask or receive. His object is to set up a “caucus.” The party, therefore, which meets him, consists exclusively of that section of the House of Commons on which he is accustomed to rely; and which, conscious of his own lack of power to manage them when in their proper places, he is desirous of fettering one by one in private conclave. Not having ourselves been present at the gathering, we must take our report of what passed from others; but the following statement of facts we believe to be substantially correct.

Mr Gladstone, we are told, who looked anxious and worn, began by deprecating discussion at the meeting. The tone in which he made this appeal was more than ordinarily gentle and conciliatory, and he carried the sympathies of his audience with him. He then proceeded, amid profound silence, to explain the position in which the Government found itself, his explanation amounting to this: We, the Government, have given you a Bill which shall for the future render compulsory secret voting both in municipal and Parliamentary elections. We must pass it, for to that we are pledged; and if we fail to redeem the pledge, with the appearance, before the world, of having done so

in a high-handed manner, we shall lose our character altogether. We have shown you how we propose to effect our end; but the details of our measure seem in many particulars to be unsatisfactory to you; and you, on whom we depend, have given notice of endless amendments in Committee. This course on your parts we hold to be at once unreasonable and inexpedient. But, knowing of what stuff you are made, we despair of being able, after the Bill gets into Committee, to prevail upon you to abandon your crotchets. Understand, therefore, beforehand, that we are willing to humour you, each and all, to the very verge of not making ourselves contemptible. Tell us in private what you severally desire, and depend upon our meeting your wishes as far as it is possible to do so consistently with the success of our measure. What we deprecate is, pressure in the House. Do not formally withdraw your amendments so as to give time for the enemy to make them their own; but so bear yourselves, that whatever concessions are made shall seem to be made by the Government spontaneously, not to be wrung out of them by the pertinacity of their own friends. It will never do to carry this Bill, as we did the Army Regulation Bill, to the Lords, modified and remodified at the dictation of outsiders; and when all is done, floating it perhaps, at last, through the House of Commons, on the shoulders of less than half of our recognised majority. And the first condition towards this amount of success is, that there shall be as little speech-making as possible. I myself intend to hold my tongue. It will be a great privation, an almost intolerable constraint; but so satisfied am I of the wisdom, indeed the necessity, of the procedure, that nothing, as far as can at present be foreseen, shall induce me to break

through this resolution. Now, none of you know half so well as I do how hard it is to feel the fire burn, and yet hold his peace. The *cacothetes loquendi* is my weakness: I confess it. But the sacrifice shall be made. I will be mute, and I expect you to be mute also. For it is necessary above all things, in order to the recovery of our character and influence in the country, that whatever is done in the matter of the Ballot Bill shall be done with a show of complete unanimity. If your amendments constrain us to give up everything except the secrecy of voting, we will give it up cheerfully, on this condition, that you shall appear to be led in Committee by us, not we led by you.

That the counsel given by Mr Gladstone to his friends ran somewhat in this direction, the conduct of the party since the Bill went into Committee shows plainly enough. There had been no debate upon the principle of the measure worthy of the name at the second reading. The season of the year and the duties of very many members as county magistrates alike interfered to prevent this; and it was clearly understood, by agreement between Mr Disraeli and Mr Gladstone, that an opportunity should be afforded of correcting the omission before the Speaker left the chair. But a discussion on the abstract merits of the measure was exactly what it interested the Prime Minister to avoid. He must have spoken had such debate been raised; and, not unaware that a repetition of the reason already assigned for the course of policy on which he was entering, would have damaged the party as well as himself, he took good care to provide against the contingency. The "caucus" did its work. One after another the Liberals quitted the House while the Opposition were endeavouring to assert their rights, till

in the end the sole occupants of seats on the Ministerial side were three members of the Administration in the front bench, and four independent supporters behind them. Nor has the party exhibited as yet any apparent consciousness of the degrading attitude which they have been persuaded to assume. They speak little, and on all occasions shortly. Even Mr Walter, though he moved his amendment considerably at length, appeared to be cramped by the recollection of what passed in the large room at the Treasury, though it is fair to add that he objected to that procedure at the moment, and holds, just as we do, that no more monstrous and ill-advised effort was ever made to interfere with the independence of the Legislature.

Our persuasion is that Mr Gladstone's momentary success will result by-and-by in miserable failure. It is clear that Ministers have not matured their scheme. On the second night, in Committee on one of the early clauses of the Bill, they got into confusion, and the clause was hung up, in order that it might be amended. The same result followed on the very next discussion,—and no wonder. How are candidates, under the new order of things, to approach their constituencies? How are constituents to find out what manner of men the candidates are? If any two or ten voters are at liberty to nominate whom they may, will the possible forfeiture by the party nominated of a hundred pounds caution-money prevent a multiplication of appearances? What are a hundred pounds to a desperate man ambitious of finding himself invited to Queen's balls, and willing to spend ten times as much, or to give his bond for it, probably worth the paper on which it is written, for the bare chance of achieving his object? What cares

the jobbing attorney, the wily miller, the cashier or partner in a bank which just staggers on, and that is all, about the consequences to the ill-advised individual whom they persuade to come forward with ample assurances of success? A more ingenious device for multiplying candidates, and thereby putting money into the pockets of busybodies both in town and country, never was devised. This curious arrangement, whether Mr Forster or Mr Gladstone be the father of it, for getting nomination-papers substituted for personal appearance, will throw the entire machine out of gear. Indeed, we go further. Much has been made of the success, as it is called, of the great experiment in the election of School Boards. We had the ballot there in its simplicity, and nobody pretends to deny that it worked admirably. Does not the 'Times' assure us that everywhere the best men were chosen? and is it not admitted on all sides that a more orderly procedure than the giving in of the polling-papers, even though the polling-places were kept open till eight o'clock at night, was never heard off? Why then should we hesitate to apply the same principle of action to other cases?

On the whole, we believe that wherever School Boards have been chosen, the persons most competent to discharge the functions of school managers generally took the lead at the poll. This is certainly the case in London, and we believe that other great towns were, for the most part, equally fortunate. But does it follow that a like result will attend future elections? And even if like results do follow in elections for School Boards, is it a necessary corollary that the same issues will ensue when elections come off for members of Parliament? It is worth

while to consider both points for a moment, and to do so separately.

There is no denying that in the first election for members of the School Board in London, and, we presume, in other places also, the electors, as a body, were taken very much by surprise. Who the persons were that chose the candidates, by what process the candidates were prevailed upon to come forward, and how the machinery for managing the election was put together, or who paid the piper,—these several matters are to us, while we write, mysteries impenetrable. All that we know in regard to them is, that there appeared in the newspapers one day a list of names which was said to represent gentlemen desirous of acting on the School Board, and that there followed soon afterwards printed hand-bills, which, being delivered by post at every door, told the master of the house that such and such committees had undertaken to judge for him respecting the fitness of the several candidates. The great body of the householders probably did as we did ourselves. They looked at the names of the committee-men, and pinning their faith to such as best represented like views with themselves on religious and political questions, they adopted the suggestions which their favourite committees had made, and voted for the candidates by them recommended. It is worthy of note, however, as justifying the remark just made, that the electors were taken very much by surprise, that only two or three cliques of committee-men came on that occasion to the front. Whether in subsequent elections there will be the same forbearance remains to be seen. We doubt it; for though the honour is not likely to become much and continuously sought after—at all events by the class of persons now invested with it, if serving gratui-

tously in a position of which the duties must occupy a good deal of time, while the ends to be wrought out look no higher than to determine where schoolhouses shall be built, how they shall be fitted, what text-books shall be used in them, and by what means children shall be forced to attend—still, in a rich country like ours, which abounds with idlers, and among a people so prone to make business for themselves, especially if it appear to be public business, there will never be wanting men to whom even a seat at a School Board shall present itself as an object of ambition. We anticipate, therefore, that in future every little knot of busy-bodies in London will form itself into a committee; that every committee will have its list of candidates cut and dry; and that money will pass from candidates to their committee-men with a liberality proportionate to the eagerness with which the former yearn to find their names trumpeted as public men, and the latter are free of their assurances that this gratification shall be secured to them. For who is simple enough to believe that Lord Lawrence, Lord Sandon, and gentlemen of their class, will care to be cumbered in perpetuity with such mere routine business as the business of the School Board must necessarily become? They stood forward a few months ago, and we honour them for it, with a view to give this novel device a fair start. That they can be expected to do more is quite out of the question. Future School Boards will consist, therefore, or we are mistaken, of a very inferior order of men; and the moment the dignity becomes vulgarised it will become likewise venal—a matter of barter and arrangement between busy-bodies willing to be bought, and bodies equally busy who are willing to buy them.

Such is our anticipation of the future of School Boards. We may be wrong—we shall be glad to find ourselves so; for certainly the game, in this matter of the School Board, appears by no means worth the candle. But can the same thing be said of a seat in the House of Commons? Is not that, on the contrary, the prize above all prizes at which the rich in the middle classes among us have learned to look as peculiarly their own? Consider how much the social qualifications which used to be required from those who aspired to represent their neighbours in Parliament have changed already from what they once were. Fifty years ago, forty years ago, thirty years ago, constituencies, whether oppidan or rural, declined, as a general rule, to be wooed and won, except by gentlemen of old standing and recognised position in the country. *Now*, gentlemen of position and old standing in the country are beginning to be in the House of Commons exceptions to the common rule. Scotland is notoriously represented by a class of persons, as well socially as by intellectual culture, very different from our old Scottish members. And this not in small constituencies—little groups of boroughs—but in our largest counties, and our most populous and thriving cities. Where, also, in England, are the merchant-princes who used to sit for London?—the gentlemen of ancient lineage who represented, not counties only, but the smaller boroughs adjoining to which their patrimonial estates lay? As to Ireland, there all considerations weigh for nothing, except one. If the candidate, whether he be of an old stock or a new—a lawyer, a trader, a landed proprietor, or what not—do not pledge himself to give to the English Government all the annoyance in his power, he may profess what principle he will, and be in

other respects both respected and beloved, but he has no chance at the hustings. Of Ireland, therefore, we abstain, in dealing with the present state of things, from taking any account. The prospect which it holds out to us in the future is simply terrible. But what shall we say of Great Britain? That the individual members hinted at above, and others like them, are to be objected to on the score of moral worth, or natural and acquired ability? Quite the reverse. They are all honourable men; some of them are able men; one of them has, on account of his ability, achieved a seat in the Cabinet; yet they certainly do not belong to the same order in society with the members to whose places they have succeeded. And if the social condition of our members of Parliament has gone down so much under an extended suffrage with open voting, what may we not expect after the Ballot Bill has become law? In America, of which we are copying the institutions as fast as we can, the best-bred and best-mannered citizens shrink, as is well known, from the debasing influences of public life. The Senate, the House of Representatives, the municipal dignities, the Presidential chair itself, are all filled by thick-skinned, hard-headed, not over-scrupulous individuals. No gentleman who is afflicted with any measure of refinement, or indisposed to make use of the bad passions of his neighbours, ever thinks of coming forward as a candidate for any one of them. The best and most cultivated men in America lead retired lives, many of them lettered lives. It is the mob, and the mob-leaders exclusively, that manage public affairs.

Assuming the Ministerial Bill to become law—though that, in the present temper of the House of Lords, is, we should think, to assume a good deal—its first effect

upon society in England and Scotland will be to multiply the candidatures for seats in the House of Commons fourfold. Heretofore the principal landowners in counties, and the leading members of corporations or their chief supporters, have agreed among themselves respecting that matter. Where parties seemed to be equally balanced, they not unfrequently avoided a contest by conceding to each its just share in the representation. Where one was, or believed itself to be, greatly superior to the other, every seat was fought for, and every means openly applied to carry it. There will be an end to this regulated state of things under the Ballot. Party ties are broken by it. The natural disposition of the tenant to make common cause with his landlord is set aside. It will be impossible to judge beforehand how the balance of parties is likely to hang; for every man, be his education and manner of life what they may, is assumed to have an opinion of his own as to how the country ought to be governed; and the opinion of one man is, in theory, held to be as valid and reasonable as that of another. But, more than this; a man's opinion may be as fixed as it will, but he must henceforth keep it to himself. The law forbids him to say for whom he intends to vote, and for what reasons. He must go by stealth and drop his paper into the ballot-box, as if the business in which he was engaged were a discreditable one. Can it be that this practice, with the habits of thought which it must inevitably generate, will not lower the moral tone of society, and that rapidly? Just look at the matter fairly.

We are reminded that gentlemen elect by ballot into the clubs of which they are members, and that they suffer no deterioration of moral tone in consequence. And the inference is drawn, that, in anticipat-

ing a contrary result from the application of the Ballot to political elections, we stultify ourselves, and do injustice to the people. But surely this is begging the whole question at once. Clubs are social institutions, which bring men together for social purposes only. Nothing is to be gained, nothing lost, by the election or rejection of particular candidates, except the addition to a family circle of a member approved by all, or the rejection of one to whom a certain number of those already within the circle object. In like manner the candidate, though desirous of enjoying the privileges which membership will confer upon him, is stimulated by no ambition of power, no hope of social advancement, to seek admission into the club; and his election or rejection turning upon points of personal preference or dislike, it is obviously desirable, for his sake not less than for the sake of the club, that the individuals who object to him should object in secret. Open voting would break up any club in a year, after involving members and candidates also in deadly quarrels. Now, consider how the case stands as between the Parliamentary candidate and the constituency to which he addresses himself. To the candidate it is a matter of life or death whether he fail or succeed. Success places him in the foremost rank of English commoners. It gives him power, privilege, the right of determining great public questions, access to the best society which London and the world can afford, and an amount of self-appreciation such as neither wealth nor eminence in any other way can create. Under existing circumstances even honourable men go great lengths to achieve these ends. Under a system of secret voting honourable men will soon find out that they stand at much greater disadvan-

tage towards men not so scrupulous as themselves than they do now; and after one or more attempts to gain their end without sacrificing their honour, they will make up their minds to preserve the latter by abandoning the former at once and for ever. Under existing circumstances men less tender of conscience than these consider everything fair in electioneering. They think simply how they may escape detection; not at all whether it be honourable to do aught the detection of which would vitiate their elections. Does anybody suppose that such men will be more scrupulous after a cloak of secrecy is drawn over their proceedings? Oh, but you cannot bribe, or you will not, knowing that your money can assure you of no certain results. Besides, when the Ballot comes into play, there will be an end to canvassing, and therefore no opportunity will be afforded of corrupting the principles of constituencies. Is it so? We think not. The Ballot is not a novel expedient in determining elections to places of trust and power. It prevailed in Athens, it was in use at Rome, it is exercised in the United States of America. How it worked in classic times we know from history. Cicero, the vainest and most ambitious of philosophers, never speaks of it except with reprobation. Addressing a Roman jury—in other words, speaking to men who voted in secret, and were notoriously bribed by one or both parties to a suit—he describes it indeed as “*tabella vindex tacitæ libertatis.*” And the late Mr Grote, himself a vehement advocate for the Ballot, was accustomed to quote that expression in Parliament as showing that he had the great Roman orator on his side. But Cicero could be sarcastic as well as plausible; and unless we were made acquainted with the tone of voice in which he thus lauded

“the liberty of silence,” we could not say whether he spoke the words in seriousness or in scorn. We do know, however, that in a letter to his brother he says, “There is nothing like the open suffrage of the lip;” and that in one of his speeches he makes use of the following terms: “The ballot enables men to open their faces, and to cover up their thoughts; it gives them licence to promise whatever they are asked, and at the same time to do whatever they please.” “As to myself,” he continues elsewhere, “whatever the honours may be to which I have attained, I attained them by the living voices of my fellow-citizens.”

The Ballot is in active use now in America. They have adopted it also in Australia and other of our own Southern Pacific colonies, where, however, the population is still sparse, and seats in the legislative assemblies are not yet so much sought after as to make it worth any man's while to bid high for them. But how stands the case among our Transatlantic cousins? We should but repeat a tale thrice told were we to describe the wholesale bribery that goes on among them; the cleverness with which “caucuses” are arranged, the rowdyism that makes itself felt in every circle. And as to canvassing, why, the whole life of a man ambitious to take the lead in public affairs is among the Americans a continuous canvass. What are General Butler's furious tirades against England, except electioneering speeches? Let nobody urge, then, as a plea in his advocacy of the Ballot, that it will either put a stop to canvassing or render bribery impossible. For in truth we do not see how any man can have a chance of a seat in Parliament who does not show himself to the electors and personally solicit their votes. And bribes, though they

may not be scattered about with so profuse a hand as common rumour represented them to have been long ago, will certainly not die out; they will merely come, in an enormously increased volume, into fewer fountain-heads, whence by smaller streams they will make their way out again, and be diffused throughout the whole community.

Again, it is absurd to contend that the Ballot will put a stop to intimidation and undue influence. Of intimidation, except by trades-unions in England, by Dissenting ministers in Wales, and by priests and Repealers in Ireland, we have long ceased to hear anything. Will the Ballot interfere effectually in any one of these quarters? Certainly not. Trades-unions, Dissenting ministers, priests, and Repealers know their men. Wherever they have power at this moment to determine how individuals are to vote, they will retain it more fully under the Ballot. And as to influence, will not the priest through the confessional, the Dissenting minister over the tea-table, and the trades-union leader by the show of increased zeal in the war of labour against capital, be infinitely more influential in their respective circles after the voting, knowing that neither their employer nor their landlord is ever likely to find out which of the rival candidates they supported?

But the candidates will be forbidden by law to canvass. They are not so much as permitted to address the constituency on the day of nomination. The constituents will learn through their newspapers, or by printed letters delivered at their own doors, who the gentlemen are that solicit their suffrages; and their votes they will drop quietly into the urn, at any time between one fixed hour in the morning and another fixed hour in the afternoon. Thus, all the rioting and drunkenness



which used to bring discredit on our electoral system will be avoided. There will be no cheering, no chaffing, no breaking of windows or of heads. The utmost purity of sentiment will prevail; and the worthiest man out of all who come forward, whether there be many or few, will find himself chosen to represent the county or the borough in Parliament, without expense and without danger. What a charming picture! what an Arcadian landscape opens before us! But just turn the canvass, and observe what stands on the other side.

We take it upon us to assert that already, in anticipation of the success of Mr Forster's measure, committees are forming in every division of a county of the kingdom, and in every borough, with a view to meet the exigencies of the dissolution which must immediately follow that result. We further venture to affirm that the committees on elections are not only three or four times more numerous than they ever were before, but that many of them consist of quite a different class of persons than ever undertook to manage elections in bygone times. And as the committees, so the candidates are sure to be. There is not a struggling attorney in England but knows of some wealthy individual or another who would gladly make his way into Parliament if he knew how. There is not a successful speculator in joint-stock companies (limited) but has a large acquaintance among struggling attorneys, who, to do them justice, are generally, if not the originators, at all events the active and useful agents in getting up such concerns. Does anybody doubt that already communications are opened between these parties, and that for one candidate who presented himself to a constituency, especially if it be an extensive one, in former times, we

shall at the next general election have at least three? And what are the claims of these unseemly aspirants on the people? how are their qualifications to be made known?—Clearly through their committees; in other words, through the struggling attorneys who have severally taken them up. But attorneys never work gratuitously themselves, nor expect others to work for them gratuitously. Bribery! our persuasion is that the full meaning of that term will only be understood after Mr Forster's measure becomes law—if it ever do become law. That vast sums of money will be wasted—that we do not doubt. Like the Roman jurors of Cicero's day, English voters will for a consideration promise whatever they are asked, and in the end do whatever they like; in other words, sell themselves to the highest bidder.

Is this a fair statement of the case? No, certainly not—if the statement be received as of universal application. Many voters will stand hereafter just as they stand now—above the reach of such temptation; some because their circumstances are easy, others because they really entertain strong convictions on political subjects. A money bribe offered to a gentleman or a thriving tradesman or farmer would be regarded by him as an insult. A ten-pound note would scarcely prevail to win a vote from a thorough-going Radical in favour of a Conservative. But gentlemen, thriving tradesmen, and farmers are already, it is to be feared, outweighed, and could hardly, if they all pulled together, carry their own members against more needy men, the latter throwing their influence into the same scale. Gentlemen, thriving tradesmen, and farmers are not, however, of one mind. The majority we believe to be Conservative,

but that is all. When, therefore, we take into account that some of these will everywhere be found ready to co-operate with struggling attorneys in whatever attempts are made towards severing the old ties that have heretofore kept society together, and when we farther compare the bitter reality with which trades-unionists and members of the International Society hold to their opinions with the comparative indifference to theirs with which the great body of working-people treat the whole subject of politics,—then are we driven to the conclusion that the Ballot, while it will fail to win even a single vote from the ranks of the enemy, may, and probably will, steal away not a few from our ranks. Of course this is the main purpose which the present Government have in view while passing their measure through Parliament. But they deceive themselves if they think that either they or the nation will find rest after Liberalism—as the Ballot Bill develops—shall have gained the ascendant. Already Mr Gladstone hints at some new measure of parliamentary reform. Let him keep his mind easy. In the sense which he applies to the term, Parliament, once it has succeeded in getting a House of Commons installed under protection of the Ballot, will reform itself fast enough. Such petty arrangements as the re-arrangement of boundaries, with the transfer here and there of seats from one section of the kingdom to another, will go very little way in meeting the wishes of the class to whom we are about to transfer political power. The division of England, Scotland, and Ireland into electoral districts, to be determined as to their limits by the amount of population in each—that is the least thing that will be thought of. And if there do not follow immediately a demand to redistribute property

in land—according to the scheme recently propounded by Mr Mill, in other respects, by the universal adoption of co-operation—it will be because the times are not quite ripe as yet for so great a change.

Another strong argument against the Ballot is this, that it will encourage and foster that cowardly indisposition to speak out their real sentiments on important subjects, which is already, we regret to say, so common among us. There was a time when an Englishman would have scorned to hide his opinion, far less to affect an agreement which he did not feel with the opinion of others on any subject. Now that the franchise has become vulgarised, neither at the hustings nor in the House do members of Parliament consider that their first duty is to attend to the wellbeing of the State; their second, and at a long interval, to make sure of their own re-election. Does anybody believe that the present House of Commons is made up of men bent upon destroying the Monarchy? Do we not, on the contrary, know that a vast majority of them abhor the measures which they are helping to pass, and entirely distrust the Minister, whom they nevertheless support? And if such be the case now, what may we not expect to find when the Ballot comes into play? You may as reasonably expect a child, whom you teach to shrink at his own shadow, to grow up a brave man, as you can look for straightforward and resolute statesmen among men reared in a political school where everything is said and done so as to give as little opening as possible to controversy and the clash of opinions.

We are not unaware that, among our own friends, there are those who contemplate the prospect of the Ballot almost with approval. These argue, and with some show of truth, that we can scarcely be worse off

than we are now. They point to the majority that sits behind Mr Gladstone and ask, whether, under any condition or change of circumstances, we could get a more mischievous House of Commons? And they very fairly contend that in one respect we may be better. Only they who have practical acquaintance with the facts know how crushing is the tyranny exercised by trades-unionists on their industrious and deserving fellow-workmen. From this, at least at election times, the Ballot will set free honest workmen; and there is no telling but that the sense of liberty which he experiences then, may induce him to assert his natural rights on other occasions, and break the yoke entirely from off his own neck, to the unspeakable benefit of himself and of society at large. Our persuasion is that they who argue thus deceive themselves. The present House of Commons is really not, at heart, so bad as it seems to be. A mistaken sense of honour keeps not a few of its members on the Speaker's right, while their feelings and aspirations are in many cases with the party which sits upon his left. It is evident, also, that the mistaken sense of honour of which we speak is growing every day less binding upon them. They have done enough in destroying the Irish Church and passing the Irish Land Bill. They did their leader but indifferent service in most of his undertakings since the present session began; and they are certainly not in earnest in helping him forward with his present measure. Unless, then, our friends really believe that Constitutionalism will gain by the adoption of a device which has not succeeded anywhere else, which in France created the Second Empire, and in America throws all power into the hands of the dregs of the people, they will do well to offer to it a determined re-

sistance. No doubt there are cases in which the Ballot might be expected to work well. Great Whig landlords are proverbially more stringent in exacting political allegiance from their tenantry than Tories. The Ballot might, therefore, in counties, give considerable strength to Conservatism. In like manner, most of us are acquainted with large manufacturing establishments where the working men are at the present moment held in subjection, some by Liberal employers, others by trades-unions. There, too, in all probability, the Ballot might tell in our favour. But partial successes, even if they proved to be at once more frequent and more decided than we venture to contemplate, would not, in our opinion, overbalance the mischief which must accrue to the State in the long-run. Apart from the immediate and obvious results at which we have already hinted—the calling into the field a crowd of such unprincipled candidates—the stirring up to action of struggling attorneys and idlers, with just brains enough to do evil—there is looming in the distance a steady deterioration of character among all who, in any shape, shall make politics their business. How can I ask a poor man to give me his vote gratuitously, when I know that my rival is, through his agents, bribing right and left? How can my poor neighbour continue to regard me as his friend, or I retain for him the kindly feelings that once moved me, when I know that he is continually worked upon in secret to take a step of which I disapprove? There is much to be condemned in secret voting. It makes men mean in spite of themselves. And if they be not mean in point of fact, at all events the opportunity of proving the reverse is taken away from them. Nor will it serve any good purpose to say that the prin-

ciples and opinions here enunciated are out of date. It is never out of date to hold that uneducated and unreflecting men are no fit judges of the laws and institutions which make nations at once great and virtuous. Every man in his own place and at his own business—that is the true principle on which republics thrive. Assuming the measure to pass the Commons, there cannot possibly be time for the Lords to give to it the consideration which it deserves, and they will therefore fail in their duty to the country if they do not decline, in the present session, to read it a second time. Neither is there the slightest ground for apprehending that inconvenience will arise from the delay. The country is quite indifferent on the subject. Not one petition in favour of the measure, carrying weight with it because of the number or respectability of the signatures attached, has been handed in. The only bodies of working men who have met to discuss it, declare that it is no longer necessary, and therefore speak of it with contempt. The Lords need not scruple, under such circumstances, to do with it as they did last year, very much to the satisfaction of all concerned in it, with the Scotch Education Bill. They will throw it out, and leave

the Government free to reintroduce it, if so disposed, a year hence. Be it far from us to insinuate that the artisans of this country are unfit to exercise the rights of freemen. But the artisan, equally with the country gentleman and professional men, will deal wisely by these rights only if he regard them as a trust for the use of which he is responsible to his neighbours; and that, after all, it is his daily work, not the care of the Empire, which constitutes, or ought to constitute, the business of his life. So long as he is required to vote before the world, he will feel this. The moment you enable him to keep secret the use to which his vote has been turned, you tempt him to become a schemer; and a schemer is never a useful member of society, be his rank in life what it may.

On the whole, then, we declare against the Ballot. The measure may make its way through the Commons, though even that is not quite certain. But it cannot reach the Lords in sufficient time to be sifted and tried in all its bearings there. And the refusal to pass it will fill up such a measure of degradation as never before, since England became a constitutional State, overtook any Ministry.

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## THE MAID OF SKER.—PART II.

### CHAPTER IX.—SAND-HILLS TURNED TO SAND-HOLES.

WHILE I was talking thus with the boy, and expecting his mother every minute (with hope of a little refreshment when the farmer should have dropped off into his usual Sunday sleep), a very strange thing began more and more to force itself on my attention. I have said that the hall of this desolate house was large and long, and had six doorways—narrow arches of heavy stone, without a door to any of them. Three of these arches were at the west and three at the east end of the room, and on the south were two old windows, each in a separate gable, high up from the floor, and dark with stonework and with lead-work; and in the calmest weather these would draw the air and make a rattle. At the north side of the hall was nothing but dead wall, and fireplace, and cupboards, and the broad oak staircase. Having used the freedom to light a pipe, I sate with my face to the chimney-corner, where some wood-ashes were smouldering, after

the dinner was done with; and sitting thus, I became aware of a presence of some sort over my right shoulder. At first I thought it was nothing more than the smoke from my own pipe, for I puffed rather hard, in anxiety about that little darling. But seeing surprise, and alarm perhaps, in Watkin's face, who sate opposite, I turned round, and there beheld three distinct and several pillars of a brownish-yellow light standing over against the doorways of the western end.

At first I was a little scared, and the more so because the rest of the hall was darkening with a pulse of colour gradually vanishing; and for an instant I really thought that the ghosts of the wrecked child's father and mother, and perhaps her nurse, were come to declare the truth about her, and challenge me for my hesitation. But presently I called to mind how many strange things had befallen me, both at sea and on the coast, in the way of feeling and vision too,

designed, however, by the Power that sends them, more to forewarn than frighten us, and, as we get used to them, to amuse or edify.

Therefore I plucked my spirit up and approached this odd appearance, and found that no part of it was visible upon the spot where it seemed to stand. But Watkin, who was much emboldened by my dauntless carriage, called out in Welsh that he could see me walking in and out of them, like so many haystacks. Upon this I took yet further courage, having a witness so close at hand, and nothing seeming to hurt me. So what did I do but go outside, without any motion of running away, but to face the thing to its utmost; and Watkin, keeping along the wall, took good care to come after me.

Here I discovered in half a second that I had been wise as well as strong in meeting the matter valiantly; for what we had seen was but the glancing—or reflection, as they call it now—of what was being done outside. In a word, the thick and stifling heat of the day (which had gathered to a head the glaring and blazing power of the last two months of hot summer) was just beginning to burst abroad in whirlwind, hail, and thunder. All the upper heaven was covered with a spread of burning yellow; all the half-way sky was red as blood with fibres under it, and all the sides and margin looked as black as the new-tarred bends of a ship. But what threw me most astray was, that the whole was whirling, tossing upward jerks of darkness, as a juggler flings his balls, yet at one time spinning round, and at the same time scowling down.

“It is a hurricane,” said I, having seen some in the West Indies which began like this. Watkin knew not much of my meaning, but caught hold of my coat, and stood. And in truth it was enough to make not

only a slip of a boy, but a veteran sailor, stand and fear.

Not a flash of lightning yet broke the expectation of it, nor had been a drop of rain. But to my surprise, and showing how little we know of anything, over the high land broke a sand-storm, such as they have in Africa. It had been brewing some time, most likely, in the Kenfig burrows, toward the westward and the windward, although no wind was astir with us. I thought of a dance of waterspouts, such as we had twice encountered in the royal navy; once, I know, was after clearing the mouth of the Strait of Malaccas; where the other was I truly forget, having had so much to go everywhere. But this time the whirling stuff was neither water, nor smoke, nor cloud; but sand, as plain as could be. It was just like the parson’s hour-glass—only going up, not coming down, and quickly instead of slowly. And of these funnels, spinning around, and coming near and nearer, there may have been perhaps a dozen, or there may have been threescore. They differed very much in size, according to the breadth of whirlwind, and the stuff it fed upon, and the hole in the air it bored; but all alike had a tawny colour, and a manner of bulking upward, and a loose uncertain edge, often lashing off in frays; and between them black clouds galloped; and sometimes two fell into one, and bodily broke downward; then a pile (as big as Newton Rock) rose in a moment anyhow. Hill or valley made no odds; sand-hill, or sand-bottom; the sand was in the place of the air, and the air itself was sand.

Many people have asked me, over and over again (because such a thing was scarcely known, except at the great storm of sand four hundred years ago, they say)—our people, ever so many times, assert their pri-

vilege to ask me (now again especially) how many of these pillars there were! I wish to tell the truth exactly, having no interest in the matter—and if I had, no other matter would it be to me; and after going into my memory deeper than ever I could have expected there would be occasion for, all I can say is this—legion was their number; because they were all coming down upon me; and how could I stop to count them?

Watkin lost his mind a little, and asked me (with his head gone under my regulation-coat) if I thought it was the judgment-day.

To this question I “replied distinctly in the negative” (as the man of the paper wrote, when I said “no” about poaching); and then I cheered young Watkin up, and told him that nothing more was wanted than to keep a weather-helm.

Before his wit could answer helm so much as to clear my meaning, the storm was on me, and broke my pipe, and filled my lungs and all my pockets, and spoiled every corner of the hat I had bought for my dear wife’s funeral. I pulled back instantly (almost as quickly as boy Watkin could), and we heard the sand burst over the house, with a rattle like shot, and a roar like cannon. And being well inside the walls, we fixed our eyes on one another, in the gloom and murkiness, as much as we could do for coughing, to be sure of something.

“Where is Bardie gone?” I asked, as soon as my lungs gave speech to me: it should have been, “Where is Bunny gone?” But my head was full of the little one.

“Who can tell?” cried the boy, in Welsh, being thoroughly scared of his English. “Oh, Dyo dear, God the great only knows.”

“God will guard her,” I said softly, yet without pure faith in it, having seen such cruel things; but

the boy’s face moved me. Moreover, Bardie seemed almost too full of life for quenching; and having escaped rocks, waves, and quicksands, surely she would never be wrecked upon dry land ignobly. Nevertheless, at the mere idea of those helpless little ones out in all this raging havoc, tears came to my eyes, until the sand, of which the very house was full, crusted up and blinded them.

It was time to leave off thinking, if one meant to do any good. The whirlwinds spun and whistled round us, now on this side, now on that; and the old house creaked and rattled as the weather pulled or pushed at it. The sand was drifted in the court yard (without any special whirlwind) three feet deep in the north-east corner; and the sky, from all sides, fell upon us, like a mountain undermined.

“Boy, go in to your mother,” I said; and I thank God for enabling me, else might she have been childless. “Tell your mother not to be frightened, but to get your father up, and to have the kettle boiling.”

“Oh, Dyo—dear Dyo! let me come with you, after that poor little child, and after my five brothers.”

“Go in, you helpless fool,” I said; and he saw the set of my countenance, and left me, though but half-content.

It needed all my strength to draw the door of the house behind me, although the wind was bent no more on one way than another, but universal uproar. And down-roar too; for it fell on my head quite as much as it jerked my legs, and took me aback, and took me in front, and spun me round, and laughed at me. Then of a sudden all wind dropped, and yellow sky was over me.

What course to take (if I had the choice) in search of those poor children, was more at first than I

could judge, or bring my mind to bear upon. For as sure as we live by the breath of the Lord, the blast of his anger deadens us.

Perhaps it was my instinct only, having been so long afloat, which drove me, straight as affairs permitted, toward the margin of the sea. And perhaps I had some desire to know how the sea itself would look under this strange visiting. Moreover, it may have come across me, without any thinking twice of it, that Bunny had an in-born trick of always running toward the sea, as behoved a sailor's daughter.

Anyhow, that way I took, so far as it was left to me to know the points of the compass, or the shape and manner of anything. For simple and short as the right road was, no simpleton or shortwitted man could have hit it, or come near it, in that ravenous weather. In the whirl and grim distortion of the air and the very earth, a man was walking (as you might say) in the depth of a perfect calm, with stifling heat upon him, and a piece of shadow to know himself by; and then, the next moment, there he was in a furious state of buffeting, baffled in front, and belaboured aback, and bellowed at under the swing of his arms, and the staggering failure of his poor legs.

Nevertheless, in the lull and the slack times, I did my utmost to get on, having more presence of mind perhaps than any landsman could have owned. Poor fellows they are when it comes to blow; and what could they do in a whirlwind?

As I began to think of them, and my luck in being a seaman, my courage improved to that degree that I was able quite heartily to commend myself to the power of God, whom, as a rule, I remember best when the world seems coming to an end. And I think it almost

certain that this piety on my part enabled me to get on as I did.

For without any skill at all or bravery of mine, but only the calmness which fell upon me, as it used to do in the heat of battle, when I thought on my Maker, all at once I saw a way to elude a great deal of the danger. This was as simple as could be, yet never would have come home to a man unable to keep his wits about him.

Blurred and slurred as the whole sky was with twisted stuff and with yellowness, I saw that the whirling pillars of sand not only whirled but also travelled in one spiral only. They all came from the west, where lay the largest spread of sand-hills, and they danced away to the north-east first, and then away to south of east, shaping a round like a ship with her helm up, preserving their spiral from left to right as all water-spouts do on the north of the Line.

So when a column of sand came nigh to suck me up, or to bury me—although it went thirty miles an hour, and I with the utmost scare of my life could not have managed ten perhaps—by porting my helm, without carrying sail, and, so working a traverse, I kept the weather-gage of it, and that made all the difference.

Of course I was stung in the face and neck as bad as a thousand musquitoes when the skirts of the whirl flapped round at me, but what was that to care about? It gave me pleasure to walk in such peril, and feel myself almost out of it by virtue of coolness and readiness. Nevertheless it gave me far greater pleasure, I can assure you, to feel hard ground beneath my feet, and stagger along the solid pebbles of the beach of Sker, where the sand-storm could not come so much.

Hereupon I do believe that, in spite of all my courage—so stout and strong in the moment of trial



—all my power fell away before the sense of safety. What could my old battered life matter to any one in the world, except myself and Bunny? However, I was so truly thankful to kind Providence for preserving it, that I cannot have given less than nine jumps, and said, “Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,” three times over, and in both ways.

This brought me back to the world again, as any power of piety always does when I dwell therein, and it drove me thereupon to trust in Providence no longer than the time was needful for me to recover breathing.

When I came to my breath and prudence, such a fright at first oppressed me, that I made a start for running into the foremost of the waves, thinking (if I thought at all) of lying down there, with my head kept up, and defying the sand to quench the sea.

Soon, however, I perceived that this was not advisable. Such a roar arose around me from the blows of hills and rocks, and the fretful eagerness of the sea to be at war again, and the deep sound of the distance—the voice of man could travel less than that of a sand-piper, and the foot of man might long to be the foot of a sandhopper. For the sea was rising fast up the verge of ground-swell, and a deep hoarse echo rolling down the shoaling of the surges. This to me was pleasant music, such as makes a man awake.

The colour of the sun and sky was just as I had once beholden near the pearl-grounds of Ceylon, where the bottom of the sea comes up with a very mournful noise, and the fish sing dirges, and no man, however clear of eye, can open the sea and the sky asunder. And by this time being able to look round a little—for the air was not so full of sand, though still very thick and

dusty—I knew that we were on the brink of a kind of tornado, as they call it in the tropics,—a storm that very seldom comes into these northern latitudes, being raised by violence of heat, as I have heard a surveyor say, the air going upward rapidly, with a great hole left below it.

Now as I stood on watch, as it were, and, being in such a situation, longed for more tobacco, what came to pass was exactly this—so far as a man can be exact when his wits have long been failing him.

The heaven opened, or rather seemed to be cloven by a sword-sweep, and a solid mass of lightning fell, with a cone like a red-hot anvil. The ring of black rocks received its weight, and leaped like a boiling caldron, while the stormy waters rose into a hiss and heap of steam. Then the crash of heaven stunned me.

When I came to myself it was raining as if it had never rained before. The rage of sand and air was beaten flat beneath the rain, and the fretful lifting of the sea was hushed off into bubbles. What to do I could not tell, in spite of all experience, but rubbed the sand from both my eyes, as bad as the beard of an oyster, and could see no clear way anywhere.

Now the sky was spread and traversed with a net of crossing fires, in and out like mesh and needle, only without time to look. Some were yellow, some deep red, and some like banks of violet, and others of a pale sweet blue, like gazing through a window. They might have been very beautiful, and agreeable to consider, if they had been further off, and without that wicked crack of thunder through the roar. Worse storms I had seen, of course, in the hot world and up mountains, and perhaps thought little of them; but then there was this difference, I had

always plenty of fellows with me, and it was not Sunday. Also, I then was young, and trained for cannons to be shot at me. Neither had I a boat of my own, but my dear wife was alive.

These considerations moved me to be careful of my life—a duty which increases on us after the turn

of the balance ; and seeing all things black behind me, and a world of storm around, knowing every hole as I did, with many commendations of myself to God for the sake of Bunny, in I went into a hole under a good solid rock, where I could watch the sea, and care for nothing but an earthquake.

#### CHAPTER X.—UNDER THE ROCK.

For a while the power of the lightning seemed to quench the wind almost, and one continuous roar of thunder rang around the darkness. Then, with a bellow, the wind sprang forth (like a wild bull out of a mountain), and shattered the rain and drowned the thunder, and was lord of everything. Under its weight the flat sea quivered, and the crests flew into foam, and the scourge upon the waters seemed to beat them all together. The whirlwinds now were past and done with, and a violent gale begun, and in the burst and change of movement there appeared a helpless ship.

She was bearing towards Pool Tavan, as poor Bardie's boat had done, but without the summer glory and the golden wealth of waves. All was smooth and soft and gentle, as the moonlight in a glass, when the little boat came gliding with its baby captain. All was rough and hard and furious as a fight of devils, when that ship came staggering with its load of sin and woe. And yet there had not been so much as twenty-four hours between the two.

Not one of our little coasting vessels, but a full-rigged ship she loomed, of foreign build, although at present carrying no colours. I saw at once what her business was, to bring from the West Indies sugar, rum, and suchlike freight, to Bristol, or

to the Dutchmen. This was in her clearance-bill ; but behind that she had other import not so clearly entered. In a word, she carried negroes from the overstocked plantations, not to be quite slaves (at least in the opinion of their masters), but to be distributed, for their own Christian benefit, at a certain sum per head, among the Bristol or Dutch merchants, or wherever it might be. And it serves them right, I always say ; for the fuss that we now make about those black men must bring down the anger of the Creator, who made them black, upon us.

As the gale set to its work, and the sea arose in earnest, and the lightning drifted off into the scud of clouds, I saw, as plain as a pikestaff, that the ship must come ashore, and go to pieces very likely, before one could say "Jack Robinson." She had been on the Sker-weather sands already, and lost her rudder and some of her sternpost, as the lift of the water showed ; and now there was nothing left on board her of courage or common seamanship. The truth of it was, although of course I could not know it then, that nearly all the ship's company acted as was to be expected from a lot of foreigners ; that is to say, if such they were. They took to the boats in a kind of panic when first she struck among the sands in the whirlwind which began the storm. There could have been then no great

sea running, only quiet rollers; and being but two miles off the shore, they hoped, no doubt, to land well enough, after leaving the stupid negroes and the helpless passengers to the will of Providence.

However, before they had rowed a mile, with the flood-tide making eastward, one of the boats was struck by lightning, and the other caught in a whirl vorago (as the Spaniards call it), and not a soul ever came to land, and scarcely any bodies. Both these accidents were seen from Porthcawl Point by Sandy Macraw through a telescope: and much as he was mine enemy, I do him the justice to believe it; partly because he could look for no money from any lies in the matter, and still more because I have heard that some people said that they saw him see it.

But to come back to this poor ship: the wind, though blowing madly enough (as a summer gale is often hotter for a while than a winter one), had not time and sweep as yet to raise any very big rollers. The sea was sometimes beaten flat and then cast up in hillocks; but the mighty march of waters fetched by a tempest from the Atlantic was not come, and would not come, in a veering storm like this. For it takes a gale of at least three tides, such as we never have in summer, to deliver the true buffet of the vast Atlantic.

Nevertheless the sea was nasty and exceeding vicious; and the wind more madly wild, perhaps, than when it has full time to blow; in short, the want of depth and power was made up by rage and spite. And for a ship not thoroughly sound and stanch in all her timbers it had been better, perhaps, to rise and fall upon long billows, with a chance of casting high and dry, than to be twirled round and plucked at, thrown on beam-ends, and taken aback, as this hapless craft was being, in the lash of rocky

waters and the drift of gale and scud.

By this time she was close ashore, and not a man (except myself) to help or even pity her. All around her was wind and rocks, and a mad sea rushing under her. The negroes, crouching in the scuppers, or clinging to the masts and rails, or rolling over one another in their want of pluck and skill, seemed to shed their blackness on the snowy spray and curdled foam, like cuttlefish in a lump of froth. Poor things! they are grieved to die as much, perhaps, as any white man; and my heart was overcome, in spite of all I know of them.

The ship had no canvas left, except some tatters of the foretopsail, and a piece of the main-royals; but she drifted broadside on, I daresay five or six knots an hour. She drew too much water, unluckily, to come into Pool Tavan at that time of the tide, even if the mouth had been wide enough; but crash she went on a ledge of rocks thoroughly well known to me, every shelf of which was a razor. Half a cable's length below the entrance to Pool Tavan, it had the finest steps and stairs for congers and for lobsters, whenever one could get at it in a low spring-tide; but the worst of beaks and barbs for a vessel to strike upon at half-flow, and with a violent sea, and a wind as wild as Bedlam.

With the pressure of these, she lay so much to leeward before striking (and perhaps her cargo had shifted), that the poor blackies rolled down the deck like pickling walnuts on a tray; and they had not even the chance of dying each in his own direction. I was forced to shut my eyes; till a grey squall came, and caught her up, as if she had been a humming-top, and flung her (as we drown a kitten) into the mashing waters.

Now I hope no man who knows

me would ever take me for such a fool as to dream for a moment—after all I have seen of them—that a negro is “our own flesh and blood, and a brother immortal,” as the parsons begin to prate, under some dark infection. They differ from us a great deal more than an ass does from a horse; but for all that I was right down glad—as a man of loving-kindness—that such a pelt of rain came up as saved me from the discomfort—or pain, if you must have the truth—of beholding several score, no doubt, of unfortunate blacks a-drowning.

If it had pleased Providence to drown any white men with them, and to let me know it, beyond a doubt I had rushed in, though without so much as a rope to help me; and as it was, I was ready to do my very best to save them if they had only shown some readiness to be hauled ashore by a man of proper colour. But being, as negroes always are, of a most contrary nature, no doubt they preferred to drift out to sea rather than Christian burial. At any rate, none of them came near me, kindly disposed as I felt myself, and ready to tuck up my Sunday trousers at the very first sight of a woolly head. But several came ashore next tide—when it could be no comfort at all to them. And such, as I have always found, is the nature of black people.

But for me it was a sad, and, as I thought, severe, visitation to be forced on a Sabbath-day—my only holiday of the week—to meditate over a scene like this. As a truly consistent and truth-seeking Christian (especially when I go round with fish on a Monday among Nonconformists), it was a bitter trial for me to reflect upon those poor negroes, gone without any sense at all, except of good Christians' wickedness, to the judgment we decree for all, except ourselves and families.

But there was worse than this behind; for after waiting as long as there seemed good chance of anything coming ashore, which might go into my pocket, without risk of my pension, and would truly be mine in all honesty—and after seeing that the wreck would not break up till the tide rose higher, though all on board were swept away—suddenly it came into my head about poor Bardie and Bunny. They were worth all the niggers that ever made coal look the colour of pipeclay; and with a depth of self-reproach which I never deserved to feel, having truly done my utmost—for who could walk in such weather?—forth I set, resolved to face whatever came out of the heavens. Verily nothing could come much worse than what was come already. Rheumatics, I mean, which had struck me there, under the rock, as a snake might. Three hours ago all the world was sweat, and now all the air was shivers. Such is the climate of our parts, and many good people rail at it, who have not been under discipline. But all who have felt that gnawing anguish, or that fiery freezing, burning at once and benumbing (like a dead bone put into the live ones, with a train of powder down it)—all these will have pity for a man who had crouched beneath a rock for at least three hours, with dripping clothes, at the age of two-and-fifty.

For a hero I never set up to be, and never came across one until my old age in the navy, as hereafter to be related. And though I had served on board of one in my early years, off La Hague and Cape Grisnez, they told me she was only a woman that used to hold a lantern. Hero, however, or no hero, in spite of all discouragement and the aching of my bones, resolved I was to follow out the fate of those two children. There seemed to be

faint hope, indeed, concerning the little stranger; but Bunny might be all alive and strong, as was right and natural for a child of her age and substance. But I was sore downcast about it when I looked around and saw the effect of the storm that had been over them. For the alteration of everything was nothing less than amazing.

It is out of my power to tell you how my heart went up to God, and all my spirit and soul was lifted into something purer, when of a sudden, in a scoop of sand, with the rushes overhanging, I came on those two little dears, fast asleep in innocence. A perfect nest of peace they had, as if beneath their Father's eye, and by His own hand made for them. The fury of the earth and sky was all around and over them; the deep revenge of the sea was rolling, not a hundred yards away; and here those two little dots were asleep, with their angels trying to make them dream.

Bunny, being the elder and much the stronger child, had thrown the skirt of her frock across poor little Bardie's naked shoulders; while Bardie, finding it nice and warm, had nestled her delicate head into

the lap of her young nurse, and had tried (as it seemed), before dropping off, to tell her gratitude by pressing Bunny's red hands to her lips. In a word, you might go a long way and scarcely see a prettier or more moving picture, or more apt to lead a man who seldom thinks of his Maker. As for me, I became so proud of my own granddaughter's goodness, and of the little lady's trust and pure repose therein, that my heart went back at once to my dead boy Harry, and I do believe that I must have wept, if I could have stopped to look at them.

But although I was truly loath to spoil this pretty picture, the poor things must be partly wet, even in that nest of rushes, which the whirlwinds had not touched. So I awoke them very gently, and shook off the sand, while they rubbed their eyes, and gaped, and knew no more of their danger than if they had been in their own dear beds. Then, with Bardie in my arms, and Bunny trotting stoutly with her thumb spliced into my trousers, I shaped a course for Sker farmhouse, having a strong gale still abaft, but the weather slightly moderating.

#### CHAPTER XI.—A WRECKER WRECKED.

Near the gate I met Evan Thomas, the master of the house himself, at length astir, but still three-parts drunk, and—if I may say so with due compassion for the trouble then before him—in a very awkward state of mind. It happened so that the surliness of his liquor and of his nature mingled at this moment with a certain exultation, a sense of good-luck, and a strong desire to talk and be told again of it. And this is the nature of all Welshmen; directly they have any luck, they must begin to brag of it. You will

find the same in me perhaps, or, at any rate, think you do, although I try to exclude it, having to deal with Englishmen, who make nothing of all the great deeds they have done until you begin to agree with them. And then, my goodness, they do come out! But the object of my writing is to make them understand us, which they never yet have done, being unlike somehow in nature, although we are much of their fathers.

Having been almost equally among both these nations, and speaking English better perhaps than my

native tongue of the Cwmri—of which anybody can judge who sees the manner in which I do it—it is against my wish to say what Evan Thomas looked like. His dark face, overhung with hair, and slouched with a night of drinking, was beginning to burn up, from paleness and from weariness, into a fury of plunder. Scarcely did I know the man, although I had so many recollections of evil against him. A big, strong, clumsy fellow at all times, far more ready to smite than smile, and wholly void of that pleasant humour, which among almost all my neighbours—though never yet could I find out why—creates a pleasing eagerness for my humble society as punctual as my pension-day.

But now his reeling staggering manner of coming along towards us, and the hunching of his shoulders, and the swagging of his head, and, most of all, the great gun he carried, were enough to make good quiet people who had been to church get behind a sand-hill. However, for that it was too late. I was bound to face him. Bardie dropped her eyes under my beard, and Bunny crept closer behind my leg. For my part, although the way was narrow, and the lift of the storm gave out some light, it would have moved no resentment in me if he had seen (as rich men do) unfit to see a poor man.

However, there was no such luck. He carried his loaded gun with its muzzle representing a point of view the very last I could have desired—namely, at my midships; and he carried it so that I longed to have said a little word about carefulness. But I durst not, with his coal-black eyes fixed upon me as they were, and so I pulled up suddenly. For he had given me an imperious nod, as good as ordering me to stop.

“Wreck ashore!” he cried out in Welsh, having scarce a word of

English—“wreck ashore! I smell her, Dyo. Don’t tell me no lies, my boy. I smelled her all the afternoon. And high time to have one.”

“There is a wreck ashore,” I answered, looking with some disgust at him, as a man who has been wrecked himself must do at a cruel wrecker; “but the ebb most likely will draw her off and drift her into the quicksands.”

“Great God! speak not like that, my boy. The worst you are of everything. If those two children came ashore, there must have been something better.” And he peered at the children as if to search for any gold upon them.

“Neither child came from that wreck. One is my granddaughter Bunny. Bunny, show yourself to black Evan.” But the child shrank closer behind me. “Evan black, you know her well. And the other is a little thing I picked up on the coast last night.”

“Ha, ha! you pick up children where you put them, I suppose. But take them indoors and be done with them. Cubs to come with a wreck ashore, a noble wreck ashore, I say! But come you down again, fisherman Dyo.” He used the word “fisherman” with a peculiar stress, and a glance of suspicion at my pockets. “Come you down again, Dyo dear. I shall want you to help me against those thieves from Kenfig. Bring my other gun from the clock-case, and tell the boys to run down with their bando-sticks. I’ll warrant we’ll clear the shore between us; and then, good Dyo, honest Dyo, you shall have some—you shall, you dog. Fair-play, Dyo; fair share and share, though every stick is mine of right. Ah, Dyo, Dyo, you cunning sheep’s head, you love a keg of rum, you dog.”

This I knew to be true enough, but only within the bounds of both

honesty and sobriety. But so much talking had made his brain, in its present condition, go round again; and while I was thinking how far it might be safe and right to come into his views, his loaded gun began wagging about in a manner so highly dangerous, that for the sake of the two poor children I was obliged to get out of his way, and, looking back from a safer distance, there I beheld him flourishing with his arms on the top of a sand-hill, and waving his hat on the top of his gun, for his sons to come over the warren.

Moxy Thomas was very kind; she never could help being so, and therefore never got any thanks. She stripped the two wet children at once, and put them in bed together to keep each other warm. But first she had them snugly simmering in a milk-pan of hot water with a little milk for the sake of their skins. Bunny was heavy and sleepy therein, and did nothing but yawn and stretch out her arms. Bardie, on the other hand, was ready to boil over with delight and liveliness, flashing about like a little dab-chick.

“Old Davy,” she said, as I came to see her at her own invitation, and she sate quite over Bunny, “’Ill ’a have a ickle dop?” With the water up to her neck, she put one mite of a transparent finger to my grizzled mouth, and popped a large drop in, and laughed, until I could have worshipped her.

Now, having seen these two little dears fast asleep and warmly compassed, I began, according to Evan’s orders, to ask about the boys, not having seen any sign of them. Moxy said that Watkin went out to look for his five brothers about an hour after I had left, and in spite of the rain and lightning. She had tried in vain to stop him: something was on his mind, it seemed;

and when she went up to attend on his father, he took the opportunity to slip out of the kitchen.

Now Moxy having been in the house, and the house away from the worst of the storm, being moreover a woman, and therefore wholly abroad about weather, it was natural that she should not have even the least idea of the jeopardy encountered by her five great sons in the warren. Enough for her that they were not at sea. Danger from weather upon dry land was out of her comprehension.

It wanted perhaps half an hour of dusk, and had given over raining, but was blowing a good reef-topsail gale, when I started to search for the sons of Sker. Of course I said nothing to make their mother at all uneasy about them, but took from the clock-case the loaded gun (as Evan had commanded me), and set forth upon the track of young Watkin, better foot foremost. For he was likely to know best what part of the warren his five great brothers had chosen for their sport that day; and in the wet sand it was easy to follow the course the boy had taken.

The whirlwinds had ceased before he went forth, and the deluge of rain was now soaked in, through the drought so long abiding. But the wind was wailing pitifully, and the rushes swaying wearily; and the yellow baldness, here and there, of higher sand-hills, caught the light. Ragged clouds ran over all, and streamers of the sunset; and the sky was like a school let loose, with the joy of wind and rain again. It is not much of me that swears, when circumstances force me; only a piece, perhaps, of custom, and a piece of honesty. These two lead one astray sometimes; and then comes disappointment. For I had let some anger vex me at the rudeness of black Evan, and the un-

godliness of his sons, which forced me thus to come abroad, when full of wet and weariness. In spite of this, I was grieved and frightened, and angry with no one but myself, when I chanced upon boy Watkin, fallen into a tuft of rushes, with his blue eyes running torrents. There he lay, like a heap of trouble, as young folk do ere they learn the world; and I put him on his legs three times, but he managed to go down again. At last I got his knees to stick; but even so he turned away, and put his head between his hands, and could not say a word to me. And by the way his shoulders went, I knew that he was sobbing. I asked him what the matter was, and what he was taking so much to heart; and, not to be too long over a trifle, at last I got this out of him:—

“Oh, good Mr Llewellyn, dear, I never shall see nothing more of my great brothers five, so long as ever I do live. And when they kicked me out of bed every Sunday morning, and spread the basins over me, it was not that they meant to harm—I do feel it, I do feel it; and perhaps my knees ran into them. Under the sands, the sands, they are; and never to kick me again no more! Of sorrow it is more than ever I can tell.”

“Watty,” said I, “why talk you so? Your brothers know every crick and corner of this warren, miles and miles; and could carry a sand-hill among them. They are snug enough somewhere with their game, and perhaps gone to sleep, like the little ones.”

Of the babies’ adventures he knew nothing, and only stared at me; so I asked him what had scared him so.

“Under the sands, the sands, they are, so sure as ever I do live. Or the rabbit-bag would not be

here, and Dutch, who never, never leaves them, howling at the rabbit-bag!”

Looking further through the tussocks, I saw that it was even so. Dutch, the mongrel collie, crouched beside a bag of something, with her tail curled out of sight, and her ears laid flat and listless, and her jowl along the ground. And every now and then she gave a low but very grievous howl.

“Now, boy, don’t be a fool,” I said, with the desire to encourage him; “soon we shall find your brothers five, with another great sack of rabbits. They left the bitch yonder to watch the sack, while they went on for more, you see.”

“It is the sack; the sack it is! And no other sack along of them. Oh, Mr Llewellyn, dear, here is the bag, and there is Dutch, and never no sign at all of them!”

At this I began to fear indeed that the matter was past helping—that an accident and a grief had happened worse than the drowning of all the negroes, which it has ever pleased Providence (in a darkness of mood) to create for us. But my main desire was to get poor Watty away at once, lest he should encounter things too dreadful for a boy like him.

“Go home,” I said, “with the bag of rabbits, and give poor Dutch her supper. Your father is down on the shore of the sea, and no doubt the boys are with him. They are gone to meet a great shipwreck, worth all the rabbits all the way from Dunraven to Giant’s Grave.”

“But little Dutch, it is little Dutch! They never would leave her, if wreck there was. She can fetch out of the water so good almost as any dog.”

I left him to his own devices, being now tired of arguing. For by this time it was growing dark;



and a heavy sea was roaring; and the wreck was sure to be breaking up, unless she had been swallowed up. And the common-sense of our village, and parish, would go very hard against me, for not being on the spot to keep the adjacent parish from stealing. For Kenfig and Newton are full of each other, with a fine old ancient hatred. So we climbed over the crest of high sand, where the rushes lay weltering after the wind; and then with a plunge of long strides down hill, and plucking our feet out hastily, on the watered marge we stood, to which the sea was striving.

Among the rocks black Evan leaped, with white foam rushing under him, and sallies of the stormy tide volleying to engulf him. Strong liquor still was in his brain, and made him scorn his danger, and thereby saved him from it. One timid step, and the churning waters would have made a curd of him. The fury of his visage showed that somebody had wronged him, after whom he rushed with vengeance, and his great gun swinging.

"Sons of dogs!" he cried in Welsh, alighting on the pebbles; "may the devil feed their fathers with a melting bowl!"

"What's the rumpus now?" I asked; "what have your sons been doing?"

For he always swore at his sons as freely as at anybody's, and at himself for begetting them.

"My sons!" he cried, with a stamp of rage; "if my sons had been here, what man would have dared to do on the top of my head this thing? Where are they? I sent you for them."

"I have sought for them high and low," I answered; "here is the only one I could find."

"Watkin! What use of Watkin? A boy like a girl or a baby! I want my five tall bully-boys to

help their poor father's livelihood. There's little Tom tailor gone over the sand-hills with a keg of something; and Teddy shoemaker with a spar; and I only shot between them! Cursed fool! what shall I come to, not to be able to shoot a man?"

He had fired his gun, and was vexed, no doubt, at wasting a charge so randomly; then spying his other gun on my shoulder, with the flint and the priming set, he laid his heavy hand on it. I scarce knew what to do, but feared any accident in the struggle; and after all, he was not so drunk that the law would deny him his own gun.

"Ha, ha!" with a pat of the breech, he cried; "for this I owe thee a good turn, Dyo. Thou art loaded with rocks, my darling, as the other was with cowries. Twenty to the pound of lead for any long-shore robbers. I see a lot more sneaking down. Dyo, now for sport, my boy."

I saw some people, dark in the distance, under the brow of a sand-hill; and before I could speak or think, black Evan was off to run at them. I too set my feet for speed, but the strings of my legs hung backward; and Watty, who could run like a hare, seemed to lag behind me. And behind him there was little Dutch, crawling with her belly down, and her eyes turned up at us, as if we were dragging her to be hanged.

Until we heard a shout of people, through the roar of wind and sea, in front of where black Evan strode; and making towards it we beheld, in glimmering dusk of shore and sky, something we knew nothing of.

A heavy sand-hill hung above them, with its brow come over; and long roots of rushes naked in the shrillness of the wind. Under this were men at work, as we work for lives of men; and their Sunday

shirt-sleeves flashed, white like ghosts, and gone again. Up to them strode Evan black, over the marge of the wild March tides; and grounded his gun and looked at them. They for a breath gazed up at him, and seemed to think and wonder; and then, as though they had not seen him, fell again a-digging.

"What means this?" he roared at them, with his great eyes flashing fire, and his long gun levelled. But they neither left their work nor lifted head to answer him. The yellow sand came sliding down, in wedge-shaped runnels, over them, and their feet sank out of sight; but still they kept on working.

"Come away, then, Evan great; come away and seek for wreck," I shouted, while he seemed to stand in heaviness of wonder. "This is not a place for you. Come away, my man, my boy."

Thus I spoke, in Welsh, of course, and threw my whole weight on his arm, to make him come away with me. But he set his feet in sand, and spread his legs, and looked at me; and the strongest man that was ever born could not have torn him from his hold, with those eyes upon him.

"Dyo, I am out of dreaming. Dyo, I must see this wreck; only take the gun from me."

This I would have done right gladly, but he changed his mind about it, falling back to a savage mood.

"You down there, who gave you leave to come and dig my sand-hills? Answer, or have skins of lead."

Two or three of the men looked

up, and wanted to say something. But the head man from the mines, who understood the whole of them, nodded, and they held their tongues. Either they were brave men all (which never is without discipline), or else the sense of human death confused and overpowered them. Whatever they meant, they went on digging.

"Some damned sailor under there," cried Evan, losing patience; "little mustard-spoons of sand. Can't you throw it faster? Fine young fellows, three of them, in the hole their own ship made, last March tide, it must have been. Let us see this new batch come. They always seem to have spent their wages before they learn to drown themselves."

He laughed and laid his gun aside, and asked me for tobacco, and, trying to be sober, sang "the rising of the lark." I, for my part, shrunk away, and my flesh crawled over me.

"Work away, my lads, work away. You are all of a mind to warm yourselves. Let me know when you have done. And all you find belongs to me. I can sit and see it out, and make a list of everything. Ear-rings gold, and foreign pieces, and the trinkets they have worn. Out with them! I know them all. Fools! what use of skulking? You are on soft stuff, I see. Have out every one of them."

So they did; and laid before him, in the order of their birth, the carcasses of his five sons. Evan first, his eldest born; Thomas next, and Rees, and Hopkin, and then (with the sigh of death still in him) Jenkin, newly turned fifteen.

#### CHAPTER XII.—HOW TO SELL FISH.

What I had seen that night upset me more than I like to dwell upon.

But with all my fish on hand, I was forced to make the best of it. For

a down-hearted man will turn meat, as we say, and much more, fish, to a farthing's-worth. And though my heart was sore and heavy for my ancient sweetheart Moxy, and for little Bardie in the thick of such disasters; that could be no excuse to me for wasting good fish—or at least pretty good—and losing thoroughly good money.

Here were the mullet, with less of shine than I always recommend and honestly wish them to possess; here were the prawns, with a look of paleness, and almost of languishing, such as they are bound to avoid until money paid and counted; and most of all, here were lawful bass, of very great size and substance, inclined to do themselves more justice in the scales than on the dish.

I saw that this would never answer to my present high repute. Concerning questions afterwards, and people being hard upon me, out of thoughtless ignorance, that was none of my affair. The whole of that would go, of course, upon the weather and sudden changes, such as never were known before. And if good religious people would not so be satisfied with the will of Providence to have their fish as fish are made, against them I had another reason, which never fails to satisfy.

The "burning tide," as they called it (through which poor Bardie first appeared), had been heard of far inland, and with one consent pronounced to be the result of the devil improperly flipping his tail while bathing. Although the weather had been so hot, this rumour was beyond my belief; nevertheless I saw my way, if any old customer should happen, when it came to his dinner-time, to be at all discontented (which no man with a fine appetite and a wholesome nose should indulge in)—I saw my way to sell him more, upon the following basket-day, by

saying what good people said, and how much I myself had seen of it.

With these reflections I roused my spirits, and resolved to let no good fish be lost, though it took all the week to sell them. For, in spite of the laws laid down in the books (for young married women, and so forth), there is scarcely any other thing upon which both men and women may be led astray so pleasantly as why to buy fish, and when to buy fish, and what fish to buy.

Therefore I started in good spirits on the Monday morning, carrying with me news enough to sell three times the weight I bore, although it was breaking my back almost. Good fish it was, and deserved all the praise that ever I could bestow on it, for keeping so well in such shocking weather; and so I sprinkled a little salt in some of the delicate places, just to store the flavour there; for cooks are so forgetful, and always put the blame on me when they fail of producing a fine fresh smell.

Also knowing, to my sorrow, how suspicious people are, and narrow-minded to a degree none would give them credit for, I was forced to do a thing which always makes me to myself seem almost uncharitable.

But I felt that I could trust nobody to have proper faith in me, especially when they might behold the eyes of the fishes retire a little, as they are very apt to do when too many cooks have looked at them. And knowing how strong the prejudice of the public is in this respect, I felt myself bound to gratify it, though at some cost of time and trouble. This method I do not mind describing (as I am now pretty clear of the trade) for the good of my brother fishermen.

When the eyes of a fish begin to fail him through long retirement from the water, you may strengthen his mode of regarding the world

(and therefore the world's regard for him) by a delicate piece of handling. Keep a ray-fish always ready—it does not matter how stale he is—and on the same day on which you are going to sell your bass, or mullet, or cod, or whatever it may be, pull a few sharp spines, as clear as you can, out of this good ray. Then open the mouth of your languid fish and embolden the aspect of either eye by fetching it up from despondency with a skewer of proper length extended from one ball to the other. It is almost sure to drop out in the cooking; and even if it fails to do so none will be the wiser, but take it for a provision of nature—as indeed it ought to be.

Now, if anybody is rude enough to gainsay your fish in the market, you have the evidence of the eyes and hands against that of the nose alone. “Why, bless me, madam,” I used to say, “a lady like you, that understands fish a great deal better than I do! His eyes are coming out of his head, ma'am, to hear you say such things of him. Afloat he was at four this morning, and his eyes will speak to it.” And so he was, well afloat in my tub, before I began to prepare him for a last appeal to the public. Only they must not float too long, or the scales will not be stiff enough.

Being up to a few of these things, and feeling very keenly how hard the public always tries to get upper hand of me, and would beat me down to half nothing a pound (if allowed altogether its own way), I fought very bravely the whole of that Monday to turn a few honest shillings. “Good old Davy, fine old Davy, brave old Davy!” they said I was every time I abated a halfpenny; and I called them generous gentlemen and Christian-minded ladies every time they wanted to smell my fish, which is not right before payment. What right has

any man to disparage the property of another? When you have bought him, he is your own, and you have the title to canvass him; but when he is put in the scales, remember “nothing but good of the dead,” if you remember anything.

As I sate by the cross roads in Bridgend on the bottom of a bucket, and with a four-legged dressing-table (hired for twopence) in front of me, who should come up but the well-known Brother Hezekiah? Truly tired I was getting, after plodding through Merthyr Mawr, Ogmores, and Ewenny, Llaleston, and Newcastle, and driven at last to the town of Bridgend. For some of my fish had a gamesome odour, when first I set off in the morning; and although the rain had cooled down the air, it was now become an unwise thing to recommend what still remained to any man of unchristian spirit, or possessing the ear of the magistrates.

Now perhaps I should not say this thing, and many may think me inclined to vaunt, and call me an old coxcomb; but if any man could sell stinking fish in the times of which I am writing—and then it was ten times harder than now, because women looked after marketing—that man I verily believe was this old Davy Llewellyn; and right he has to be proud of it. But what were left on my hands that evening were beginning to get so strong, that I feared they must go over Bridgend bridge into the river Ogmores.

The big coach with the London letters, which came then almost twice a-week, was just gone on, after stopping three hours to rest the horses and feed the people; and I had done some business with them, for London folk for the most part have a kind and pleasing ignorance. They paid me well, and I served them well with fish of a fine high flavour;

but now I had some which I would not offer to such kind-hearted gentry.

Hezekiah wanted fish. I saw it by his nostrils, and I knew it for certain when he pretended not to see me or my standing. He went a good bit round the corner, as if to deal with the ironmonger. But for all that, I knew as well as if I could hear his wife beginning to rake the fire, that fish for supper was the business which had brought him across the bridge. Therefore I refused an offer which I would have jumped at before seeing Hezekiah, of twopence a-pound for the residue from an old woman who sold pickles; and I made up my mind to keep up the price, knowing the man to have ten in family, and all blessed with good appetites.

"What, Davy! Brother Davy!" he cried, being compelled to begin, because I took care not to look at him. "Has it been so ordered that I behold good brother Davy with fish upon a Monday?" His object in this was plain enough—to beat down my goods by terror of an information for Sabbath-labour.

"The Lord has been merciful to me," I answered, patting my best fish on his shoulder; "not only in sending them straight to my net, at nine o'clock this morning; but also, brother Hezekiah, in the hunger all people have for them. I would that I could have kept thee a taste; not soon wouldst thou forget it. Sweeter fish and finer fish never came out of Newton Bay"—this I said because Newton Bay is famous for high quality. "But, brother Hezekiah, thou art come too late." And I began to pack up very hastily.

"What!" cried Hezekiah, with a keen and hungrily grievous voice; "all those fish bespoken, Davy?"

"Every one of them bespoken, brother; by a man who knows a right down good bass, better almost

than I do. Griffy, the 'Cat and Snuffers.'"

Now, Griffith, who kept the "Cat and Snuffers," was a very jovial man, and a bitter enemy to Hezekiah Perkins; and I knew that the latter would gladly offer a penny a-pound upon Griffy's back, to spoil him of his supper, and to make him offend his customers.

"Stop, brother Davy," cried Hezekiah, stretching out his broad fat hands, as I began to pack my fish, with the freshest smellers uppermost; "Davy dear, this is not right, nor like our ancient friendship. A rogue like Griffy to cheat you so! What had he beaten you down to, Davy?"

"Beaten me down!" I said, all in a hurry: "is it likely I would be beaten down, with their eyes coming out of their heads like that?"

"Now dear brother Dyo, do have patience! What was he going to give you a-pound?"

"Fourpence a-pound, and ten pound of them. Three-and-fourpence for a lot like that! Ah, the times are bad indeed!"

"Dear brother Dyo, fourpence-halfpenny! Three-and-nine down, for the lot as it stands."

"Hezekiah, for what do you take me? Cut a farthing in four, when you get it. Do I look a likely man to be a rogue for fivepence?"

"No, no, Davy; don't be angry with me. Say as much as tenpence. Four-and-twopence, ready money; and no Irish coinage."

"Brother Hezekiah," said I, "a bargain struck is a bargain kept. Rob a man of his supper for tenpence!"

"Oh, Dyo, Dyo! you never would think of that man's supper, with my wife longing for fish so! Such a family as we have, and the weakness in Hepzibah's back! Five shillings for the five, Davy."

“There, there; take them along,” I cried at last, with a groan from my chest: “you are bound to be the ruin of me. But what can I do with a delicate lady? Brother, surely you have been a little too hard upon me. Whatever shall I find to say to a man who never beats me down?”

“Tell that worldly ‘Cat and Snuffers’ that your fish were much too good—why, Davy, they seem to smell a little!”

“And small use they would be, Hezekiah, either for taste or for nourishment, unless they had the sea-smell now. Brother, all your money back, and the fish to poor Griffy, if you know not the smell of salt water yet.”

“Now, don’t you be so hot, old Davy. The fish are good enough, no doubt; and it may be from the skewer-wood; but they have a sort, not to say a smell, but a manner of reminding one——”

“Of the savoury stuff they feed on,” said I; “and the thorough good use they make of it. A fish must eat, and so must we, and little blame to both of us.”

With that he bade me “good-night,” and went with alacrity towards his supper, scornfully sneering as he passed the door of the “Cat and Snuffers.” But though it was a fine thing for me, and an especial Providence, to finish off my stock so well, at a time when I would have taken gladly a shilling for the lot of it, yet I felt that circumstances were against my lingering. Even if Hezekiah, unable to enter into the vein of my fish, should find himself too fat to hurry down the steep hill after me, still there were many other people, fit for supper, and fresh for it, from the sudden coolness, whom it was my duty now to preserve from mischief; by leaving proper interval for consideration, before I might happen to

be in front of their dining-room windows another day.

Therefore, with a grateful sense of goodwill to all customers, I thought it better to be off. There I had been, for several hours, ready to prove anything, but never challenged by anybody; and my spirit had grown accordingly. But I never yet have found it wise to overlie success. Win it, and look at it, and be off, is the quickest way to get some more. So I scarcely even called so much as a pint at the “Cat and Snuffers,” to have a laugh with Griffy; but set off for Newton, along the old road, with a good smart heel, and a fine day’s business, and a light heart inside of me.

When I had passed Red-hill and Tythegston, and clearly was out upon Newton Down, where the glow-worms are most soft and sweet, it came upon me, in looking up from the glow-worms to the stars of heaven, to think and balance how far I was right in cheating Hezekiah. It had been done with the strictest justice, because his entire purpose was purely to cheat me. Whereupon Providence had stepped in and seen that I was the better man. I was not so ungrateful—let nobody suppose it—as to repine at this result. So far from that, that I rattled my money and had a good laugh, and went on again. But being used to watch the stars, as an old sailor is bound to do, I thought that Orion ought to be up, and I could not see Orion. This struck me as an unkindly thing, although, when I thought of it next day, I found that Orion was quite right, and perhaps the beer a little strong which had led me to look out for him; anyhow, it threw me back to think of Hezekiah, and make the worst of him to myself for having had the best of him.

Everybody may be sure that I

never would have gone out of the way to describe my traffic with that man unless there were good reason. Nay, but I wanted to show you exactly the cast and the colour of man he was, by setting forth his low attempt to get my fish for nothing.

There was no man, of course, in my native village, and very few in Bridgend perhaps, to whom I would have sold those fish, unless they were going to sell it again. But Hezekiah Perkins, a member and leading elder of the "Nicodemus-Christians," was so hard a man to cheat—except by stirring of his gall—and so keen a cheat himself; so proud, moreover, of his wit and praying, and truly brotherly,—that to lead him astray was the very first thing desired by a sound Churchman.

By trade and calling he had been—before he received his special call—no more than a common blacksmith. Now a blacksmith is a most useful man, full of news and full of jokes, and very often by no means drunk; this, however, was not enough to satisfy Hezekiah. Having parts, as he always told us—and sometimes we wished that he had no whole—cultivated parts, moreover, and taken up by the gentry, nothing of a lower order came up to his merits than to call himself as follows: "Horologist, Gunsmith, Practical Turner, Working Goldsmith and Jeweller, Maker of all Machinery, and Engineman to the King and Queen."

The first time he put this over his door, all the neighbours laughed at him, knowing (in spite of the book he had got, full of figures and shapes and crossings, which he called "Three-gun-ometry") that his education was scarcely up to the rule of three, without any guns. Nevertheless he got on well, having sense enough to guide him when to

talk large (in the presence of people who love large talk, as beyond them), and when to sing small, and hold his tongue, and nod at the proper distances, if ever his business led him among gentry of any sense or science, such as we sometimes hear of. Hence it was that he got the order to keep the church-clock of Bridgend agoing by setting the hands on twice a-day, and giving a push to the pendulum; and so long as the clock would only go, nobody in the town cared a tick whether it kept right time or wrong. And if people from the country durst say anything about it, it was always enough to ask them what their own clocks had to say.

There were not then many stable-clocks, such as are growing upon us now, so that every horse has his own dinner-bell; only for all those that were, Hezekiah received, I dare say, from five to ten shillings a-month apiece in order to keep them moving. But, bless my heart! he knew less of a clock than I, old Davy Llewellyn; and once on a time I asked him, when he talked too much of his "ometries"—as a sailor might do in his simpleness—I asked him to take an "observation," as I had seen a good deal of it. But all he did was to make a very profane and unpleasant one. As for this man's outward looks, he was nothing at all particular, but usually with dirt about him, and a sense of oiliness. Why he must needs set up for a saint the father of evil alone may tell; but they said that the clock that paid him best (being the worst in the neighbourhood) belonged to a Nicodemus-Christian, with a great cuckoo over it. Having never seen it, I cannot say; and the town is so full of gossip that I throw myself down on my back and listen, being wholly unable to vie with them in depth or in compass of story-telling, even when fish are a week on my hands.

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE CORONER AND THE CORONET.

An officer of high repute had lately been set over us, to hold account of the mischief, and to follow evidence, and make the best he could of it when anybody chose to die without giving proper notice. He called himself "Coroner of the King;" and all the doctors, such as they were, made it a point that he must come, whenever there was a dead man or woman who had died without their help.

Now all about the storm of sand, and all about the shipwreck, was known in every part of the parish, before the church-clock had contrived, in gratitude to Hezekiah, to strike the noon of Monday. Every child that went to the well knew the truth of everything; and every woman of Newton and Nottage had formed from the men her own opinion, and was ready to stand thereby, and defy all the other women.

Nevertheless some busy doctor (who had better been in the stocks) took it for a public duty to send notice and demand for the Coroner to sit upon us. The wrath of the parish (now just beginning to find some wreck, that would pay for the ropes) was so honest and so grave, that the little doctor was compelled to run, and leave his furniture. And so it always ought to be with people who are meddlesome.

It came to my knowledge that this must happen, and that I was bound to help in it, somewhere about middle-day of Tuesday; at a time when I was not quite as well as I find myself, when I have no money. For, being pleased with my luck perhaps, and not content quite to smoke in the dark, and a little dry after the glow-worms, it happened (I will not pretend to say how) that I dropped into the "Jolly Sailors," to know what the people

could be about, making such a great noise as they were, and keeping a quiet man out of his bed.

There I smelled a new tobacco, directly I was in the room; and somebody (pleased with my perception) gave me several pipes of it, with a thimbleful—as I became more and more agreeable—of a sort of rum-and-water. And, confining myself, as my principle is, to what the public treat me to, it is not quite out of the question that I may have been too generous. And truly full I was of grief, upon the following morning, that somebody had made me promise, in a bubbling moment, to be there again, and bring my fiddle, on the Tuesday night.

Now, since the death of my dear wife, who never put up with my fiddle (except when I was courting her), it had seemed to my feelings to be almost a levity to go fiddling. Also I knew what everybody would begin to say of me; but the landlord, foreseeing a large attendance after the Coroner's inquest, would not for a moment hear of any breach of my fiddle pledge.

Half of Newton, and perhaps all Nottage, went to Sker the following day to see the Coroner, and to give him the benefit of their opinions. And another piece of luck there was to tempt them in that direction. For the ship which had been wrecked and had disappeared for a certain time, in a most atrocious manner, was rolled about so by the tide and a shift of the wind on Monday, that a precious large piece of her stern was in sight from the shore on Tuesday morning. It lay not more than a cable's length from low-water mark, and was heaved up so that we could see as far as the star-board mizzen-chains. Part of the taffrail was carried away, and the



carving gone entirely, but the transom and transom-knees stood firm ; and of the ship's name done in gold I could make out in large letters TA LUCIA ; and underneath, in a curve, and in smaller letters, ADOR.

Of course no one except myself could make head or tail of this ; but after thinking a little while, I was pretty sure of the meaning of it—namely, that the craft was Portuguese, called the Santa Lucia, and trading from San Salvador, the capital of Brazils. And in this opinion I was confirmed by observing through my spy-glass, copper bolt-heads of a pattern such as I had seen at Lisbon, but never in any British ship. However, I resolved, for the present, to keep my opinion to myself, unless it were demanded upon good authority. For it made me feel confused in mind, and perhaps a little uneasy, when, being struck by some resemblance, I pulled from the lining of my hat a leaf of a book, upon which I copied all that could be made out of the letters, each side of the tiller of my new boat ; and now I found them to be these,—*UC* from the star-board side, just where they would have stood in Lucia—and *DOR* from the further end of the line, just as in San Salvador.

The sands were all alive with people, and the rocks, and every place where anything good might have drifted. For Evan Thomas could scarcely come at a time of such affliction to assert his claims of wreck, and to belabour right and left. Therefore, for a mile or more, from where the land begins to dip, and the old stone wall, like a jagged cord, divides our parish from Kenfig, hundreds of figures might be seen, running along the grey wet sands, and reflected by their brightness. The day was going for two of the clock, and the tide growing near to the turn of ebb ; and the landsprings

oozing down from the beach, spread the whole of the flat sands so, with a silver overlaying, that without keen sight it was hard to tell where the shore ended and sea began. And a great part of this space was sprinkled with naked feet going pattering—boys and girls, and young women and men, who had left their shoes up high on the rocks, to have better chance in the racing.

Now it is not for me to say that all or half of these good people were so brisk because they expected any fine thing for themselves. I would not even describe them as waiting in readiness for the force of fortune by the sea administered. I believe that all were most desirous of doing good, if possible. In the first case, to the poor people drowned ; but if too late, then to console any disconsolate relations : failing of which, it would be hard if anybody should blame them for picking up something for themselves.

“What ! you here, mother Probyn ?” I cried, coming upon a most pious old woman, who led the groaning at Zoar Chapel, and being for the moment struck out of all my manners by sight of her.

“Indeed, and so I am, old Davy,” she answered, without abashment, and almost too busy to notice me ; “the Lord may bless my poor endeavours to rescue them poor Injuns. But I can't get on without a rake. If I had only had the sense to bring my garden-rake. There are so many little things, scarcely as big as cockle-shells ; and the waves do drag them away from me. Oh, there, and there goes another ! Gwenny, if I don't smack you !”

All these people, and all their doings, I left with a sort of contempt, perhaps, such as breaks out on me now and then at any very great littleness. And I knew that nothing worth wet of the knees could be found with the ebb-tide

running, and ere the hold of the ship broke up.

So I went toward the great house, whose sorrows and whose desolation they took little heed of. And nothing made me feel more sad—strange as it may seem, and was—than to think of poor black Evan, thus unable to stand up and fight for his unrighteous rights.

In the great hall were six bodies, five of strong young men laid quiet, each in his several coffin; and the other of a little child in a simple dress of white, stretched upon a piece of board. Death I have seen in all his manners, since I was a cabin-boy, and I took my hat off to the bodies, as I had seen them do abroad; but when I saw the small dead child, a thrill and pang of cold went through me. I made sure of nothing else, except that it was dear Bardie. That little darling whom I loved, for her gifts direct from God, and her ways, so out of the way to all other children—it struck my heart with a power of death, that here this lively soul was dead.

When a man makes a fool of himself, anybody may laugh at him; and this does him good, perhaps, and hardens him against more trouble. But bad as I am, and sharp as I am, in other people's opinion (and proud sometimes to think of it), I could not help a good gulp of a tear, over what I believed to be the body of poor little Bardie. For that child had such nice ways, and took such upper hand of me; that, expecting to find a Captain always, especially among women—

“Old Davy, I 'ants 'a. Old Davy, 'hen is 'a coming?”

By the union-jack, it was as good as a dozen kegs of rum to me. There was no mistaking the sweetest and clearest voice ever heard outside of a flute. And presently began pit-pat of the prettiest feet ever put in a shoe, down the great oak staircase. She

held on by the rails, and showed no fear at all about it, though the least slip might have killed her. Then she saw the sad black sight after she turned the corner, and wondered at the meaning of it, and her little heart stood still. As she turned to me in awe, and held out both hands quivering, I caught her up, and spread my grey beard over her young frightened eyes, and took her out of sight of all those cold and very dreadful things.

I had never been up the stairs before in that dark and ancient house; and the length, and the width, and the dreariness, and the creaking noises, frightened me; not so much for my own sake (being never required to sleep there), but for the tender little creature, full already of timid fancies, who must spend the dark nights there. And now the house, left empty of its noise, and strength, and boastfulness, had only five more ghosts to wander silent through the silent places. And this they began the very night after their bodies were in a churchyard.

The Coroner came on an old white pony, nearly four hours after the time for which his clerk had ordered us. Being used, for my part, to royal discipline, and everything done to the minute fixed, with the captain's voice like the crack of a gun, I was vexed and surprised; but expected him to give us some reason, good or bad. Instead of that he roared out to us, with his feet still in both stirrups, “Is there none of you Taffies with manners enough to come and hold a gentleman's horse? Here you, Davy Jones, you are long enough, and lazy enough; put your hand to the bridle, will you?”

This was to me, who was standing by, in the very height of innocence, having never yet seen any man appointed to sit upon dead bodies, and

desiring to know how he could help them. I did for his Honour all I could, although his manner of speech was not in any way to my liking. But my rule has always been that of the royal navy, than which there is no wiser. If my equal insults me, I knock him down: if my officer does it, I knock under.

Meanwhile our people were muttering "Sassenach, Sassenach!" And from their faces it was plain that they did not like an Englishman to sit upon Cwmric bodies. However, it was the old, old thing. The Welsh must do all the real work; and the English be paid for sitting upon them after they are dead.

"I never sate on a black man yet, and I won't sit on a black man now," the Coroner said, when he was sure about oats enough for his pony; "I'll not disgrace his Majesty's writ by sitting upon damned niggers."

"Glory be to God, your Honour!" Stradling Williams cried, who had come as head of the jury: clerk he was of Newton church, and could get no fees unless upon a Christian burial: "we thought your Honour would hardly put so great a disgrace upon us; but we knew not how the law lay."

"The law requires no Christian man," pronounced the Crowner, that all might hear, "to touch pitch, and defile himself. Both in body and soul, Master Clerk, to lower and defile himself!"

Hereupon a high hard screech, which is all we have in Wales for the brave hurrah of Englishmen, showed that all the jury were of one accord with the Coroner: and I was told by somebody that all had shaken hands, and sworn to strike work, rather than put up with misery of conscience.

"But, your Honour," said Mr Lewis, bailiff to Colonel Lougher, "if we hold no quest on the black

men, how shall we certify anything about this terrible shipwreck?"

"The wreck is no concern of mine," answered the Crowner, crustily: "it is not my place to sit upon planks, but upon Christian bodies. Do you attend to your own business, and leave mine to me, sir."

The bailiff, being a nice quiet man, thought it best to say no more. But some of the people who were thronging from every direction to see his Honour, told him about the little white baby found among the bladder-weed. He listened to this, and then he said,—

"Show me this little white infant discovered among the black men. My business here is not with infants, but with five young smothered men. However, if there be an infant of another accident, and of Christian colour, I will take it as a separate case, and damn the county in the fees."

We assured his lordship, as every one now began to call him (in virtue of his swearing so, which no doubt was right in a man empowered to make other people swear), we did our best at anyrate to convince the Crowner, that over and above all black men, there verily was a little child, and, for all one could tell, a Christian child, entitled to the churchyard, and good enough for him to sit on. And so he entered the house to see it.

But if he had sworn a little before (and more than I durst set down for him), he certainly swore a great deal now, and poured upon us a bitter heat of English indignation. All of the jury were taken aback; and I as a witness felt most uneasy; until we came to understand that his Honour's wrath was justly kindled on account of some marks on the baby's clothes.

"A coronet!" he cried, stamping about; "a coronet on my young

lord's pinafore, and you stupid oafs never told me!"

Nobody knew except myself (who had sailed with an earl for a captain) what the meaning of this thing was; and when the clerk of the church was asked, rather than own his ignorance, he said it was part of the arms of the crown; and the Crouner was bound like a seal by it.

This explanation satisfied all the people of the parish, except a few

far-going Baptists, with whom it was a point of faith always to cavil and sneer at every "wind of doctrine," as they always called it—the scent of which could be traced, anyhow, to either the parson or the clerk, or even the gravedigger. But I was content to look on and say nothing, having fish to sell, at least twice a week, and finding all customers orthodox, until they utter bad shillings.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE EVIDENCE.

There is no need for me to follow all the Crouner's doings, or all that the juries thought and said, which was different altogether from what they meant to think and say. And he found himself bound to have two of them, with first right of inquest to the baby, because of the stamp on his pinafore. And here I was, foreman of the jury, with fifteenpence for my services, and would gladly have served on the other jury after walking all that way, but was disabled for doing so, and only got ninepence for testimony. With that, however, I need not meddle, as every one knows all about it; only, to make clear all that happened, and, indeed, to clear myself, I am forced to put before you all that we did about that baby, as fully and emphatically as the state of our doings upon that occasion permitted me to remember it.

For the Coroner sate at the head of the table, in the great parlour of the house; and the dead child came in on his board, and we all regarded him carefully, especially heeding his coronet mark, and then set him by the window. A fine young boy enough to look at, about the age of our Bardie, and might have been her twin-brother, as everybody vowed he was, only his face was bolder and stronger, and his nose quite differ-

ent, and altogether a brave young chap, instead of funny and delicate. All this, however, might well have come from knocking about in the sea so much.

I would have given a good half-crown to have bitten off my foolish tongue, when one of the jurymen stood up and began to address the Coroner. He spoke, unluckily, very good English, and his Honour was glad to pay heed to him. And the clerk put down nearly all he said, word for word, as might be. This meddlesome fellow (being no less than brother Hezekiah's self) nodded to me for leave to speak, which I could not deny him; and his Honour lost no time whatever to put his mouth into his rummer of punch, as now provided for all of us, and to bow (whenever his mouth was empty) to that Hezekiah. For the man had won some reputation, or rather had made it, for himself, by perpetual talking, as if he were skilled in the history and antiquities of the neighbourhood. Of these he made so rare a patchwork, heads and tails, prose, verse, and proverbs, histories, and his stories, that (as I heard from a man of real teaching and learning who met him once and kept out of his way ever after) any one trusting him might sit down in the chair of Canute at King Arthur's

table. Not that I or any of my neighbours would be the worse for doing that; only the thought of it frightened us, and made us unwilling to hearken him much.

However, if there was any matter on which Hezekiah deserved to be heard, no doubt it was this upon which he was now delivering his opinions—to wit, the great inroad or invasion of the sand, for miles along our coast; of which there are very strange things to tell, and of which he had made an especial study, having a field at Candleston with a shed upon it and a rick of hay, all which disappeared in a single night, and none was ever seen afterwards. It was the only field he had, being left to him by his grandmother; and many people were disappointed that he had not slept with his cow that night. This directed his attention to the serious consideration, as he always told us at first start, being a lover of three-decked words, of the most important contemplation which could occupy the attention of any Cambrian landowner.

“Show your land,” cried a wag of a tailor, with none to cross his legs upon; but we put him down, and pegged him down, till his manners should be of the pattern-book. Hezekiah went on to tell, in words too long to answer the helm of such a plain sailor as I am, how the sweep of hundreds of miles of sand had come up from the west and southwest in only two hundred and fifty years. How it had first begun to flow about the Scilly Islands, as mentioned by one Borlase, and came to the mouth of Hayle river, in Cornwall, in the early years of King Henry VIII., and after that blocked up Bude Haven, and swallowed the ploughs in the arable land. Then

at Llanant it came like a cloud over the moon one winter night, and buried five-and-thirty houses with the people in them.

An Act of Parliament was passed—chapter the second of Philip and Mary—to keep it out of Glamorgan-shire; and good commissioners were appointed, and a survey made along the coast, especially of Kenfig. Nevertheless the dash of sand was scarcely on their ink, when swarming, driving, darkening the air, the storm swept on their survey. At the mouths of the Tawey and Afan rivers the two sailors’ chapels were buried, and then it swept up the great Roman road, a branch of the Julian way, and smothered the pillars of Gordian, and swallowed the castle of Kenfig, which stood by the side of the western road; and still rushing eastward, took Newton village and Newton old church beneath it. And so it went on for two hundred years, coming up from the sea, no doubt, carried by the perpetual gales, which always are from the south and west—filling all the hollow places, changing all bright mossy pools into hills of yellow drought, and, like a great encampment, dwelling over miles and leagues of land. And like a camp it was in this, that it was always striking tent. Six times in the last few years had the highest peak of sand—the general’s tent it might be called—been shifted miles away, perhaps, and then come back towards Ogmore; and it was only the other day that, through some shift or swirl of wind, a windmill, with its sails entire, had been laid bare near Candleston, of which the last record was in Court-rolls of a hundred and fifty years ago.\*

Now all this, though Hezekiah

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\* A clear and interesting account of this mighty sand-march may be found in a very learned paper by the Rev. H. H. Knight, B.D., formerly rector of Neath, Glamorgan; which paper, entitled “An Account of Newton-Nottage,” was reprinted at

said it, was true enough, I do believe, having heard things much to the same purpose from my own old grandfather. The Coroner listened with more patience than we had given him credit for, although he told us that brother Perkins should have reserved his learned speech for the second inquiry, which was to be about the deaths of the five young men; for to him it appeared that this noble infant must lay the blame of his grievous loss not on the sand but upon the sea. Hezekiah replied, with great deference, that the cause in both cases was the same, for that the movement of sand went on under the sea even more than ashore, and hence the fatal gulping of that ship, the Andalusia, and the loss of his young lordship.

The name he had given the ship surprised me; and indeed I felt sure that it was quite wrong; and so I said immediately, without any low consideration of what might be mine own interest. But the Coroner would not hearken to me, being much impressed now with the learning and wisdom of Hezekiah Perkins. And when Hezekiah presented his card, beginning with "horologist," and ending with the "king and queen," he might have had any verdict he liked, if he himself had been upon trial.

Therefore, after calling in (for the sake of form) the two poor women who found the dead baby among the sea-weed, and had sevenpence apiece for doing so, and who cried all the while that they talked in Welsh (each having seen a dear baby like him not more than twenty years ago), we came in the most unanimous manner, under his lordship's guidance, to the following excellent verdict:—

"Found drowned on Pool Tavan

rocks, a man-child, supposed to be two years old; believed to be a young nobleman, from marks on pinafore, and high bearing; but cast away by a storm of sand from the ship Andalusia of Appledore."

Now I was as certain, as sure could be, that half of this verdict must be wrong; especially as to the name of the ship, and her belonging to Appledore, which never yet owned any craft of more than 200 tons at the utmost—a snow, or a brig, at the very outside. Nevertheless I was compelled to give in to the rest of them, and most of all to the Coroner. Only I said, as many who are still alive can remember, and are not afraid to speak to, and especially my good friend Mr Lewis, "The ship was not called the Andalusia; the ship was never from Appledore; neither was she of British build. As an old seaman, it is likely that I know more of the build of a ship than a lubber of a clock-maker, or rather a clock-mauler."

But here I was put down sternly; and hearing of verdicts a great deal worse, without any mischief come of them, I was even content to sign the return, and have a new pipe of bird's-eye. And a bird's-eye view this gave me of them at the second inquest, wherein I had to give evidence; and was not of the jury. They wanted to cross-examine me, because I had been unpleasant; but of that they got the worst, and dropped it. But as all our jurymen declared upon their oaths that the little nobleman was drowned in a storm of sand, so they found that the five young rabbiters came to their end of smothering through a violent sea-tempest.

In the days of my youth such judgments perhaps would have tried my patience; but now I knew that

nothing ever follows truth and justice. People talk of both these things, and perhaps the idea does them good.

Be that according to God's will—as we always say when deprived of our own—at any rate, I am bound to tell one little thing more about each quest. And first about the first one. Why was I so vexed and angry with my foolish tongue when Hezekiah began to speak? Only because I knew full well that it would lead to the very thing, which it was my one desire to avoid, if possible. And this—as you may guess at once, after what happened on the stairs—was the rude fetching and exposing of the dear little maid among so many common fellows; and to show her the baby-corpse. I feared that it must come to this, through my own thoughtless blabbing about her “ickie bother” in the presence of Hezekiah: and if ever man had a hollow dry heart from over-pumping of the tongue, I had it when Hezekiah came in; bearing, in a depth of fright and wonder, and contempt of him, my own delicate Bardie. I had set my back against the door, and sworn that they should not have her; but crafty Perkins had stolen out by another door while they humoured me. Now my pretty dear was awed, and hushed beyond all crying, and even could not move her feet, as children do, in a kicking way. Trying to get as far as possible from Hezekiah's nasty face—which gave me a great deal of pleasure, because she had never done the like to me, unless I were full of tobacco—she stretched away from his greasy shoulder, and then she saw old Davy. Her hands came toward me, and so did her eyes, and so did her lips, with great promise of kisses, such as her father and mother perhaps might have been mightily tempted by; but nobody now to care for them.

When Hezekiah, pretending to dandle this little lady in a jaunty way, like one of his filthy low children, was taking her towards that poor little corpse, so white in the light of the window; and when he made her look at it, and said, “Is that ickie bother, my dear?” and she all the time was shivering and turning her eyes away from it, and seeking for me to help her, I got rid of the two men who held me, nor hearkened I the Coroner, but gave Hezekiah such a grip as he felt for three months afterwards, and with Bardie on my left arm, kept my right fist ready.

Nobody cared to encounter this; for I had happened to tell the neighbourhood how the Frenchman's head came off at the time when he tried to injure me; and so I bore off the little one, till her chest began to pant and her tears ran down my beard. And then as I spoke softly to her and began to raise her fingers, and to tickle her frizzy hair, all of a sudden she flung both arms around my neck, and loved me.

“Old Davy, poor ickie Bardie not go to 'e back pithole yet?”

“No, my dear, not for ever so long. Not for eighty years at least. And then go straight to heaven!”

“Ickie bother go to 'e back pithole? Does 'a think, old Davy?”

This was more than I could tell, though inclined to think it very likely. However, before I could answer, some of the jury followed us, and behind them the Coroner himself; they insisted on putting a question to her, and so long as they did not force her again to look at that which terrified her, I had no right to prevent them. They all desired to speak at once; but the clerk of the Coroner took the lead, having as yet performed no work toward the earning of his salt or rum. An innocent old man he was, but very free from cleanliness; and

the child being most particular of all ever born in that matter, turned away with her mite of a nose, in a manner indescribable.

He was much too dull to notice this; but putting back his spectacles, and stooping over her hair and ears (which was all she left outside my beard), he wanted to show his skill in babies, of which he boasted himself a grandfather. And so he began to whisper,—

“My little dear, you will be a good child—a very good child; won’t you, now? I can see it in your little face. Such a pretty dear you are! And all good children always do as they are told, you know. We want you to tell us a little thing about pretty little brother. I have got a little girl at home not so old as you are, and she is so clever, you can’t think. Everything she does and says; everything we tell her—”

“Take away ’e nasty old man. Take away ’e bad old man; or I never tis ’a again, old Davy.”

She flashed up at me with such wrath, that I was forced to obey her; while the old man put down his goggles to stare, and all the jury laughed at him. And I was running away with her, for her little breath was hot and short; when the Coroner called out, “Stop,

man; I know how to manage her.” At this I was bound to pull up, and set her to look at him, as he ordered me. She sate well up in my arms, and looked, and seemed not to think very highly of him.

“Look at his Honour, my dear,” said I, stroking her hair as I knew she liked; “look at his lordship, you pretty duck.”

“Little child,” began his Honour, “you have a duty to perform, even at this early period of your very beginning life. We are most desirous to spare your feelings, having strong reasons to believe that you are sprung from a noble family. But in our duty towards your lineage, we must require you, my little dear—we must request you, my little lady—to assist us in our endeavour to identify——”

“I can say ‘dentify,’ old Davy; tell ’e silly old man to say ‘dentify’ same as I does.”

She spread her little open hand with such contempt at the Coroner, that even his own clerk could not keep his countenance from laughing. And his Honour, having good reason to think her a baby of high position before, was now so certain that he said, “God bless her! What a child she is! Take her away, old mariner. She is used to high society.”



## A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM 1750 DOWNWARDS.

## NO. III.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

No character could possibly be more unlike that of the gentle, timid, sorrowful, and lonely Cowper, than is the austere and dignified form—lonely, too, but after a different kind—which comes next after him, by natural descent and development, in the splendid roll of English poets. And it is not in our power to point out any moment of contact or apparent influence of one upon the other. Wordsworth, so far as we are aware, never even speaks of his predecessor—never acknowledges either admiration or help from him. Yet it is safe to say, that without Cowper Wordsworth could scarcely have been. The leap from Twickenham to Grasmere direct is too great for human faculties. Cowper had not created a new school or style, but he had acted upon the very air of England as some subtle natural influence of which we know nothing—as the warm ripple of some Gulf-stream, the chill breath of some wandering iceberg, acts upon the atmosphere we breathe. Probably the young poets whose fame began with the new-born century were not even aware that the brightened and more bracing mental air, the higher firmament, the clearer sky, meant Cowper, or meant anything but the ever-mysterious, ever-simple course of nature. Yet it is our conviction that “The Task” had so far affected all the possibilities of composition in England, that already “The Excursion” had become likely, if not inevitable. The laws of natural progress and inheritance had come into operation, independent of any consciousness on the part of the inheritor. Wordsworth was affected as a child

is affected by the character of his father, whom he has never seen, nor even had any mental intercourse with, as between soul and soul. He received his gift darkling, warm from the hands which had held it, without knowing, or apparently much caring, whose hands these were.

But these were the hands which had taken up again the old heritage of English poetry—the mantle of Milton, if not his power. Cowper had lifted those singing-garments, which his generation pronounced to be out of fashion, from the grave of the old poets almost unawares, and with the old fashion had returned to old nature—nature ever young and ever fresh—as the source of his inspiration. He had done it without knowing what he did, timidly, apologetically, never sure that the fresh landscape and sweet natural scenes he loved might not be quite inferior to the moral subjects which he ought to have been treating while his truant soul went off, in spite of himself, to the grateful woods and dewy fields. He was doubtful; but his successor was more than certain—he was dogmatically confident, that nature was not only a lawful teacher, but the supreme and only guide. Cowper made the needful beginning, the thousand deprecating apologies to outraged art and an unprepared public. Wordsworth placed himself on a serene and patient throne, above both art and public, and waited without doubt till they should come to his feet who would never bow to them. Thus, as in almost all intellectual revolutions, the first step was made in uncertainty and doubt; the se-

cond, with confidence and daring. Cowper laid the foundations of the structure, and another came and built on it, scarce knowing, not caring, what was beneath. The work of the one rose naturally out of the other, greater than the other, of higher range and infinitely superior power; but yet, as Scripture has it, not to be made perfect without the other, any more than the writers of the full revelation could be perfected without the prophets who had prophesied in darkness, not knowing, but by snatches, what the real importance and significance of their burden was.

It may be said, however, here, that the absence of all consciousness on Wordsworth's part of the work of his immediate predecessor may be much explained by the fact that Wordsworth himself was little moved or influenced at any time by books. He is perhaps a unique example of mental character in this respect. Himself possessed of the highest literary genius, he was indifferent to literature. This, of course, is not to say that he was unmoved by existing poetry; on the contrary, he confesses to being "by strong entrancement overcome,"

"When I have held a volume in my hand,  
Poor earthly casket of immortal verse,  
Shakespeare or Milton, labourers divine!"

But such entrancement does not seem to have been much more than the inevitable homage which is forced from every man who permits himself to come into contact with the great singers of the world. Wordsworth did not seek such contact, nor require it. He was indifferent to books; they were not even his constant companions, much less his masters. His mind was formed and moulded by other influences. He developed alone, like a tree fed by the dews of heaven, and strengthened by its sunshine, unaware of either pedi-

gree or husbandry. He was without father or mother in his own consciousness, like that mysterious priest in the darkness of the patriarchal ages to whom the father of the faithful himself did homage. But no man can stand thus apart, except in his own consciousness. The laws of descent and inheritance are nowhere more stamped than in the line of genius, where every man receives something from the past to be handed on to the future; becoming in himself at once the heir of all the glorious ages and the father of our kings to be.

The early career of Wordsworth is one of curious independence and apparent separation from the ordinary influences that affect mental growth. He seems, like Cowper, to have lost both his parents at a very early age; his mother when he was but eight, and his father when he was in his fourteenth year. He was born in 1770 at Cockermouth, of an old and respectable family, with all the advantages and disadvantages of "good connections,"—abundance of friends to advise and find fault, but none apparently with absolute authority over him, or sufficiently interested in him to afford him a permanent home. In the partial autobiography contained in "The Prelude," his school, and the "grey-haired dame" with whom he lived there, bulk much more largely than any kindred household. Hawkshead, a kind of humble Eton, would indeed seem to have afforded a most fit training to this son of the mountains. It is—for we presume it still exists, and that no marauding commissioners or school board have yet laid irreverent hands upon the poet's cradle—a foundation of the sixteenth century, planted in a village in the vale of Esthwaite, in the heart of the lake district, surrounded by mountain-peaks, and possessing a little lake of

its own. The boys boarded in the cottages about in Spartan simplicity, and such freedom as only the English schoolboy knows. They learned little so far as lessons go, but trained themselves under Nature's stern but kindly rule to bear cold and heat and fatigue, and to do and dare under pressure of all the inducements held out to them by the crags and lakes and wild fells around them. Of this primitive existence Wordsworth gives us a fine and animated picture. He shows himself to us, a boy full of the courage and restlessness of his age, taking his share in all that came. He was one of those who "hung above the raven's nest by knots of grass and half-inch fissures in the slippery rock"—he rode "in uncouth race" with his companions, and held his place among them when summer came, and

"Our fortune was on bright half-holidays  
To sweep along the plain of Windermere  
With rival oars."

The reader will recollect the beautiful description of skating which occurs in the same poem, and in which one seems to feel the sharp cutting of the frosty air—the orange sunset dying away, the blue darkness full of stars, and the lively glimmer of the cottage-windows, "visible for many a mile," which invited, but in vain, the joyous boys to the fireside and supper which awaited them. In all these sports the poet seems to have taken his full share. "We were a noisy crew," he says, with the half-smile, half-sigh, of a man recalling the brightest period of his life. But beside this bright natural picture runs one more delicate and as true. It is, perhaps, too much to take the descriptions in "The Prelude"—a mature man's reflective view of his own childhood, and all the influences which formed it—as an actual picture of the far less conscious processes which were going

on in the mind of the boy. Yet there is a certain ethereal perfume of poetic childhood in the narrative which proves its authenticity. The boy lifts the cottage-latch,

"Ere one smoke-wreath had risen  
From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush  
Was audible ;"

and betakes himself to "some jutting eminence" overlooking the half-visible lake, to watch the dawn stealing over the vale. He wanders through the woods at night, and feels himself "a trouble to the peace that dwelt among them." He turns back with trembling oars "when the great shadow of a distant peak" obtrudes itself between him and the stars, feeling "a dim and undetermined sense of unknown modes of being." Thus he moves a two-fold creature, attended even in the noisiest of sports by that visionary self, which ponders and dreams. The world breathes mysterious about him—the veil of its marvels keeps ever trembling as if about to rise. The strange confusion of wonder and joy which possesses the brain of a gifted child, the elation which has no cause, the incomprehensible inspiration which tingles through him, the sense of novelty and mystery, of sadness and delight, which broods over everything, sweet, penetrating, and indefinite, has never been so delicately nor so fully painted as in "The Prelude." Such a child goes about the world wrapped in a delicious mist of tender wonderment and gladness, something that is sweeter and more subtle than music murmuring in his ears—the very silence round him rustling as with wings of the unseen—the tiniest flowers claiming kindred, blooming as it were for him alone. Everything is a surprise to him, and yet everything is familiar. He has no words to express the exquisite consciousness of existence, the mysterious and awful, and sometimes oppres-

sive, sense of his own individuality—his union with, yet absolute separation from, the dumb, dim, incomprehensible, beautiful universe which surrounds him. Thus Wordsworth felt, unknowing what it meant, the world a wonder round him, and himself the greatest wonder of all. This mixture of infinite, vague, visionary sensibility, and the riotous unthinking existence of a school-boy, is the great charm of "The Prelude"—a poem which probably never will be popular, but which, in many ways, stands alone in literature. The poet's biographer gives, with perhaps a wise judgment, nothing but the facts of his early life—its real history he is allowed to tell himself.

Cambridge does not seem to have had the same genial effect upon him. Here he came under a new kind of influence, and one to which he was much less susceptible. The world of books and of men, of historic traditions and conventional ways, awaited him at the university, and the peculiar constitution of his mind made him impatient of their sway. He was indifferent to books; and he was not very susceptible to personal influence, except when the mind which wielded it was in perfect sympathy with his own. When we add to this, that all his impulses were democratic and republican, that he was little inclined to yield to authority, and all his life long despised and detested everything that he considered conventional, it is not difficult to perceive how it was that his college career was neither delightful to himself nor very satisfactory to his friends. His first vacation carried him back to Hawkshead, a forlorn refuge for the lad who had no natural home to receive him, but yet a kindly and tender one. With exuberant youthful pleasure he returned to the familiar place, to the care of "my old dame,

so kind and motherly," and to the boyish friends and occupations he had left; and there is no finer passage in the poem than his description of this return, his mingled pride and shame in his own changed appearance, and the thoughtfulness with which he lay down in the accustomed bed,—

"That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind  
Roar and the rain beat hard; where I so oft  
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch  
The moon in splendour couched among the  
leaves  
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood,—  
Had watched her with fixed eyes, while to  
and fro,  
In the dark summit of the waving tree,  
She rocked with every impulse of the breeze."

Here it probably was, though he does not give any positive information on the subject, that Wordsworth learned as a young man to know the "Matthew" who has been made to live for ever in three of his most perfect poems. They were not written till years after, but the mere hint of Matthew's existence in this vale, which is not referred to anywhere except in the poems bearing his name, adds to the interest with which we think of Esthwaite. He, it is clear, must have impressed his character on Wordsworth as no one else ever did; for there is no such sympathetic and tender personal portrait in all the poet's works. The more elaborate pictures of "The Excursion" are as gloomy sketches in sepia, in comparison with the bright yet touching colour and freshness of this wonderful miniature. The man, all human and wayward, stands before us visibly, with the smile on his face and the deep sadness in his heart;—his mirthfulness, his social humour, his unspoken depths of sorrow and wistful loneliness—the profound imaginative poetry of mind that lies below his quips and jests—are all lighted up in one or two suggestive glimpses, which make him to us as a friend we

have known. To our own mind, there are none of Wordsworth's short poems which surpass, and few that equal, those entitled "The Fountain" and "The Two April Mornings." Curiously enough—a fact which adds to the touching character of the poems—they were written in the chill depths of a German winter, in the lonely little Saxon university town where the poet passed some months of the years 1798 and 1799. His heart must have been sick for home, and dwelling—oh, how tenderly!—upon the dear old vale, with its lake and its white cottages, when Matthew's fun and sadness, his heart at once light and heavy, came so vividly to the young wanderer's poetic mind.

Wordsworth was not, he allows, even a creditable student, and he does not seem to have made a pretence of any anxiety to please his friends, so far as his studies went. He was penniless; and his best hope was to do, what many a virtuous youth has done—to work his way to a fellowship, and from that to a living—delivering thus his relations and himself from the burden of his poverty. But Wordsworth did not do this. Had he not been a great poet in embryo, he would have been indeed a very reprehensible young man, when he set out with twenty pounds in his pocket, escaping from all cares and discussions, to France, in his last college vacation; but as the result has so long justified his undutifulness, the severest critic can find nothing to say. It was in July 1790, on the eve of the day when the unfortunate Louis XVI., with his winding-sheet already high on his breast, took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution, that Wordsworth and his travelling companion set foot first in France. The country was half-mad with joy and self-congratulation. Old things—such old things

as oppression and tyranny and injustice, the Bastille, and those terrible seigniorial rights which had eaten like a canker into the very heart of the nation—were passing away, and everything was about to become new. Wordsworth threw himself into the joy of the awakened nation with all his heart; it affected him to the very depths of his being, if not in the way of absolute sympathy, at least of interest, as the grandest exhibition of human enlightenment and progress towards the perfect then known. So greatly indeed was he moved by it, that after returning to Cambridge to take his degree, and wandering about for seven months in an objectless way, the excitement of the struggle going on across the Channel once more attracted him so, that he rushed back again to France, leaving the prospects and necessities of his life to settle themselves. He alleges that this second journey was in order to learn French; but it is very apparent that it was the whirl and rush of the revolutionary stream which had sucked him in.

This forms the one chapter in his life which is like nothing before it nor after—the one strange youthful fever, of intensest importance to himself at the moment, but entirely episodic, and without effect upon his life. It is curious indeed that, drawn into the immediate circle of this great convulsion as he was—made to feel, as it were, the tremor that ran through all the mighty limbs of the nation—he should have been able to drop back again into his homely English groove, so little altered by the contrast. At the same time there are few historical studies more affecting and instructive than the account given in "The Prelude" of this extraordinary chapter in the world's history and in this young man's life. It brings the old well-known picture of the French

Revolution, so often painted and in such different colours, before us in yet one new and original way. Wordsworth had thrown himself, with something as near passion as was possible to him, into that new Gospel of brotherhood and freedom which turned so many young heads and filled so many hearts with hope. Not for himself only, but as the type of his generation, he sets before us the new revolution, which roused it into passionate excitement, hope, and delight. The Golden Age was coming back, to elevate and change this commonplace world. Genius, goodness, merit, the higher qualities of mind and heart, were to be henceforward the titles of rank, the keys of power, the only real distinctions; and, as a natural consequence, oppression, misery, poverty, crime, and every evil thing, were to disappear from the face of a renovated earth.

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very Heaven! Oh times,  
In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways  
Of custom, law, and statute took at once  
The attraction of a country in romance!  
When Reason seemed the most to assert her  
rights,

When most intent on making of herself  
A prime enchantress, to assist the work  
Which then was going forward in her name.

What temper at the prospect did not wake  
To happiness unthought of? The inert  
Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!  
They who had fed their childhood upon  
dreams,

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made  
All powers of swiftness, subtlety, and  
strength  
Their ministers.

They, too, who of gentle mood  
Had watched all gentle motions, and to  
these  
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more  
mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves;—  
Now was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty  
Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,  
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could  
wish,—

Were called upon to exercise their skill,  
Not in Utopia—subterranean fields,—  
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows  
where!

But in the very world, which is the world

Of all of us—the place where, in the end,  
We find our happiness, or not at all!”

Our space does not allow us to follow in detail the remarkable sketch he gives of his own position and thoughts in the midst of revolutionary France. His musing attitude, even in the fervour of his sympathy, is very characteristic. He picks up a stone from the dust of the Bastille as a relic, yet confesses that

“I looked for something that I could not  
find,  
Affecting more emotion than I felt.”

He is bewildered by his own tranquillity, which he compares to that of a plant “glassed in a greenhouse,”

“That spreads its leaves in unmolested  
peace,  
While every bush and tree the country  
through  
Is shaking to its roots.”

And strangely amid the blaze and carnage of the time comes his record of his long walks and talks with his friend Beaupuis, the patriot soldier who afterwards

“Perished fighting in supreme command,  
Upon the borders of the unhappy Loire.”

When the march of events quickens, we find him again in Paris, not so tranquil, but yet musing and pondering as he wanders about looking for traces of the September massacre which had happened just a month before, and gazing upon the scene of that terrible tragedy

“As doth a man  
Upon a volume whose contents he knows  
Are memorable, but from him locked up,  
Being written in a tongue he cannot read.”

His heart is troubled; he cannot understand the meaning of this bloody interpolation in the tale of freedom. His imagination yields to the terror that broods in the air. When he reaches the high and lonely chamber under the roof where his lodging is, he watches all night trying to read by intervals, unable to sleep, thinking he hears a voice cry to the whole city “Sleep no more!”

and feeling that the place, "all hushed and silent as it was," had become

"Unfit for the repose of night,  
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam."

Yet notwithstanding this impression of pain and doubt, his conviction of the justice and inevitable success of the cause was unwavering. "From all doubt," he says,

"Or trepidation of the end of things,  
Far was I as the angels are from guilt."

So profound was this faith, that when he returned home and found England excited by discussions about the slave-trade, he dismissed the subject with a certain contempt, feeling that if France and the cause of freedom in her prospered, all other questions were settled in this one, and every wrong must be redressed. There is nothing in the poet's life so strange as this plunge of his disciplined and law-loving nature into the wild dream of the Revolution. The anguish it caused him, as the dream gradually dissipated and hope died away, is but lightly touched; but he tells with sorrowful vehemence of his dismay and despair when he found his own country joining in the alliance against patriot France and the cause of freedom, which had survived the Terror and all its excesses—

"No shock  
Given to my inmost nature had I known  
Down to that very moment."

He cries with sharp pain. He can say no prayer for success to the arms of England, nor thanksgiving for her victories. This is the strange light under which his contemporary eyes regarded the action of England, at a moment upon which we now look back with so much pride. Wordsworth looks on and sees the expedition fitted out, the fleets ready to sail, with tears of indignant passion in his eyes. "Oh, pity and shame!" he cries. To him this intervention, so potential as it turned out to be

—so splendidly different, as many people think it, from anything England could or would do now—was an act which tore away

"By violence at one decisive rent  
From the best youth in England their dear  
pride,  
Their joy in England."

Thus strongly does Time change the aspect of affairs, and blind one generation to the hopes and passions of another.

It may be said that this stormy and terrible chapter in Wordsworth's life was but the natural outbreak of revolutionary feeling so common in human experience, an episode which, while full of youth's wildest vagaries, is quite consistent with the equally natural conservatism of maturer years. We think, however, that the effect it produced on the poet's mind and genius gives it a more important character. There is something in the peculiar tone of his philosophy throughout all his after-life which tells of a great shock undergone, and an immense mental effort made, to justify those ways of God to man which are at once the stumbling-block and the stronghold of all thinking souls. Personal loss would not have driven his disciplined and self-controlled nature into bitter and painful encounter with this great problem as it does to some minds; but the vaster question of a nation's wellbeing, and the still more poignant misery of beholding what seemed to him the holiest and highest of causes lost in excess and crime, was such an argument as might well have moved the calmest. He could not accept it without an effort to account for it, and harmonise this extraordinary undercurrent of discord which seemed to have broken into the majestic chorus of the universe by will of the devil, not by will of God. And accordingly he tells us with lofty sadness how, in the downfall of his

hopes he was not without that consolation and "creed of reconciliation" which the old prophets had when they were called by their duty to denounce punishment and vengeance, or to see their threats fulfilled. This is the conclusion he comes to while yet his heart is wrung and all his nerves tingling:—

"Then was the truth received into my heart  
That under transient sorrow earth can bring,  
If from the afflictions somehow do not grow,  
Honour which could not else have been; a  
faith  
For Christians, and a sanctity,—  
If new strength be not given, nor old re-  
stored,  
The fault is ours, not nature's."

Thus from this great shock and mental tempest came the melancholy yet lofty philosophy which runs through all Wordsworth's works—his constant endeavour to prove, if we may use such words, the reasonableness of sorrow in the theory of human existence—the necessity for it, and the grandeur of its use, which justified its employment. "Honour, *which could not else have been.*" This is putting the argument in a much stronger way than that sickening suggestion that "everything is for the best," with which the commonplace comforters of this world do their little possible to aggravate grief. The reader will find how persistently Wordsworth holds by this thread of belief through all his works. He makes it a principle even that sorrow past becomes lovely, "not sorrow, but delight;" and that there is misery

"That is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
Therefrom to humankind, and what we are."

This is his constant theme. He will allow no grief to be dwelt upon for itself—no pang to be suffered without some compensation. "The purposes of wisdom ask no more," is his verdict after the first tears have been shed, and the first sharp pang

of pity has gone through the heart. His "Wanderer" turns away "and walks along the road in happiness," when he sees how calmly nature has composed the ruin and disarray of Margaret's deserted cottage. Anguish and despair, however bitter, must pass away, and good remains, or ought to remain, in their place. This is the imperative doctrine which he preaches, perhaps all the more earnestly because it is difficult for the mind to hold by it through all the miseries of the world. It was the doctrine with which, in the face of the gigantic calamities of France, he had endeavoured to comfort his own sore and bitterly disappointed heart.

After he returned to England—"unwillingly," he says—he lived what he himself calls an "undomestic wanderer's life" for some two years. His friends wished him to enter the Church, which he was now of fit age to do; and he himself, anxious by any means to escape that necessity, made some attempts to gain admittance into the feverish field of journalism. But it is clear that his desultory and self-governed youth had not qualified him for the regular work and restraint which any profession would have demanded; and both these dangers were speedily staved off by the death of Raisley Calvert, a young friend with whom he had been travelling, whom he attended through his last illness, and who left to him the sum of £900. This was no great fortune, it is true, but to Wordsworth, who had nothing, it meant independence, and almost salvation. "This bequest," he wrote some years later to Sir George Beaumont, "was from a young man with whom, though I call him friend, I had had but little connection; and the act was done entirely from a confidence on his part that I had powers and attainments which might be of use



to mankind." This opened at once a new life to the poet; the troublous and uncertain existence of his early years came to an end, and with grateful gladness Wordsworth settled down, as so few people are able to do, to carry out his own theory of life, and shape his career as he pleased. Even at this early period, a pervading consciousness that he was not as other men are, and that it was fit and becoming that extraordinary means should be taken by Providence and his friends to fit him for his mission, is evident in all he says. Thus he celebrates the memory of his young benefactor with a sense that poor Calvert's life has been well expended in this final effort, and that he has acquired by it a title to immortality. "This care was thine," he says,

"That I, if frugal and severe, might stray  
Where'er I liked, and finally array  
My temples with the muses' diadem.  
Hence if in freedom I have loved the truth—  
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
In my past verse, or shall be in the lays  
Of highest mood which now I meditate—  
It gladdens me, oh worthy, short-lived youth,  
To think how much of this will be thy praise."

It was at this point, all its early disturbances and convulsions being over, that the poet's life, as we have learned to know it—the serene sober existence, "plain living and high thinking," which he afterwards made into an ideal life among the Westmoreland hills—began. The choice was a strange one to be made by a young man, just twenty-four, who up to this time had shown a love for wandering and adventure, and who had just come through a crisis of intense political excitement. To such a one, the observer would naturally conclude, active life, society, the applause of his fellows, and intercourse with them, would have been the first things sought; but such was not the decision of Wordsworth. His head was full of the highest theories of life and poetry,

and he was already his own judge and standard, holding lightly the opinions of others. There is a certain mist of ardour and friendliness in youth which conceals the harsher features of character; but already it is apparent that Wordsworth considered most things primarily as educating influences for himself, and means of perfecting his individual being. For this, in a great degree, the French Revolution had been; and for this—with all tenderness, with all grateful affection acknowledged, but still for this—poor Calvert died. What could men do for the man whom already God had so marked out for special care and training? The world was profoundly interested in everything that could be done to increase his powers and develop them, but the world was incapable of helping much in that great work. Nature, his nurse and instructress of old, and the silence and quiet in which alone great seeds of thought can germinate, and great projects ripen—these were the aids which he needed most.

And here, too, another personage comes into the tale. The brothers of Wordsworth were all by this time afloat on the world; one in business as a solicitor in London, one at sea in that noble East India Company's service, which then opened a career to sailors; and one entering upon that highly successful career of fellowships and prosperities which ended in the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge. The only other member of the family, Dorothy, the sole sister, had been brought up in the home of an uncle. Her character was a peculiar one. She was impetuous, impulsive, and irregular—the kind of creature who flourishes best in the indulgent atmosphere of a natural home. She had been separated from her brother since their childhood, and now at the first

moment when their reunion was possible, seems to have rushed to him with all the impetuosity of her nature. Without taking his sister into consideration, no just estimate can be formed of Wordsworth. He was, as it were, henceforward the spokesman to the world of two souls. It was not that she visibly or consciously aided and stimulated him, but that she *was* him—a second pair of eyes to see, a second and more delicate intuition to discern, a second heart to enter into all that came before their mutual observation. This union was so close, that in many instances it becomes difficult to discern which is the brother and which the sister. She was part not only of his life, but of his imagination. He saw by her, felt through her; at her touch the strings of the instrument began to thrill, the great melodies awoke. Her journals are Wordsworth in prose, just as his poems are Dorothy in verse. The one soul kindled at the other. The brother and sister met with all the enthusiasm of youthful affection, strengthened and concentrated by their long separation, and the delightful sense that here at last was the possibility of making for themselves a home. He had the income arising from his £900; she had £100, a legacy which some kind soul had left her;—and with this, in their innocent frugality and courage, they faced the world like a new pair of babes in the wood. Their aspirations in one way were infinite, but in another, modest as any cottager's. Daily bread sufficed them, and the pleasure to be derived from nature, who is cheap, and gives herself lavishly without thought or hope of reward. The house in which they settled would seem to have been the first rural cottage which struck their fancy. It was not even in their native dis-

trict, which had so many attractions to them both, but in the tamer scenery of Dorsetshire, if anything can be called tame which is near the sea. "The place was very retired, with little or no society, and a post only once a-week." It was called Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne. "I think Racedown is the place dearest to my recollections upon the whole surface of the island," Miss Wordsworth wrote at a later period, with fond enthusiasm. "It was the first home I had." Here the two young poets—for such they were, though one was voiceless—lived and mused, and observed everything that passed around them. They took long walks on the breezy downs, and gazed with brilliant young eyes which noted every ripple and change of colour over the sea. They gardened, no doubt, full of novel delight in the space of ground which, for the moment, they called their own, and read with industry—"if reading can ever deserve the name of industry," Wordsworth says, with his perennial indifference to books. Their own youthful vigour and freshness of feeling, and unbounded hope, no doubt kept them from any oppressive sense of the monotony of their existence; and so completely sympathetic and congenial were the pair, that their own society seems to have sufficed them for two long years, during which there is no record of their career. In this period Wordsworth wrote his one drama, "The Borderers," a performance scarcely worthy of him, which did not see the light for fifty years, and which even now, we believe, is known to the great majority of his readers only by name. And up to this time we are not aware that he had done anything which could, by any but the most extraordinary insight, be considered as affording promise of the splendid future before him. He had published a volume

of "Descriptive Sketches of Lake and Alpine Scenery," not much above the average of university composition, a few years before; but it would have required the eye of a true seer—one possessed with the very gift of divination—to discern the author of "The Excursion" in those smooth and softly-flowing lines.

Such a seer, however, there was, enlightened by the kindred gift of genius, as well as by that ardent youthful enthusiasm which so often makes a right guess, though on perfectly fallacious grounds. The name of this first critic who knew how to appreciate Wordsworth, and foresaw his future glory, was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "Seldom, if ever," he had said some time before, after reading the "Descriptive Sketches," "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." We are not told how the two poets were brought to personal knowledge of each other; but in the summer of 1797, Coleridge appeared at Racedown, and their friendship seems to have at once become most warm and close. They plunged into sudden acquaintance, sudden love. There is something very whimsical in Miss Wordsworth's record of the first evening they spent together. "The first thing," she says, "that was read after he came, was William's new poem, the 'Ruined Cottage'" (afterwards embodied in the first book of "The Excursion"), "with which he was much delighted; and after tea he repeated to us two acts and a half of his tragedy 'Osorio.'" The next evening William read his tragedy, "The Borderers." This was an appalling commencement; but notwithstanding the temptation to smile over such a portentous way of occupying the placid nothingness of an evening "after tea," there is something in the sublime mutual confidence of the two poets,

their intense youthful gravity, and superiority to all that is ridiculous in the situation, and their absorption in the grand pursuit which was opening before them, which turns the reader's smile into sympathy. Great as their fame is now, and much as they have accomplished, no doubt there glimmered before them, in the golden mist of these early days, many an impossible feat and triumph greater than any reality. They exhausted themselves in eager theories, exchanging plans and fancies as they walked with their young heads reaching the skies over the combs and uplands. Half spectator, half inspirer, the deep-eyed rapid girl between them heard and saw, and felt and enhanced every passing thought and scheme; and, with an enthusiasm which borders on extravagance, they all worshipped and applauded each other. "He is a wonderful man," writes Miss Wordsworth of Coleridge. "His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit." Coleridge, on his part, describes "Wordsworth and his exquisite sister" with equal fervour. "I speak with heartfelt sincerity, and I think unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel a little man by his side," he writes; and adds of Dorothy, "In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say guilt was a thing impossible with her. Her information is various, her eye watchful in observation of nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer."

This rapid mutual conquest of each other made by the three friends advanced so quickly, that in a month after the beginning of the acquaintance the Wordsworths removed from Racedown to Somersetshire, to a house called Alfoxden, near Nether-Stowey, in which village Coleridge lived. This house was much larger than their previous

one, and the country delighted them by its beauty; but "one principal inducement was Coleridge's society," says Miss Wordsworth. They remained here for nearly a year, which Wordsworth himself describes as "a very pleasant and productive time of my life." De Quincey gives a curious sketch of the feelings of poor little Mrs Coleridge (for the poet was already married), who could neither walk nor talk, when the bright apparition of Dorothy Wordsworth, not pretty, like the wedded Sara, but brilliant, hasty, sensitive, and sympathetic, burst upon her—the sharer of all the long rambles, and all the desultory wonderful conversations which were Greek and Hebrew to herself. With these little vexations, however, we have nothing to do; but wonderful were the wanderings by hill and dale, and sweet that summer, "under whose indulgent shade,"—

"Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we  
     roved  
 Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan  
     combs."

The three made all manner of expeditions about the beautiful country, and all day long strayed, as we have said, with their heads in the clouds, weaving these visionary gossamer-webs of poetry, all jewelled and glorious with the dews of their youth, about every bush and brae:

"Thou in bewitching words, with happy  
     heart,  
 Didst chant the vision of that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes  
 Didst utter of the Ladye Christabel.  
 And I, associate with such labours, steeped  
 In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,  
 Murmuring of him who, joyous hap, was  
     found,  
 After the perils of his moonlight ride,  
 Near the loud waterfall; or her who sate  
 In misery near the miserable Thorn."

The communion of spirits even went farther than this. The "Ancient Mariner," for instance, was intended to have been a composition by the hands of both poets, and was des-

tined to pay the expense of one of their little excursions. Wordsworth suggested (he himself tells us) the incident of the albatross, and of the navigation of the ship by the dead sailors, and furnished even an actual line or two to the poem; but "our respective manners," he says, "proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog." This idea, however, of mutual publication, was the origin of the 'Lyrical Ballads' which received so strange a reception from the world. The "Ancient Mariner" grew out of its first slight design into the great and wonderful poem it is; and the little excursion among the Quantock Hills gave rise to the boldest new essay in literature that had been heard of for a hundred years.

The 'Lyrical Ballads' were published in September 1798. The volume consisted of Coleridge's great poem, and of many of Wordsworth's, which are as fine as anything he ever wrote. Among them are the exquisite "Anecdote for Fathers"—most clumsy of titles, and most lovely of verses; the "Lines written in Early Spring;" "We are Seven;" and the beautiful "Tintern Abbey." The volume containing all these and many more was published by Mr Cottle, the friend of Coleridge, in Bristol, who gave Wordsworth thirty pounds for his share in it. The book, however, sold so poorly, having been assailed by almost every critic who noticed it, that when Cottle, a short time after, sold his copyrights to Longman in London, he found this was considered absolutely of no value, and restored it to its authors. This was, as we have already said, the volume which contained Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," a poem which

was certainly not open to the charges of puerility and commonplace which were made against his brother poet. It was by Wordsworth, however, that the book was to stand or fall. Unfortunately there was in its very plan a certain polemical tendency and challenge which roused all the existing world of critics against it. The young poet set himself to instruct mankind, not only in the legitimate way, by the real message which he had to deliver, but by revolutionising the very form and fashion under which poetry had hitherto taught the world. This was a very different matter from Cowper's loyal return to that stately medium of blank verse, which has been so dear to all the greatest of English poets. It was a fanciful theory, brought into being in the numberless discussions which arose between the two young enthusiasts, who combined with the fervour of their personal convictions a certain contempt for the judgment of the world, heightened by confidence in its inevitable docility, and submission one time or another to themselves, its natural leaders. They knew, and were rather pleased to think, that critics would be puzzled and startled; but they did not understand nor believe it possible that they themselves might strain their theory into extravagance, and go further than good taste or good sense sanctioned. According to Coleridge's explanation of this theory, he himself was to take up the supernatural and romantic, as in the "Ancient Mariner," while Wordsworth, whose mind took a different bent, was "to propose to himself as his object, to give the charm of novelty to the things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world

before us—an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes and see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand."

This attempt to teach and elevate it by ostentatiously simple means, roused the public into something more than mere disapproval; and we cannot think that in this its decision was so far wrong as, in view of Wordsworth's eventual fame, the reader of to-day would be warranted in supposing. To begin a serious and affecting poem thus—

"A little child, dear brother Jim,"

which, as originally written, was, we are told, the first line (now incomplete) of "We are Seven;" to concentrate the interest in a first volume of poetry upon so long and so extraordinary a production as the "Idiot Boy;" to introduce into serious verse

"A household tub, like one of those  
Which women use to wash their clothes;"—

were sins sufficient to weigh down a great many beauties. And when we add that all this was done not accidentally, but with serious intention, and from a height of superiority, as if something sacred and sublime was in the narrative of Johnny's ride and Harry Gill's shivering—something which the common reader was not sufficiently refined or elevated to appreciate—the indignation of the public appears, to a certain extent, justifiable. This foolish and quite unnecessary idea was insisted upon as the very essence and soul of the poet's mission by Wordsworth himself, until maturing years improved his perceptions and taste. Nothing could be more distinctly characteristic of the curious self-absorption of his nature. He was a law to himself. The example of all older poetry and the opinion of the world

were nothing to him, until time had gradually revealed the fact, which is so often imperceptible to youth, that all things are not equally important—that in poetry, as in life, there are different magnitudes, and that the fullest truth to nature does not demand a slavish adherence to fact. What he intended to demonstrate was, that the feelings of Betty Foy while her boy was lost were as deep and tragical, and as worthy of revelation to the world, as would have been those of a queen; and there is no doubt that this is perfectly true. The notion that any one denied its truth existed only in Wordsworth's fancy. But the choice of such colloquial familiarity of treatment as suggests a jocular rather than a serious meaning, the absolute insignificance of the incident, and the absence of any attempt to give dignity or grace to the story, balked its effect completely as an exposition of nature; while the humour in it is too feeble, too diffuse, to give it a lively comic interest. Cowper had ventured to be quite as colloquial and realistic in "John Gilpin," with electrical effect; but then the spirit and pure fun of that performance was inimitable, whereas Wordsworth's fun never rose beyond a tame reflective banter. Thus, in his longest poem, he failed, and failed utterly, in the very purpose which he declared to be his chief inspiration; he did not "give the charm of novelty to the things of every day," nor "excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us." This was what he had professed and undertaken to do; and we do not wonder that the world, always more eager to seize upon a visible failure than to hail a modest success, should

have received his high pretensions with incredulity, and even with scoffing. Certainly no one could derive much information about, or attain a deeper insight into, human nature, by means of Betty Foy and old Susan Gale.

Alongside of this failure, however, appeared certain brief and delicate studies of humanity, which are to Betty Foy as sunshine is to a twinkling taper. The little girl who "lightly draws her breath, and feels her life in every limb"—the fanciful innocent little philosopher, grave in his small fiction, as if it were the solemnest truth, who justifies his preference of one place over another by the first external circumstance which catches his eye,—“At Kilve there was no weathercock!” These, without any ostentation of deeper meaning, with all the grace and sweetness of spontaneous verse, are real and most true expositions of nature—that simple yet complex nature—separated from us by a distinction more subtile and strange than any which exists between rich and poor—the mind of a child. In these lovely little poems, however, the humbleness of the subject is no way dwelt upon. Instinctively the poet feels that a child is of all ranks and classes alike, and with a most tender hand and careful eye he works his minute and perfect picture. We scarcely need to add, what is nevertheless most true, that in this early volume Wordsworth has painted some states of the mind to us in a few words with a nicety and truth which are exclusively his own, and in lines which, even in expression, are as perfect as anything produced in his maturest days. Who but Wordsworth could have revealed

“That sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind”?

Who but he would have ventured to defend the sweet indolence of

youth — the woodland musings, which he preferred to his books,

“By Esthwaite lake,  
When life was sweet, I knew not why”—

not by any boyish excuse or claim for indulgence, but by the true philosophical suggestion, that

“We can feed these minds of ours  
In a wise passiveness”?

These sweet snatches of profound yet simple thought were perhaps too brief and too unobtrusive to catch at the first glimpse the public eye, and all were slumped up together in the indiscriminate opprobrium called forth by the inane simplicities of Goody Blake and Betty Foy. What is still more memorable, however, is the fact that the poet himself seems to have been unaware of the difference between them. In the confusion of his youth, amid all the tumult of rising and developing powers, he knew no more than his audience which was the true and which the fictitious; nay, it would almost seem that the inferior work appeared to him more important and better than the best. He tells us with a little simple elation of the “Idiot Boy,”—“This long poem was composed in the groves of Alfoxden almost extempore—not a word, I believe, being corrected, though one stanza was omitted. I mention this in gratitude to those happy moments, for, in truth, I never wrote anything with so much glee.” This curious boyish simplicity, delighted with the thought that its production was “almost extempore,” and that “not a word was corrected,” blunts the edge of the critic’s comment, and melts him into indulgence. It is doubly strange and doubly subduing to find so simple a delusion in the mind of one who was so deep a student of his own nature, and had already so high a theory of his mission and work. But there are other traces besides this of Words-

worth’s youth. The “dear brother Jim” of “We are Seven,”—an altogether unnecessary and fantastical adjunct—was added, in the spirit of sheer nonsense, at Coleridge’s urgent prayer. “We all enjoyed the joke of putting in our friend James Tobin’s name,” says Wordsworth, with a boyish inability to resist the mischief, though he objects to the rhyme as ridiculous. Thus the two gravest figures in modern literature pause perforce in the dear foolishness of youth, to have their laugh out in spite of art and fitness; and the reader forgives them for the sake of this pleasant bit of revelation, though it was not intended for his eye.

The mixture of success and failure to which we have just referred reappears in almost identically the same manner in the greater work written at this time, and intended to be published in this volume, but which did not see the light for many years—the poem of “Peter Bell.” Here once more the poet breaks down in what he means to be the most important part of his work, and makes a brilliant success at a point where it has never occurred to him to seek it. We know no description of the kind which can bear comparison with the first part of “Peter Bell.” The sketch of the Potter is one of those extraordinary pictures which, once produced, nothing can obliterate. It is simple fact, true to the individual man’s outward appearance, temper, manners, and character, as if it had been a photograph; and at the same time it is absolute truth, embracing a whole race of men, transcending the little limits of the generations, true to-day and to the end of the world. Nor is it the portrait of the Potter alone which is set before us. With a subtle skill the poet brings in himself, with all his fine perceptions, the vision and faculty divine

of his own eyes and soul, as painters sometimes bring in a tender and visionary background of blue sky, to throw up and bring into fuller relief the rude figure that occupies the front of the picture. A certain cunning unexpressed wonder, and comparison of this strange being with himself, is, we can see all through, in Wordsworth's thoughts—a comparison which, all unseen as he feels himself to be, makes him at once smile and sigh. Thus with a half-humorous, half-wistful minuteness, he shows us in glimpses the world so lovely to himself, which surrounds that unawakened soul; the hamlets which lie "deep and low," each "beneath its little patch of sky and little lot of stars;" the "tender grass" "leading its earliest green along the lane;" the unconscious sweetness of the April morn, through which "the soul of happy sound is spread;" the soft blue sky melting through the high branches on the forest's edge. All this rises softly before us, while Peter, unconcerned and rude, leading his lawless life in the midst, roving among the vales and streams, sleeping beside his asses on the hills, couched on the warm heath, below the sunshine or under the trees, and neither noting nor caring, trudges through the whole with the surly half-contempt of his kind.

"Though Nature could not touch his heart  
By lovely forms, and silent weather,  
And tender sounds, yet you might see  
At once, that Peter Bell and she  
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung  
As of a dweller out of doors;  
In his whole figure and his mien  
A savage character was seen  
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped half-human thoughts  
Which solitary Nature feeds  
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,  
Had Peter joined whatever vice  
The cruel city breeds.

His face was keen as is the wind  
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;

Of courage you saw little there,  
But, in its stead, a medley air  
Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,  
And long and slouching was his gait;  
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,  
You might perceive, his spirit cold  
Was playing with some inward bait.

His forehead wrinkled was and furred;  
A work, one half of which was done  
By thinking of his 'whens' and 'hows';  
And half, by knitting of his brows  
Beneath the glaring sun.

There was a hardness in his cheek,  
There was a hardness in his eye,  
As if the man had fixed his face,  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky!"

The manner in which this wonderful portrait is made to expound and set forth, not only its own feelingless and rude character, but at the same time the poetic nature behind and around it, is marvellous. It is the most forcible and terse analysis, and yet it is no analysis, but a reproduction of two types of humanity the most distinct and apart from each other. The power and truth of the picture is brought out, not by sympathy, but by the reverse of sympathy—the writer and his subject standing, as it were, at the two opposite poles of existence. Strange is the effect, however, when the reader turns from this amazing beginning to the "tale" so called which follows, and learns how Peter found an ass upon the banks of "the murmuring river Swale"; how the ass,

"With motion dull,  
Upon the pivot of his skull  
Turned round his long left ear;"

how he lengthened out

"More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,  
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray;"

how Peter found the corpse of the poor animal's master in the water, and was guided by the ass home to the poor man's cottage, carrying the news of his death to his widow and children; and how the stillness and solemnity of the night, and this



strange adventure, made such an impression upon the Potter, that he

“Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,  
And after ten months’ melancholy  
Became a good and honest man.”

Here the fall in power and interest from the picture of the man to the record of his doings is very notable. The one is instinct with life and meaning; the other maundering, diffuse, and obscure: the one a model of continuous thought and happy expression; the other strained into ludicrous simplicity and fact-faithfulness, provoking laughter at its most solemn moment, yet not bold enough to rise into true humour. This distinction is very remarkable, and shows at once how true was the poet’s instinct and how imperfect his theory. “The tale,” he himself informs us, “was founded upon an anecdote I read in a newspaper of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched position. Upon examination a dead body was found in the water, and proved to be the body of its master. In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, traits, and physiognomy of asses; and I have no doubt that I was thus put upon writing the poem of ‘Peter Bell’ out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused.” Thus it would appear that it was for the story that the poem was written. Wordsworth’s intention, no doubt, was to prove that his simple *banal* tale about an ass and a drowned pedlar would instruct the world as much as a greater subject, and reveal to it, as no one had yet revealed, the virtues of asses and their masters. This was his meaning—but Genius balked him, and, by the way, without any set purpose or didactic meaning, made this picture of the wild tramp and wanderer, a picture which can never die.

To return, however, to the history.

The volume of ‘Lyrical Ballads’ had been just published, when, with a philosophy or indifference which probably was partly affected, the three young originators of it—for it is impossible to deny Dorothy Wordsworth her share in the book, though she never wrote a line—set off for the Continent. The Wordsworths parted from Coleridge at Hamburg, and went on to the little university town of Goslar, not far from Brunswick. We are not told what moved them to choose a place so much out of the way and so little known. Their intention was to learn German, and to make themselves acquainted with German society; but this purpose failed, as neither of them were capable of easy acquaintanceship, and the seclusion in which they had spent the last three years had not, doubtless, improved their social capabilities. A severe, cold, pitiless winter came on, and, strangely enough, Wordsworth’s mind rushed back to England and its beloved scenes. Few times of his life were more fruitful than the six months of dreary weather during which he froze in a fur-lined pelisse, and cursed the rampant horse of Brunswick which galloped on the dismal black metal of his stove. Perhaps the very sights and sounds of the strange land, whither he had come to forget England, brought it back to him more warmly; or perhaps it is possible, though no one seems able to say, there was in truth as well as in poetry a dead Lucy left behind in one of these peaceful solitudes, whose ending had driven him away to this strange place. There is no information whatever to be found on this subject, either from himself or his friends. The five exquisite little poems which bear that name, snatches as they seem of some sad and tender story, have no explanation whatever at-

tached to them. They were all written at Goslar; they are full of tender and real feeling, and of the deep reflective pensiveness which comes after sharp sorrow has spent itself; and they all hang together with a unity and reality which makes it very difficult to believe that they meant nothing. Why they should be separated and kept out of their natural arrangement, as they are in all the editions of Wordsworth we have seen, it is very hard to tell. Three of them we find included in the "Poems Founded on the Affections," and two in the "Poems of the Imagination,"—a curiously arbitrary distinction, made, we suppose, by Wordsworth himself, either to veil the personal meaning contained in them, or in obedience to some solemn crotchet, such as entered his mind from time to time; but a future editor would do well to piece together these broken threads, and put the five little lays which embody all we know of Lucy, together under her name. They belong as truly to each other as do the poems out of which Mr Tennyson's 'Maud' is formed. We should be disposed to place the verses in the following order:—1st, "Strange fits of passion have I known;" 2d, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways;" 3d, "Three years she grew in sun and shower;" 4th, "I travelled among unknown men;" 5th, "A slumber did my spirit seal." Any one who reads them in this succession will see at a glance what a consistent story they convey, and with what an exquisite tenderness and natural feeling it is told. It differs from 'Maud,' not only in being much shorter and less definite, but also in the strange sad calm given by the fact that the whole is written after Lucy's death—a fact which makes it still less likely that Lucy herself was a mere creature of the poet's imagination; and

in every other respect their unity and distinctness is not less than that of Mr Tennyson's exquisitely-constructed tale.

In Goslar, too, were composed the poems, also belonging to each other by the clearest connection, concerning Matthew, upon which we have already remarked, along with many more of less importance. One of these may be mentioned, solely as showing the curious polemical way in which Wordsworth chooses now and then to treat his own work, labouring to prove how it is done better than other people's, and with more advantage to the world. In respect to the little poem called "Lucy Gray," one of the sweetest and best known of his ballads, he says: "The way in which this incident was treated, and the spiritualising of the character, might furnish hints for contrasting the imaginative influences which I have endeavoured to throw over common life, with Crabbe's matter-of-fact style of handling subjects of the same kind." Strange that the hand which had just framed such an idyll as that of Lucy—such a wonderful sketch of human life and wayward pathetic fancy as that portrayed in "The Fountain" and "The Two April Mornings"—should take the trouble to flourish these pretty verses in the face of the world like the banner of a new sect! But so it was. Wordsworth would seem to have wanted even so much of the critical faculty as would have shown to him how much of his work was for ever, and how much only for a day.

In the spring of 1799, Wordsworth left Goslar. He was now nearly thirty, his published works had met no reception from the public, neither had he as yet done anything which could have justified to sceptical friends his desultory and undecided life. "He had been composing minor poems," says his biographer,

“but he now projected something of a higher aim and more comprehensive scope. . . . After much consideration, he chose his own intellectual being as his subject—the growth of his own mind.” The poem thus undertaken was that which was published only after Wordsworth’s death, under the title of “The Prelude.” It was intended, as its name signified, to be the commencement of a series of works, of which “The Excursion” was the only one completed. It was to be the antechapel to the Gothic cathedral full and fair, with apse and chapels, with high altar and echoing aisles, which Wordsworth intended to make of his works. Great seemed the possibilities that opened before him, and long and full the life which he still had to labour in, and therefore his projects were equally illimitable. In the autumn of 1799, after some months of residence with friends, he and his sister finally returned to their own mountain country, and established themselves at Grasmere. We quote from the unpublished remnant of “The Recluse,” his incomplete work, the following description, printed in Dr Wordsworth’s biography of the poet, of his settlement here among his native hills:—

“On Nature’s invitation do I come,  
By Reason sanctioned. Can the choice mis-  
lead,  
That made the calmest, fairest spot on  
earth,  
With all its unappropriated good,  
My own?—and not mine only,—for with me  
Enshrined—say rather peacefully embow-  
ered—  
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,  
A younger orphan of a home extinct,  
The only daughter of my parents, dwells;—  
Ay, think on that, my heart, and cease to  
stir;—  
Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame  
No longer breathe, but all be satisfied.  
Oh! if such silence be not thanks to God  
For what hath been bestowed, then where,  
where then  
Shall gratitude find root? Mine eyes did  
ne’er  
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind

Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,  
But either she whom now I have, who now  
Divides with me that loved abode, was there  
Or not far off. Where’er my footsteps  
turned,

Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang :  
The thought of her was like a flash of light  
Or an unseen companionship—a breath  
Or fragrance independent of the mind,  
In all my goings, in the new and old  
Of all my meditations, and in this  
Favourite of all, in this the most of all.  
Embrace me then, ye hills, and close me in !  
Now in the clear and open day I feel  
Your guardianship ; I take it to my heart :  
’Tis like the solemn shelter of the night ;  
But I would call thee beautiful : for mild,  
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art,  
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,  
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art  
pleased—

Pleased with thy crags and woody steeps,  
thy lake,

Its one green island and its winding shores.  
The multitude of little rocky hills,  
Thy church and cottages of mountain-stone,  
Clustered like stars, some few, but single  
most,  
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,  
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,  
Like separated stars with clouds behind.”

In this quiet abode he lived for eight years. Here he was married, and his maturer life began; and here he published another volume of the ‘Lyrical Ballads,’ which included the poems written in Germany, and two of those grave pastorals, full of the atmosphere and spirit of the mountains, which are so peculiarly his own. These tales—“The Brothers” and “Michael”—partake of the lofty reflectiveness and saddened yet never gloomy gravity of “The Excursion.” It is curious and even ludicrous to hear him—deeply determined always to hold by his theory—explaining to Fox, on sending him the volume, that these poems “were written with a view to show that men who do not wear fine clothes can feel deeply.” Nothing could be more unnecessary or uncalled-for than this fictitious explanation, which it is very likely, however, Wordsworth himself believed, there being, amid all the truthfulness of his nature, a certain solemn possibility of self-deception,

such as belongs more or less to all men possessed of a high sense of personal importance and devoid of humour. Probably he was himself quite unaware that in these poems he was following the bent of his own mind, and choosing the kind of subjects most natural to him.

Just before his marriage Wordsworth's little income had been increased by the payment of a long outstanding debt, due by a former Lord Lonsdale to his father, and which, when divided, secured a little livelihood to each of the family. The receipt of this modest fortune seems to have made his marriage practicable, and it was followed by a long and steady career of prosperity, one good thing after another falling into his hands in a way which calls forth from De Quincey some half-spiteful, half-humorous remarks as to the danger of holding anything which Wordsworth could by any possibility want. He was, it is clear, so far an exception to the supposed ordinary fate of poets, that he was exceptionally lucky—winning, by mere dint of sitting still and doing nothing, such comfortable prizes in life's lottery as many men toil and fret for in vain. To be sure, few men have the recommendations he had to the favour of those who had such gifts to bestow; but circumstances, as it happened, completely favoured his own view of the poetical character, and of his special and individual importance as the high priest and expositor of Nature. The secluded and contemplative life he loved was made possible to him from an early age; and throughout all his days the disturbing cares with which most men have to struggle were kept from him. As his family increased, his income increased with it. If his real work brought him in, for a long time, little profit, the public work which he was able to accomplish by means of a clerk

without soiling his singing-garments with any of the baser necessities of labour, secured for him a plentiful income. His house was of his own choosing, in the spot he loved best in the world; and two women, kind and sweet and beloved, were his companions and worshippers. No happier lot could have been. The sorrows which came upon him in the later part of his life were such afflictions as no man can hope altogether to escape; but except the loss of his daughter Dora, no sorrow even of the first magnitude ever came his way. He was a happy, prosperous, and successful man, as well as a great and famous poet. If he did not win the popular ear at once, he had the never-failing support of applause from his immediate friends, the opinion of one of whom, at least—Coleridge—he was well warranted in accepting as worth that of half a hundred ordinary critics. And thus his life rolled on, full of peace and high contemplation, full of love and comfort and beauty, and the praise which was most sweet to his ears.

We may say here, and Maga may be forgiven if it is said with a certain complacency, that these were the pages in which anything like true criticism and appreciation of the poetry of Wordsworth first appeared. The Essays of Professor Wilson upon the rising light which lesser critics had so pertinaciously endeavoured to extinguish, were the first worthy and public tributes to its glory. We will not attempt to calculate how much the generous warmth of the young critic, himself so full of poetic fire and insight, had to do with the gradual opening of the general mind to a perception of the poet's real greatness; but the splendid critical powers of Christopher North, and his high instinctive sympathy with everything beautiful and noble,

were never exercised more lovingly, nor more warmly expressed.

Wordsworth was thus placed in the very best circumstances for perfecting himself and his work. Everything served and bowed to the necessity of providing for his tranquillity in a way which must have increased his natural high sense of his own worth. And that high sense of merit was in itself a support to him which it is difficult to over-estimate. It is not a graceful or love-attracting element in his character. It deprives him of that sweeter grace of humility which endears the poet to us, and gives to poetry that air of natural spontaneous birth after which the grand and sweet unconsciousness of Shakespeare makes the English mind hanker. But Wordsworth was not of the Shakespearian mould, and was in no sense, at no moment of his poetical life, free of self-consciousness. On the contrary, he had nursed himself, trained himself, for the rôle of great poet. He believed in himself profoundly, believing at the same time that it was easier for the whole world to be in the wrong than for Wordsworth to be in the wrong. Such a splendid conviction does not come all at once, and neither does it come for nought. Armed in it, as in triple armour, he maintained the steady tenor of his way, accepting honour from no man, calmly working out the great work of his life—himself. He did this as Goethe did it, but more innocently, more kindly than Goethe,—with a sense of law and duty in which his great contemporary was altogether deficient. Goethe secured his training at the cost of a few women's hearts, more or less, which did not matter. Wordsworth bought his more cheaply at nobody's cost, winning it slowly from the slow and noiseless progress of his own thoughts. But

still, to Wordsworth as to Goethe, the things that surrounded him were all as instruments working out his advancement, whether it were a nation in revolution, or the clouds upon a northern sky and the ripples on a lake. The most wonderful evidence of this self-regard—which is not conceit, nor vanity, nor any frivolous motive, but a deep and solemn sense that his self was the most momentous thing within his ken, the most sovereign and majestic, with a natural claim upon the aid, not to say allegiance, of all things—is to be found in "The Prelude." To Wordsworth it seemed only right and seemly to devote a long, serious, and, as we have already said, almost solemn poem, to the history of the growth of his mind. If it is well for the student to trace the growth of states and their development, how much more interesting must it be, how much more important for the world, to trace how the poet's mind "orb'd into the perfect star," and developed in all its gifts and powers? This he said to himself, gravely, unconscious of any lack of graceful humbleness and that instinctive modesty of nature which is as natural to some great minds as self-consciousness is to others. Wordsworth knew, confessed, and was fully prepared to acknowledge anywhere, that he himself was great—he had known it in his earliest years, from the time when he first began to understand whither his youthful musings tended. He knew it fully during all his life. Shakespeare, we may suppose, may have smiled over his fame—may have lightly laid it aside, and attributed his success to some knack he had; but Wordsworth knew it was no knack, but genius. Wordsworth was always aware of his full claim upon the admiration of men.

This self-consciousness has its advantages as well as its disadvan-

tages. It deprives its possessor of a certain simple sweetness which is the last glory of the great; it takes away from him the dew and the fragrance of that most gracious humility which is as a perennial youth; but at the same time it supports him through his difficulties, and makes his troubles lighter. And it has, besides, this wonderful practical effect, that no man can believe in himself persistently and consistently without in the end making other people believe in him. Wordsworth seated himself as on a throne, in the seclusion of his mountains. He said to the world, as Constance said in the royalty of her grief: "Here I and poetry sit; this is my throne—let kings come bow to it." And when the hour arrived the kings did come and bowed; and all the world acknowledged that the man who had been the first to divine his own greatness, had justified his own decision, and proved the value of his judgment.

"The Prelude" is full of noble and beautiful passages, and will always be invaluable to the student both of history and of man. We have already quoted from it the powerful historical sketch of the French Revolution—a sketch which we think deserves a high place among the many records of that wonderful event, and gives to the reader of the present generation a new and individual view from an original standing-ground. There is also much of the charm of autobiography in the poem, and it affords an insight which nothing else can do into the poet's life. There is nothing finer in all his works than that picture of the vale of Esthwaite, his school, his "Dame," and all the influences that formed his boyhood and delighted his youth. This is brighter and fresher than anything in "The Excursion," and not less lofty in its truth to nature. But notwith-

standing these great recommendations, the poem is founded upon a mistake—a mistake which Wordsworth probably was aware of, since he never in his lifetime gave this record of individual progress to the inspection of the world. The self-belief of the poet here overshot its mark; his sense of his own greatness overtopped the slow conviction of his fellow-men. He had not sufficient sympathy with his race, notwithstanding his old and persistent theory that it was his mission to reveal the secrets of humble life to the world—to perceive that the commonest village tale of love and sorrow would have interested that world more deeply than the history of the mental growth of Apollo himself. He had yet to learn, it would appear, the reverse truth of that common maxim, that a man's life, truly told, is the most interesting of all topics to his fellow-creatures—a partial truth, which has been productive of much mischief in the world of letters. The other side of the shield bears the other legend: that every individual sooner or later becomes wearisome to his fellows who has not some actual part to play among men, and is not the centre of other lives; and that the more he wraps himself up in his own individuality, the more he palls upon the general taste, and loses the interest which humanity has in all human things. We have no right to apply this criticism to Wordsworth, we repeat, since he himself never proffered this record of himself to the admiration of the world; but it would be well that it should be more fully recognised by all men of genius who are tempted to make themselves their sole subject. For this reason chiefly "The Prelude" is never likely to take that place in the general estimation which in many parts it deserves; but the student

who turns to it for help in understanding either the mind of Wordsworth or the state of feeling current among many generous and fine spirits in the end of the last and beginning of the present century, will find that it is a noble and pleasant path by which he has to travel, and will be rewarded in his search for knowledge, by finding many a lovely flower of fairest poesy on the way.

"The Excursion" occupies a different position. Wordsworth has himself informed us, that it was after the composition of "The Prelude" that the idea of this still greater work occurred to him. "The result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem containing views of men, nature, and society, to be called the Recluse." This Recluse was, we presume, the personage introduced in "The Excursion" as the Solitary—a man driven into the despair of bereavement by the death of his wife and children, roused again into feverish excitement by the beginning of the French Revolution, led to wild excesses during its progress, and finally hunted back by the renewed and deeper despair caused by its bloody and terrible failure into a lonely nook among the mountains, where, a misanthrope and sceptic, disbelieving God and doubting man, he consumed the weary days in absolute loneliness. The subject of "The Excursion" is the contrast between this lonely, embittered, and miserable man, and the impersonation of Christian philosophy, cheerfulness, and wisdom, called the Wanderer, his countryman and contemporary. The famous fact which has called forth so many amusing and witty comments, that this Wanderer is represented to us as occupying no more dignified position in life than that of a pedlar, is in reality quite insignificant, and not worth

considering in the poem. It is the last assertion of the old doctrine which Wordsworth proudly gave himself credit for having discovered, and which he clung to with semi-fictitious heat, whenever his genuine inspiration slackened—that a poor man may feel as deeply, and with as much reverence, as a rich man,—a doctrine never really questioned by any mind capable of judging. As one last spasmodic and fantastic assertion of this quite unquestioned principle, it pleases the poet, in that mingling of weakness which accompanies all strength, to make his sage a packman. But it is as puerile on the part of the critic to dwell upon this, as it was on the part of the poet to make it so. The Wanderer wanted no profession, nor rank, nor visible means of subsistence. The laws of natural existence have nothing to do with a being so abstract and typical. He is an impersonation, just as the Solitary is an impersonation. The one is a refined and matured soul, full of gentle wisdom and philosophy, calm as a spectator amid the troubles of the world—a man detached from all personal burdens, and passionless as was the poet who created him. The other is intended to be an embodiment of humanity outraged and disappointed, and unable to learn the lesson of submission—a fiery, impatient, proud, and passionate spirit; such a one as cannot bend his neck under any spiritual yoke,—who demands happiness and delight from earth and heaven, and whose soul chafes and struggles against all the bonds and all the burdens of the flesh. The Wanderer muses tenderly, cheerfully—almost joyfully—about the world, in which he continually sees Good combating with evil: while the Solitary shuts himself up in the recesses of the mountains, and broods with bitter grief and indignation over all the

miseries he has known. The story, if story it can be called, tells us how the Wanderer, accompanied by the visionary figure of the Poet himself—"I," the looker-on and chorus of the long dialogue—goes to visit the lakes; how he persuades the other out into the world, as represented by the valley with its cottages and its churchyard below; and how, by dint of much eloquent talk, and the comments of a fourth interlocutor, the Pastor, upon the different tombs in the graveyard, a certain impression is made upon the mind of the Solitary. No doubt, the poet's purpose was to carry out this beginning in the Recluse, and finally to reconcile his hero to the universe, and bring him back at once to God and man. This, however, he never completed; and the poem which remains to us is the record of but two summer days among the mountains, filled with snatches of human story, and with what we have ventured to call much eloquent talk—talk at once eloquent and lofty. To quote from a poem so well-known and so full of noble passages seems useless. Here, however, is the scene in which the forlorn and weary hermit, fugitive from the disappointments and vanities of the earth, has sought a refuge, and

"Wastes the sad remainder of his hours,  
Steeped in a self-indulging spleen that wants  
not  
Its own voluptuousness. . . .

We scaled, without a track to ease our  
steps,

A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,  
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops  
Before us; savage region! which I paced  
Dispirited: when, all at once, behold!  
Beneath our feet, a little lowly vale,  
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high  
Among the mountains; even as if the spot  
Had been from eldest time by wish of theirs  
So placed, to be shut out from all the world!  
Urn-like it was in shape, deep as an urn;  
With rocks encompassed, save that to the  
south  
Was one small opening, where a heath-clad  
ridge  
Supplied a boundary less abrupt and close:

A quiet treeless nook, with two green fields,  
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,  
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!  
It seemed the home of poverty and toil,  
Though not of want: the little fields, made  
green

By husbandry of many thrifty years,  
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland house.  
—There crows the cock, single in his domain:  
The small birds find in spring no thicket  
there

To shroud them; only from the neighbour-  
ing vales  
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill-tops,  
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder  
place."

Perhaps the most wonderful thing in "The Excursion," however, is the atmosphere which breathes through every page: the solemn, serious, yet cheerful air of the mountains, at once invigorating and subduing. No passion, no excitement is there. Everything is calm as heaven: an eternity of brooding quiet in which those giant peaks stand up before God. A great stillness is over all—a stillness as of distance and space, in which it seems natural that the generations should come and go calmly, as the leaves come and go on the trees; migrating from the grey cottage to the green grave with a peaceable serenity, calm as death is, calm as life was. In such scenes the still surroundings of life cease to be secondary, and softly, solemnly glide into the first place. It is man who is foremost in great towns and cities; it is man even who takes the leading place in the wide, rich, patient plains which toil for him like their own cattle, but never usurp his sovereignty. But among the mountains, man in his pettiness is put aside—they live and last, while he but comes and goes. Their presence helps the thinker, as nothing else can do, to hold the balance between peace and strife, and demonstrate how continuous and universal is the one, how episodic and momentary the other. It was Wordsworth more than any other who revealed to



the world this quality of the mountains. We, so much lower down in descent, receive it calmly as an established axiom; but it was he who made those dwellers in the land known to man. Among real hills, by real crags, with great Nature breathing softly through all the wonderful stillness, the wandering figures move—the men muse and reason. If it is true that the poet has filled the scene with reflections of his own thoughtful mind and lofty ponderings, till mountain and glen seem but shadows of himself, it is also true that they have become part of his nature, and have given him as much as they have received from him. The patient quiet, and long endurance which is the very sentiment of their being, has entered into his heart. A certain solemn yet sweet conjunction is between the man who expounds them, and the silent grandeur which he reveals. How much it is the mountains, how much it is Wordsworth, we cannot tell, in the dimness of our perceptions; but Wordsworth and his hills united breathe calm over us as we listen, and they are as one in our hearts.

Notwithstanding, we are obliged to confess our conviction that "The Excursion" is very unlikely ever to be widely known, or loved as it deserves out of a very limited circle. It is long and very serious, and broken by few episodes which can relieve the reader's mind from the intense strain of high and continuous thought which fills it. The first book—that which Wordsworth read to Coleridge when they first met, under the title of "The Ruined Cottage"—is, we believe, the one which will longest retain its hold upon the general reader. The humanity in it is stronger and fuller, the picture more definite and clear, than in the brief sketches of the "Churchyard among the Mountains;" and sympathy is more readi-

ly awakened for Margaret's long endurance and misery, than for the more artificial wretchedness of the Solitary in his seclusion. Margaret herself, however, though the picture is full of power, is defective in the most characteristic way. She is an impassioned, though deeply serious and dutiful woman, drawn by a painter who knows passion only scientifically as a strange power in the world, but who has no personal conception of its wild force and fervour. With a curious ignorance of the element in which he is working, he spreads the broad canvas—which is too broad, too expansive, for the rapid and vehement and consuming power which he means to portray. Here his very truthfulness of mind, and inability to represent that which he does not know, balks the poetic instinct which makes him divine the existence of a kind of emotion which he has never felt. He knows that passion is wild and hasty and impetuous, but all the powers in his own mind are so slow and gradual that he cannot permit himself to be carried away even by the torrent he has wished to paint. He takes away all the composure and calm of the steadier temperament from his heroine, yet he drags on and prolongs her life and sufferings as if it were a slowly-growing and tranquil sorrow, not a consuming passion of grief and suspense, that absorbed her being. The restlessness of her misery, and her utter abandonment to it, are not those of a spirit that will linger out "nine tedious years;" but he is not aware of this, nor does he see that no such woman, unless she had been carried away by some swift destruction which she could not resist, would have fallen into the wild recklessness of lonely wanderings, leaving behind her "a solitary infant." In short, here is a picture of a soul which has lost the

helm of her nature, and abandoned herself to the sway of a misery which she cannot control, drawn by one from whose hand no storm could ever have wrested his helm, and who was unaware what passion meant. The inconsistency is curious, but it is inevitable; and notwithstanding this characteristic defect, the picture goes to the reader's heart.

It is, however, a very serious matter when a poet's fame depends upon a long and serious philosophical poem. Had Wordsworth written "The Excursion" and "The Prelude" alone, we could have looked for nothing but his final relegation to that honoured and renowned but dusty shelf where "Paradise Lost" holds its place. It is another of the many resemblances which we have not had space to point out between him and Milton, that though the great poems of both are spoken of with bated breath and profound respect, it is to their lesser works—the *débris* of their greatness—the baskets of fragments which posterity has gathered up, and cherishes among its dearest possessions—that they owe their warm and living place in the heart of England. At the same time it proves the greatness both of the elder and the younger poet, that their minor works include in one case the splendour of "Comus," and in the other, such a wonderful outburst of highest poetry as the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." We have left ourselves no room to comment upon that great and most touching poem; nor on that other which to our own mind embodies, with singular beauty and force, at once Wordsworth's highest strain of melodious composition and his characteristic philosophy—the verses which the poet (always given to uncouth and heavy titles) has called "Resolution and Independence." This sketch of

"the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor," with its wonderful representation of the landscape, and equally wonderful sketch of the wayward poetic nature turning in a moment from hope to despondency, is one of the very finest of his briefer works. The description of the bright morning after a night of rain and storm, the stockdove brooding "over his own sweet voice," the birds singing in the woods, the air full of "the pleasant sound of waters," is as perfect as anything in poetry.

"All things that love the sun are out of doors;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth—  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, which, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way wherever she doth run.

I was a traveller then upon the moor,  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;  
The pleasant season did my heart employ:  
My old remembrances went from me wholly,  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight,  
In our dejection do we sink as low;  
To me that morning did it happen so,  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came,  
Dim sadness and blind thoughts I knew not,  
nor could name.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy  
Behind his plough along the mountain-side.  
By our own spirits are we deified:  
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
But thereof comes in the end despondency  
and madness."

Never was a picture more perfect or more suggestive.

But time presses, and we can only now ask the reader to recall to his mind—a lighter task—the wonderful brief lines occurring here and there, some of them claiming to be no more than what our grandfathers called "Copies of Verses," which breathe a thousand suggestions into the spirit,

and whisper about us like a soft spring breeze, bringing with them all manner of gentle fancies. Let us take as an example the first upon which the book opens—the “Lines written in Early Spring”—already mentioned as one of Wordsworth’s earliest compositions. It is the merest trifle—but the man who has scattered such trifles about the world can never lose the human reward of admiring love and praise :—

“ I heard a thousand blended notes,  
While in a grove I sate reclined,  
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
The human soul that through me ran ;  
And much it grieved my heart to think  
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green  
bower,  
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;  
And ’tis my faith that every flower  
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,  
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—  
But the least motion which they made,  
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.”

Or let us take this other :—

“ He is retired as noontide dew,  
Or fountain in a noonday grove,  
And you must love him, e’er to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,  
Of hill and valley, he has viewed,  
And impulses of deeper birth  
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie,  
Some random truths he can impart,  
The harvest of a quiet eye  
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.”

These are quite insignificant drops in the great stream of poetry with which Wordsworth has refreshed his country, but how they enter into the reader’s heart!—what springs of gentle reflection they wake in us, unknowing! We do not attempt to recall the higher and loftier strains which have helped to mould our own being, but even in these “copies of verses” the chords tremble and thrill under the master’s hands, and wake a thousand echoes in the hearers’ hearts.

Yet, with all his power and greatness, Wordsworth rarely strikes those deepest notes that move human nature most profoundly. He is a poet of feeling, never of passion. Reflection and contemplation are his natural atmosphere. With a deep, sweet, sober, almost pleasurable sense of his own emotion, he looks at events which sting a more susceptible nature with sharp pangs of anguish. He is never moved out of himself, never feels that the bonds of self-restraint are unbearable, is never dashed against any rock in his solemn and even voyage. His genius is essentially reflective, not dramatic; and this absence of passion and energy exclude him from the ranks of those who have created new existences into the world to enrich it. Wordsworth has added no new inhabitants to the world. His *Wanderer* and his *Solitary* are, as we have said, impersonations only—embodiments of abstract character. Peter Bell, though amazingly clear and vivid, is a portrait rather than a creation; and his sketch of *Matthew*, which is, to our thinking, the most sympathetic and human of all Wordsworth’s attempts to portray man, is too brief and slight to be built upon. He did not create. In this, as well as in many other ways, he proves himself to belong to the Miltonic, not the Shakespearian family. But below the level of Shakespeare, the one unapproachable eminence in poetry, we know no English writer by whose side we should hesitate to place the austere and lofty poet of the mountains. In spite of this one great defect, or rather by means of it, he proves his greatness doubly; for without a living soul to help him into that high place—without human progeny to prove that in him too dwelt the divine life-giving principle of genius—without even the gloomy grandeur of a Lucifer to

open the gates of fame for him—Wordsworth has stepped upon a pedestal scarce lower than that of Milton, and so long as the English language lasts, is little likely to lose his crown of fullest fame.

Wordsworth's life was too uneventful, too prosperous and full of comfort, to call for much remark. We might quote from the graphic narrative of De Quincey many pleasant descriptions of his simple home and habits and characteristic surroundings, but there is always a certain strain of personal gossip even in that elegant narrative, and a freedom of contemporary remark which has worn out of use in our more reticent days. He lived with his wife and sister, priestesses, if not of poetry, yet of the poet, for many long and peaceful and happy years. Another younger priestess and gentlest ministrant grew at his side in the shape of his daughter Dora, affording him the purest happiness and deepest content of his life. Like every man thus supported by more than one worshipping woman, his belief in himself and his own greatness grew and strengthened. No religious dogma could have been held with a more austere and grave devotion; and as he grew older, the world, impressed equally by the

grand spectacle of this man's faith in himself, and by the real splendour of the poetry which began to penetrate into its heart, added its belief to his, and acknowledged the rank which he had always claimed. Pilgrims came from far and near to worship at his shrine, and very courteous, very kind, was the throned and reigning poet. He lived, as we have said, a prosperous life, suffering not at all from the pinching cares which vex so many of his race, able to bring up his children as he wished, and to enjoy all the freedom and many of the solacements which were congenial to his nature. His daughter Dora died in the summer of 1847, leaving a cloud upon his life which never dispersed again. "Our sorrow, I feel, is for life," he wrote six months after. It was the first blow which ever had been struck at its roots; and fortunately that shadowed life, sick with immeasurable loss, was not far from its end.

He died in April 1850, aged fourscore, having enjoyed almost everything that life could give, and a good conscience with all. Seldom has poet been so happy; never has man borne happiness and glory with a more steadfast, serious, unexcited sobriety of soul.

## FAIR TO SEE.—PART IX.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE must leave our friends in Bournemouth for a little, and turn back some space in time, to trace the adventures of the M'Killop family since we last saw them—the day after the military ball in Edinburgh. They did not remain in the northern capital more than a week or two after that event. M'Killop stuck to the programme he had indicated to Bertrand, and took his family to Pau, where Sir Roland had announced his intention of passing the spring months, on his return from his colony.

Mrs M'Killop was not averse to this arrangement. Edinburgh was not altogether to her mind. Society did not open its arms to her as she had expected. By dint of elaborate dinners, and asking right and left, she managed, indeed, to get about her a certain set of people who were willing enough to go anywhere for a dinner, but whose presence at her board shed no lustre thereupon. They were not the people she wanted, by any means. Her battered, semi-mythical old pedigree was a drug in the Edinburgh market, and her wealth was an object of suspicion, and perhaps of some other feeling, in that not very opulent city. She could not get on, in fact, and early became convinced that to sit all night long at public balls alone and supperless, amid a crowd of acid dowagers who would none of her, for all her diamonds, while her step-daughter danced and flirted, was a game that was decidedly not worth the candle.

Therefore M'Killop's suggestion, that they should go abroad, was grateful to her. She had never been out of Scotland, but she felt

that to be on the Continent, at this time of year, was highly *comme il faut*, and that opportunities of making "nice friends" were not among the least of the advantages to accrue from a residence in some pleasant Continental town, where, she understood, the English visitors, even of the highest distinction, fraternised without any "stiffness," and "liked you for your own sake," which the Edinburgh Goths could not, in her case, be induced to do, either for that or any other consideration. So she gladly shook the snow off her feet against the Modern Athens, and departed rejoicing for pastures new. The plan did not suit Eila at all. She was getting on very well in Edinburgh. An occasional glimpse of her step-dame's sulky countenance, solitary in the bank of chaperones, rather added a zest to the pleasures of a ball; and she had several promising things in hand, some one of which time might develop into a golden certainty. She shone among the military. Many artless youths of the profession glared on each other with hot eyes for her sake, and dreamed champagne dreams of matrimony and bliss on 5s. 3d. per diem; and although men more amply provided, and therefore of a greater *retenue*, curiously scrutinised Mrs M'Killop's florid equipments, and pondered whether bliss would not be rather heavily handicapped with a mother-in-law of *that* pattern, still such ponderings end generally in declaring for the match, handicap and all.

So here Eila was enjoying a triumph and playing a good game; whereas at Pau,—mindful of her

guilty secret, she shuddered as she thought how the cards might run for her there. Sanguine she might be, but there was always a doubt, and *such* a doubt. She had to go, however, her feeble insinuation that it was almost indelicate to hunt Sir Roland as they were about to do, making no impression on her parents. So she went; and among the troops in and about Edinburgh there was weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. She had an undeniable genius for making fools of men, even where nature had not anticipated her.

Mr M'Killop was very liberal in money matters, and, provided he was not bothered about the making of domestic arrangements, had no objection to pay for them in the most docile spirit. His wife had a sort of *carte blanche*, and as she had determined to make a sensation at Pau, she used the privilege boldly, and, it need scarcely be added, with the desired result.

They were soon lodged in the most elegant and even gorgeous *appartement* which money could procure, close to the Place Royale, on the noble terrace overhanging the river. No situation could be more picturesque—perhaps it is one of the finest points of view in the world; with its foreground of dashing river, and gently-sloping uplands, bosky with vineyards and dotted with graceful hamlets; and beyond, the great sweep of the Pyrenees, a mighty snow-clad phalanx, indescribable in their weird, wild majesty. No situation can be more picturesque; but it had higher attractions still for Mrs M'Killop—it was the most fashionable locality she could select in all the town.

She admired the Pic du Midi of course (though constantly asserting its inferiority to Ben Lomond), and the river below was very nice, and the adjacent chateau of Henri

Quatre most satisfactory; but she looked upon all these things—the view, the *entourage*, &c.—much as she did upon the gilding, the ormolu, the velvet and the satin which made splendid the interior of her abode; she classed them all together as good things which she had hired for the season, to promote her personal splendour and social distinction, and for which she was paying a stiffish consideration.

A fine mountain? Yes, rather; but small blame to him, he cost her several extra Napoleons per mensem. It was not Mrs M'Killop's mission at Pau, she felt, to stare at a snowy range; she could do that gratis at home, more days of the year than she cared for: nor yet to poetise over the birthplace of the gallant Henri; Edinburgh Castle was twice as big, and was it not the birthplace of several royal Jamies? No, she was there to do what she could not do at home; and “*monstrari*,” not “*monstrare, digito*” was to be her motto. The M'Killop equipage was magnificent; the liveries florid; the horses English, of purest blood and loftiest action; heraldic devices defied the laws of heraldry on every available panel, button, and strap of the harness; and, to crown all, Angus M'Erracher, in the bravery of his mountain plumage, acted the combined parts of *chasseur* and minstrel—now dancing attendance on his lady in the promenade, now scarifying the ears of the vicinity with the terrible utterances of his bagpipes. As to the lady's personal adornments, they were in keeping with all the other externals. In ancient love-songs the enamoured swain frequently undertakes to scour the world in search of ornaments worthy of Belinda's charms—to ransack the earth and harry the sea, and glorify her beautiful person with the results. Mrs M'Killop's appearance suggested the idea that

somebody had actually been and gone and done all this. The well-bred English, of whom there was a fair sprinkling in the place, half forgot the conventional lack-lustre gaze, and muttered incisive little remarks to one another, as the tremendous equipage went flaunting past. The third-raters, who were in a vast majority, fell down and worshipped the golden calf. Americans, filled with envious admiration by the costliness of the spectacle, were reminded of the superior though somewhat similar "boil-up" of Mrs Thaddeus G. Cass of Boston, U.S.; and all the other nationalities *caramba'd*, and *sacré'd*, and *ecco'd*, as the delighted lady bowled about the town, sowing her cards broadcast, and overlooking no house which she believed to be the abode of an eligible. The Continental etiquette which gives the privilege of initiating social relations to the latest comer, delighted her, and she made the most of it. The visitor's list and the resident's list were mastered by her in one day, and, in three more, it was a very exceptional household which was not supplied with a large oblong ticket, gilt as to its edges, crested in a merry colour, and inscribed in big German letters—

Mrs M'Killop,  
Of Tolmie-Donnochie.

The purchase of Tolmie-Donnochie was not yet a *fait accompli*, but a territorial title was not to be discarded on any such insufficient grounds.

From the Maire to the Prefet—from Mrs Dickinson-Tomkinson of the Lindens, Putney, to the Dowager Duchess of Esil—there were few exemptions. Mrs M'Killop shot her bolts and waited for the result. Not long. Her progress

through the town had done its work well, and gossip and rumour were at work upon the new arrivals without a moment's delay. The wildest contradictions circled about the coteries; and Proteus himself could not have assumed a greater variety of characters than were assigned to the unconscious M'Killop.

He was a Scot who had naturalised himself in Russia, and made a colossal fortune; he had married a Begum, and given Rachel a lac of rupees to Europeanise her complexion; he was the proprietor of the Hebrides; he owned a silver mine in Peru; he had rigged the cotton market; he had plundered the Viceroy of Egypt; he had "contracted" for everything everywhere;—in short, his wealth was the only point on which there was a shadow of unanimity; but that was enough. Life is short everywhere, and at Pau, where half the visitors are moribund, the reflection is laid to heart, and the motto there seems to be, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

In the race with Death there is no time to be fastidious—no time to be wasted in preliminary inquiries as to the antecedents of those who can minister to the pleasures of the fleeting moment. So Mrs M'Killop's bolts were shot, and in a vast number of instances they reached the mark she had aimed at.

Of course there were cases of failure; as with the Dowager Duchess, for instance, who, after curiously scrutinising Mrs M'Killop's wonderful card through her glass, promptly rang the bell, and ordered it to be taken forth of the premises and burned with fire; or with her friend the Comtesse de Sac-à-papier, who exclaimed to her the same evening, "My God! figure to yourself, my dear Duchess, that the great red turkey comes from paying her respects at me!" But these were

exceptional cases, and bushels of cards speedily cumbered the drawing-room table of the new arrivals. The quantity was undeniable, whatever the quality may have been. Yet many of the cards were inscribed with double surnames,—to Mrs M'Killop an infallible sign of high distinction;—and as for the “castellated Irish” who returned her visit, their name was legion. What would she have? In a week they were in the vortex of everything; balls by the half-dozen every evening; picnics, riding-parties, dinners, and all the rest of it. Mrs M'Killop was in the seventh heaven. Eila at once assumed, beyond all dispute, the position of the sovereign belle. Her beauty was sufficient for that; but such beauty, backed by mines in Peru, and other similar advantages, turned admiration into a *furor*. In a ball-room there was no getting near her. Men waited, two deep, to petition for a dance; and the *comitans caterva* of adventurers who swarmed about her as she rode out, reached the dimensions of a squadron of cavalry. A strange Bashi-bazouk squadron, too. The ever-mysterious Count, the gentleman from Ireland, the solemn Spaniard, and the full-blown *cap-à-pie* tiger from third-rate London clubs, trotted fiercely together, a solid phalanx; while fervid Yankees and airy French officers curvetted and titupped about, watching for a break in the serried ranks. From morning to night her life was a perpetual triumph; the fatigue would have prostrated most girls in a week, but at the end of a fortnight Eila was as blooming as ever. She throve on homage and excitement, which certainly constitute a pleasant diet.

Poor old M'Killop all this time led a sufficiently quiet life. The object for which he had come there was very different. He had nothing to

do with the orgies of the place. He was waiting, with a feverish impatience, for the arrival of Sir Roland, who was due by this time, and, absorbed in thoughts of the coming interview, took little heed of what went on about him. A solitary walk in the forenoon, a few hours of the newspapers in the English club, and a solitary evening at home—such was his programme. He resisted a thousand efforts at fraternisation, and his unsociability having to be accounted for, continued to make him the object of much speculation. He was revolving the pros and cons of a loan to the Sultan; he was meditating some gigantic scheme for swindling the public in an international sense; he had murdered some one in Mexico, and was a prey to remorse. Such and suchlike were the theories about him, as he unconsciously mooned about the place. When his people happened to be at home, which was very seldom, he was more than ordinarily silent with them. A remark on the weather, or the non-arrival of Sir Roland, pretty nearly exhausted his communications for the day.

They had been at Pau for a good many weeks, and thus occupied, when a ball came off of more than usual distinction and splendour. It was given by people who occupied about the best position in the social orbit in which the M'Killops moved, and was attended by many who belonged to a circle into which they had never penetrated. It had been a good deal looked forward to by them in consequence, and even more than usual pains were taken to give distinction to the toilette of “the Western Star,” the *sobriquet* which, as humouring the theories of Peru and the Hebrides, the public had agreed to bestow on Eila.

She and her mother found that there were many people there with whom they were unacquainted, and



the former noted with exultation, that the effect produced upon them by her appearance was all that could be desired. It was not merely admiration, it was surprise also. Most of them, of course, had seen her in the morning, when riding or driving, but she was perfectly aware that in the dress of the evening her charms were enhanced a hundred-fold. That "no one knew what she was" in fact, she would say, till they had seen her in this costume. To-night nothing could be more becoming than her dress, and she was in her very best looks. Her entrance created something like a sensation.

"Here comes our belle," said the lady of the house. "I must really introduce you to her at once."

The gentleman she addressed was an elderly man, certainly not of prepossessing, or even distinguished, appearance, though something in the hostess's manner towards him gave bystanders an idea that he was a person of distinction, in her opinion at all events. He was a man of the middle size, with a reddish face closely shaved, and sparse white hair carefully brushed to conceal baldness; his nose aquiline, but large and coarse; his mouth full and coarse, his under lip pendulous, his chin doubling, his eyes small and of a pale blue, set very close together. It was a nasty face, cunning and sensual. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, or rather perhaps to counteract them, he had all the appearance of paying much attention to his dress; and the alacrity with which he acquiesced in the introduction to Eila, and the satyr-like gaze which he fixed upon her from the moment of her entry, showed that he was not insensible, in some way or other, to female charms.

"Do so, pray," he said, in answer to the lady. "She is really lovely—lovely; her name is?"

"Miss M'Killop."

"Scotch, I suppose?"

"I think not. Mexican or Peruvian, or something," said the lady, confounding the girl's origin with that of her reputed wealth. "So charmed to see you, my dear Miss M'Killop! what a heavenly dress! and yourself more angelic, if possible, than usual." Then turning to the Satyr, who was basilisking the young beauty with his unholy blue eyes, "Let me present to you Sir——." Here the music struck up with a tremendous fanfare, close beside them, so that Eila did not catch the name. The handle, however, reached her, and she was civil, notwithstanding Sir——'s age and unprepossessing appearance.

"Will you take pity upon the latest arrival in Pau, Miss M'Killop?" he said, in a soft and harmonious voice; "a man without friends or acquaintance in the place, except our hostess, and dance a quadrille with me?"

"With pleasure; when shall it be?"

"Now, if you will, for you have made no engagements yet."

"How do you know that?" she asked with a laugh.

"Because I was watching your triumphant progress from the moment you entered, and you were cruelly indifferent, and would not notice some score or two of aspirants."

The old gentleman was *très bien* after all, Eila thought, and she consented to dance the first quadrille with him—a complaisance which sent some half-a-dozen Bashi-bazouks to the right about, gnawing their hearts.

"You know all the world here, Miss M'Killop, of course," said her partner; "please enlighten my darkness, and tell me who are your lions."

"I really don't think we have any to boast of here; there's Baron

Brovaski, over there; I believe he would be hanged or knouted if he went home, which makes him a sort of lion, I suppose."

"He reverses the proverb, and thinks it better to be a living lion than a dead ass, I suppose: and who is that lady, rather old, in green satin with diamonds?"

"That," said Eila, with some awe, as mentioning the marchioness of the place, "is Lady Grampington."

"Indeed! how very odd I should not recognise her! one of my oldest friends. I've been long abroad though, and time passes. Dear, dear, how time does pass!" and something like a sigh escaped from his lips; and Eila looked at him with a little semi-pathetic glance of sympathy. Was he not Sir Blank Blank himself, and the very dear friend of the Marchioness of Gram-pington?

"Time is a sad dog," he continued; "I was a boy yesterday, and look at me now."

Eila complied with the request; but although the leering eyes invited her to say something as to exceptions occasionally made by "the sad dog," she only smiled.

"But it does not signify what Time does with us. Ah! dear me, no, that is nothing. It is what he dares to do to beautiful forms—beautiful forms that are so beautiful as to make fools even of old fogies like myself, and for a little make us forget that we are no longer young. To-night, for instance, what business have I to be dancing with you?"

"What, indeed?" thought Eila; but she replied that she was afraid he was getting tired of her already, and wanted an excuse to be off to the Marchioness, adding, "Perhaps she was an old flame?"

"No, she wasn't; but I can remember her as Lucy Grey, a very pretty girl; and perhaps she would tell you she remembers me as a—

no matter what—what you can't conceive now, I am sure," with an amorous twinkle.

"The old goose is fishing for compliments," thought Eila—"I'll give him one;" and went on,—“When you are really an old man you may take the privilege of age; at present, you have no business to ask me whether I think you handsome. I am not going to tell you, at all events.”

Her partner was enchanted. "I believe I am almost old enough to be your grandfather," he replied.

"Not almost, but altogether," she thought, as she answered, "Even that needn't make you very old."

"No, true; you are as young as Aurora, and" (in a tender voice) "far more cruelly bewitching."

"I must really send you to the Marchioness," said Eila, using her eyes, partly for practice' sake, with all her might and main. "If you *will* play at being an old man, you must play with elderly females. How long are you going to stay here?"

"I hadn't thought of it till to-night, and now I can't answer it except by a return question, 'How long are you?'"

"Really," said Eila, blazing away with her eyes till the frosty blue of her partner's thawed and watered, and his eyelids blinked five hundred to the minute, "you are too silly; well, if you must know, I think we shall stay till the end of the season."

"I may warn the hotel, then, that my apartments will be required till the end of the season?"

"What nonsense you talk! What can it matter to you whether we stay here or not?"

"Because—well, let it be unsaid—will you patronise me if I stay? May I come and see you?"

"Of course you may, if you like."

"To-morrow?"

Eila laughed merrily. "If you

please, but you will tire of me all the sooner, I assure you. There's the dance over; run away to the Marchioness. Adieu."

"Give me another dance to-night?"

"Impossible; look at these," and she pointed to the Bashi-bazouks yearning all around her.

"It is despair for me, then, till to-morrow."

"Stay; you may take me to supper, if you like, by-and-by."

"I count the moments till supper-time. *Au revoir*;" and with a profound reverence and a Pandean grimace, he went off to his noble friend.

Eila was much amused and gratified; it was a new sensation, flirting with a sexagenarian. She said to herself that she was inexorable and resistless; that age and experience, youth and innocence, fell before her indiscriminately, as the bearded grain and the intervening flowerets fall before the sickle of the Reaper. It was great fun; and she told the flowerets of the *grand vieux milor Anglais*, and his carryings-on, and wasn't it amusing? but the Bashi-bazouks did not quite seem to see that. And her venerable swain came back to her at supper-time, and took her down, and over the champagne his tenderness became yet more demonstrative, and Eila played him like a salmon, till his eyes glittered, and his pendulous lip hung down like a turkey's jowler, and he vowed he must call the next day; and might he? and she said "Yes;" and he squeezed her hand at parting, and kept his promise about calling; for next forenoon, while she and her father were sitting in the drawing-room, the door was thrown open and he marched in, the servant announcing "Sir Roland Cameron!"

It chanced that Mr M'Killop was in a more sociable humour than usual this morning, and (his wife being

still in bed) was chatting with his daughter, or rather listening to her as she rattled off a sort of *précis* of the last few days' doings. She was full of the previous night's ball; and having visions of using Sir — somehow or other, *via* the Marchioness even, perhaps—as a means of getting into a better and more exclusive set—she dwelt a good deal, both in thought and word, upon him and his kindness (for she called it kindness to her papa).

"He actually insists upon calling to see me," she said.

"Considering your circumstances, Eila, I don't think—but you say he is an old man?"

"Oh yes—as old as the Pic du Midi."

"I forgot what you said his name was?"

"I can't tell you—Sir Somebody Something;" and almost at this moment the servant's announcement supplied the required intelligence.

Sir Roland ambled into the room, dressed for conquest, and, as need hardly be said of one who accused himself so frequently of age, in the most youthful of toilettes, his eyes almost invisible from the benign rapidity with which his eyelids blinked, and his baggy lips pursed into a corresponding smile.

The sudden entrance of a bomb-shell through the roof, is a favourite figure of speech for measuring surprise and consternation, but anything of the sort would have been tame and commonplace to Mr and Miss M'Killop compared with the entrance of their visitor. Eila turned pale as death; and as for old M'Killop, he looked as stunned and stupid as if a butcher had been practising knock-down blows on his head for the previous five minutes. He had hardly time to feel double surprise at the affectionate manner of his visitor's entrance, before Eila recovered herself with an effort, and,

welcoming Sir Roland, introduced him to her father as "the gentleman she had been telling him of, as her partner of the previous evening." She was determined the *éclaircissement* should not come off, in her presence, at all events. M'Killop rose mechanically, and made a sort of shambling bow without lifting his eyes, and then reseated himself in a state of perfect mental darkness.

For the last few months he had been looking forward to an interview with this man now before him. His mind had dwelt upon the subject almost to the exclusion of every other. In imagination he had rehearsed his conduct at the interview a hundred times. A hundred times he had paraded the line of arguments he meant to employ, and the reserve which, in case of their failure, he held in readiness, and, so to speak, mobilised. As for preambles and prefatory speeches, he had them cut and dried by the dozen, all ready for selection, when the hour came and the man. Such imaginary rehearsals, however, involve some preconception of the person who is to be addressed. Of course Mr M'Killop had formed one of Sir Roland; but Rhadamanthus was not more unlike Silenus than was the tall and upright figure, the stern and statesmanlike appearance, of Mr M'Killop's preconception, unlike the leering reality now before him. So the shock was in a manner double; for not only was the mode of the meeting a total violation of the programme, but the man met seemed to be a sort of person for whom an entirely new set of tactics must be devised. The sudden appearance of Sir Roland thus produced the effect of chaos in Mr M'Killop's mind, the result of which was, that Sir Roland remained for the present unconscious that he was visiting his would-be relatives. The effect which his entrance produced was by no means

lost upon that gentleman, and he glanced quickly from the pale face and fluttering demeanour of Eila to the vacant consternation written in her father's face, and he was baffled. He had a large experience both of men and women, and, in a career of not altogether blameless gallantries, he had often found it expedient to trace the progress of his affairs in the faces of the former as well as of the latter. But his vanity could not possibly supply an explanation for Eila's agitation, and his conscience for once was unable to account for that of her father. He was not the man, however, to waste time in fruitless speculation; so he sat down and gaily devoted himself to the young lady, after favouring her parent with a single glance of slight curiosity.

Eila had a difficult part to play. The supreme object of the moment with her always was to fascinate him who was with her for the moment. It was clearly consistent with her duty, as well as with her inclination, to fascinate at present; but there are different forms of fascination, and the question was, whether it was in the capacity of her future husband's uncle that he was to be charmed, or in that of an admirer on his own account. It was a nice point, but her own instinct told her that, with this man, the latter was the alternative to adopt; and the resolution taken, she let her eyes hold the position with their full battery, till she had rallied her composure sufficiently to bring her tongue into action with effect.

Sir Roland gave her as much time as was necessary, and prattled away himself with airy volubility. It had been a charming ball—his first since his return to Europe—a delightful revival after the antipodes; for, wasn't it odd? he had just come from the antipodes; and she was looking marvellous—simply marvel-

lous ; but late hours could leave no trace upon Aurora, though even Tithonus could not say he felt much the worse for wear this morning—he ! he ! he ! hum !

And Aurora, puzzled, but on the chance that her *vis-à-vis* was supposed to be Tithonus, explained by her eyes that, in her opinion, that gentleman was in the highest state of repair.

“And the Marchioness, my dear Miss M’Killop—shall I tell you about the Marchioness ? and what she said to me ?”

“Pray do, if it was not too tender.”

“I think I must revenge myself by not telling you. You gave me a lecture against vanity last night, and it would not be right to minister to that of the lecturer.”

“Oh ! she spoke of me, did she ?” cried Eila, with sparkling eyes.

“My dear young lady,” replied Sir Roland, with a high shrug and expanded palms, “you are really too childish. Now, do you think that I *could* have stayed with the Marchioness for an instant if she had talked on any other subject ? I put it to you.”

“What did she say about me ?” said Eila, acknowledging the compliment with an appropriate *ouillade*.

“What did she say ?—the same story as is told you by every mirror—nay, by every eye—you look into,—*that*, as a matter of course, however. The refrain of whatever she said was simply this—‘I *must* know that sweet angel. Sir Roland, do you hear ? I *must* know her. Do you think she would care to know me ? I declare, I am in love with her.’ I really hope,” he added, with grave earnestness, “you will be civil to the Marchioness. She is a very dear creature, and an old friend of mine ;” and Eila was satisfied that that afternoon her ladyship would appease the yearnings of

her heart and call, and assured Sir Roland that she need expect nothing but civility at her hands. He was going to be useful, *ce cher parent* ; and she had a Ruth-like feeling that his marchionesses should certainly be her marchionesses.

“You also accused me of vanity last night,” he went on ; “and, do you know, you have succeeded, after all, in making me vainer than I have been for years.”

“How, pray ?”

“Why, you had not forgotten the Methuselah you danced with last night,—you had actually been talking of him,—now tell me how you described him ?”

“Oh ! no, no ; that would never do. I also told you last night not to fish for compliments. You are sadly neglectful of my orders. What a pretty bouquet of violets ! but you ought to wear something brighter. Let me substitute this rose,” and she took one from the *jardinière* and offered it ; and, with a profusion of fine speeches and amorous smiles, the flower was accepted, “but only as an exchange—I protest, only as an exchange. Make me perfectly happy, and accept the violets ;” and, after a little coy demurring, the violets were accepted and stuck in Eila’s bosom.

The clouds had been slowly rolling away from Mr M’Killop’s bewildered mind, and he had become conscious of what was going on, but he was still incapable of speech or action, the tone of the conversation, in which he was altogether ignored, holding him in a minor trance of astonishment. When the flower episode took place, he relieved his feelings by a long-drawn breath—a sort of gasp, in fact, which sounded through his asthmatic apparatus like the snort of a very large seal just come above water.

“God bless me !” said Sir Roland, starting, and putting up his eye-

glass; "anything wrong with Mr a—a—?"

"No, no," said Eila, as her father said nothing; and then Sir Roland inquired archly by telegraph whether the snorter could not be induced to remove himself.

Eila shook her head warningly, and Sir Roland, feeling that a confidential understanding had been established between them by these signals, dropped his voice into a confidential tone, so as to be only partially audible to Mr M'Killop. In the language of "soft eyes and low replies" Eila responded, and the interview went on delightfully, but protracted itself to such a length that Mr M'Killop at last thoroughly recovered possession of his faculties, and, to Eila's consternation, his voice, harsh and grating as a saw, suddenly broke in upon their undertoned colloquy.

"I think you are the governor of —, Sir Roland?"

"Eh? what?" said Sir Roland, with a start.

M'Killop repeated his question.

"Yes," said Sir Roland, staring at him curiously through his glass; "yes;" and then to Eila, "perhaps Mr a—a—a" (N.B.—The fiercest love made to a young lady does not the least imply that you remember her family name in any other member of the family)—perhaps Mr a—a—Mac—Mac—ah!—is interested in the colony."

"I declare," said Eila, rising, "I will not have business talked. I know what happens with papa when the colonies come on the *tapis*."

"Yes," said M'Killop, "I am much interested in the colony."

"Were you out there?" inquired Sir Roland.

"Never mind," replied Eila; "I forbid you to talk of it." Her agitation returned in spite of herself.

"And deeply interested in you, Sir Roland," continued M'Killop.

"Monstrous kind, I'm sure," said his Excellency, inquiring, by a slight gesture, of Eila, if her parent was not a little troubled with imbecility; and indeed his conduct throughout might warrant the suspicion.

"And I have a pressing desire to converse with you, Sir Roland," M'Killop went on.

"Very glad, I'm sure, to give you any information, but Miss M'Killop's orders are my law; no colonial shop to be talked at present, eh? Ha! ha!"

M'Killop, however, was not to be repressed. He rose and joined them; and Eila, seeing that in another moment the murder would be out, rose hurriedly and said, "I see you are both burning to get to business, so I will run away. Good-bye, Sir Roland—so kind of you to call!"

"Going! this is too cruel; no, no, not going?" and he playfully skipped towards the door as if to intercept her retreat.

"Really I am—I must indeed—good-bye."

"Ah! when shall we meet, then?" he murmured; "do you ride to-day?—walk?—drive? Where shall I meet you, beautiful Aurora?"

"I can't exactly tell, but we are sure to meet. Everybody meets everybody everywhere in Pau;" and, with a parting glance of ineffable witchery, she tripped out of the room.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

Many men have an entirely different set of manners for the two sexes, and Sir Roland was a strong instance of this. His natural manner with

men was ungenial at best, and somewhat curt and insolent when he had no particular call to be otherwise—characteristics which officialism is

not likely to improve. On this occasion he divested himself with surprising rapidity of all the amenities, and, when he turned from closing the door upon Eila, his manner very much expressed something like—"Now, my good fellow, it's not the least good boring me, so just cut it short, will you?"

"Some infernal question about wool, or some wisacre's suggestion about the emigrants, of course," he thought; "I won't be entrapped, though; I won't stay. I'll give him two minutes," in pursuit of which determination he declined to sit down, and began to pull on his gloves as if to indicate the necessity for extreme brevity.

"We have heard of each other before, Sir Roland," began M'Killop, adopting the preface which came uppermost.

Sir Roland was not aware, but would not combat the proposition.

According to the programme, he should have investigated it; but he didn't, and M'Killop was at fault for a moment.

"I know I am addressing a man of the world," he resumed.

Sir Roland bowed.

"And I believe of humanity?"

Sir Roland stared.

"Knowledge of the world—experience of its sins, its sorrows, its temptations, ought to make us humane."

Sir Roland rapidly buttoned his coat.

Poor M'Killop was all abroad, jumbling his prefaces up together in the most hopeless manner, but his interlocutor would not help him, and he stumbled on.

"I am a father, Sir Roland."

"So it would appear, Mr Smith."

"And you are not."

Sir Roland was very glad to hear it.

"But you are an uncle."

"Yes, sir; and a cousin; and I have been a grandson, and a great-

grandson, and a brother, and a nephew; and Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac Jacob, and, good God! my good sir, if this is all you have to say, I'm very sorry I haven't time at present to listen. I thought you wanted to ask a question about the colony?" Sir Roland had formed a sudden suspicion that M'Killop was going to ask a favour for some relative, which made it expedient that his temper should appear violent.

"No, not about the colony," replied M'Killop. "I have the pleasure of knowing your Excellency's nephew, and——"

"And you wish to speak to me about him?" cried his Excellency, turning purple.

"I do, Sir Roland."

"Then let me tell you that I decline to speak about him; we have ceased to have any connection."

"Temporarily, I hope."

"Why the devil, sir, may I ask, should you hope so?"

"For many reasons. He is a very fine young man, I am much attached to him; and——"

"Quite enough, sir—quite enough. I fail to discover his merits. I think he is an ungrateful young hound. Mad with folly and vanity, and with a taste for low society which I can neither share nor countenance. You may be aware of his last escapade—his matrimonial ambition?"

"I am, and that is the very subject I have to speak about—that is my supreme interest in him."

"Indeed? Perhaps, from your colonial experience, you may know the fortunate criminal he wishes to make his father-in-law?"

Sir Roland desired to be impertinent, but nothing could have been more pertinent to M'Killop's wishes than the question.

"No one better, Sir Roland. I am the man himself."

"Almighty heavens!" exclaimed

Sir Roland, with slow emphasis on each word, sinking, from sheer astonishment, into a chair; “and that—then—is it possible that the young lady who has just left us——”

“Is his betrothed—and, I trust, his future wife.”

Sir Roland could only repeat his pious exclamation.

He sat in as stupid a state of mental eclipse as Mr M’Killop had suffered under during the earlier part of the visit.

“Almighty heavens!”

It was now M’Killop’s turn to be fluent, and he was so,—fluent and earnest, pleading the cause of the young people—and himself.

He dwelt on the pecuniary advantages he offered, and on the merits of his daughter; the passionate affection of the young people for one another; his own retrieved character, his position as a man of wealth and landed property, and the unlikelihood that, under a new name and in such altered circumstances, he should be identified as the convict of forty years ago. The very marriage itself would almost secure that, he said.

This was his peroration, whereupon Sir Roland rose and said, “That is a strong argument from your point of view, no doubt. From mine, it is scarcely so telling. My name, in fact, is to cover your infamy. Upon my word, your assurance almost surprises me. I have seen a good deal of your class, but this I was scarcely prepared for. That you, a low, thieving gutter-blood should dare to speak to me—to me, of all men, in such terms! Hang me, if it isn’t beyond human belief! No more of it, sir,” and he turned to the door.

“One moment, Sir Roland,” said M’Killop, and Sir Roland, who seemed half-paralysed, stopped mechanically.

“It would be useless, I suppose, to urge upon you that I was wrong-

fully convicted—that I was innocent throughout—made the tool, though not the accomplice, of others; it would be useless, I suppose, to ask you to see the confirmation of this in my conduct as a convict—in my unblemished life afterwards—in my success, even.”

“I should rather think it would, sir. I have no fine taste in romantic fiction, however melodramatic. Get some one to put the story on the stage. Your son-in-law-to-be is just my idea of a stage-hero; let him take up that line, and make his *début* in the piece. Your story is, no doubt, quite within the range of dramatic credibility; address it to the pit and the gallery; it won’t stand daylight, and it won’t do off the boards.”

Again Sir Roland turned to go, and again M’Killop stopped him.

“You have used very injurious and uncalled-for expressions, Sir Roland, but I will not retaliate. You scout the idea of my innocence, and you decline my proposals made in my letter without qualification. Be it so. We have exhausted fair means. I shall try another line with you. The marriage is a very great object to me, partly for the reason which you consider my paramount reason. I do not deny it; but also for another reason which is paramount. Sir Roland, I have it in my power to ruin you.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed his Excellency; “well put in; the gallery at the Adelphi would taste that: and so you have it in your power to ruin me, have you? but you won’t, if I give in to your proposal?”

“No, I won’t.”

“And how, pray, is my ruin to be effected?—through the reputation or the purse?”

It is just possible that Sir Roland was not so clear as to the impossibility of the former alternative, or he might not have cared to linger bandying words with a “thievish gutter-blood” on the subject. His



manner was, however, quite calm again, and even bantering.

"I understand," replied M'Killop, "that your appointment has lapsed, or is about to lapse, and it is said that your employment again is unlikely. That will leave you rather short of money from an official source, won't it?"

"Supposing it to be as you say, do you propose to give me an equivalent income as the price of my compliance?" sneered Sir Roland.

"On the contrary, I propose to deprive you of your private income also, and make you a beggar."

"A strong inducement to compliance, certainly. You are indeed most persuasive. Now, really, my good man, a person at your time of life—and of prison experience, too—should be too sharp to attempt such a very stupid, rusty, old absurdity as that; I must really leave you—you quite cease to interest me."

"As you will, but it will pay you better to stay and listen to me. Not only do I repeat that I have power to ruin you, but, by doing so, my daughter's marriage could come off with even more pecuniary advantage to her than with your compliance."

"And yet your affection for me is so great—your consideration for a praiseworthy public servant, &c. &c., so strong—that you hold your hand. For shame! for shame!"

"Not at all; I can't ruin you without putting myself in an uncomfortable position."

"That is a comfort for me: it is clear you won't ruin me, then."

"I will, if necessary. I am quite frank, you see."

"Charmingly so; but not quite so explicit as one might desire."

"I shall be perfectly explicit; but to be so, I must trouble you to listen to a short story about myself."

"A most interesting subject, and no apology called for."

Sir Roland saw by the man's manner that there was *something*, after all, which it would be well for him to hear, in his own interests, and so he sat still and listened.

"Some forty years ago," M'Killop went on, "a young and simple-minded man was employed as a clerk in a lawyer's office in Edinburgh—not only employed, but trusted by his employers in many ways; insomuch so that he had facility of access—but this was partly, indeed, from the carelessness of his employers—to the boxes in which their clients' papers, titles, securities, &c., were preserved.

"These boxes were frequently left unlocked, and the young clerk, from mere inquisitiveness, used occasionally to examine some of the quaint old deeds which they contained.

"This fact he accidentally suffered to escape him in a mixed company, when, in the course of an argument, he quoted from one of these documents, stating where and how he had been able to consult it.

"There was some banter as to his prying propensities at the moment; but, as he was innocent in thought and intent, he took little heed of it.

"Some one, however, who was present at the time, had reported to his employers that their papers were being overhauled, and their private business discussed publicly by their clerk; and the result was that he was summarily dismissed, thrown out of the chance even of employment, and reduced to the most miserable straits for a livelihood.

"He had been for some time in this state, when he met a person who had been present on the evening when he had compromised himself about the inspection of the papers. This person was civil and kind, affected not to have heard of his disgrace, sympathised with him when he had told the story, gave

him some little pecuniary assistance, and told him to apply to him in future when in extreme necessity. The clerk's extreme necessities were very frequent, and he availed himself of the friendly permission pretty freely.

"At last, one day his benevolent friend told him that he was personally, and by his relatives, closely interested in a lawsuit then impending, which involved his and their loss or gain pecuniarily to a very large amount.

"The opposite party had got hold of documents (to his knowledge) which would clearly give the result, if in his (the speaker's) possession, in his favour. They denied possession of them, however, and were suppressing them unjustly and fraudulently. He had reason to believe that they were in the custody of the clerk's late employers, he said; and was he cognisant of any papers docketed with the names of the parties interested? The clerk had some notion that he had seen papers of the description, and certainly knew the box where they were likely to be, if in the custody of the firm. The gentleman was much interested at hearing all this, but said nothing more on the subject at the moment.

"In a day or two after, however, the clerk was invited to come and have an interview with him, and then the gentleman, after enlarging on the scandalous iniquity of which he was the victim by the suppression of these papers, asked the clerk if, in his opinion, it would be morally wrong were he (the speaker), under the circumstances, to possess himself of them by stratagem? The clerk was not sure, but he inclined to think that stratagem would be morally admissible under the circumstances stated.

"'Then,' said the gentleman, 'you are the only person who can save us. You know the premises; you know

the boxes; you know the careless habits of the firm, where keys are left or hidden at night, &c. &c.; and, in short, you shall have five hundred pounds and a free passage to America, if you hand me over these papers to-morrow night. It is only spoiling the Egyptian at worst,' he said; 'and when they discover the loss, they will be unable to act, as they have sworn that the papers are not in their possession.'

"The proposal was rather overwhelming at first; for although it might be in the cause of justice, it was undeniably a burglary that was proposed. The young man's circumstances, however, were desperate, the bribe was large, and eventually he consented.

"That very night he effected an entrance into his late employer's premises, and, after a short search, lighted upon a large quantity of papers with the looked-for docketing. He had no time to examine them, or anything else, narrowly; and as there were other detached papers in the same box, he thought it safer to take them all without investigation, and he did so. In leaving the premises he was detected by the porter of the establishment, and pursued; but he escaped for the moment, and carried the papers in all haste to the gentleman who had employed him. Nothing could exceed this person's delight: 'but here,' he said, 'are some other papers I have nothing to do with, and I am not going to put myself within reach of the law;—take them, and as you have been seen and probably recognised, let me recommend you to leave this town to-night, and the country as soon as you possibly can. Here is your reward in notes.' The clerk took the returned papers and thrust them into his pocket, went off in the greatest agitation to his lodging, changed his clothes, and disguised himself as much as possible, then

packed up all his effects, and went to Leith, where he got a passage in a steamer to the Aberdeenshire coast. His parents and relatives, who were in humble life, lived in that part of Scotland; and, bewildered and almost instinctively—for his bewilderment and his fears confused him—he went home to see them once more before his departure, which was now no longer optional, for America. This was naturally a fatal step to take; and though he reached his destination in safety, the day following, when he went into the neighbouring town to make inquiries as to a passage across the Atlantic, he was arrested, and taken back a prisoner to Edinburgh.

“His parents heard of it, and fearing a search (they were ignorant, illiterate people), and that something to compromise him might be found in his box, took the precaution of burying it. He was tried, convicted, and transported. I was the man, Sir Roland.”

His Excellency signified by a gesture that he quite understood so, and that he heartily concurred in the verdict.

“I had been long out of prison—long entirely at freedom, I should say—and a rich and flourishing man in the colony, when my parents, whom I had been able to make comfortable for years, died within a short time of each other. They left no other children; and, having a real tenderness for them, I gave instructions that all their effects should be retained till my return to Scotland, of which I began to have a good prospect. Small articles, however, were to be sent out, for I wished to have something about me to remind me of the old folks. Among other things sent out was my own trunk, which had been buried, but dug up again after my transportation. My people had never opened it—the keys had been

in my pocket when I was apprehended—and I suppose they had scruples about opening another man's box, even a son's, by forcing it. They were strict—very strict and scrupulous; and my conviction might make them more so. Anyhow, the box had never been opened. I had forgotten all about its contents, and turned them over with little recollection or interest. At last I lighted on the coat I had worn on the night of the burglary, and in the pocket of it I found the bundle of documents which had been returned to me by the gentleman at whose instigation I had acted. Even the fact that these papers had ever been in my possession had passed from my recollection, and it was some time before I could recall the circumstances under which they were so. I had received them mechanically. I had been much agitated at the time, you must observe. I had just come from a most hazardous adventure: I had escaped capture very narrowly: I had received a sum of money that was large enough in my eyes to be the foundation of a fortune: and I had before me the necessity of expatriation and instant flight, not to mention the fear of detection. I don't think—I don't really believe—that any recollection of these papers was in my mind after I packed up the coat which contained them, on the night of their abstraction.”

Sir Roland indicated by a faint groan that the question had no sort of interest for him, and was being discussed at unnecessary length.

“The discovery,” M'Killop went on, “of these papers was a most unpleasant one to me; and when I had examined them, and found that one at least was probably of vital importance, I was at a loss how to act. I must tell you that I had pled ‘not guilty.’ Morally I felt that I was not guilty, and even technically I was but very partially

so. Whether the legal firm whose premises I had broken into were really, as my employer had said, afraid to charge me with the abstraction of papers which they had no right to possess, I do not know; certain it is that I was not charged with the theft of documents, but simply with burglariously entering certain premises, feloniously breaking open lockfast places, and abstracting some trumpery sum—I forget how much—in shillings, which, most likely, the porter who pursued me had appropriated to himself on his return as a reward for his exertions. I had always maintained, as I always will, my innocence—morally——”

“Let us avoid morals, if *you* please, sir; I am not quite a fool,” interpolated Sir Roland.

“I had always maintained it, I say, and to denounce myself now as in the possession of these papers, was to cut away the ground of success on which I stood from under my feet, and announce myself as guilty, where I really was not morally or intentionally guilty. If I had followed the dictates of the highest principle, however, I should, no doubt, have at once made public my discovery of these papers, but I hadn’t strength of purpose to do it. I studied the documents very carefully, and took pains to inform myself of certain matters at home connected with them, and I came to the conclusion that, for the present at least, no one’s interests suffered by my silence. An evil impulse once obeyed is apt to find ready obedience on every after recurrence. In course of time an interest came to be compromised by my silence, and still I kept silence. I preserved the paper until some future date.

“Your nephew was not born till after my discovery, Sir Roland.”

“And what has that to do with it, pray?”

“Only that one of the documents

happens to be a second will of your father’s annulling his previous disposition; and, in case of your elder brother having any children, withdrawing your right to inherit the estate of Aberlorna in their favour.

“Strictly speaking, Sir Roland, you were entitled to enjoy Aberlorna for about eighteen months, whereas you have now possessed it about a quarter of a century.”

“A forgery—a lie!” said Sir Roland; “where is this precious document?”

“This precious document is in my possession. Here it is; satisfy yourself as to the signature, and I will read you the contents.” Sir Roland carefully examined the document, without, however, receiving it into his own hands, and when the text had been read aloud, M’Killop went on, “The slightest reflection will show you that there could be no object on my part to forge such a paper. My great desire has been to make restitution to your nephew of his rights—all along I have wished it; but I will not deny that I equally wished not to compromise myself by doing so. If I had declared the paper on its first discovery, by this time I should perhaps have been almost in as good a position as I am, but every day made it more difficult; and when I returned home and settled in Scotland to make a position, I began to despair of ever being able to set matters right in my own lifetime. An accident, however, threw your nephew in my way. I declare to you that such a solution as his marrying my daughter never occurred to me, till he came to ask me to sanction his engagement with her.

“Then I saw an opening to do him eventual justice, and also to make good to him, in so far as was possible, the loss he had sustained—all without compromising myself.

“If your sanction had been obtained, matters would thus have righted themselves in the natural course of events; but it was not so; and, on the contrary, I found myself for a second time, as it were, standing between him and his inheritance. This is too much for me; more especially since I have known, and known only to admire and esteem, your nephew; and if you cannot fall in with my plan as suggested in my letter, at any sacrifice to myself I am determined to replace him in his rights. I am quite aware I should do so unconditionally; but the other course would do him little harm, would meet my interests, and, what is more to your purpose, preserve yours. That is the long and the short of it. I have it off my mind now, and the decision rests entirely with you.”

“A precious nice story. By heaven, sir! I’ll have you arrested this very day for stealing that will.”

“I have been already punished, and I doubt if I could legally be subjected to a second punishment for what was part of the offence originally punished. On the other hand, it is open to me to deny the whole transaction—to destroy the will, or, still better, to declare that it has only been discovered by me, and that I was anxious to make the communication as private as possible. You have no hold over me, Sir Roland—none whatever. I alone have the power to damage my own reputation, and, be assured, I will do so if we do not come to terms.”

“You are a proper scoundrel.”

“I can make every allowance for your feelings; it is hard in the decline of life, after professional failure too, to lose wealth and the social distinction which it gives, and which is, after all, not much affected by professional failure.”

“You are a very particularly

infernal scoundrel!” exclaimed Sir Roland, with deliberate emphasis, fully appreciating the force of Mr M’Killop’s suggestive speech.

“Hard names are neither business nor argument,” was the reply.

“And, by heavens! I believe the man thinks he is acting a highly virtuous part.”

“There is no good arguing that point. I know I am proposing what is best for you and me, and not very harmful for your nephew. I think my conscience would be easy if you complied.”

“Now, by the lord Harry! this is too much. You dare to invite me to compound a felony, and then talk about your conscience! It would not pass muster with a government chaplain of the fourth class.”

“Then you decline?”

“Most certainly; and you?”

“Will communicate with your nephew at once.”

“And if money will bring you to punishment you shall be brought to it.”

“You forget that you are just resigning that very necessary instrument; but I see you are flurried, and incapable of cool reflection, so I will give you, say, twenty-four hours—that ought to be enough; if you can’t discover your own interests in that time you never will. We’ll say twenty-four hours. Perhaps I shall see you before that time elapses.”

“Never, you hypocritical hound.”

“It will be more your loss than mine in that case. Nevertheless you shall have the day of grace before I write; and now I will not detain you. If you have any more strong expressions to use, perhaps you will say them before going into the passage; it is useless to raise a scandal.”

“All the scurrilous epithets in the language are too weak to describe you,” said Sir Roland; and he banged out of the room, a very

different figure from the airy gallant of an hour ago.

How that afternoon passed with the other *dramatis personæ* we shall not investigate in detail. Let us stay with Sir Roland as he sat in his hotel shivering over the prospect of his annihilated fortunes, and "deeply musing upon many things." The future opened to him by M'Killop's communication was black enough, in all conscience. His occupation was gone; he had no friends but such summer-day friends as would vanish with his wealth; and now that wealth was vanishing, and transferring itself to his nephew, to whom he had been always indifferent, but whom now he hated with intense cordiality, both for his high-handed defiance and for those very rights which he was bound to restore to him.

Sir Roland sat long and mused over all this. The prospect before him was as black as midnight. There was no comfort to be extracted from *it*.

There are good and evil angels, it is said, for ever around and within us, doing battle for our souls. We may suppose, therefore, that they were now engaged upon Sir Roland, each imploring him to turn his back upon the other, each praying him to go in the way each whispered was the best. It is clear that the good angel had heavy odds against him, when he could only point to a "cold and starless road," leading painfully, in this man's belief, to NOTHING.

Whereas the adversary could point to a broad and sunny path leading to ease and comfort—the horizon with all its clouds hidden by beautiful, intervening trees, whose leaves, exhaling a Lethean fragrance, medicine all experience to sleep, and tempt the cheated appetite again and again to taste their glowing fruit, that for ever, inexorably, must turn to ashes on the lips.

In this case the bad angel had a most unfair advantage. The moral obstruction in the path he could easily pooh-pooh, and make to appear nothing. Sir Roland, he assured that gentleman, had taken many far stiffer moral fences in his time, for this was, after all, no fence at all; it was a mere optical delusion which he could walk through, unconscious of any extra exertion.

To drop metaphor, Sir Roland saw little moral difficulty in the matter, and what he did see didn't frighten him. His nephew's interests would be inappreciably damaged—for this old ruffian M'Killop would endow him handsomely—he himself would give him something handsome in the mean time, and afterwards Bertrand would have everything. It wasn't robbing his nephew—quite the reverse—arithmetically the thing was as square as need be.

The moral difficulty was got over simply enough. But in some dusty old corner of Sir Roland's soul there existed a fetish which he called "Honour." It has been the whim of the world for many centuries to have a sort of deity under that name: the worship is image-worship at the best; but every worshipper graves his own particular idol which he calls by the name.

In a few points the worship may be identical with that of morality, but when to combine the worship of the two would clash with the interests of the devotee, the combination is generally abandoned for the interests.

Sir Roland's fetish was a tolerably battered rendering of the deity, and his worship principally consisted in taking the god's name in vain.

Still there it was, and somehow he felt a suspicion that to fall in with M'Killop's scheme would be to destroy this image altogether; and from a sort of antiquarian feeling or

conservative prejudice, or whatever it might be, it was unpleasant to him to do so; but, after all, it was only a foolish sentiment, he felt, not to be weighed seriously against personal interest. Besides, every man owed a duty to himself; and the word "duty" was, as it always is, a most powerful engine when used to back a wrong deed. It got over that difficulty, and the fetish might be hanged or burned.

There remained something else, however, and here was where the shoe really pinched.

He could cook his arithmetic and his morality, and burn his fetish easily enough; but then some one must witness the process.

What was all right and fair when unwitnessed, seemed to take a different shape when to be done before another—done by the threat of another, too—and that other a *low, base, bad man*—a felon—a convict.

These words seemed to blaze before Sir Roland's eyes, and he said that it was impossible; the association was too horrible. It could not be: and so he went to bed with this sad conviction, uncheered by the smile of the good angel, or with any happy thought of triumph over temptation. The bad angel, however, had got him so nearly over the obstacle, that it wasn't likely he was going to give up his efforts at this stage: we may conceive that Sir Roland's dreams were carefully supervised by him.

Shall we suppose that the good influence had retired in disgust and despair?

However that may have been, it is certain that when Sir Roland rose next day and looked upon beggary by the sunlight, he would none of it; and that he betook himself, with a humbled crest, to tell his accomplice (that word had bothered him a good deal) that his terms were accepted.

M'Killop masked as well as he

could the satisfaction with which he saw Sir Roland enter. He knew that he could only be there for one purpose; but he affected wonder as to what could have produced the visit after the terms on which they had parted.

"I don't know, Mr M'Killop," said Sir Roland, with an effort to be civil and simple, "whether I am doing right or wrong; but I have been turning over in my mind the little matters we discussed yesterday, and I really almost think that I was standing upon a punctilio when I repudiated your view so strongly."

"There is nothing like reflection, Sir Roland."

"And provided you make the reparation to my nephew which you profess yourself willing to do, I don't really see that I need distress you by an exposure."

M'Killop laughed in his sleeve at this neat way of putting the matter, but, externally, he was grave as a judge, when he replied—

"I am very glad you take that view, Sir Roland. I felt you were speaking under the influence of excitement, and I was sure that, as a man of sense and the world, you would recall, on reflection, what you said yesterday."

"Yes," said Sir Roland, "I really think I may recall it; with a due regard to all interests and to moral obligations, I think I may venture to do so. I have to mention one or two conditions, however."

"Yes, and they are?"

"Well, I shall speak to you as a man of the world, and in that capacity you must see that it would be unpleasant to me, after your—a—unfortunate antecedents, to have any more association with you than is absolutely necessary."

"You need be under no fear of my thrusting myself upon you," was the reply.

"Very good. In the next place, I do not wish, after my nephew's

intolerable insolence to me, to make the first advances to him. You or your daughter had better, then, write in the sense that I am induced to forgive him and countenance the marriage, merely out of my good-nature and innate benevolence, but that an apology is certainly due to me: you understand?"

"Certainly—nothing simpler."

"As for your daughter, she, of course, will know nothing of this little *imbroglio*?"

"Nothing, of course."

"I must say she seems a most superior young person—surprisingly so—a lady, in fact."

"You are very good to say so."

"And of course, under these circumstances, it will be possible for me to execute my duty of seeing her a good deal, and countenancing her."

"She will be very proud of your countenance, I am sure."

"Let the engagement, however, be kept strictly secret until Bertrand comes, or we hear from him."

"Certainly. I myself, since I saw you, have received a sudden call to Scotland, in connection with the property I am purchasing. Indeed I start to-day. It is most unfortunate."

Sir Roland felt that it was a very bearable calamity, and would mitigate his present lot materially.

"My daughter, however," M'Killop continued, "will manage the correspondence with Bertrand as well as I could—better, indeed. It will be a delight to her, of course, to break the news to him."

"Hum! One other question, Mr M'Killop, and I have done. Is your wife cognisant of anything we have discussed?"

"No; perfectly ignorant of the whole matter."

"And as to your little—mistake—misadventure—in early life?"

"She knows nothing of it."

"That is well; and under the

circumstances it will be possible for me, when you are gone, to wait upon her as the step-mother (I think?) of my nephew's future wife."

"She will be happy to see you, I am sure."

"And now, I think, nothing further has to be said. Ah, by the by, as to the custody of the will?"

"That remains in my possession, of course," said M'Killop, with quiet decision.

"As you will; a matter of indifference. Good morning."

"Stop, Sir Roland; I am sorry to appear exacting; but, after all, business is business; and, before you go, I must ask you to sign this paper which I have drawn up."

"What is its purport?"

"Simply the conditions of our little arrangement for the young people; they are precisely identical with those originally proposed by me to you through your nephew—the only addition being that you, in this instrument, acknowledge that the provision is made in consideration of the temporary suspension to which Bertrand's rights are subjected."

"It appears to me to be wholly unnecessary, if you have the will."

"Perhaps so; but, you see, one does not like an undivided *responsibility* in such a matter; and I feel that your signature here would be a *great comfort* to me."

"And supposing I refuse?"

"In that case, I fear, our negotiation will have been fruitless. To speak quite plainly, your signature is a *sine quâ non*."

Sir Roland reflected for a short time, with a darkened brow; then took the paper, read it over, reflected again, and eventually said, "By this I place myself entirely in your power."

"But," replied M'Killop, "you must perceive that I shall have no object in exercising it—quite the



reverse, in fact, so long as you adhere to your part of the bargain. If you predecease me, it shall be at once destroyed; and in case of the other alternative, I shall have it carefully sealed up, and an injunction inscribed on the wrapper that it is only to be opened in case of any pecuniary disagreement with you, and to be destroyed unopened on your decease."

Sir Roland made no farther objection, and two servants being called in to witness his signature, he signed the paper.

And the two worthies separated, each thinking the other a consummate blackguard, and himself not only shrewd, politic, and sharp, but, on the whole, every bit as respectable as his neighbours; which, in some neighbourhoods, might be correct enough, of course.

That afternoon, as he had purposed, Mr M'Killop set out for Scotland; before going, however, he gave Eila the news of Sir Roland's capitulation—"so that all you have to do, my dear," he said, "is to write to Bertrand, tell him to write a note to his uncle expressing thanks for his kindness and regrets for his own intemperate language, and then set out as fast as ever he can to join you here; that will be fast enough, I dare to swear. Eh? ha! ha!"

The moment Eila heard of Sir Roland's consent she began to have her very strong doubts on this point; but of course she looked as if Bertrand's ardour might be expected to lead him into remarkable feats of velocity.

"I suppose the wedding may as well come off here, Eila?" her father continued; "that would suit Sir Roland, I imagine, best of all, as he is a sort of invalid."

"I don't think it much matters, papa; and if you say and Sir Roland says it would suit to have it here, I have no objection, I am sure." Sur-

rounded as she was with difficulties and hazards, she felt at the moment that, to get the marriage safely over, it would be a very remarkable point of detail about which *she* made a difficulty.

"Very well, I shall hurry back as quickly as I can, so as not to try your patience; and now, what am I to bring you as a wedding-gift?"

"A diamond necklace, like Lady Grampington's," she said, laughing.

"You shall have it," said M'Killop, promptly.

"No, no, that won't do. It would cost thousands; besides, there are pretty certain to be family diamonds; and—oh! I must leave it to you."

"You may depend upon getting cost, then, my dear; but I fear—I fear I can't promise much in the way of taste," said M'Killop.

"His complaisance is wonderful," thought his daughter; "he must have been awfully set upon this marriage, and oh! what *will* happen if——" To fill up the blank even in thought was intolerable to her.

"Is Sir Roland quite pleased and kind about the matter, papa?"

"Well, he was a *leettle* bit restive at first—only at first—showed rather a pettish temper, indeed; but it soon blew over, and you will find him, no doubt, as amiable as ever. He seems to be much taken with you, Eila."

Eila was well aware of that, and entirely believed that the whole matter had been arranged by the magic of her charms.

"He will call in your absence, papa?"

"Certainly; he desires the engagement to be kept a secret till Bertrand writes or comes, however; but no doubt he will show you every civility in the mean time. Mind you write to Bertrand to-day."

Eila was not likely to forget so

formidable a duty. She wrote—we have already seen the letter which she wrote, and it may well be believed that it was a work of time and anxious thought, with

much mental weighing of the power of love, and much estimating of the strain which human gullibility can, under certain circumstances, be brought to bear.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

It was a great relief to her when the letter to Bertrand was fairly written and sent to the post. She then went calmly enough down to the drawing-room to act as a sort of buffer between her step-mamma and Sir Roland, if he called, that lady having announced her intention of staying in the whole afternoon on the chance, and with the view, as she expressed it, of “putting him through his facings.” Eila was too well acquainted with the process implied by that ill-omened phrase, to permit it to come off without supervision.

Sir Roland, however, did not come, grievously to Mrs M’Killop’s disappointment, who declared that it was “shocking bad taste,” and that she would give his Excellency “a copy of her mind” on the earliest opportunity. She, poor woman, had a notion that Sir Roland’s unexpected complaisance was mainly due to the discovery of their high social position, and the reputation which she believed herself to have acquired as a leader of the fashion in Pau, and she would “just let him see what she considered due to herself as the girl’s step-mother.”

Sir Roland simply stayed away because he had not quite made up his mind as to the line he should take with his two future connections. In the course of the next twenty-four hours he had done so, however, and accordingly presented himself the next afternoon to pay his respects.

Three months ago, or in the Cairnarvoch district, where Sir Ro-

land would have been, so to speak, in his own particular sphere of domination, Mrs M’Killop would have looked forward to meeting him in a very different spirit. But in her case the old proverb, “*cœlum, non animus, mutant*,” &c., was discredited. At home, she was nobody but the wife of a rich unknown lessee of a country residence in a district where her wealth was rather an outrage to local sensibilities, provoking the hostility and sarcasms of a genteel, and therefore rather an envious, poverty. It would be different, she assured herself, when the lordship of Tolmie-Donnochie was a *fait accompli*—and to a certain extent she was right; for “the dirty acres” have a very superior effect, particularly on the landed mind, to that produced by the coined currency, for many reasons, and among others, perhaps, that an investment in the one appears to imply a superabundance of the other, and is, at the same time, by no means of such a volatile essence.

Up to this time, however, there had been no dirty acres, and Mrs M’Killop had been quite aware that her position was not good. But here in Pau she had burst, as it were, into a new sphere—she was received and made much of even by a large society, who accepted as sufficient the tangible evidences of her wealth which they saw, without troubling themselves about acres or anything else, which could do them no good; while she, incapable of nice social discrimination, accepted flash manners and florid assumption as evidences of the highest

ton, and implicitly believed in the Irish castles and the *châteaux en Espagne*, which gave territorial distinction to so many of her circle. His very quality of pretender makes a pretender who has been long about the world all the quicker in detecting others who are in the same line ; but a pretender who has only exercised his function on a parochial scale, swallows the brag of co-professionals with a voraciousness unknown to otherwise simpler folks.

So Mrs M'Killop, believing herself to be quite the apex of a fashionable set, was much uplifted.

"And if," she said to herself, "Sir Roland, who has boggled about the marriage, imagines that he is doing us any honour, or is going to attempt to patronise *me*, I will take care to put him in his right place." With erected crest, therefore, and all her peacock plumage on the perpendicular, she expected the interview.

Sir Roland had thought his part over with much care and deliberation, and since the marriage was a necessity, he had quite determined to make the very best of it to the world when it was divulged. The tone he determined to take was, that his nephew had been foolish, perhaps, but that the girl was really in herself of such beauty, fascination, and refinement, and, above all, had such immense prospects, that he had felt constrained to sanction the affair, though, of course, she would be kept away from her own people, who were not quite,—you understand, &c. ; and therefore, after all, the advantages of the marriage would greatly counterbalance the disadvantages. Things of the sort were done now every day, dukes setting the example ; the *sangre azul* would stand a little adulteration, particularly when it was handsomely paid to do so. Such was the tone he would adopt to society.

As to Eila, he had resolved to be affable and charming to her, and to let his airy gallantry slide imperceptibly into the playful affection of an elderly relative.

Of her step-mother's idiosyncrasies he knew nothing, and if he had, it would only have confirmed him in his decision, that, as it was part of his compact to have no relations with her husband, he need, and would, have nothing to do with her either ; he would civilly ignore her, in fact, and keep her in her right place.

Mrs M'Killop, it will thus be seen, had resolved upon aggressive action with him, while his towards her was to be defensive. He was to be put, she was to be kept, in her place. Eila, meanwhile, had resolved to act as circumstances inspired her.

The ladies were both in the drawing-room when Sir Roland entered, which he did with outstretched hands and a rapid step, as if consumed with impatience to assure his future niece of his congratulations. In a moment both her hands were in his, and he was provisionally availing himself, with much apparent gusto, of an uncle's privilege of salute.

"And I never guessed ! never dreamed !" he exclaimed, holding her back from him with an admiring gaze for a moment, and then repeating the salute—"never guessed, as how should I, by the by ? Ah ! fair Aurora, you conquered at once ; the stupid, prudent, cantankerous old martinet of an uncle dropped his weapons in a moment. I thought my nephew a fool ; I now know that he is a doosed sensible fellow, and the luckiest dog in Christendom—luckiest dog in Christendom, I declare. *Entre nous*, I only heard it in time for my own safety ; another twenty-four hours and my fate was sealed. That's a secret though, ha ! ha ! We must not tell Bertrand that ; make him

jealous, eh? ha! ha! If you had refused the old uncle, figure it to yourself—the situation, eh? hum?”

“Supposing the old uncle had not been refused, though?”

“What? jilt the nephew for the uncle, eh? he! he! Ah, you little flatterer, if I thought *that*—upon my conscience if I thought *that*—I would go by to-night’s mail to England and assassinate the dog—I would, without a scruple—I swear it.”

“I am afraid you are a dreadful flatterer, Sir Roland.”

“With you, my dear child, flattery is impossible.”

All this time Mrs M’Killop (whom Sir Roland had only noticed by a deep reverence on entering) had been bridling and boiling up on her sofa, waiting for recognition; but at this point, as Sir Roland seated himself confidentially beside Eila, she deemed that the moment had come for action.

“Eila!” she exclaimed, in a loud, husky voice; and as the young lady was too much absorbed to notice or reply, she repeated still louder, “Eila, I say!”

Sir Roland put up his glass and half-whispered, “The lady wants to speak to you, my dear.”

Eila looked up, “Well, Mrs M’Killop,” she said.

“Well, Miss M’Killop,” repeated the step-dame, “does it not occur to you to introjooce this—this *gentleman* to me who is doing you the favour to visit you in my drawing-room?”

“Oh! I beg your pardon—Sir Roland Cameron, Mrs M’Killop.”

Mrs M’Killop rose and executed a series of Elizabethan antics intended to represent a dignified curtsey. Sir Roland also rose and made a solemn obeisance.

“You are just arrived in Paw, Sir Rawland, I believe?” she began loftily.

“I have been about forty-eight hours in Pau, I think,” said Sir Roland, studying Mrs M’Killop and all her strange tints of complexion and apparel curiously through his eye-glass.

“You were fortunate to catch M’Killop here before his departure for Scotland.”

“I—eh? who? I beg your pardon.”

“Papa, you know,” explained Eila.

“Ah! yes, of course; he has gone away, has he?”

“He has gone to *Tolmie-Donnochie*.” The word came forth with the guttural thunder of an avalanche.

“Indeed, in—in—in Russia, is it?”

“No, sir, it is our property in the north; not a great distance from your own, Sir Rawland.”

“Oh, indeed! wasn’t aware; my habits have been those of an absentee,” said Sir Roland, recognising a fresh reason for keeping them so.

“It is a new purchase, but it is part of an old family property of *my* ancestors,” continued the lady.

“Ah, indeed!”

“The M’Whannels.”

“Oh!”

“Of Glenspishach.”

“Hum.”

Neither Tolmie-Donnochie nor its ancient proprietors seemed to produce any adequate effect upon Sir Roland; so she opened a new vein.

“You will scarcely have made many acquaintances as yet in Paw, I preshoom?”

“I have made none except that of my charming young friend here,” and he beamed, as it were antithetically, upon Eila.

“There is a good society here—very good—this, they say, is a particularly good year. The Morrissy-Moloneys having come back makes a difference. They found Nice

vulgar and stupid last year. You may have met them?"

"I have not had that advantage."

"They are people of *tong* and distinction. We are inseparables."

"Indeed!"

"I look forward to paying a long visit next summer at their lovely castle Morrissy, and they will be with us at Tolmie-Donnochie in the shooting season."

"Ah!"

"We shall be quite a Paw party there. The Fortnum-Redmaynes, Count Horneyhoff, and also Baron Hunkers, have agreed to come, instead of shooting in their own forests; isn't it good of them?"

"The Count's forest is not very far from Homburg, I fancy."

"Ah! you know about him?"

"I suspect I have met a good many of his family about the world."

"Indeed! He is most attractive; and dear Hunkers quite the original—so simple and absent: fancy his carrying away good Mr Moloney's snuff-box from the card-table, without the least knowing it, t'other evening. The laugh was entirely against Moloney, however, for the box turned out to be *brass*—it is a freak of his to carry a brass box. And the Baron brought it back, and said so naively, 'The next time I will take a smell of it before I steal.'"

"It was scarcely a remunerative evening for the Baron," said Sir Roland.

"If I can be of any use in getting you into the best circle, I shall be glad. The Morrissy-Moloneys give their ball to-night. I think I may say that my introduction will be quite sufficient, if you like to take charge of me and Eila."

"The temptation to take charge of you, my dear child," said Sir Roland, turning to Eila, "is all but irresistible, yet I must decline; I am engaged."

"Oh! put it off," cried Mrs M'Kil-

lop. "Everything in Paw gives way to the Morrissy-Moloneys."

"I'm afraid my party would scarcely understand such an excuse. I fear they are not quite in the Morrissy-Moloney circle."

"All the easier to say 'No.'"

"It would spoil my friends' rubber, and I should lose my own."

"Oh! as far as whist goes, you'll get that at the Morrissy-Moloneys; Baron Hunkers is crazy about whist; and your friends won't mind when they know what set you are going to."

"All my little appointments at present are made of gold, and the Baron might have a fit of absence. No, no; I think I can scarcely throw over the Duchess and Lady Grampington for your distinguished friends. Thanks, all the same."

The Duchess and Lady Grampington! Theirs was a sphere to which Mrs M'Killop never dreamt of raising her eyes.

The Pau lofty social elevation from which she meant to patronise Sir Roland—as the only platform open to her for such a feat—suddenly shrunk down to the dimensions of a mole-hill, and she was staring up at him, open-mouthed, from that slight and rather dirty eminence. He had only been there forty-eight hours, and he was whisting with the "Dii majorum gentium" already!

"Oh!" was all she could say, her face becoming of a deep peony colour. She had put Sir Roland through his facings, and in his right place. His manner had been cool and half-amused, but perfectly civil throughout. He had expected that the woman, from her first onslaught, would require some rough handling, and her sudden and total collapse rather surprised him—a collapse rendered the more palpable from her making an excuse to leave the room at this juncture. Sir Roland seized the opportunity of her absence to

explain to Eila certain points as to their future relative positions.

"I am sorry," he said, "I can't ask the ladies I have mentioned to be attentive to you as yet. When the engagement, which your father wished to be kept quiet till Bertrand arrived" (Sir Roland's memory seemed singularly treacherous to-day) "is given out, I shall do so; but of course any attention they may pay you will be meant for you alone as *my* future relative, and is not to be supposed to include any of—of—your *former* connections. And, my dear child, *entre nous*, the foreign noblemen and the Irish magnates are no doubt very charming, and their eccentricities delightful, though at times expensive; but it is *de rigueur* that your acquaintance with them should be dropped as early as possible, *if* my friends are to have the happiness of your society. The whims and caprices of people are unaccountable in social matters, and I fear the Duchess and Lady Grampsington, and indeed all my friends, are full of caprices of the sort. I almost think, for instance, that the frolics of Baron Hunkers would not amuse them—you understand me?"

"Perfectly; but these are Mrs M'Killop's friends, not mine. I shall have no difficulty in dropping them at once, therefore," said Eila.

"Excellent! and now, my dear, let us talk over our little family matters. You have written to Bertrand?"

"Yes."

"You know the young rascal really sent me a most impertinent letter?"

"Yes, indeed; I am so sorry, and I was the cause."

"Say no more—that is his excuse; I forgave him the instant I knew the cause."

"You are too kind and delightful by far."

"Bertrand would have been jilted for me, that is evident. I protest I shall hate him for ever." One of the truths spoken in jest, it is to be suspected.

"You know that I *quite* refused to have anything to do with him, after your letter, until we should hear if you would relent?"

"The little fabricator!" thought Sir Roland; adding aloud, "You will make a model wife."

"And niece, I hope," with *such* a winning smile that his Excellency again took the privileges of an uncle, in advance.

And so the dialogue went on most swimmingly between the future relatives; Sir Roland succeeding in establishing exactly the footing he aimed at. As for poor Mrs M'Killop, she, on her return to the room, sat, feeling very sore and sulky, and *quite* in her place. The visit was brought to a close by the announcement of Count Corrigan-Shaughnessy (Shannochbawn)—a blinky and not very clean-looking young man, with a foamy head of hair, and a roll of music in his hand, who entered the room in the heraldic attitude of *passant regardant*, his body making for Mrs M'Killop, while his eyes and head devoted themselves to Eila.

"He is in the Pope's Noble Guard," whispered Eila.

"He combines every Continental advantage, then," replied his Excellency—"an Irishman (I presume), a count, and a captain. Thanks, no—no presentation." He buttoned up his pockets with a comical look, and made his adieux with affectionate *empressement* to Eila, but including the Count and Mrs M'Killop in a formal reverence. "Till to-morrow, Eila; I will call for you after lunch, if you like, and take you for a drive—would you care?"

"I should delight in it."

"Very well, till then, adieu."

## THE COUP D'ETAT.

THE days of impeachment are over; and if they were not, it would be next to impossible, under almost any conceivable circumstances, to get a vote passed, through the present House of Commons, subjecting Mr Gladstone and his colleagues to that ordeal. Yet, assuming the case between the Executive and the country to be as both Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville persist in representing it, her Majesty's Ministers have brought themselves within the meshes of the law as completely as if they had persuaded the Sovereign to levy ship-money, or by any other process to raise a revenue without the sanction of Parliament. Observe that we are not now questioning the right of the Sovereign to enact, by virtue of the prerogative, and without reference to the Legislature at all, whatever regulations may seem to be expedient for the discipline and management of the Army. From the earliest date of England's existence as a nation, that right has been inherent in the Crown. It existed in the Saxon times; it was in full force under the Normans and the Tudors. It was recognised and accepted in those special acts of the Legislature which, on the Restoration, gave the power of the purse, as well in military as in civil administration, into the hands of Parliament. But neither then, nor prior to the great Civil War, nor subsequently to the Revolution of 1688, can we find, before the present, the record of a single instance in which the prerogative has been interposed in order to take out of the hands of Parliament, and settle by Royal Warrant, a measure on which the Crown had asked for the advice and assistance of the Legislature, whether the subject dealt with re-

ferred to things civil or things military. It is true that the outrage just offered to the Legislature falls, or seems to do so, exclusively upon the House of Lords. And there may be politicians shortsighted enough to imagine that an outrage perpetrated on that particular branch of the Legislature affects only the privileges of the Peerage. But this is a great mistake. The Lords are nothing by themselves, any more than the Commons are anything by themselves. Laws are made and unmade, subject to the Crown's approval, by the concurrent assent of the two; and any wrong done to one is done to both, if it come from without in the shape of an arbitrary interference with the deliberations and conclusions of either House. It is a gross error of judgment, therefore, to assume that, because the Commons had approved the Ministerial Bill, the Crown was free, in the event of a refusal to concur elsewhere, to set the decision of the Lords aside by an exercise of the prerogative. The Crown had surrendered—*pro illa vice*—its inherent rights to Parliament. It had placed a great subject, of which Purchase in the Army formed only a part, in the hands of the Legislature, and recommended the two Houses, among other powers, to confer upon the Sovereign the right to put a stop—equitably, and with due consideration for the interests of individuals—to a practice which had heretofore prevailed, but was now held to be inconvenient. The case under review is, in truth, analogous in some respects to proceedings that might have been but were not adopted in order to put a stop to the slave-trade. That traffic did not originate

with the Legislature ; it had its origin, just as much as the purchase of commissions, in prerogative. It was but a remnant of that custom which prevailed among all nations long ago, and which still prevails where civilisation is backward, of reducing to slavery prisoners taken in war. But what would have been said if, without waiting for an Act of Parliament, or after gaining the consent of the Commons only, the Minister, on the first appearance of opposition in the House of Lords, had appealed to the prerogative, and declared slavery to be at an end? Indeed we may come nearer to our own times, and ask, as was asked the other day in debate, What would have been said, when the Irish Church Bill was in Committee, if the Minister had avowed his intention, failing the assent of the Lords, to advise that no more bishoprics nor other preferments in the gift of the Crown should be filled up in Ireland? The right of the Crown to refrain from the exercise of its patronage could not be questioned at law ; but would the country have been content to see a great public institution extinguished, not by due course of law, but by the mere arbitrary determination of a Minister bent upon destroying it, and executing his purpose through the prerogative?

The outrage offered to the House of Lords is certainly very flagrant. There has been nothing approaching to it in modern history. Neither Earl Grey's threat of creating a hundred peers, nor Lord Palmerston's unwise attempt to create life-peerages, can be regarded as coming within a thousand miles of it. Lord Grey's conduct, though arbitrary in the extreme, fell quite within the four corners of the Constitution. It is the undoubted right of the Crown to raise to the peerage whom it may, and as many com-

moners as it will. Hence the creation of twelve peers in one batch by Queen Anne, though censured at the time, and still considered to have been a most unwise act, has by no writer been condemned as unconstitutional. In like manner, if Earl Grey had pitchforked his hundred into the House of Lords, the worst that could have been said of him would have been this, that he had done his best to bring the order to which he belonged into contempt. But the House of Lords would have been, just as much after as before the process, precisely what it ever was—inconveniently enlarged, perhaps, so far as numbers went, and for the nonce a mere instrument in the hands of the Minister, yet uninjured in its right to consider every question which the Minister might bring before it, and to arrive at such conclusions as to the majority should seem best. So also the attempt to create life-peerages without the sanction of Parliament—for the first time in four hundred years—justly brought down on the Ministers who lent themselves to the manœuvre the censure of the House which defeated their policy, and of the country which approved the line the Lords had taken. But Mr Gladstone, without taking time to consider whether the act would be approved even by his own partisans, has struck such a blow at Parliamentary Government as it has not received since the days of Strafford and Laud. Nor is this all. The blow is struck by the hand of the Queen. The Queen's signature is attached to the deed or warrant which deliberately reverses a decision of the House of Lords ; and the Queen can do no wrong. But the Minister who advised the Queen is responsible. On what ground does he rest his vindication of an act so entirely without precedent in modern times?



Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville have both been challenged on that subject, and they have both denied that they advised their mistress to exercise her prerogative. They were particularly plain and outspoken on that head when the Royal Warrant was first produced. Their tone on subsequent occasions, especially that of Lord Granville in the House of Lords, has been much more guarded. At first the insinuation was repelled with scorn. "The right honourable gentleman," said Mr Gladstone, in reply to Mr Disraeli, "says that the Government have fallen back upon prerogative; and having thus introduced a term which he thinks will be unpopular, he warns us against the danger of putting prerogative in conflict with Parliament. Sir, this is an instance of the inaccuracy of the right honourable gentleman's statement. We have had no recourse to prerogative, and we have had no conflict with Parliament." In the same spirit, though expressing himself with less attempt at antithesis, Lord Granville ostentatiously, and with marked emphasis, denied that prerogative had been appealed to. After making as much as he could of the possible detriment to the officers and to the Army of the desire expressed by the Lords to hear more of the proposed substitute for Purchase before they would consent to its abolition, Lord Granville went on to say,— "Your Lordships adopted the resolution with which we are all so well acquainted, and her Majesty's Government had to consider both their bounden duty and also the enormous inconveniences which would accrue to the Army itself, and to all the arrangements connected with it, from any delay and uncertainty in this matter. The result of that consideration has been to advise her Majesty *not to make*

*any use of her royal prerogative,* because there is no question of that in this matter, but in the exercise of that discretion which is conferred on the Crown by statutory enactment, to take the only means which is possible to put an end to the illegal practice which has thus been denounced; and I may add that her Majesty has graciously consented to sign a Warrant this day which cancels the regulation that sanctions prices being paid for the sale, purchase, and exchange of commissions."

We ask our readers to stop for a moment and observe to what this declaration amounts. It implies three things: first, that the practice which had prevailed in the Army for wellnigh two centuries was an illegal practice; next, that prices were paid, illegally, for the exchange as well as the purchase of commissions; and last, and not least important of all, that her Majesty was advised to put a stop to these illegal practices, not "by making use of her royal prerogative," because there could be no question of that in the matter, but by exercising that discretionary right which had been conferred upon the Crown by statutory enactment. Now, he who argues thus must be prepared to show that there is upon the Statute-book a law which gives the Sovereign the discretionary authority here referred to. If there be no such law, then her Majesty's constitutional advisers have deceived the Sovereign, by tendering to her advice on grounds which were false grounds. Is there such a law in the Statute-book? No, there is not. Neither the Acts 5 & 6 of Edward VI., nor the 49th of George III., confer any rights on the Crown of which it had not previously been possessed. The Acts 5 & 6 Edward VI. make, indeed, no reference whatever to buying and selling commissions in the Army, or

to the prices to be paid for them. They repeal, indeed, the statute of Philip and Mary, and having done so, they proved in their results eminently disastrous to the cause of royalty when the contest subsequently arose between the first Charles and his Parliament. But they are idly quoted—for what purpose they who drew the document may perhaps know—in the preamble to the Warrant, by producing which the Ministers “snapped their fingers in the face of the House of Lords.” In like manner the statute 49 George III., while it declares to be illegal the purchase and sale of other offices, distinctly provides “that nothing in this Act contained shall extend to any purchase, sales, or exchanges in commissions in his Majesty’s forces for such prices as shall be regulated and fixed by regulations made, or to be made, by his Majesty.” It is clear, then, that wherever else may be the statutory enactment of which Lord Granville spoke, we cannot find it here. The law of 1809 recognises a prerogative, no doubt; but so far from controlling, or in any degree adding to or taking from it, it simply guards it against being impinged upon by the law, which was in other respects stringent enough. Lord Cairns was particularly happy, as indeed was to be expected of him, in his manner of dealing with this part of the subject. “Let me,” he said, “concede for a moment that there is a statutory power conferred on the Crown. But what is the statutory power to do? Is it to abolish Purchase? Nothing of the kind. It is a statutory power to regulate prices: it assumes that there will be Purchase, and it gives to the Crown, on the hypothesis I have assumed, the right to regulate these prices.” The comparisons which follow, in a speech which is, we take for granted, fresh in the

memory of all who are likely to look into these pages, are admirable. The law gives—or gave, we really do not know which, because laws are summarily changed and abrogated nowadays with astounding rapidity,—but the law certainly gave, some time ago, authority to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports to fix the number of pilots which should serve each of the ports under his jurisdiction. But could the Lord Warden plead the authority of that law if, for some reason or for none, he took it into his head to decide that one of the ports should not be served by any pilot at all? And is it one whit more reasonable to assume that the statute 49 George III.—which recognises the prerogative, and leaves the Sovereign free to fix, from time to time, the prices to be paid for commissions in the Army—gives authority to the Sovereign, such as he never had before, to abolish Purchase altogether? Certainly not. The statute in question did nothing of the sort. It added nothing to the prerogative of the Crown; it took nothing away. The prerogative was precisely the same after the law came into force as it had been before. The law recognised the prerogative certainly, but just as certainly did nothing to create it. If, then, her Majesty’s Ministers, in applying for the Warrant, referred in any way to the 49th of George III.—if, as is possible, the Queen, startled by their proposal, spoke of the risk and impropriety in these days of calling in prerogative as opposed to the will of Parliament—and if Mr Gladstone met the objection by assuring her Majesty that it was not the royal prerogative, but a statutory right which she was invited to exercise,—then he as deliberately deceived and misled his royal mistress, as ever in times gone by a weak prince was deceived and mis-

led by designing favourites to his own hurt. We do not say that Mr Gladstone acted thus. There is nothing to justify a positive assertion one way or another. But beyond all doubt, the language made use of, not by himself only, but by every one of his colleagues who spoke in either House in defence of the policy which he has pursued, points indirectly to such a conclusion. It would be a very interesting inquiry to set on foot, if only the means of carrying it to its ultimate issues were accessible, whether on or before drawing the Warrant, and presenting it to the Sovereign, Mr Gladstone took the advice of his own law-officers.

It seems, then, that Ministers, in denying that they fell back upon prerogative, went a great way to convict themselves of a much more serious offence. It is not wise to have recourse to an obsolete prerogative. The prerogative may be there, and the use of it quite within the limits of the law; but if we leave a law for any length of time in abeyance, the Minister who revives and acts upon it to suit his own convenience, incurs a grave responsibility. This, however, though bad, is a thousand times better than the course which our present rulers set out with asserting that they had followed. They denied having availed themselves of the prerogative, and in so doing accepted the far graver charge, that they had misled the Sovereign. It would appear, however, that after-reflection showed them their mistake. That they could avoid seeing it subsequently to the debate on the vote of censure, is out of the question. No mathematical proposition was ever more clearly demonstrated than the hollowness of the pretext with which they attempted to cover an unconstitutional act; and now they flounder about, trying, but in

vain, to mix up two powers, which are no more capable of amalgamation than oil and vinegar. Just observe how both Lord Granville and the Duke of Argyll, the latter by no means the least able of the debaters in the House of Lords, fenced with the difficulty. The Duke of Richmond, leading the attack on the Government, had spoken thus:—"The noble Earl stated on Thursday week, in reply to my inquiry, that the Warrant had been issued under statutory powers. I have a right, therefore, to ask, and I think the House is entitled to know, whether the Crown was advised that it was actually under statute, or in accordance with the royal prerogative. If the Crown was advised that it was actually [acting?] under statute, it was improperly advised, and its sanction and signature were obtained under representations which were not in accordance with the facts of the case. I shall be surprised if any attempt is made to prove that the Warrant was otherwise than an exercise of the royal prerogative; and I cannot but think that that power has been very much strained."

Lord Granville was the first to reply to the Duke of Richmond's attack. We have read his speech with infinite care, but we cannot discover the most remote attempt to answer categorically the question put in the preceding extract. He criticises the phraseology of the resolution made by the Opposition. He refers to acts done with the sanction of the Duke of Wellington, such as royal warrants authorising the temporary sale of commissions in the non-purchasing corps, and the abolition, under the same authority, of purchase in the Guards beyond the rank of lieutenant-colonel. But what connection can these acts be represented to have with the measure before us? They were

done, avowedly, by virtue of the prerogative. The advice of Parliament was not asked concerning them. The Duke certainly never gave out that he had advised the Crown that, in sanctioning these clauses, it was availing itself of statutory enactments. Neither is Mr Cardwell's failure to abolish the rank of ensign and cornet a case in point. Mr Cardwell was perfectly justified in using the prerogative for that purpose; and if he found the opposition to the arrangement too strong for him, that only shows that he failed properly to examine the ground before he made his move. The Duke of Wellington, we undertake to say, if he had undertaken a move at all, would have ridden down all resistance in the exercise of an undoubted right inherent in the Crown. But what has all this to say to the statutory enactment so triumphantly referred to on the first production of the Warrant? Just as much, and just as little, as the assumption subsequently put forward, that the statute 49 George III., if it did not empower the Sovereign to abolish as well as to regulate Purchase, at all events strengthened the hands of the Minister who should tender to the Crown the advice under which it now acts. But this is the merest verbiage. The statute neither gave power to the Crown, nor enlarged the power previously inherent in it; nor added to the same, nor took away from it one jot. The very object of the clause referring to the Army was to take out of the provision of the new law everything which might by possibility be said as bearing upon the rights of the Crown in the matter of purchase and sale of military commissions. And he must entertain extraordinary notions of the force of statutory enactments who assumes that an exceptional clause in one of them has any power at all, except to show that

with the point there referred to the law does not propose to meddle.

Lord Granville evidently felt that his argument would not hold water: he steered wide of the problem which had been submitted to him for solution, and went off on matters entirely foreign to the subject in hand. The Duke of Argyll is at once bolder and less careful to maintain the appearance of consistency in his reasoning. He, like his leader, went round and round the subject, speaking of the original vote of the Lords as one of want of confidence in the Crown, and going so far as to denounce it as "unconstitutional." "I say," so spoke his Grace—"I say it firmly but respectfully, that the violation" (of the Constitution) "lies with that branch of the Legislature which declared that it would not proceed to legislate on a subject requiring, by universal confession, almost immediate action, until, in an unconstitutional manner, the details of Army Organisation were submitted to it; thus interfering with the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown. . . . I say, therefore, that your vote was an unconstitutional vote."

This is hard hitting, but the blows fall on the air. The Lords might perhaps have done better,—they certainly would not have acted with greater tenderness towards the Government had they rejected the Bill *in toto* at the second reading. But to charge them with intruding on the rights of the Crown, because they declined to give their assent to the abolition of an ancient practice in the Army without further information than had been conceded to them respecting the measures that were to be substituted for it,—this is surely to pervert the terms of speech to the most extravagant extent. An unconstitutional vote! Has it come to this, that either House of Parliament is, on any subject submitted

to it, to hold back from the free exercise of its judgment, under the penalty of being held up by a Minister of the Crown to the condemnation of the world for acting unconstitutionally? Constitutionally, the right of dealing with Purchase was with the Crown. The Crown could abolish the custom, or alter its conditions, without going to Parliament for leave. But having gone to Parliament, and stated the terms on which, with the sanction of the Legislature, it intended to abolish, it is the height of absurdity, as well as a gross insult to the Legislature, to say that either House, being dissatisfied with the terms proposed, was not entitled, and constrained legally, constitutionally, and by the right inherent in the essence of Parliament, to reject them, either absolutely, or, as the House of Lords did, conditionally, and thus invite the Government to prepare and bring forward on a future occasion some more complete and better-considered arrangement.

The Duke of Argyll iterates and reiterates the indisposition of the Cabinet to abolish Purchase by the exercise of the prerogative, asking the House of Commons at the same time to vote the sums necessary to compensate purchasing officers for the pecuniary loss thereby entailed on them. Just observe the tenor of his logic. "It is true," he says, "that we could abolish Purchase by the exercise of the prerogative of the Crown, and that we could also take a vote of the House of Commons without any reference to this House for the regulation prices. I must confess, however, that a suggestion from a leader of the Conservative party, that we might take a vote of the House of Commons for over-regulation prices too, somewhat astonished me. To act upon such a suggestion involved this, that we should make one House of Parlia-

ment dispense with the law. It is the law which makes over-regulation prices illegal; and if we had taken a vote of the House of Commons for over-regulation prices, we should be dispensing with the law without asking for that dispensation the sanction of all the branches of the Legislature." Now, in the first place, there are very many persons among us—Conservatives as well as Radicals, Tories as well as Whigs—who regard this repayment of over-regulation prices out of the taxation of the people as an arrangement of very questionable equity. You are doing now, by a formal act of the Legislature, a legal wrong; in other words, you are condoning admitted violations of the law, and not only whitewashing the offenders against the law, but repaying to them the money which they expended in order to break the law. To us it appears a matter of very small moment whether you involve both Houses or only one in this act of palpable impropriety. Indeed, for the credit of the Legislature, it would have been better had the House of Commons, which is the appointed guardian of the public purse, taken the whole responsibility on itself, instead of throwing a portion of it on the Lords. But why do anything of the sort? We think that we know the Army, and the officers of the Army, at least as well as Mr Cardwell or the Duke of Argyll; and this we take it upon us to say, that no man yet paid more than the regulation price for his advancement without feeling that he jeopardised all the extra payment; and that if circumstances arose, as they were continually doing, which imposed upon him the loss of it, he took the loss without a murmur, putting it down to the score of the casualties of his profession. Observe that we are far from objecting to the great liberality of the Legislature in agree-

ing to a very liberal proposal on the part of the Government. But we still hesitate to believe that the Government was justified in making the proposal; and we hold in utter contempt the use which the Government makes of its own wrong as justifying a step of which it is impossible to foresee to what consequences it may lead. Better a thousand times for the Empire, and the Army too, that officers should lose every farthing of what they choose to expend illegally in the purchase of professional rank, than that the Crown should defeat a solemn resolution of either House of Parliament by the exercise of a prerogative, we do not say long dormant, but in no case since the Revolution ever applied to override the will either of the Lords or of the Commons.

It appears, then, to us, that in his zeal to justify the proceedings of the Cabinet of which he is a member, the Duke of Argyll only involves himself and it in further difficulties. The Cabinet foresees many obstacles to the abolition of Purchase under any circumstances. It conceives that these will be diminished if it provide at the expense of the country for repaying the officers all that they may have disbursed, legally or illegally, honestly or dishonestly, for their commissions. And it justifies itself for doing a wrong thing by explaining that the breaches of the law by officers had been winked at for such a length of time as virtually to change their nature. Honestly, we cannot accept the justification. In the first place, it is not so very long ago since every officer was called upon to declare upon his honour that he had, neither directly nor indirectly, given more for his commission than the regulation allowed. In the next place, we never heard that laws, though habitually, and for a time with im-

punity, set at nought, ceased to be binding till repealed. And, in the third place, we cannot see why peaceful citizens should be mulcted in twopence in the pound on their incomes in order that the *lâches* of the Government in conniving at breaches of the law by military officers should be condoned, and the breakers of the law recoup themselves the sums which they had expended in attaining by illegal means to rank which they are permitted to hold after the money paid for it has been refunded to them. The Duke of Argyll is an extremely clever man, and has written more than one treatise on ethics. We shall really thank him, if, during the leisure of the long vacation, he will apply himself to the concoction of another which shall set at rest our doubts on this head; and not ours only, but those of the great bulk of the nation.

Having thus, as he imagined, put the case of the Government right on these heads, the Duke proceeds to deal with the great question, On what ground did you rest your advice to the Sovereign? Are you using the prerogative, or do you profess to exercise in the Queen's name a statutory right? No words except his own would do justice to the noble speaker's mode of handling the matter. Having ridiculed the idea of any attempt to separate over-regulation from regulation prices, he goes on to say:—

“There was another course open to us, and notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject by noble Lords opposite, that, I fancy, is the course which they think we ought to have taken. They think we ought simply to have accepted our defeat, and to have given up the Bill until next session. Well, what does the adoption of that course mean? It means that we should allow regulation and over-regulation prices to continue, and that we

should, with our eyes open, permit a continued violation of the law: in other words, that the House of Lords should by its sole vote be placed exactly in that dispensing position in which we refused that the House of Commons should be allowed to stand."

If this last sentence had been commented upon at the moment by Mr Bradlaugh or Mr Odger, how much would have been said of it! "Here is a noble Duke who has the assurance, speaking as a Minister of the Crown, to say that the House of Commons shall not be allowed, or has not been allowed, to stand in a dispensing position — meaning thereby, it is presumed, a position to thwart the wishes of the Crown. His Grace may bully the Chamber of incapables to his heart's content, and deprive them of their constitutional rights; but that he should presume to threaten the House of Commons with like treatment, is more than can be tolerated." And, after all, who are these gentlemen who put from them with such *empressement* the idea that they can, with their eyes open, permit a continued violation of the law? How long is it since their eyes were opened to this particular act of illegality? At least five years. And yet, having turned aside, say for five years, from dealing with an offence which had been made plain to them, they prefer to give to the Constitution such a wrench as it never received before, rather than let the evil sleep for six months longer, or get rid of it by a simple explanation of what they proposed to do next. Why, this most conscientious Government, which, sooner than wink a little longer at over-purchase in the Army, does not hesitate to bring the Crown into collision with Parliament—is day by day violating the law, not through ignorance, but voluntarily, in many ways. Take a single instance,

which is so far specially in point that it bears upon the customs of the two Services. Every dockyard in the kingdom has, as is well known, its chapel, in which public worship is performed according to the rites of the Church of England by the naval chaplain. Now, the law says that no clergyman, except the rector or vicar, can officiate within the limits of any English parish unless he receive the sanction of the incumbent and be licensed by the bishop. Is there one naval chaplain in all England who has the sanction of the rector or the vicar for his ministrations, or who ministers under a licence granted to him by the bishop of the diocese? Not one. The same order prevailed not long ago in the Army. The soldiers as well as the sailors have their garrison chapels, and their commissioned chaplains who officiate in them. Whether the Act which Lord Derby's Government carried, in consequence of a decision of the Ecclesiastical Courts against this usage, has or has not legalised what was certainly illegal before the Bill passed, we do not pretend to say; but it seems to us that a Government which in one of its administrative branches habitually violates the law, and in another appears, to say the least, to be indifferent whether its servants act legally or not, puts forth but a lame excuse for such an unconstitutional act as we are now discussing, when Cabinet Ministers plead in either House of Parliament that they could not live six months longer in connivance at breaches of the law.

Passing on from these premises to his conclusion, the Duke reasons thus: "We, however, declined to make either House the sole dispenser of the law. Well, all those various courses which I have mentioned having been considered and rejected by us, what remained for

us to do? It was our duty, we thought, to put an end to the position of embarrassment, illegality, and suspense; and we were not afraid to exercise the prerogative of the Crown, which, besides being a prerogative of the Crown, has been sanctioned and fortified by a special statute of the Legislature. On the contrary, we deemed it to be our duty to exercise that prerogative to suspend, and not absolutely altogether to abolish, Purchase. I say that, because although in the circumstances in which we are now placed, and with the declaration of public opinion on the question of Purchase, it is perfectly true that the suspension amounts to a practical abolition of the system, yet legally and technically it is only suspended by Royal Warrant, and is not dealt with precisely as we proposed to deal with it by this Bill."

It is much to be wished that noble Lords and gentlemen, being members of the same Administration, and sitting in the same Cabinet, would be a little more careful than our present rulers are always to say the same thing. Not very many months have elapsed since we heard Mr Gladstone making one assertion in the Commons, and Lord Granville another in the Lords, respecting certain diplomatic acts, of which Mr Odo Russell was the proposer; and Mr Russell himself giving in due time a flat contradiction to the statements of the Prime Minister. And here again we have the Duke of Argyll declaring that Purchase is not abolished by the Royal Warrant—that it is merely suspended; as indeed it can only be so long as the matter is dealt with exclusively by the prerogative. But Mr Gladstone, holding the Warrant in his hand, told a very different tale to the House of Commons. "I have the satisfaction to announce that Purchase has ceased to be legal in the Army. From this

day no more commissions can be bought or sold;" and when interrupted by a colleague, he corrected himself only so far as to add that "after the 1st of November next, Purchase will come to an end." Now, who is right in this case, and who wrong? Both Ministers prate about statutory enactments. The one evidently held, when he made his announcement, that the statute of 49 George III. had been brought to bear with all the force of law on the Purchase system, and destroyed it. The other, not being able absolutely to ignore what his chief had mainly relied upon, yet makes more of prerogative than of statute, and tells the Lords that the Purchase system is suspended—never, as he believes, to be again revived.

So much for the last and by far the most important of the three blunders which the Government have committed in maturing, executing, and explaining their policy. They trusted to an interpretation of an Act of Parliament which any tyro in legal knowledge might have shown them was a wrong interpretation. They persuaded the Sovereign to take their interpretation of this Act as the right one, and deceived her into a most unconstitutional exercise of her undoubted prerogative. And now, when questioned on the subject, they are unable so to express themselves as to justify their own proceedings, or even to agree one with another as to the effect produced by it.

Let us take a short review next of the two remaining points raised in Lord Granville's speech—the reasons assigned by him for overriding, at all hazards, both the old usages of the Army and the judgment of the House of Lords. He says that the Government have taken the only means that were attainable for putting a stop to practices which he describes as "illegal;" and these practices are, the sale and purchase



of commissions in the Army, and the payment of money on exchanges. With respect to this latter practice there is nothing to be said. It was, while it lasted, neither legal nor illegal. It originated neither in Royal Warrant nor in Act of Parliament. It came on and was continued in order to suit the convenience of individuals, and never, as far as we know, did the smallest harm either to private persons or to the public service. One man, who could afford to make the arrangement, agreed with another, who was glad to receive the bonus, that they should exchange spheres of duty, provided the military authorities were agreeable. On the military authorities the responsibility of course rested that the Service should take no hurt; and neither recently nor within living memory can an instance be brought forward of indifference on their part to that point. What was there illegal in this? There was no law against it; there was not even a Royal Warrant to prohibit, restrain, or regulate the practice, and the practice was just as frequent in the non-purchase corps as in the infantry and cavalry, where Purchase used to be the rule. If the custom can be proved to be a bad one, put an end to it by all means. Let the officer whose constitution cannot bear the climate of India die there or quit the service, no matter how able or zealous he may be. But if Mr Cardwell imagines that, exchanges being under any circumstances sanctioned, money will not pass under one pretext or another between the exchanging parties, he is a greater simpleton than we take him to be. The only effect of the new regulation will be to create a measure of moral obliquity among officers which had no existence before it came into force; so, at least, we read the matter. But however this may be, it is a clear begging of a question—a very shab-

by and unstatesmanlike excuse to put forward—that a custom, against which no law or regulation ever came into force, was illegal, and must therefore, by Act of Parliament or royal prerogative, be put a stop to.

Again, to talk of Purchase as in itself illegal, is simply to talk nonsense. When a custom is sanctioned by the highest authority—when the authority which sanctions it goes so far as to specify the conditions on which it shall be carried on—the custom is not only not illegal, but is as consonant to law as marriage, or fair barter, or any other act of contract between man and man. Lord Granville, of course, did not mean either the Lords or anybody else to understand that Purchase on terms sanctioned by regulation was illegal. But this is an instance of the inaccuracy of all the Ministerial statements on the subject—that the abuse of a practice is confounded with its legitimate use; and a legal means of facilitating rapid promotion, especially in the junior ranks, is denounced and got rid of as illegal, because in some, perhaps in many, instances, over-regulation prices were paid. Now we entirely object to this. It is bad law as well as bad logic. Those in authority might have put a stop to over-regulation prices had they been so disposed: those in authority, let them be as vigilant as they may, will find great difficulty in preventing the growth hereafter, in a modified form, of the practice which the Legislature or the prerogative has abolished. Never let us forget that Purchase in the Army of the East India Company was prohibited, yet the custom of buying out seniors grew up and became so universal, that the Government was obliged in the end to give indirect sanction to it. Who will assure us against the growth of the same system in the Queen's Army before many years pass?

The truth, however, is, that the question of Purchase or no Purchase sinks into insignificance when brought face to face with the means that were adopted to settle the controversy. The efficiency of the Army may be increased or diminished by the arrangements hereafter to be made for it. What these are to be, no human being, not even Mr Cardwell himself, seems to know; and to give up an established system which has worked well, even if it had its drawbacks, for something which may be worse or better, but is as yet future and in the dark, is surely an act of great unwisdom, as rash as it is ill-advised. But this, as we have just said, though inconsiderate and wrong, would be a matter of comparatively little moment, but for the mode by which the change has been effected. For that no excuse can be offered. It is the gravest, grossest, most unwarrantable inroad that has been made on the Constitution for centuries. Nor, in thus expressing ourselves, do we deliver the opinion of any one party in the State. The Liberals, as they call themselves, are as much taken aback by it as ourselves. Scarcely a voice was raised to cheer Mr Gladstone when he announced his policy in the House of Commons: and the few that broke the solemn silence came exclusively from below the gangway. Wiser men than constitute the bulk of the Ministerial party recognised the evil that had been done. Mr Vernon Harcourt, Mr Bernal Osborne, and Professor Fawcett, equally protested against it. They see and understand that if the prerogative may be brought to bear against one of the Houses of Parliament, there can be no other impediment to its application to the other than fear of the consequences. Hence it is as evident to them as it is to us, that, despite of the dignified manner in which the Lords dealt with their

own wrong, old jealousies between the Legislature and the Executive are already awakened. Where they are to end—into what scenes of confusion and difficulty they may bring us—who shall say? For it is not necessary that an overt attempt should be made to coerce the Commons as the Lords have been coerced, to rouse the vigilance of the former against whatever shall seem to be a move in that direction. Subjects which heretofore offered no points of contest, will be handled in future as if in each of them some question between the prerogative and the rights of Parliament were involved; and in their eagerness to defend the freedom of the Legislature, the Commons may, and probably will, make day by day fresh encroachments on the rights of the Crown.

Again, it is not in Parliamentary circles only, but everywhere else—in all the towns, villages, and hamlets of Great Britain—that this extraordinary act of vigour is discussed and commented upon as the beginning of strange things. Not a single metropolitan newspaper which usually supports the Government, except only the 'Telegraph' and the 'Daily News,' pretends to approve the proceedings. The 'Times,' the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' the 'Saturday Review,' the 'Spectator' itself, censure and comment upon it with more or less of indignation. The provincial press also, whether it profess Conservative or Liberal principles, is of one mind; and the very orators in Trafalgar Square allude to it with indignation. To all these, and to the people at large, it is as clear as the sun at noonday that only from a Minister spoiled by popularity, and incapable, when opposed, of listening to the voice of reason, could such a blow at the Constitution have come. What its consequences are to be—whether a more frequent and unconstitutional interference of the Exe-

cutive in the work of legislation, or the anarchy which attends in all lands on the virtual extinction of the Executive altogether,—these are results at which the most far-seeing among us has failed to guess. This much, however, is certain, that whatever the effect of Mr Gladstone's rashness may be upon the commonwealth, it has done himself more harm, even with the most thoroughgoing of his adherents, than all the other inconsiderate acts which have characterised his tenure of office. Was ever such a rebuff inflicted before by one House of Parliament on a Ministry, the Ministry still retaining office? Was ever Ministry censured in the Lords till now, but that, in order to justify their retention of office, a vote of confidence was moved for by their friends in the House of Commons and carried? Where in the House of Commons is the vote of confidence in Mr Gladstone's Administration in reference to this controversy? Why was it not moved at once? why not carried, as soon as the results of the decision in another place became known, in an Assembly which gave to the Premier, on his first accession to power, a majority over his rival of not fewer than a hundred and twenty votes? We ask the question, but there is none to answer. And no wonder. Prerogative is a two-edged weapon, which, if used at all, must be used with extreme caution; else it is just as likely to wound the hand that wields it, as the power against which it is directed. But caution is an attribute with which nature has not gifted the head of her Majesty's present Administration; and the results are before us. In February last, the following words were put by him, as her constitutional adviser, into the mouth of our most gracious Sovereign:—"No time will be lost in laying before you a Bill for the better regulation of the Army and of

the auxiliary land-forces, and I hardly need to commend it to your anxious and impartial consideration." Such language, interpreted according to customary usage, meant that her Majesty, through her Ministers, intended to waive her prerogative rights, and to lay a measure on the subject referred to before Parliament for its consideration. The measure was produced in due time, and debated in the House of Commons; and it took such a turn as the debate went on, that it developed into nothing more or less than a Bill for the abolition of Purchase in the Army. Indeed, the Prime Minister himself, when the Government was charged with so treating it, replied that neither he nor Mr Cardwell took any shame to themselves for the contingency; because the Bill really was, and was intended to be, a Bill for the abolition of Purchase. There for the present it began, and there for the present it was to end. That the Bill was passed in the Commons by a majority amounting to something less than one-half of that which read it the second time, affords strong presumptive proof that opinion was by no means so decidedly favourable to it as Ministers would wish the world to believe. But passed it was, and then it became the duty of the Lords to obey the injunction laid upon them by the Sovereign, "anxiously and impartially to consider it." They did consider it, anxiously and impartially; and, neither rejecting nor approving, they postponed giving to it the sanction of their vote, till information on certain points which it raised should be communicated to them. The Ministers, instead of meeting this reasonable desire on the part of the House of Lords by improving the Bill, maintain an obstinate silence. They do not so much as drop a hint as to any scheme which they might have elaborated for the

purpose of preventing a block in promotion, and then they proceed to set aside by Royal Warrant their Lordships' decision. "On this point," said Lord Cairns—and to his declaration the Lord Chancellor, who attempted a reply, took no objection—"on this point I am prepared to maintain as an important constitutional proposition, that when the Crown has placed any of its prerogatives at the disposal of Parliament, as was done in the present instance, it is contrary, I will not say merely to constitutional principle, but to good faith and to common fair-dealing on the part of the Government, afterwards to withdraw from the consideration of Parliament the measure affecting such prerogative." And if the step itself was unconstitutional and contrary to good faith, what can be said of the argument on which the attempt to justify the proceedings is rested? The Government say, that, having obtained the consent of the House of Commons, they should have gone wrong in their duty to the country had they allowed the House of Lords to thwart them in their purpose. In other words, failing to support their exercise of the prerogative on its own merits, they shelter themselves behind a vote of the House of Commons; and thus, so far from asserting a right inherent in the Crown, convert an accidental majority in the House of Commons into a dictatorship. "We should not have ventured under other circumstances to bring the prerogative to bear hostilely upon the House of Lords. But forasmuch as we have a majority of the Commons at our back, we shall obey the behests of that majority, making use of the Queen's name." Can any political crisis, short of a coming civil war, justify this proceeding? Are the liberties of the people and the peace of the realm safe, if such a precedent

be established without a challenge? "Prerogatives," as was well observed in the course of the debate, "may be used by one Government for one purpose, and by another Government for another purpose." In what plight will public freedom be placed, if they who happen for the time being to form the minority of the Commons, are to be overruled by the Government backing up the decisions of the majority with some arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative?

We have not shrunk from delivering our opinion plainly and frankly upon this extraordinary proceeding, both as it touches the dignity of Parliament now, and as it may injuriously affect the liberties of the nation hereafter. The former outrage Parliament, has, indeed, already resented—the latter evil Parliament will, we are convinced, guard against sooner or later; but the authors of the outrage can never recover from the damage which an act so unwise, so unconstitutional, so illegal, has done to their reputation as statesmen and as men.

"Read your Bill a second time," said Lord Cairns, at the close of a peroration than which none more eloquent or telling was ever uttered in the House of Lords—"read your Bill a second time, but take with it the mark of censure and condemnation of this House—censure and condemnation which I am persuaded will be approved by the deliberate opinion of the country, and confirmed by the verdict of history—censure and condemnation, that at a crisis which demanded the wisdom and the forbearance of statesmen, you, with the petulance and fickleness of children, in order to obtain an apparent and casual triumph at the moment, pre-eminently violated and wantonly strained the Constitution of your country."

## CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

## WHOSE TURN NEXT ?

WE have all heard the story of the Irishman, who, on being bound over to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects, exclaimed, "God help the first furriner I meet!" and that my injured countryman was not so illogical as he appeared, will be evident to any one who will now look at the actual condition of France.

Here is a country bound over in the very heaviest recognisances the world has ever seen. Without discussing the provocation or entering into the causes, all must admit that such a series of reverses, unrelieved by a single gleam of good fortune, never befell a people. From Spicheren to Sedan it was uninterrupted defeat. It is no pleasure to dwell on such a story, which was simply the downfall of all that makes the greatness of a people. Their unity, their patriotism, their military courage, and their endurance, all were put to the test, and all failed. Their capital occupied by the enemy—their legions prisoners of war—whatever they had of a government a sort of compromise permitted by their conqueror,—these were terrible lessons, and lessons which every nation of Europe read with awe and misgiving all the greater that the country in which they occurred had been, till then, the admitted leader and head of all European civilisation.

There are optimists everywhere and for every cause; and some said here that all these misfortunes, terrible and crushing as they were, would rebound to the advantage of France; that France needed this reverse to cure her of her old besetting sin of enormous self-conceit, and, what was

still worse, of that habit of under-rating and even despising all other nations. France, in fact, had been doing in an exaggerated degree the very same piece of folly that we English have so long persisted in—living on the capital of former successes. The splendid victories of the Consulate and Empire had accumulated a stock of glory to the nation which they believed to be inexhaustible; and the petty triumphs of a late Italian war—very different from real war—had satisfied them that they were the same people who had conquered at Marengo and at Lodi, and whose victorious legions had bivouacked in almost every capital of Europe.

We—with our memories charged with Peninsular victories, and who at every moment fell back upon Salamanca and Fuentes d'Honoro for the character of our troops—should be more than merciful to this disposition. We who have been living on Wellington, might with fairness forgive those who relied on the fame of Buonaparte.

That Frenchmen or Prussians could be anything other than they both were at Jena, never occurred to any one in France. There was, indeed, a time in Europe in which the Frenchman's estimate of himself was partaken of by every people of the Continent.

The great Napoleon had so dazzled the world by his genius, that the troops he led marched on to victory as a recognised conclusion. French dash and intrepidity—French daring in emergency and rapidity in movement—were admitted elements of superiority, which at least ex-

plained defeat to those whose less excellent qualities had been arrayed against them.

The spread of the French language over Europe—the most enduring of all the conquests of the First Empire—contributed largely to this exaggerated estimate of France. All were able—from Moscow to Cadiz—to believe what Frenchmen said of themselves; and who could doubt them when they declared that they were not only the most polished and cultivated, but the bravest and the boldest, nation on earth? Aided by the resources of a language whose delicacy of expression cannot be equalled, and where every shade and tint of a meaning can be conveyed, and where the neatness of a phrase is often able to do duty for an argument, how could any people vie in politeness with those whose very forms seem made to cultivate courteous intercourse, and who, even in dissent, appear to regret divergence from an opponent? In good truth, we all of us accepted the inferiority she assigned to us as our fitting station, and admitted that Frenchmen were everything that they said they were.

These Prussian reverses have been a rude awakening from this delusion. Wholesale capitulations of greater armies than all our home experiences can conceive; defeat admitted without contest by masses numerically greater than those by which the first Napoleon subjugated all Europe; the military spirit of the nation so crushed that whole companies gave themselves up as prisoners, and surrendered, in some cases, to a few wandering Uhlans. Worse than all, and strangest of all, French generals declaring that from want of confidence in their men they were reluctant to risk a meeting with the enemy, and actually claiming credit, as a *fait d'armes*, for a

retreat by which they avoided a battle. These were what the world has called the “lessons” France has had to learn; and we most of us—in such frame of mind as our individual sympathies might suggest—began to picture to ourselves how far France had been taught by the cruel experiences of her last campaign. Some of the ablest of her journals assured us that she would seriously set to work to redress the balance of misfortune. We have seen, said they, our terrible errors of defective education; we have seen that our youth, utterly neglected in culture, have been trained up to self-indulgence, and seen that the immoralities we had believed to be the pardonable excesses of a luxurious civilisation, had usurped the place of all moral principle, and that the corrupt novel and the licentious play were actually giving the tone to a society which no longer took pleasure except in excitement and excess. The ‘Debats’ told us they would reform the finances, control the expenditure, and economise in all the establishments, and, in English fashion, endeavour to obtain more for their money than heretofore. They courageously reminded their countrymen that there were other victories than those of the battle-field, and that for such conquests Frenchmen had no rivals; that in every walk of science, in every department of letters, in all the arts to which elegance of design and correct taste impart their excellence, they must always hold the first place in Europe. If these pretensions were not distinguished by any especial modesty, the spirit that dictated them was so just, so reasonable, and so praiseworthy, we readily forgave the boastfulness for the sake of the manly determination to make profit of even misfortune.

Now, however, that France has somewhat rallied from her depres-

sion, not only has this tone declined, but there are evident signs abroad that the great lesson has been no lesson at all, and that for all that concerns French self-sufficiency, boastfulness, and pretension, Bismark might never have existed, nor the "Red Prince" have ever been born. Already the nation is dreaming of war: they are bound to keep the peace with the Emperor of Germany; but they cry, God help the first furriner they meet with!

It is in this unhappy position that Italy now stands to them, and, as I write, men are speculating on a war with Italy. There are not wanting reasons to make such a war popular. The Italians owe their existence—all that they have as a nation—to France, and the Italians have behaved with gross ingratitude! They might have come to their aid in the late war, and they did not. Garibaldi and a few ragged followers came in at the end of the struggle, and made dissension rife amongst their own people. Except this pitiable contingent, Italy sent nothing. Nor was this all. Italy took the moment when France was crippled by disaster, to reverse all the policy France had imposed; and although that policy was Buonapartean, and the nation had expelled the Buonapartes—and more than that, although it was against such policy the most formidable opposition in France was formed—it was enough that Italy should dare to assert a will of her own—to offend this haughty people, all the haughtier that they had been lately thrashed, and more bumptious than before they were Bismarked!

Except the Empress Eugenie and a small clerical clique, nobody cared very much about the Pope's cause in France. Its political importance had declined with the downfall of Legitimacy. Pio Nono's fortunes were linked with those of Henri V,

A restoration of those antiquated absurdities—a return to noodleism—would have brought back high mass to solemnise divine right; but it was about the last thing Frenchmen were thinking of. Whatever the future before them—a war of vengeance or a progress of peace—clearly the Comte de Chambord was not the man they wanted; and men troubled themselves little about his cause, or what would come of it.

No sooner, however, had Italy decided the question of the Papacy for herself, than French pride was hurt, and French honour insulted. That they had paid heavily for imposing their will upon Spain, and declaring whatking Spaniardsshould not have, taught them little, for they were just as ready to dictate a policy to Italy, and determine what should be law on the other side of the Alps. It is precisely, then, in the position of the indignant Irishman France now stands. Her honour requires that she should beat somebody, and Italy offers the sort of victim that would gratify national rancour, and not offer, perhaps, insurmountable difficulty. France certainly does not rate the military ardour of Italy too highly.

The campaigns they had made together had not raised either in the esteem of the other; and when the peace of Villafranca was signed, Italians would far rather have fought France than be led against Austria. That the time of a war between France and Italy would come, was one of Cavour's speculations; and I can recall very memorable words of his with reference to the various passes of the Alps, to the foot of each of which he "hoped in five years to have a railroad." I am quoting words which a great English diplomatist could corroborate.

Italians see the possibility of this rupture with sorrow, but not dis-

may. The late events in France have enabled men to take a more just measure of a French army; and though men do not conceal from themselves the gravity such a struggle might impose, there is none of

that discouragement a French war would at one time have inevitably conveyed.

It remains to be seen what will M. Bismark say to it, for he is still the lord of Europe.

#### OUR NATIONAL DOTATIONS.

To explain to any man who lives on a shilling a-day how another man with ten thousand a-year should find himself occasionally straitened for money, is one of the hardest problems in existence.

First of all, you must inform him with reference to a variety of ways and habits and requirements of which he has never heard before; and well knowing that none of these enter into his daily life, or have any bearing upon his health, comfort, or pleasure, he will be disposed to undervalue and decry them.

Secondly, you will have to show him that habits constitute necessities of life, and that what a man has been brought up to from childhood, has become a part of his existence so completely, that to strip him of it is to infringe upon his identity.

Lastly, and hardest task of all, you will have to try to make him understand that whatever a man's condition in life, the world of his fellow-men impose upon him a corresponding mode of existence, and are not very measured in the terms they employ to his shortcomings and deficiencies.

The man of £18 per annum will not lend much patience to such reasonings. A continual reference to himself and what he eats and wears, how he is lodged and cared for, will make him very obdurate as to the necessities of those who never knew hunger, nor cold, nor felt how poverty could add pangs to sickness.

The "Cannot he do as *I* do" argument, the most selfish of all sophisms, will satisfy him that all that is not needed for actual subsistence is downright extravagance and waste; and if, in addition, he can contrast this lavish outlay with some actual destitution elsewhere, he will be prepared to denounce it as wicked.

To trade on this very natural ignorance and on these very human sympathies, is the success of all the platform eloquence we find arrayed against the civil lists of sovereigns, and the endowments of princes of royal blood.

The Bealeses who convene these meetings have no especial call made upon them for logic or information. Neither reason nor imagination are pressed for service; they can be as ignorant and as unreasoning as the unwashed assembly they address; the few platitudes that have served at Bradford will do duty at Birmingham; and the "Cannot he do as *I* do" mode of reasoning convincingly shows that the head of a state need not have more costly tastes or more elevated requirements than the head of a firm,—and that the workshop spirit which deifies industry will see little to admire in unproductive expenditure, or the cultivation of what can only refine but never enrich.

Now, if our money-getting had not been, as it is and has been, so associated and bound up with our industry, we should long since have seen how completely the love of gold had sullied every honest and



honourable thing in our natures. Strip it of this alliance, however, and we shall see what a mean and mercantile tone it has introduced into all the relations of life. There is not another people in Europe who make the civil list of their sovereign, or the dotations of their royal princes, the subject of newspaper discussion and platform debate.

We, of all Europe, have the one monarchy whose virtues realise the typical character of all we love to call national; and we are the only people who discuss the cost! Whatever our Parliamentary forms have done for us in widening our freedom and securing our liberty, it is unquestionable that in our habit of unbridled discussion we have vulgarised the tone and lowered the spirit of our people.

The general who has concluded a campaign of glory, the admiral who has carried our flag triumphantly over every sea, must be content to have his reward discussed like the wages of a flunkey, and to read an amendment moved that the vote should be diminished by so much, and our national gratitude disunited from our national parsimony.

How the men who serve us, and by sacrifice of home and health, and often of life, devote themselves to our service, and endure to have their merits thus canvassed, and the value of their actions appraised in a money-eyed sense, I do not know; but I can imagine how a high-spirited man would resent this grudgingly-bestowed recognition, and prefer any poverty, or any neglect, to a reduced Parliamentary grant.

We sneer at the cross or the "cordon," the "cheap defence of nations," by which foreign sovereigns reward their loyal followers; but better these a thousand times than the beggarly pittance moved by a minister, opposed by the other side,

and amended below the gangway, till the unlucky object of the vote has heard his services decried, his plans derided, his very personal bravery questioned, all only subsidiary to a reduction in the estimates, and as a reason for giving him a little less.

How the expenditure of the sovereign is discussed on platforms, the delicacy, the courtesy, and the good taste of such debate, we have all seen. The various ingenious suggestions thrown out, by which the charges of royalty might be lessened, even to that eminently philosophic hint that princes and princesses should restrain fecundity to limits satisfactory to the Mr Lowes of office,—all these have been of late before us; and we have imagined Americans saying, If this be the spirit in which you uphold your monarchy, if this be the respect and delicacy you bring to the foot of the throne, better the White House and President Polk or Pierce, with his few years of office, and his few thousand dollars for pay—for at least we spare him the mockery of homage, and do not insult him with the hypocrisy of loyalty. I respect the courage and admire the valour of those gallant men who have made a world-wide fame for our soldiers and our sailors; but for thorough stout-heartedness, I am more astonished at the courage of him who can read a debate in the House on a motion to reward his services.

The clever device of the Romans, of placing the slave in the chariot with the conqueror, is nothing, as a self-lowering process, to a House of Commons discussion of your merits, and the price the country should pay for them.

The millowner criticisms on strategy and tactics—the beer-brewing ideas of diplomatic address and dexterity—the soap-boiling estimate of what should constitute a university

education,—are all instructive ; but for a thoroughly didactic lesson you should listen to Mr Dryland informing the House that he will move an amendment to the grant of one thousand pounds, and how he is perfectly prepared to produce a gentleman who will invent another torpedo, or discover another source to the Nile, or another cure for small-pox, for one hundred and fifty pounds ; and he for one has no heart to impose upon the hard-worked tax-payers of this kingdom, &c. &c. &c., with cheers when he sits down.

It is to avoid these and suchlike indignities that our clever inventors go to Russia, our most accomplished shipbuilders bring their abilities to the Germans, and some of our gallant fellows seek service with the Turk or the Chinaman. It is far less the love of gain, the temptation of a higher reward, in many cases, than the natural shrinking a man feels to that unlimited discussion of himself and comment on his actions, which would seem to afford the most exquisite delight to a portion of the collective wisdom !

If money-loving had only made us vulgar, small-minded, and meanly calculating, it might be borne. We are a nation of shopkeepers, and, perhaps, such qualities, if kept within due bounds, might not prove disadvantageous ; but see how it affects us as a people ! See how our very institutions have their last test in the amount they cost us ! How cheaply we can have our monarchy, with how little expense a sovereign can be maintained, is a popular problem at public meetings ; and the orator who can compare the motion to endow a royal prince with the application for out-door relief in a union, is hailed as another Cicero !

How is it that in other countries there is none of this ? There are lands where the personal character and life of the sovereign might point the moral of such attacks, and where the superabundance of royal bounty does not always flow in the purest of channels. How is it, then, that the people, the hard-worked taxpayer, is not stimulated to inquire how the civil list is disbursed ? and why does he not call his monarch to account for his stewardship, and see whether aides-de-camp-in-waiting might not be dressed in corduroy suits, and goldsticks be placed on board-wages ? The only reason that I can see is, that money—everlasting money—does not circulate in the heart-blood of any people but our own.

We can be very generous, but it tries us sorely to be just. We can give, but we hate to pay ; and where the service we have to reward admits of a discussion as to its value, we are sure to listen to some vulgar mob-orator, whose experiences are of the alley he lives in, who will tell us how he himself would be Lord Chancellor, or Prime Minister, or Commander-in-Chief of our forces, for a tithe of the present pay—and that we are, as a nation, the worst administered and heaviest-taxed people of the globe.

I am half-disposed to think that there is some confounded personal jealousy at the root of all this, for we will do anything for an institution, and next to nothing for an individual ; and so it is that now, when the personal virtues of the monarch absorb all the homage and affection we used to reserve for the monarchy, we have forgotten the warm liberality with which we once endowed the throne, and do not know how to be parsimonious enough to one who gives it all its glory.

## ON TOUCHING PITCH.

If the line taken by the ladies on the question of the Contagious Diseases Act is to be understood as another assertion of women's rights, I wish the advocates of that famous charter joy of the cause for which they are contending. "Humanus sum, et nihil humanum a me alienum puto," may be translated, There is nothing too hot nor too heavy for a woman.

Amongst the many strange inconsistencies which mark the charming sex, not the least remarkable is the passion for going as near the fire as they can without being caught by the flame. There are certain topics which even men discuss reluctantly; from some we actually turn with revulsion and loathing, and are only forced to their consideration by sheer necessity. There are blots and blemishes on our civilisation which we would like to see wiped out; but as, looking around on other nations not less advanced than our own, we discover that the same disabilities affect them as ourselves—that they deplore the same shortcomings, and admit the same incapacity to find a remedy—we are driven at last to the ignoble admission that there are incurable affections in morals as in physics, and it behoves us to ascertain how best to endure what we cannot cure.

It was in this spirit the Contagious Diseases Act was framed, and the whole object of the Bill was to limit the spread of a pestilence we saw ourselves unable to extirpate. There was no thought whatever of what is called "legalising vice"—no intention, in any quarter, to repeal any law, or lessen any penalty on certain species of wickedness. There was not, in an age of much cant and hypocrisy, the pretence of a pitiful compassion for suffering, or

an affected sorrow over the condition of our fallen fellow-creatures: there was a plain code of prevention instituted, some simple directions issued by which a horrible malady might be arrested and its spread prevented. We are not as a people much given to benefit by the legislation of our neighbours; we have a sort of dogged self-sufficiency—foreigners call it insular—which continually assures that we are the best judges of our own affairs; and that even when the evil we have to deal with is universal, the moment it touches our shores its features and characteristics are so essentially English, none but English remedies are fit to meet it.

It was, then, in a spirit of unusual condescension we stooped to see that Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and suchlike had adopted precautionary measures with regard to contagious disease, and, on the results of their reported success, proceeded to imitate them.

The most sanguine amongst us never thought he was dealing with vice—he simply believed that he was taking certain wise and sanitary measures, by which the consequences of vice should be averted from a large number of innocent people. The subject, however, was one which, involving certain details that could not with delicacy be discussed publicly, required a degree of reserve and even secrecy.

The ladies and the Independent ministers took offence at this, and indignantly asked how a moral question was to be disposed of without them.

In our ignorance, we had hoped to escape the bad logic of the one and the indecency of the other by limiting our legislation to mere laws for health. They *would* make it

a moral question: and they have screamed so loud that people are persuaded they must be hurt.

I am told it has been made a party question, and that, being a Whig measure, some Conservatives have agreed to attack the Bill. I am sorry for this. I deplore sincerely any such narrow-minded and shallow policy. There must be many amongst them who are neither Independent ministers nor ladies, and to these I would say, If this Bill is not as operative and as completely successful as it might be, it has been solely out of deference to that public feeling which no prudent men would willingly affront.

The danger of offending virtuous and well-behaved persons abroad, is averted by the system of "inscribing" the names of those who make vice a livelihood. By this safeguard the well-conducted are protected from even the possibility of an imputation. In our dread of the outcry which this legislation might call forth, we have not dared to take such a step. We are too well prepared for that accusation of French immorality to venture on this; and so we merely advised certain regulations which medical foresight had pronounced to be essential, our great anxiety being that on a topic of which we would, none of us, like to talk freely, we should not be compelled to talk inadequately or indelicately. Now, certainly the ladies, and I would hope the preachers, cannot desire that medical men should be driven to disclose the reasonings on which their opinion

is grounded. Certainly they cannot wish for that exposure of a painful question which Science alone can treat without indecency; and whose details, if once submitted to discussion by lay and unprofessional speakers, are certain to be made sources of coarseness and pollution.

Why could not Mr Bruce have said to these ladies who came to him the other day, Mesdames, these are not matters on which I can dare to talk with you, nor should you listen to me if I were to be so ill-advised? They are matters which involve considerations of which medical men are wise judges and safe guardians; wise judges for the health, and guardians for the morals, of the community. Be assured that our legislation shall not offend the modest; and you can scarcely be displeased if it will not make the path of vice more wretched to the wicked.

If it be the fact, as I believe it to be, that in no country of Europe is a certain malady seen with such ravages and destruction in its train as in England—if it be the fact, as I believe it to be, that in no other land are educated physicians so confessedly baffled by the recurrence of a disease under a variety of forms, tainting constitutions for generations, and storing up suffering and misery for children yet unborn,—is it not time to ask, to what rules of sanitary wisdom foreigners owe their immunity? and why there should be anything in our social condition that should favour the spread of the most loathsome pestilence that ever cursed mankind?

#### WHAT IF THEY WERE TO BE COURT-MARTIALLED?

The officers of the Agincourt are on their trial, and heaven knows what might befall me were I to say one word which would imply a contempt of court, or seem, even in the

vaguest way, to anticipate those comments which, after a verdict has been arrived at, we shall hasten to pronounce.

This is very provoking, as it is

also provoking not to be able to say the scores of things one's head is full of about the Tichborne case,—why we know he is Tichborne, why we can swear to his being Sir Roger—or why we are convinced beyond the possibility of a mistake that he is Arthur Orton.

It is now, I say, in the white-heat and glow of this excitement, one would like to say his say. It is now speculation would have its interest, and ingenuity its value. It is now that all the acute observations I am prepared to make with reference to the strange idiosyncrasy of the claimant, would have their real claim to attention. It is now, *pendente lite*, men would read with more interest of the blandness of the judge, the refined courtesy of the Solicitor-General, and the dignified aspect of the whole court; and few would have patience for these when the third volume of this strange novel has been published, and the word *finis* closed the record. The dread of some terrible consequences, of what form or nature I cannot guess, nor whether they take the shape of a severe fine, or, as one of my friends suggests, a surgical operation, deters me—nor am I quite safe in alluding to the ingenious suggestion I have just heard, that the petitioner is no other than Charles Mathews; but I believe, on the whole, it is better for me to talk about the Agincourt, for the forms of law in that court are probably not so rigorously protected.

All the profound and intensely wise observations I should like to make on this case are, however, more or less “estopped” by thinking how strange it is we should make such a fuss about a frigate, and think so little the while about that good ship, the British Constitution, which has just gone ashore, and, from all I can see, is bumping in a way that must sorely damage her timbers.

How would it do, I ask, if the present Ministry were put on their trial for grounding this fine old craft on the Pearl Rock of royal prerogative? How would it be if all the officers in charge of the deck were summoned to account for going so near the land, for not knowing the soundings, and, above all, for such an implicit reliance upon a chart that they refused to trust their eyesight?

Let us imagine the Prime Minister questioned in this form: Were you not aware that there was such a rock as this—royal prerogative—when you put on your steam? Was it not your desire and intention to give this dangerous shoal a wide, wide berth? Were not all your orders given, and your arrangements made, to pass this reef in deep water? Secondly, What account can you give us of the strong current—for I observe you call it strong—that set in on the rock? Was it unusual in its force or direction? Was it something you had no right to be prepared for? And was it really such that a moderate effort of your own would not completely have overcome?

Is it true that you said in presence of more than two persons that if you were bothered any more about the ship's course that you'd be blown if you wouldn't take her on the Pearl? Is it true that you rather expressed satisfaction on the strength of the current, and said, I think I can guess where it will land us?

Is it true that, in confidence with your friends, you jeered at the pains some others were bestowing on the navigation of the ship, well knowing what you had determined for her destiny?

Are you prepared to say that such an example as this of wilful misdirection will not react unfavourably on the discipline of the navy, and seriously damage the service?

Were your colleagues all agreed with you as to running the ship ashore?

At what period of the watch had you made up your mind to do it?

Had you frequently boasted that the efforts the ships of the fleet must subsequently make to haul the ship off would strain their tackle and distress their crews, and that public opinion would unquestionably comment severely on their efforts, and almost question their general utility?

With a full knowledge of the current and its strength, did you purposely expose the ship to its influence, and only affect astonishment when you heard whither it was carrying you?

Is not the exact position of this rock known to every officer of the fleet?

And is it not known as a rule that a sailing-master should take any sea-room rather than risk the hazard of "striking"?

How soon after you struck did

you reverse the engines, and put stern-way on your vessel?

Was the order to this effect partly given from a sudden suspicion that you had acted erroneously, or was it, as has been asserted, to take the ground more firmly and immovably?

Did you really say, in a fit of momentary impatience, that they might put up their sextants, and smash their compasses, for you would have her "hard and fast" in half an hour?

And lastly, in congratulating yourself that the vessel has sustained but slight damage and little injury to her floor-timbers, can you conscientiously assert that this happy result is not wholly to be attributed to the sailors who came to your aid, and whose loyalty to the service overcame all their censure of your seamanship?

If I were on such a court of inquiry, I think I can guess the sentence that would be pronounced; and if I do not much mistake me, some of my countrymen think with me.

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## THE FIGHT IN THE DARK.

## A NEW SONG.

OF all crotchety notions that e'er have occurred,  
 The Ballot to me seems supremely absurd ;  
 One certain result I may safely remark :  
 It makes every Election a fight in the dark.  
     Sing down, down, &c.

What a scrimmage is this where we never can know,  
 Like the Trojans in Virgil, our friend from our foe ;  
 Where we're huddled together like beasts in the ark,  
 Yet must battle blindfolded, and fight in the dark.  
     Derry down, &c.

Explanation, discussion, must quite be suppressed,  
 For such doings might tempt us to make a clean breast ;  
 We must company shun, for an innocent lark  
 Might let out unawares what should skulk in the dark.  
     Derry down, &c.

We must practise for months, when a polling takes place,  
 False words for the tongue, and false smiles for the face ;  
 The cat it may mew, and the dog it may bark,  
 But whate'er a man thinks he must keep in the dark.  
     Derry down, &c.

Men may rat without infamy, cheat without blame,  
 For the Ballot for ever extinguishes SHAME ;  
 Yet the jobbing attorney, the knavish poll-clerk,  
 Will find means to control what is done in the dark.  
     Derry down, &c.

But what subterfuge now will the married men try ?  
 Will they tell their wives nothing, or tell them a lie ?  
 Or in woman's frail vessel the burden embark  
 Of a secret that's meant to remain in the dark ?  
     Derry down, &c.

Well, the contest is o'er, and the poll is declared,  
 And the prize between Money and Mischief is shared ;  
 We may wish for redress, but we can't hit the mark,  
 For the blow that destroys us is dealt in the dark.  
     Derry down, &c.

We read that when darkness once shrouded the fight,  
 The Ajax of Homer prayed loudly for LIGHT ;  
 Let Us, too, of light keep alive every spark,  
 And pray still to be saved from a Fight in the Dark.  
     Derry down, &c.

## THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE LOIRE CAMPAIGN.

ON the morning of the 14th November last, a wild rumour spread through Versailles; the lazy inhabitants of that lazy town grew almost excited, and, probably for the first time in their lives, actually ran to tell each other the great news, "The Prussians are going away." By twelve o'clock a crowd—at least what is called a crowd in the metropolis of Seine-et-Oise—had assembled near the Prefecture, waiting eagerly and patriotically for the announced departure of the hated conqueror. The enthusiasm of its members grew from hour to hour as details of the royal packing-up began to circulate: the mayor told his private friends that King William's boxes were loaded in the *fourgons*, spies came breathless from the Ombrages to say that the Crown Prince's baggage was being brought out on to the carriage-drive, while old ladies from the Rue de Provence and the Rue Neuve hurried up with the intelligence that out of their fifth-floor windows they had seen Count Bismark and Generals Moltke and Roon clearing out their papers. And all this was true; headquarters were positively going to a safer place—to Ferrières or Lagny, or perhaps further still. The prudent Germans did not like the look of things out westwards, and, though they told no one the reason why, they had decided to evacuate Versailles. The day wore on, however, and they did not go; the patient mob which had lined the pavement of the Rue des Chantiers, waiting to see the Royal Staff disappear, went home to dine. Night came and the sun rose again, but the black and white flag still waved over the Prefecture. The 15th was another anxious day; the

Prussians themselves did not know what was going to happen, beyond the fact that all the staffs were ordered to be in readiness to leave, and that the baggage was loaded in the vans. No officer could give one word of information: they said gloomily, "There must be something wrong with Von der Tann," and then, like the people in the streets outside, they waited. The 16th brought desolation to the French and joy to Germany; before nine o'clock out came the order to unpack; boxes went up-stairs again, and the wearers of spiked helmets assured their acquaintances that it was all right once more.

Lookers-on at Versailles or elsewhere did not suspect that the issue of the war was virtually decided during these two days, and that what seemed, at the moment, to be only a question of the position of the Prussian King's headquarters, involved in reality the failure or success of the siege of Paris. This fact began to clearly show itself during the three ensuing weeks, but it was then only provable by results; its causes could not be distinctly traced. The coming publication of two French histories of the Loire campaign, the proofs of which have been most obligingly communicated for the purposes of this article, enables us at last to see exactly why King William was so nervous at Versailles on the 14th and 15th of November, and why the fate of Paris may be said to have then been settled. One of these histories is by General Chanzy, who, after commanding the 16th Corps on the Loire, became Commander-in-Chief in succession to General d'Aurelles de Paladines; the other, by far the most interesting of the two, is by M. de Freycinet,



who was delegate of the Minister of War at Tours, under M. Gambetta. Both books will be widely read as soon as they appear.

Shortly after the investment of Paris, General von der Tann was sent westwards to look for the much-talked-of French army of the Loire, and to cover the besiegers in that direction. He took with him his Bavarians and a couple of Prussian brigades, some 20,000 men in all. A division of cavalry was sent after him, as fine a troop of horsemen as ever sat in saddle; those who saw them reviewed at Satory on the 2d of October, before they rode to Orleans, will remember the gallant show they made. They included a white regiment of Cuirassiers, the Augusta Dragoons, and a regiment each of brown and green hussars. France had no soldiers ready to stop the march of Von der Tann. He entered Orleans on 13th October, almost without firing a shot, and took Chateaudun on the 18th. By the end of the month, however, General d'Aurelles' army had assumed a form which enabled him to act, and it was agreed that he should begin to move forward from Blois on the morning of the 29th October, with the intention of driving back the Bavarians, and then trying to reach Paris. But at the last moment he changed his mind; he telegraphed to Tours on the night of the 28th to say that the weather and the roads were bad, the equipment of part of the Garde Mobile very insufficient, and that it was consequently imprudent to attempt an action. It came out afterwards (as M. de Freycinet remarks) that the news of the capitulation of Metz had become known to General d'Aurelles that very afternoon, some hours before the Tours Government heard of it, and that it was the main cause of his decision not to move. This decision appears to have caused

much disappointment at Tours, where it was immediately recognised that the Red Prince's army, suddenly set free, would come westward as fast as possible—and that it was indispensable to relieve Paris before its arrival, which was expected to take place about the 16th or 18th of November. But instead of hastening forward, the Loire army was delayed by "various circumstances, which it is difficult to determine with precision," amongst which, however, the current reports that an armistice had been concluded appear to have had much influence on General d'Aurelles, and to have disposed him to stop where he was. M. de Freycinet shows that the hesitations of the Commander-in-Chief were the object of continual correspondence between that officer and the Ministry of War; but, however strong may have been the pressure employed, it was not till the 7th of November, ten days after the date originally fixed, that the French army at last marched forward. Its total number had risen to 110,000 men.

While this was going on along the Loire, the Prussians had decided to send reinforcements to General von der Tann. Some 30,000 men had therefore been detached from the army before Paris, and had been sent towards him under the orders of the Duke of Mecklenburg. But before they could reach their destination the French had got so close to Orleans that the Bavarians were obliged to march out to meet them. Von der Tann had to leave a garrison in Orleans, and could therefore bring out only about 15,000 men to face the whole of General d'Aurelles' force. The natural consequence was, that when the two armies met round Coulmiers on the morning of 9th November, the Bavarians, after a good fight, got completely beaten. They owned themselves that if they had been pursued, every one of them,

from the general to the last camp-follower, would inevitably have been taken prisoner. Having marched all night to come into action, they had to march all the next night to get away from it; and it was with stupefaction that the exhausted Bavarians discovered on the 10th that General d'Aurelles was not attempting to come after them. And this was not their only surprise. On the 11th the Duke of Mecklenburg met Von der Tann at Tours; and the latter was proposing arrangements to unite their two armies, so as to make a stand against the victorious French and cover Paris, when, to his bewilderment, instructions were telegraphed from Versailles to abandon the direct line of defence, and to immediately march north-west to Dreux (leaving D'Aurelles to do what he liked), in order to stop another French army which was said to be marching straight on Versailles from Argentan and Laigle. Looking back at all this by the light of history, it seems incredible that the clever Prussians should have been so utterly taken in by the fear of an army which did not exist, that they left the road to Paris wide open before D'Aurelles; and more incredible still, that the Tours Government should have failed to profit by the prodigious opportunity which was offered to them by this mistake of General Moltke. As the Prussians keep their own secrets, no one knew at Versailles, and no one knows now, why another imaginary French army was expected to appear at Dreux; but, thanks to General Chanzy and M. de Freycinet, we can see why the Bavarians were not pursued, and why the opportunity of raising the siege of Paris which was offered by their defeat was not utilised. It appears that when the fight began on the morning of the 9th, General Reyau, with

ten regiments of cavalry and some batteries of horse-artillery, was ordered to cover the French left wing and to turn the German right; but that, "instead of doing so, he opened his guns on the German batteries," and reported "at two o'clock that his artillery had lost heavily in men and horses, and had no more ammunition, and that his cavalry had met with serious resistance everywhere. He seemed to expect that the enemy would outflank him, and said he thought he should have to fall back." These are General Chanzy's own words. He goes on to say: "At five o'clock General Reyau again sent word that a column of infantry was appearing before him at Villamblain, and that he considered it indispensable to return to his encampment of the previous night. It was soon discovered that the column in question was composed of our own franc-tireurs; but, unfortunately, the cavalry had already fallen back, night was coming on, and it was impossible to get the regiments forward again." So that, when the battle was won by the centre and right, no cavalry was up to pursue the victory, or to ascertain the movements of the retreating Germans. The French slept on the field, but it began to rain and snow: the night was bad, there was no wood for fires, and the supplies of food and ammunition were got to the front with much difficulty. When day broke, Admiral Jauréguiberry sent his own escort, forty-five men, in pursuit of the Bavarians, and they took two guns, 130 prisoners, and quantities of baggage and ammunition. If forty-five hussars could do this, what would General Reyau's ten regiments have effected? General d'Aurelles does not seem, however, to have even thought of following up his victory, though he must have had 90,000 men still in

fighting condition, against the united 50,000 of Mecklenburg and Von der Tann. "The following days," says General Chanzy, "were employed in organising convoys, in completing the artillery, and in procuring clothes for the soldiers." Day followed day and the French did not move; their outposts advanced, but the army remained inactive. Von der Tann left a few troops in Etampes, and marched away with the rest to join the Duke of Mecklenburg at Chartres; so that, by the 14th, there were not 5000 Germans between D'Aurelles and Paris. With these facts before us, it is easy to comprehend the terrors of Versailles. General Moltke knew that nothing would stop D'Aurelles if he marched resolutely on by Etampes to the Seine; he feared that Mecklenburg would not get into position between Chartres and Dreux in time to paralyse the other imaginary army, which was supposed to be driving on Versailles in that direction; so that, on 14th and 15th November, the German headquarters expected to be attacked behind from Rambouillet, and to be cut off from their line of communications eastward by D'Aurelles. It is not strange that they should have packed up their boxes; it seemed impossible to the energetic Prussians that their enemy would not rush at them instantly and make a desperate attempt to break the line of investment south of Paris before Prince Frederic Charles could reach it; but when they learnt, on the night of the 15th, that D'Aurelles had made no sign—that the Red Prince's outposts had reached the line of which Montargis is the centre—and that no French army had shown itself beyond Dreux—they took courage, stopped where they were, and so evaded the grave moral consequences which would have ensued on an evacuation of Versailles.

While the German headquarters were in this critical position, a conference had taken place, on 12th November, between the French generals and M. Gambetta, who had come up from Tours to congratulate the troops on the victory of Coulmiers. General Borel, a most able officer, who has since been chief of the staff to Marshal MacMahon during the Communist siege of Paris, proposed to march straight to the Seine, but General d'Aurelles would not have that at all; "not only did it seem to him impossible to continue the offensive, but he considered it was dangerous even to remain at Orleans. He said the enemy would be back on him directly; that M. Thiers" (who had just returned from Versailles) "had seen 80,000 Prussians marching down from Paris; that he was certain to be attacked in a day or two, and that his army was unfit to stand the shock." Finally, he proposed to immediately evacuate Orleans, and to return to his old position at Salbris. M. Gambetta, M. de Freycinet, and General Borel energetically opposed these arguments; but all they could obtain from General d'Aurelles was, that instead of abandoning Orleans, the army should retrench itself round the town: no forward movement should be made, for the moment at least; but it was admitted that Paris should still be considered to be the destination of the army. A fortified camp was immediately formed round Orleans, new troops arrived, and in a few days the French had more than 200,000 men in position.

Meanwhile Prince Frederic Charles was marching up with extraordinary speed. His brigades advanced separately, by various roads, to their general rendezvous at Pithiviers, but D'Aurelles let them come without attempting to attack them, though General des Pallières

asked to be allowed to march against them with his division, and though M. Gambetta wrote a despatch on the subject on 13th November. General d'Aurelles invoked, however, the old arguments of bad weather, bad roads, and ill-clothed troops; and time passed uselessly until the 19th November, when M. Gambetta seems to have lost patience. On that day he wrote to the General as follows: "We cannot stop eternally at Orleans. Paris is hungry, and calls for us. Prepare a plan which will enable us to reach Trochu, who will come out to meet us." General d'Aurelles declined, however, to prepare a plan, on the ground that he could not do so without knowing what General Trochu meant to do. It was not till about the 23d November that orders were at last given to get ready to march, and to send forward a few divisions to open the road.

On the 13th November M. Gambetta had sent a pigeon-telegram to General Trochu informing him of the victory of Coulmiers, and proposing joint action between the Loire and Paris armies. M. Trochu replied on the 18th, by balloon: "Your telegram excites my interest and my zeal to the utmost; but it has been five days coming, and we shall want a week to get ready. I will not lose one instant. We have ample food till the end of the year, but perhaps the population will not wait till then, and we must solve the problem long before that." On the 24th another balloon was sent out, with the news that a great sortie would be made on the 29th, in the hope of breaking the investing lines and effecting a junction with d'Aurelles. But, most unluckily, this balloon was carried into Norway, and it was not till the 30th that its intelligence reached Tours by telegraph. Of course it created an immense sensation; for though it was expected,

the definitive announcement of a great sortie was an event of the gravest importance. The telegram was as follows: "The news received from the Loire army has naturally decided me to go out on the southern side, and to march towards that army at any cost. On Monday, 28th November, my preparations will be finished. I am carrying them on day and night. On Tuesday the 29th, an army, commanded by General Ducrot, the most energetic of us all, will attack the enemy's positions, and, if they are carried, will push onwards towards the Loire in the direction of Gien. I suppose that if your army is turned on its left flank" (this was an allusion to the Duke of Mecklenburg, who, General Trochu thought, would move down from Chartres), "it will pass the Loire, and will withdraw on Bourges." This important despatch, which announced the Paris sortie for the 29th, was not received, as has just been said, till the 30th. M. de Freycinet was instantly sent up from Tours to General d'Aurelles with instructions to send the whole army next morning towards Pithiviers, where the Red Prince's troops were supposed to be massed by this time. A council of war was called to meet M. de Freycinet, whose arrival was announced by telegraph; and though General Chanzy says that a march forward under such hasty circumstances was considered to be dangerous, and was objected to by the generals present, M. Gambetta's will prevailed. It was decided to attempt to form a junction with General Ducrot near Fontainebleau, and the details of the operation were discussed and settled. A large stock of food, representing eight days' rations for 300,000 men, had been prepared, and was to be sent after the army directly Pithiviers was taken. The movement commenced

on the morning of 1st December, and the fighting that day, particularly at Villepion, was all in favour of the French, who drove in the Germans everywhere. On the same day another balloon reached Belle Isle, bringing news of the first day's sortie from Paris, announcing a victory, and stating that the battle would go on next day. Thereupon General d'Aurelles issued a proclamation to his men, saying, "Paris, by a sublime effort of courage and patriotism, has broken the Prussian lines. General Ducrot, at the head of his army, is marching towards us; let us march towards him with a vigour equal to that of the Paris army." Despatches were sent to Generals Briand at Rouen, and Faidherbe at Lille, begging them to support the movement by a concentric march on Paris, so as to occupy the Germans at all points. M. Gambetta telegraphed all over France that the hour of success had come at last. The fight went on again on 2d and 3d December; but after a series of movements and engagements, all more and more unsuccessful, the blame of which is thrown by everybody on everybody else, General d'Aurelles telegraphed to Tours, on the night of the 3d, that he was beaten, that he considered the defence of Orleans to be impossible, and that he proposed to break up his army and retreat in detachments in three different directions, on Gien, Blois, and the Sologne. To this afflicting news Gambetta instantly replied by telegraph: "Your despatch of to-night causes me the most painful stupefaction. I can see nothing in the facts it communicates which can justify the desperate resolution with which it concludes. Thus far you have managed badly, and have got yourself beaten in detail; but you still have 200,000 men in a state to fight, provided their leaders set them the example

of courage and patriotism. The evacuation you propose would be, irrespective of its military consequences, an immense disaster. It is not at the very moment when the heroic Ducrot is fighting his way to us that we can withdraw from him; the moment for such an extremity is not yet come. I see nothing to change for the present in the instructions which I sent you last evening. Operate a general movement of concentration as I have ordered." To this General d'Aurelles replied at eight in the morning: "I am on the spot, and am more able than you are to judge the situation. It gives me as much grief as to you to adopt this extreme resolution. . . . Orleans is surrounded, and can no longer be defended by troops exhausted by three days of fatigue and battle, and demoralised by the heavy losses they have sustained. The enemy's forces exceed all my expectations, and all the estimates which you have given me. . . . Orleans will fall into the enemy's hands to-night or to-morrow. That will be a great misfortune; but the only way to avoid a still greater catastrophe is to have the courage to make a sacrifice while it is yet time. . . . I therefore maintain the orders which I have given." This brought back, two hours later, another angry protest from Tours, leaving, however, to General d'Aurelles the power to retreat on his own responsibility. At half-past eleven that night (4th December) the Prussians re-entered Orleans. M. Gambetta came up from Tours in a special train, with the idea that his presence would produce some effect; but he could not get to Orleans, and was nearly caught by a party of cavalry which had got upon the railway.

Such is the secret history, on the French side, of the last effort to

save Paris. It could scarcely have been expected to end otherwise: the real opportunity, during the few days after Coulmiers, was thrown away; success was almost as certain then as it was hopeless afterwards—for the Loire army, numerous though it was, could not contend after 20th November with the united forces of Prince Frederic Charles and the Duke of Mecklenburg. Friends of France cannot read such a story without bitter regret. For the first time during the war, the French had won a real victory, and for the first time the Germans had made a mistake, and had uncovered the whole southern front of Paris on 10th November; the Red Prince was eight days' march off, and yet D'Aurelles would not move. If he had gone straight on, as a German would have done, he would have been on the Seine within three days. Versailles would have been evacuated, and the siege of Paris would have been suspended. A great battle would have taken place a week later, on the arrival of the Red Prince; but whatever might have been its result—however convinced we may be that it would have been a victory for Germany—a vast moral effect would have been produced. Paris would have been revictualled, and the issue of the war might have been materially altered. The battle of Coulmiers, though it was a week late, was still in time to open the door to active and useful movements; but the cavalry had gone calmly home to bed, just when it was wanted to ride down the outnumbered Bavarians. General d'Aurelles thought that his troops were wet and cold, and forgot that the other side was

wetter and colder; so the precious hours passed away,—and when at last the Loire army was moved ahead, it was too late to hope for success of any kind.

It is useless to speculate on what might have happened if Marshal Bazaine, instead of surrendering on 26th October, had held out for another month. The Germans themselves have frankly owned that, in that event, they could not have resisted the Loire army. But they admit this under the impression that the Loire army would have really come on; an hypothesis which can scarcely be admitted after reading the curious revelations contained in M. de Freycinet's well-written book. Even the wilful and obstinate Gambetta could not get General d'Aurelles de Paladines to move; even the mistake of General von Moltke, which cleared the whole road to Paris, could not tempt the prudent Frenchman to risk the journey. With these facts before us, it may be feared that, if Metz had held out to Christmas, the fact would have exercised no influence on the siege of Paris. The moment when D'Aurelles should have struck his blow was precisely calculated at Versailles; but then the Germans knew their business; and if they packed up their clothes on the 14th of November, it was because, according to all the laws of strategy, the Loire army ought to have reached the Seine that night. If it had done that, instead of corresponding with the "heroic Ducrot" by pigeons and balloons, in order to "negotiate a mutual support," as the Americans say, it might have marched right into Paris; but it did not, and the world knows what the consequences were.

## HOW IS THE COUNTRY GOVERNED?

WE shall not, for the present, allow ourselves to be tempted into a review of the Session which has just came to a close. A task more depressing, a labour more humiliating, the political critic could not address himself to. No one party, or section of a party — no single member, whether he be in office or independent—is, or professes to be, satisfied with what has been done. Failure after failure, humiliation after humiliation, have waited upon the Government from day to day, till the very Radicals themselves—the gentlemen who sit below the gangway—begin to be ashamed of themselves and of their leaders. Sometime hence, when our spirits are better strung up to the matter, we may say a few words on that head; now we address ourselves to another and not less urgent topic. How is the country governed? What are those great departments of State about, on which, much more than upon the deliberations of Parliament, the honour and prosperity of the commonwealth depend? Let us endeavour to carry our readers along with us while we answer the question.

The departments of State in which the people of England take, as is natural, the deepest interest, are, the Home Office, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Treasury, and the Foreign Office. The business, as well of the Colonial as of the Indian Office, may be, and doubtless is, both weighty and important; but it attracts, comparatively speaking, little notice out of Downing Street and beyond the doors of the Houses of Parliament,—for this sufficient and obvious reason, that, whether ill or well conducted, it affects the interests of the masses

only in a very secondary degree. No doubt we were all stirred not long ago by the rash and precipitate manner in which the Home Government tried to divest itself of everything like responsibility for the well-doing of the Colonies. But the feeling soon subsided, because no immediate mischief ensued; and it remains, and will doubtless continue to remain, in abeyance till a crisis shall arise. Let there be a fierce and successful revolt of the negroes in the West Indies, however, or a sudden and devastating inroad of savages upon the Cape, or a massacre in New Zealand, or a raid into Canada, better managed, and therefore more disastrous, than the last—and then, not the Colonies only, but the people of England also, will ask why their kindred were deprived of a garrison of regular troops before time was afforded them of organising an army of their own? Meanwhile, in the absence of suchlike misfortunes, those among us who were most opposed to the Colonial policy of the last two years cease to disturb ourselves about it; while to others it is, as to a great extent it always was, a matter of perfect indifference. So also, in the politics of India, external and internal, what man in twenty among us takes the smallest interest? While the Mutiny was in full swing, and every telegram brought reports of precious lives sacrificed and fresh regiments joining the rebels, then were men's hopes and fears kept a good deal on the stretch—much more, however, because of their anxiety about personal friends or relatives exposed to the danger, than through any reasonable estimate which they tried to form of the probable effect upon the fortunes of England were she to

fail in the struggle. Hence, when Delhi fell, and the last representative of Moslem sovereignty had been sent into banishment, the Government of the day was allowed almost without remonstrance to do what it liked with the reconquered empire—to abolish the Company's Charter; to amalgamate the local and royal armies; to create a Secretary of State for India at home, and the mockery of representative assemblies abroad, which should co-operate with the Governors and the Governor-General in administering the affairs of their respective provinces. Whether or no these affairs are wisely administered after all—whether the Duke of Argyll in Downing Street and Lord Mayo at Calcutta do their best to develop the internal resources of the country, and to maintain peace with their neighbours on every side without dishonour,—these are questions which only old Indians—as retired civil and military servants are called—or persons interested in Indian stock, or railways, or cotton, or other speculations—ever think of asking. To the multitude, India is now, as it was in the days of Clive, and Warren Hastings, and Lord Wellesley, rather a myth or land of romance than anything else. The very heading of a column in the newspapers with the word “India” has the effect upon them which the negative end of the magnet has upon the needle. It drives them away, to find elsewhere what will interest or amuse more, if it be even the story of a poor girl murdered at Greenwich, and the trial of the youth on whom the police endeavoured to fasten the crime. Colonial politics and Indian politics, though in truth determining to a great extent the place which England fills among the nations, are thus by the English people committed almost without inquiry to the care of the Ministers whom the Premier for the time being may set over them. So long as we hear

of no attempt to wrest them from us, and are not called upon to furnish men and money for their defence, we are perfectly satisfied with whatever representations the Colonial and Indian Secretaries of State may make about them; neither the pestilence which destroys its hundreds in one direction, nor the famine which cuts down its thousands in another, creating more than a momentary and very abstract feeling of regret—except in the families, necessarily few in number, which may have contributed here and there a victim to the holocaust.

How the Government may have managed or mismanaged its Colonial and Indian policy we do not, for the reasons here assigned, purpose on the present occasion to inquire. Rather let us give them credit for good intentions and the moderate amount of administrative ability that is required to keep a self-acting machine in motion. And this we do the more readily, because, since the accession of Mr Gladstone to office, no serious disaster has overtaken either the Colonial or the Indian empire; nor have the heads of the Colonial and Indian Departments been much questioned as to their proceedings in either House of Parliament. The case is different when we turn our eyes elsewhere. Whether we look to the Foreign Office, the Home Office, the War Office, the Admiralty, or the Treasury, the truth is at once forced upon us, that men may be clever and eloquent without being statesmen, and that no nation can expect to prosper which commits the management of its great departments of State to theorists and doctrinaires. Theorists and doctrinaires, even if they be capable men, are eaten up with their own fancies. They see little in what comes to their hand of which they can approve. They consider themselves bound to change for the sake of change, and esteem



everything that does not square with some preconceived notion of their own to be necessarily imperfect. Grant them, therefore, a fair share of ability, and you will find that, once placed in offices of trust and responsibility, they are just as likely to use their talents for evil as for good. Whereas, if they be not able, but only smart, clever, and self-confident, they are sure to make a mess of whatever they take in hand, to the detriment, it may be the ruin, of the commonwealth. It seems to us that, so far as concerns the honour, dignity, and wellbeing of this realm, we are, through the sheer want of administrative ability in those to whom the chief management of affairs has been committed, running as fast as we can towards the latter of these consummations.

To begin with the Foreign Office. It is fair to confess at the outset, that many and serious as the mistakes committed in that department have been, it contrasts, on the whole, favourably with all the rest. This is to be accounted for partly because of the personal character of the nobleman who presides over it, and partly because, through the blundering of the other departments, the Foreign Secretary has never, since Lord Granville acceded to office, been in a position to assume his proper place in the council of nations. It was not he who contrived to alienate both Germany and France without affording any assistance to Denmark. It was not his fault that, while Germany and France were preparing for a death-struggle, England busied herself in disbanding her soldiers and crippling her dockyards. His astonishment was no pretence when the truth suddenly burst upon him that French armies were in full march towards the Rhine. And to his honour be it remembered that, while his chief in the House of Commons tried to shuffle out of a

treaty obligation, he, though well aware that he could not count on the embarkation of twenty thousand men, declared in the House of Lords, that if the neutrality of Belgium were violated, a British army would be found fighting side by side with the Belgians to repel the invader. Again, we are far from blaming him for taking up and maintaining an attitude of strict neutrality throughout the Franco-German war. Any other, looking to the means at our disposal—our skeleton army and crippled fleet—would have been madness; and even if our resources had been equal to the occasion, on which side ought we to have intervened? But we do blame him for making a pretence of that which he neither did nor could do. What a wretched figure England was made to cut with Mr Odo Russell at Versailles, obeying his instructions only that his acts might be repudiated by the head of the Government at home; and Lord Granville compelled in the House of Lords to give a flat contradiction to what Mr Gladstone had said in the House of Commons! Certainly between them Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville have managed to knock down, on the Continent of Europe, whatever fragment of prestige had survived the exposures of the Crimean war. For Russia, taking advantage of the collapse in France, comes forward to demand a rectification of the Treaty of 1856; and in the teeth of Lord Granville's manly protest she carries her point. How can we find a plausible excuse for the first reply to the challenge of the Czar, when we find the very man who wrote it grasping at the proposal of a Conference, receiving and affecting to treat as an apology what was no apology at all, and himself proposing, and constraining his allies to accept, the unconditional surrender of the whole point at issue? No doubt Lord Granville,

had he resisted this policy, would have been outvoted in the Cabinet. Perhaps he did resist; perhaps he was outvoted. But by yielding his judgment to the views of others, and remaining a member of a Government of the policy of which he disapproved, he made that policy his own, and must justly bear the weight of the consequences, whatever these may be. If it be true that Russia is already preparing to make a great naval demonstration in the Black Sea, England may find ere long that her weakness at the Conference in London has entailed upon her substantial misfortunes, harder to bear than even that loss of respect by foreign Powers which no State that once stood in the foremost rank of nations ever long survives.

It is Lord Granville's misfortune, more, perhaps, than his fault, that in managing these transactions he was forced to play the most conspicuous part. It is his fault entirely, and severely he deserves to be censured for it, that he boasted in the House of Lords of his own humiliation as if it had been a triumph. What part he has taken in reopening the dispute with America, and bringing it to the stage at which, by the Treaty of Washington, it has arrived, it is not worth while to inquire. Neither do we feel disposed to enter at length into the merits of the treaty itself. Certain facts are, however, past dispute. We have gone off from the ground which both Lord Russell and Lord Derby took up. We have apologised as a nation for what was no offence against the law of nations, and consented to put the question of indemnity before arbitrators, on grounds which had never been heard of when the assumed offence was committed. The exclusive right of the Canadians to their own fishing-grounds we have sold for a sum of money, and

made no demand whatever for indemnity on account of the loss of life and detriment to property sustained by them in an armed invasion of their territory from the United States. And the Ministers of the Crown assure us that British honour has been scrupulously guarded by these things, and that the neutrality of America in the event of war with some other nation is cheaply purchased, even if we pay for it millions of money, and the very last possession with which nations ought to part—self-respect. Well, it is not for us to denounce an arrangement to which the leaders of our own party make little objection. If we must eat the leek, we must eat it. But, for heaven's sake! do not let us shout with joy, as if that operation would guard us against all risks of controversy with the great Republic in time coming. Fenianism is not killed, but only scotched, either in Ireland or in the United States; and it is quite upon the cards that when it shall have recovered courage and strength enough to appeal once more to arms, it may hereafter, as it did before, receive both munitions of war and leaders from the other side of the Atlantic, only in greater numbers. And as to privateering and letters of marque; if Lord Granville imagines that the Government of the United States will be able to restrain its citizens from employing both against our commerce when we are at war—if, indeed, we ever pluck up heart to go to war again—he is simply labouring under a delusion. The United States had no quarrel with Portugal when her citizens made their fortunes by preying on its trade. They will certainly not be less willing, when the opportunity arises, to prey upon ours. Lord Granville has, we perceive, boasted of the happy selection which he has been able to make of the gentlemen who are to

draw up the case on the side of England, and criticise it as submitted on the other side. Far be it from us to question the grounds of his boast. They are undoubtedly, one and all, able men and first-rate lawyers. Whether the Lord Chancellor is free from strong party bias, may be a moot point. But the ablest and most impartial men living cannot explain away a national humiliation. They may show cause why the fine we are required to pay shall be a moderate one; they cannot possibly make the payment of any fine at all other, under the circumstances, than a postponement of justice and honour to convenience.

From the Foreign Office to the Home Office is but a step; but it is a step, morally considered, fearfully downwards. We doubt whether there ever presided over the domestic policy of these kingdoms a more thoroughly incompetent Minister than Mr Bruce. We say nothing of the failure of all the measures which he brought forward in Parliament. For that he is not, perhaps, as much to blame as his leader. It is the business much more of the First Lord of the Treasury, being himself a commoner, than of the Home Secretary, to keep the House in good-humour, and to facilitate by judicious and conciliatory conduct the progress of public business there. And he who, with such a majority behind him as that which follows Mr Gladstone, cannot do with the House of Commons almost what he will, shows clearly enough that he is no ruler of men. But apart from his Parliamentary breakdown, his large professions and very scanty performances, Mr Bruce stands conspicuously before all that ever filled the place which he now holds, for the success with which he has contrived to make both himself and his office contemptible. It would almost appear as if he had studied how first to irritate the

people by vexatious interferences with their tastes and habits, and then, the moment they resented or evaded his regulations, to consider them as a dead letter. His treatment of the London cab-drivers was simply ridiculous. His conduct on graver occasions has been worse than ridiculous. And to crown the matter, he has evidently come to the conclusion, that what is right in England is wrong in Ireland, and what would be wrong in England is perfectly justifiable in Ireland. No doubt, in Ireland, his influence, such as it is, makes itself felt through the medium of others. The Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary have something to say to the preservation of the public peace there, subject, however, to his approval or censure. And the present Chief Secretary, whatever his shortcomings in other respects may be, is not deficient in courage, either moral or physical. Hence prompt action is taken to enforce obedience to edicts which, once issued, are rarely recalled; and heads get broken before time can be found to appeal from the firmness of the Castle to the imbecility of the Home Office. Yet even this, taking a comprehensive view of the whole case, is a misfortune. It is not to the advantage of Government, it is a great injustice to the governed, that there should so much as seem to be one law for one section of the people, and another for another. Just consider how matters have been conducted of late, both in London and Dublin.

In London we have for four years past been annoyed with processions, demonstrations, and what not, through the streets, in Hyde Park, and round the base of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. Now, everybody knows that these are all alike contrary to law when used for the purposes for which they are now set on foot. The statute is quite clear on this head, that no public

meeting convened for the consideration of any question in politics, or for petitioning Parliament, is legal, unless on requisition to the High Sheriff in counties, to the Mayor or other constituted authority in burghs, signed by a given number of householders. Mr Bruce has never, as far as we know, since he came into office, either satisfied himself that the requirements of the law had been attended to, or called upon the leaders of such processions to explain why they set them at defiance. Once, and only once, he acted with vigour to put a procession down; but then it consisted mainly of women and children, who, alarmed at the prospect of having a tax imposed upon their simple manufacture, made an attempt to reach the neighbourhood of the House of Commons, in order to petition against it. When there, the police were let loose, and they did their duty with so much determination that only a fragment of the procession reached Palace Yard, and that with bonnets knocked off, hair dishevelled, and frocks and shawls torn. Very different is the treatment meted out to Mr Odger, Mr Bradlaugh, and their adherents. They watch the proceedings of the Legislature from the headquarters of the Democratic Club. Measures brought forward by the Opposition, or by independent members, they usually disregard; but the Government acts are on all occasions subject to their approval or its opposite. It was proposed, for example, the other day, to settle upon Prince Arthur an annuity of £15,000 a-year; and Mr Gladstone, speaking for the Cabinet, laid the Bill before the House. At once the Democratic Club took the matter up. They called a meeting in Hyde Park for the Sunday evening. The evening proved to be wet, and the meeting was a failure. Notice was given that the meeting stood adjourned till

the evening of next day, and that it should then take place in Trafalgar Square. But a public meeting in Trafalgar Square to deal with a point under the consideration of Parliament was clearly illegal—not, as it would seem, according to Mr Bruce's view of the case, because it contravened the statute already alluded to, but because Trafalgar Square is within a mile of the Houses of Parliament; and while Parliament is sitting it will not tolerate any gathering so near to itself of masses to petition, or otherwise interfere with its deliberations. Accordingly notice was served upon Mr Odger, Mr Bradlaugh, and others, that their proposed gathering was contrary to law, and that any attempt to hold it would be resisted with all the power at the disposal of Government. What followed? Mr Odger and Mr Bradlaugh issued a counter-manifesto, announcing their own intention to appear as arranged, and calling upon the people to vindicate their liberties against the threatened interference of the Government. The manifesto had its effect. About fifteen thousand men marched to Trafalgar Square, occupied all the space, and the outlets of the streets adjacent; and Mr Odger and Mr Bradlaugh, walking arm in arm to the spot, mounted the base of one of Landseer's lions, and there delivered their speeches. A protest against making provision for the Queen's son out of the hard earnings of the people was voted. And Mr Bruce and Colonel Henderson, rather than try issues with the breakers of the law, withdrew their prohibition, and became in some sort parties to the conclusion. Was ever Government, or that which calls itself Government, placed in so humiliating a position? The Home Secretary—afraid to act, or restrained by the Prime Minister, who, having made

use of the mob to get into office, is now as much the servant of the mob as he once believed himself to be its master — discovered, or affected to discover, that as there was to be no petition, so there could be no breach of the law. An idle pretext — a miserable subterfuge. The law was broken; and they who ought to have vindicated its majesty declined to do so, because they shrank from endangering that popularity for which they live, but which is already passed from them, having no root in respect.

Again, the right of the Crown to prohibit political and other meetings calculated to interfere with the quiet recreation of the people in the Royal Parks, was never till four years ago called in question. It was acted upon more than once prior to that date, even to the putting down of open-air preaching; nor is there a lawyer in the land—Mr Beales the County Court Judge, an ex-leader of the mob, excepted—who will not tell you that the power then exercised was exercised rightly. We all remember under what circumstances the law in question became virtually annulled; and among these not the least noteworthy is this, that the Liberals, being then out of office, carefully avoided uttering a syllable, in Parliament or out of Parliament, which might appear to condemn the conduct of the rioters. And more than this, they were not long in place again ere they conferred upon Mr Beales the judicial office which he now holds. Under such circumstances, it is obvious enough that the re-establishment of the rights of the Crown could not fail to be, for them, a very delicate undertaking. We do not blame them for throwing the odium on Parliament. But when the Select Committee gave in their report, and a bill was framed upon it, Mr Odger and Mr Bradlaugh took the alarm. The Democratic Club sent in a pro-

test against it, and Mr Ayrton, speaking for the Government, declined to go further in the matter.

The echoes of Mr Ayrton's voice were hardly mute in the House ere tidings arrived of a very different mode of settling a similar difficulty in Dublin. To that city the Phoenix Park is precisely what Hyde Park is to London. Both are Royal Parks. Both are thrown open for the recreation of the people, for military reviews, and other non-political gatherings; and both are, or are supposed to be, like the park of any private gentleman, under the guardianship of the rangers. Well, on the 6th of August last, while Ireland was rejoicing in the visit of the Prince of Wales, it suited the convenience of Mr J. Smyth, Member of Parliament, to call a public meeting in the Phoenix Park for the purpose of protesting against the longer detention in prison of the very few Fenian leaders to whom pardons had not been granted. The Irish Government, less disposed to be bearded than the English Government, caused a notice to be issued, through the Secretary of the Board of Works, of the illegality of the proposed meeting, and followed it up by letting loose upon the mob a strong body of police. The mob was dispersed and the park cleared, though not without heavy blows struck and several lives jeopardised. What effect this bold exercise of authority has produced on the public mind, as contrasted with the shilly-shallying which goes on elsewhere, we prefer to state in the words of the 'Times' rather than in our own:—

“Is there one law for England and another for Ireland? or are the authorities inspired and directed by the Irish Office daring enough to put in force that which successive Home Secretaries have been afraid to insist upon? The law is the same for the two islands. The Phoenix Park, like Hyde Park, is Crown property. Both have been set aside under certain

regulations for the use and recreation of the inhabitants, and these regulations have been from time to time revised by the authorities appointed to superintend their management; but there is no pretence of law that either the one or the other has been dedicated to political meetings, or that any claim can be set up as of right to use them for such a purpose. We all know, however, how the case stands with respect to Hyde Park. Ever since 1867 there has been no attempt to check or regulate its use for political purposes. The toleration of meetings in the Park is extended even to the miserable creatures who chant and vend their mock litanies, though they would clearly bring themselves within reach of the law if they sold their wares in Piccadilly instead of the Park, and though the promoters of the meetings have no sympathy with their indecent travesties. We tolerate anything in Hyde Park which may shelter itself under the plea of 'political;' and when Mr Lowther carried a motion in the select committee on the Parks Bill this session, that no meeting should be allowed in the Parks except under the regulations of the authority appointed to superintend them, Mr Ayrton took the earliest opportunity of announcing, on behalf of the Government, that they had determined to abandon the measure. But on the other side of St George's Channel, with the same law, there seems to be a totally different spirit. The material of society being more inflammable there, it is thought prudent to play with fire such as we refrain from handling here."

We cannot agree with the 'Times' that this act of vigour by the Irish Government, however inopportune, was blameworthy: but it certainly raises a grave question, Is he fit to preside at the Home Office, who, by declining to censure, virtually approves of a proceeding on the part of a subordinate which directly contravenes his own, and takes no steps to hinder a London mob from going far beyond what was ever contemplated by the mob in Dublin in violation of the law?

It is not, however, exclusively by overt acts like these, calculated as they are to bring all government into contempt, that Mr Bruce has earned for himself a reputation which no public man need envy. His sins of omission have

been to the full as numerous as his sins of commission, and bid fair in their consequence to be scarcely less disastrous. To him the people of England look, and the inhabitants of the metropolis in particular, for such a course of legislation as shall guard them against the more obvious provocatives of disease. Now among these there is none more continuously and dangerously active than the absence from our great towns of an adequate supply of good drinking water, and a drainage which shall be at least moderately effective. Mr Bruce has had both questions pressed upon him, time after time, throughout the past session, and he has fairly shirked them. The drainage of London is in its more crowded districts simply disgraceful; and in no quarter, east or west, north or south, are the inhabitants supplied with water either pure in itself, or distributed in sufficient quantities. There is no excuse for this. Men and women can live, and live in health, whether they return Members to represent them in Parliament by open or by secret voting; but health is impaired and life shortened through the absence of those supplies with which it is the first duty of the Minister charged with attending to the internal affairs of the country to see that the people are provided. The Metropolis Water Bill, after being brought before the House of Commons, is allowed to drop just as cholera makes its first approach towards us. If the disease lay hold of London, as it probably will, on the improvidence of a Government which refuses to legislate except for party purposes, we must throw the consequences.

Again, it was Mr Bruce's special duty, when the evils of the trades-union system were made plain to him, so to deal with the matter by legislation, as that, while the right of workmen to combine for the legitimate protection of their own

interests was admitted, conspiracy to injure individuals who might prefer holding aloof from such combinations should be rendered impossible. Instead of this, he prepares and passes a measure which leaves matters pretty much as they were, if indeed it do not facilitate rather than throw impediments in the way of such conspiracies. And the results are before us. Far and wide, in every town and village in Great Britain, and in close correspondence with the Commune in other lands, preparations for the war of Labour against Capital are going on. We read in all the local newspapers of fresh demands by the working classes, not alone for longer holidays, but for increased wages and diminished labour. In one memorable instance, no doubt, a verdict has been found against the executive officers of a union, who appear to have managed their little business with extraordinary lack of skill. But against this solitary triumph of law we have to set the steady growth of combinations, which are rapidly assuming a political aspect, and becoming dangerous to more than mere trade-interests. When we find that on the 15th August the International Society held a meeting in London; that it was attended by foreign delegates; that reports were read of the satisfactory promulgation of the principles of the association in New Zealand and India; and that the members were enjoined to keep strictly secret all their important business; that among other subjects of congratulation submitted to the meeting was this, that through the influence of the Society large bodies of men were prevented from taking the places of the men on strike at Newcastle,—when we read such statements as these in the newspapers, and know that they reveal but part of the truth, we are driven to ask whether there be such a thing as a Government in this

country, or a Secretary of State specially charged with maintaining the reign of law and order among us? Meanwhile it is not pleasant to hear that the same day an extensive lock-out took place at Leeds; that upwards of two thousand hands were shut out from the flax-mills of Messrs Marshall and Messrs Briggs; that Messrs Fairbairn, Kennedy, & Co.'s foundry is standing still; and that the colliers of South Wales are reduced to apply for arbitration. These are terrible signs of the times, indicating the rapid growth of that bitter hate between employers and employed, in which the break-down of all commercial and trading republics has originated. And yet our Home Secretary not only makes no sign with a view to mitigate the evil, but by his helplessness in and out of Parliament gives to it the strongest impulse. The Home Office is not indeed the most costly of our departments, though the sums voted for the services which it is supposed to control are growing larger year by year; but surely there ought to be something else to show for the millions voted for the civil service of the State than a condition of society utterly disorganised, and a sense of insecurity in all circles, which is as painful as it is unprecedented.

Leaving Mr Bruce to answer these charges as he best may, we pass over to Pall Mall, where Mr Cardwell reigns, the supreme head over the most expensive, and, we may venture to add, by far the most inefficient, military establishment on the face of the earth. The Army Estimates of the current year were taken at sixteen millions. For this the country obtains, according to official statements, the services of a hundred and twenty thousand regular troops, of a hundred and thirty thousand Militia, and a hundred and seventy thousand Volunteers;—a formidable force upon

paper, if it were only manageable, and its component parts such as could be depended upon to stand the wear and tear of real work. When put to the test, it appears that to get thirty thousand of all arms together, and march them fifty miles from the standing camp at Aldershot, is a feat beyond our means to accomplish. Can this really be, or is the mortification which the whole country suffers at this exposure of its apparent weakness, attributable to another cause which nobody cares to admit? We believe that the latter is the true explanation of the enigma. The Berkshire campaign was not abandoned for any of the reasons assigned by Mr Cardwell and Lord Northbrook. There sat close to the former Minister, while he was speaking, one who could have set him right, but did not. Mr Lowe, we suspect, laughed in his sleeve to hear the blame of the *fiasco* thrown upon a late harvest, knowing as he did all the while that the harvest had nothing in the world to say to the matter. But what are we to think of a Government which cannot even fail to redeem its own voluntary pledges without making failure ten times more discreditable, by assigning for it reasons which they themselves know to be fictitious? For our own part, we are inclined to think that Mr Lowe is right. Such a campaign as was projected on the Berkshire Downs would certainly not have been worth the money spent upon it. The best calculations which could be made beforehand brought the extra expenditure up to something like a pound a-day per head for every soldier taken into the field; and thirty thousand pounds a-day were undoubtedly too much for an exhausted treasury to spare on a force which was expected to do nothing more than play at soldiering for a fortnight.

It is impossible not to be sorry for Mr Cardwell. Never was human being more completely out of his proper element. Put him in the Home Office, and we are much mistaken if either mobs would be allowed to defy the law in Trafalgar Square, or London suffer for lack of water-supply, or the Commune extend its influence among the working-classes as it does. Give him the office which Mr Lowe holds, and his budgets would be at least reasonable and common-sense budgets. The Colonies could not find a more prudent administrator than he, and he would probably do the work of India as well as the Duke of Argyll. But at the War Office he is like some unfortunate land-steward, whom his employer, being also a cotton-spinner, suddenly calls upon to superintend and keep in working gear a huge and complicated mill; or a ploughman, good at his own craft, who is set to regulate a watch by first pulling it to pieces, and then putting it together again. At the same time we do not think that either Mr Cardwell, or the system which it has been his ill-luck to inaugurate, receives altogether fair-play at the hands of their critics. Let us not forget that the War Office was in a state of chaos for sixteen long years. Ever since the old and constitutional mode was abolished, of managing the affairs of the Army through Ministers—such as General Adye, recalled to our recollection in his letter of last month—ingenious men have been trying experiment after experiment without being able to arrive at results satisfactory even to themselves. Heaven knows, we are no admirers of a control constructed as ours is upon the model of a rotten French Intendance. It has all the faults without any of the merits of too much centralisation, and creates, in point of fact, what it was the pro-



fessed object of the device to render impossible—a dualism of authority at every general's command throughout the Empire. At the same time, the Control, with all its defects, is better than chaos. If there be in the individuals appointed to conduct it a conciliatory spirit, it is quite equal to the ordinary pressure of ordinary business at home. If Sir Henry Storks's representatives be tenacious of their dignity, and jealous of the honour of their department, they may give, and often do give, infinite trouble even now. But at least it is a machine theoretically not ill put together, though strangely exempt in the audit of its accounts from the supervision of the Treasury.

Sir Henry Storks is the head of this department. Ostensibly, his Control extends over everything connected with the supplies of the Army and its transport. He has nothing, or is assumed to have nothing, to say to the disposition of the troops, their discipline and military management. In this respect he may be said to be on a large scale exactly what one of his own deputies is on a small scale. Just as each of these, when a general of division puts his troops in motion, is called upon to furnish means of transport to the necessary amount—so Sir Henry, if great manœuvres be resolved upon at home or abroad, is expected to provide the necessary horses, wagons, and so forth, either out of his own available store, if it be adequate, or by furnishing his subordinates with the money requisite for hiring as many as the officer in command shall pronounce to be indispensable. There, obviously, his proper duties begin and end. If he go beyond that line, either by objecting to plans of operation on sanitary or other grounds, or by suggesting changes in the proposed manœuvres, or in the locality selected for them, he at once, in his own person, sets up that duality of authority into

which his subordinates are not unapt to run. Now let us see how this project, on which public attention was so long fixed, arose, matured itself, came to a head, and then finally collapsed.

We start in this review with a great blunder: and in a blunder almost as great, and much more provoking, we end. Mr Cardwell, before saying a word about his intentions to any one filling his own office, ought to have gone to Parliament for general powers, by virtue of which he would be free to choose his own scene of operations, making a fair bargain with all whom they were likely to incommode. Instead of doing this, he arranged with his advisers, without any notice to Parliament, that two armies should be pitted against each other; which, moving one from Aldershot, the other from Portsmouth, might meet, either on Salisbury Plain, or wherever else the more skilful of the two commanders should constrain his adversary to accept a sham battle. It was an excellent idea, by whomsoever suggested. Unfortunately, however, the gentlemen of Hampshire objected to have their parks and grounds marched over and their rivers bridged just as the shooting season was beginning; and the Secretary of State for war, having no statutory authority to override their objections, was obliged to abandon his scheme and work out another. In the gentlemen and farmers of Berkshire he found more willing coadjutors, and it was settled that at a given spot in their county thirty thousand men should assemble, and from the 9th of September till towards the end of the month wage a mimic war, division against division, over the Berkshire downs.

In the course of the many debates to which this project and collapse gave rise, it is astonishing to us that nobody seems to have asked un-

der whose advice the Secretary of State was acting. Did he consult the Field-Marshal commanding in chief, who by the late unfortunate Warrant is declared to be the sole legitimate adviser of the War Minister on all military questions? Or was he content to ascertain the views and opinions of his own official and immediate subordinates only? Or, finally, was the plan of campaign arranged at one of those War-Office meetings which may not unaptly be compared to the meetings of the Aulic Council when it was at its worst? But if the matter be left in doubt as to the advice under which the Berkshire campaign was determined upon, no room is left for conjecture about the influence which put a stop to it. The summer had been wet and cold. The Secretary of State and Surveyor of the Ordnance came to the conclusion that the harvest would be late. The Quartermaster-General and Chief Engineer are sent to reconnoitre, and they send in a report which really reveals nothing. They send their report, also, not to the Commander-in-Chief, but to Sir Edward Lugard, the permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office. As the question was a military question, one would naturally expect that, if not submitted in the first instance to the Commander-in-Chief, it would have gone direct to him from Sir Edward Lugard. Was it so? Nothing of the sort. The joint report of the Quartermaster-General and Chief Engineer is handed to Sir Henry Storks, who writes upon it one of the most curious minutes it has ever been our fortune to peruse; and forthwith the Berkshire campaign is abandoned. Now if this be not duality of command, it is considerably more. Where there is duality, there is for the most part equality of power. In this instance the Chief of the Control takes it upon himself to advise

that a military operation shall be given up, and it is given up incontinently.

If this be the way in which the Control Department is to work in war-times, we do not envy the officer whom her Majesty shall send out to command her Army in the field. Armies are of no use unless they be capable of moving. Armies cannot be made to move without horses, waggons, and other means of transport. If it is to rest with the Controller to judge how far some movement projected by the general is or is not, for any given reason, a judicious movement, then it seems to us that the Controller, and not the General, will command the army.

Mr Cardwell and Sir Henry Storks in the Commons, and Lord Northbrook in the Lords, equally put out of view this phase of the question, and persisted in declaring that the sole cause of the change of plan was the late harvest. It was a rash plea to advance so long ago as July; and the warm weather of August has entirely refuted it. There will not, we believe, be a solitary sheaf of corn unstacked in Berkshire on the 9th of September; and as to difficulty in finding transport, that the Berkshire farmers have abundantly got rid of. But is the management of the Army what it ought to be, when, because of the enormous amount of appliances thought necessary for putting 30,000 or 40,000 men in motion, we shrink from moving them? It had occurred to us that great military reformers, such as profess now to occupy the War Office, would have turned their attention to the best and readiest means of diminishing the expense necessarily attendant on putting troops in the field. Why should British soldiers hesitate to sleep in the open air without other tents than their own ramrods, or, failing these, a few sticks broken from a hedge and ap-

plied to support their blankets, can rig out? For five years and more the Duke's army fared thus in Portugal and Spain. The Prussians do not encumber themselves with tents, either in their autumnal manœuvres or in real warfare. Are our men less able than they to bear exposure to night air? Are the men of the present generation so far inferior to their fathers that they may not be called upon in genial autumnal weather to sleep on the ground, covered by their greatcoats, and having rousing fires at their feet?\*

We have dwelt upon this memorable collapse, avoiding other reference to War-Office shortcomings, for two reasons—first, our own views on Army Administration have been so often and so recently put forward, that it would be an insult to the understanding of our readers to repeat them here. Verily, if matters go on as they are doing, the oldest of us may live to see a real battle of Dorking. Again, we shrink from contributing to hurry on a crisis in military affairs for which all the debates and controversies that have so much prevailed of late are paving the way. The Army, we regret to say, is becoming political as fast as it can. There was a time when a soldier firmly believed that his great duty was obedience. He then felt himself to be the servant of the Crown; and the orders of the Crown, conveyed to him through his officer, he would carry into effect without a question. Now he is assured that he is a citizen; that the body of which he was a member is happily taken out of the hands of the officers, and given to the nation; and that when he sees cause to suspect that

he is put upon, or less respectfully treated than he ought to be, he has only to appeal to the House of Commons to get the wrong redressed. Is Mr Cardwell, who speaks of taking the Army out of the hands of the officers, forgetful that not a word uttered by him fails to be read, commented upon, and criticised in soldiers' libraries and non-commissioned officers' reading-rooms? And as to the officers, we doubt whether in any army of Europe so strong a sense of outraged respect prevails as in our own. The way in which Purchase was got rid of—the persistence with which the War Office hides its plans for the future—the impatience of being directly commanded first by a civilian, and, after him, by an officer who never saw a shot fired, except against some savage tribe in Africa,—these things have created such a spirit in all ranks as we, at least, never contemplated till now. The plan of short enlistments may or may not answer. It has given us whole battalions of boys, and the trained soldiers, nominally transferred to the Reserve, we have lost sight of for the present. They may return when needed, and they may not. But unless steps be taken to put in better heart those who are to command them, it is a moot point with us whether it would not be wise to dispense with their services altogether. The Army believes that it has been cruelly used; and an army dissatisfied with the Government which it serves is not what we have been accustomed to, or would care to trust.

If the plight of the Army be an indifferent one, and the temper both

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\* Our imitations of the Prussian system are, in this as in everything else, absurdities. The Prussians spend the larger portion of their autumnal manœuvres, first in battalion drill, next in regimental drill, then in brigade drill, the men being in quarters all the time. They keep them in the open for three days only, during which the divisions wage mimic war on each other. Our fortnight will cost ten times as much as theirs, and not teach our troops half so much.

of its officers and men far from what we could wish it to be, the condition of the Navy—owing entirely to mismanagement at headquarters—is many degrees worse. The Admiralty has become, since Mr Gladstone's accession to office, something to be gazed upon with astonishment. The Board which Sir James Graham put together with such consummate care and skill Mr Childers pulled to pieces, and his unfortunate successor comes in for all the odium, for which he certainly did not work, though he inherits it. Was ever such evidence exhibited of perverse and wilful folly as that which the Duke of Somerset's Committee has brought to light? The one object aimed at by the late First Lord seems to have been, that the office over which he was set should become as little like what it was when he came to it as was possible; and that, in order to achieve that purpose, the grossest anomalies both of rank and title should be recognised. Just take one or two of the first questions put by the noble chairman of the committee to the new Permanent Secretary, and Mr Lushington's answers, and observe to what they amount.

"20. I want to see the different arrangement under which the Admiralty goes on from what it used to do. In former times the establishment consisted of five chief branches, with a head to each branch, each of these branches being under the control of a superintending Lord. That system, which had lasted from 1832 to 1869, seems to have been abolished?

"I cannot answer that question categorically, because, as a matter of fact, the various Lords of the Admiralty have assigned to them certain business, more or less corresponding to the business which they formerly conducted, but not altogether corresponding.

"21. The continuity of system of a permanent officer, overlooked by a Member of the Board, who is likely to be removed in a change of Administration, no longer exists, so far as I can see; is that so?

"The old officer is abolished, and in his place there is a permanent officer, but of less rank. For instance, in place of

the Storekeeper-General there is a Superintendent of Stores; but then a great part of the work of the old Storekeeper-General has been drafted over to the Accountant-General. There, in fact, has been a re-organisation, one of the consequences of which is the abolition of the Storekeeper-General.

"22. All I want to get at first is, that a great change has taken place?

"Yes, a great change.

"23. What does the person do who represents the Storekeeper-General—namely, the Superintendent of Stores; what is his duty?

"I am not very well qualified to answer that question, because I have no daily supervision of his work; but I may say generally, that the accounting part of the business—which was formerly done, I believe, in the Storekeeper-General's department—has now been transferred entirely to the Accountant-General; and the general duty of the Superintendent of Stores is now to make himself thoroughly aware of the actual stock, and of the actual needs of the service. He no longer purchases the stores. He to some extent must account, but the great control of the accounts is with the Accountant-General.

"24. *Lord Privy Seal.*—Does he merely take charge of the material stores, or does he keep any account of the value thereof?

"I should not like to answer that question."

When the Permanent Secretary of a great office either does not know or does not care to tell what changes have been introduced into the department of which he is so conspicuous a member, grave doubts may surely be entertained of the wisdom of such changes. These we find fully confirmed by other and at least as well-instructed witnesses. Sir Sydney Dacres, himself a Lord of the Admiralty, is thus questioned, and thus replies:—

"271. *Chairman.*—You, I think, are First Sea Lord in the present Board of Admiralty?

"Yes.

"272. You were also in the former Board, were you not?

"Yes.

"273. When was that?

"With Sir John Pakington and Mr Corry.

"274. Therefore you have had an opportunity of seeing the two systems, the past system and the present?

“Yes.

“275. I wish to ask you first as regards the feeling of the Navy. Do you think that the general feeling of officers of the Navy is, that the naval element is sufficiently represented at the Board of Admiralty under the present system?

“It is not only the feeling of the Navy that it is not, but it is my feeling also.

“276. Do you think that it would be better to have more opportunity for naval members of the Board to express their opinions?

“Certainly; and I should like to give the reason. I think that it is too much responsibility for any naval man in the world, whoever he is, to rule the whole Navy; and that his opinion will never be considered to carry so much weight as the opinion of a larger number would.

“277. If you had one or two eminent naval officers by your side, it would, you think, be more satisfactory to the Navy generally?

“Certainly.

“278. And it would also be more satisfactory to yourself?

“To myself most particularly.

“279. The late reduction which was made did away with one Naval Lord of the Admiralty?

“It did away with more, because Sir Spencer Robinson was entirely employed in the affairs of the Comptroller's Department, which is more, I think, than one man could undertake, and consequently he did not assist as a naval member at all, except by the personal communication usual between two brother officers.

“280. Then, in fact, you lost the advantage of two naval colleagues, whom you ought properly to have had?

“I certainly ought to have had one more at any rate.”

The same witness deprecates in the strongest terms the abolition of the offices of Master Superintendent of the Victualling Department and Captain Superintendent of Dockyards. The instance which he gives of failure, in consequence of these reductions, is very curious. It may perhaps be remembered that when a question arose as to victualling Paris after the siege, the Control Department at the War Office was first applied to for stores and transport, and confessed itself unable to meet the call. An appeal was then made to the Admiralty, the civilian

officials of which were not sparing of their boast that what the War Office could not attempt they had accomplished. Now, hear Sir Sydney Dacres on that head. The Captain Superintendent and Master Superintendent of the Victualling Department had been reduced, be it remembered, by the advice of Mr Baxter and Mr Trevelyan, Admirals Hope and Martin opposing the measure.

“330. Did you differ from Admiral Hope and Admiral Martin upon that subject?

“Not in the slightest.

“331. You agreed with them?

“I agreed most perfectly with them; I had been Captain Superintendent of one of those places myself, and I most perfectly opposed the change all through.

“332. Then you thought that it was a mistake to take away the naval element?

“Yes, and I think so still.

“333. *Earl of Camperdown*.—What was the special use of a master attendant?

“I do not wish to go into personalities, but very lately I saw that if a master attendant had been there the things would have gone faster to France.

“334. Was there any complaint as to the delay?

“Yes; *when there was a pressure they found out that there was not a vessel*; I have never had any opinion upon the matter.

“335. *Chairman*.—In time of pressure for naval operations, the victualling of a fleet rapidly is of very great importance?

“Certainly, of vital importance.

“336. And any little economy in doing away with a master attendant, and the captain who overlooks the matter, would ill compensate for any insufficient victualling of the fleet?

“My opinion is that a captain of the Navy should be in charge.”

It is not, however, worth while making further extracts from a volume which ought to be in the hands of all who have the honour of the Navy at heart, and which has been read, or may be read, by every member of Parliament. Better that we should look to results, because the merits of a device for the regulation of a great machine are best ascertained

by observing how the machine works. Now, it happens that since Mr Childers recast the Admiralty, taking in some degree as his model the War Office as it exists, the following calamities have befallen the fleet:—

The Captain went down in a moderate gale with five hundred gallant men and all her officers.

The Psyche was lost in the Adriatic, the crew and passengers being saved.

The Agincourt, one of our finest ironclads, ran upon the Pearl Rock in fine weather, and was with difficulty got off.

The Megæra wore a hole in her bottom in mid-ocean, and to save the lives of the crew was beached upon the island of St Paul.

Why the Captain went down it is unnecessary for us to say. How she ever came to be admitted into the Navy, Mr Reed has fully explained. That gentleman's letters on the subject, and still more the revelations which he has made in the case of the Megæra, are absolutely crushing. If even yet the Admiralty hold back from prosecuting Mr Reed for libel, they will stand convicted before the world of high crimes and misdemeanours, for which they deserve to be impeached. The Megæra was an iron vessel, built in 1844. She had done much service, but was so nearly worn out that Mr Corry, when in office, caused her to be placed at the very bottom of the list of vessels which should be employed in home service only. More than once she had been on the eve of foundering, and was known to be, for long voyages, quite unseaworthy. This vessel the present Lords of the Admiralty determined to employ in conveying 380 officers and men to Australia, with an amount of baggage and stores far more than in due proportion. Mr Reed says that the Admiralty were

in possession of ample evidence to prove that the ship was not seaworthy when they did this. Mr Reed is either a libeller, or he speaks the truth. Let Mr Goschen, instead of abusing him in the House of Commons, submit the question which he has raised to a court of law, and England and the world will soon find out who is the libeller and who the true man. As to the ship herself, her fate is well known. Complained of at Plymouth, still more seriously objected to in Cork harbour, after a solemn remonstrance from her crew, and a report the reverse of favourable from the Admiral, she is sent to sea, and the next thing we hear of her is, that the captain, finding himself by great good fortune within a moderate distance of the desert island of St Paul, ran her on ground there, to prevent her sinking. We wait with some curiosity the results of the inquiry which Mr Goschen has pledged himself to institute into the case. If he shrink from prosecuting Mr Reed, he may find, when the court assembles, some means of proving that the late Surveyor of the Navy is mistaken. We shall see.

The case of the Agincourt is different, but it comes in, unluckily for the present Board, on the back of others. It is said that the sailing instructions issued by the Admiralty are, in part at least, to blame. We hear nothing of any such mistake, either in refutation or explanation of the charge, in the minute which my Lords have put forth by way of supplement to the proceedings of the court-martial. Perhaps this is natural enough, assuming the instructions to be really in fault. But why should my Lords deal about their censure with indiscriminating severity on all whom it can reach? Admiral Wellesley, excellent man and officer as he is, de-

serves his fate. He did what no admiral in command of a fleet, or general in command of an army, ought to do—put himself too much into the hands of an inferior officer. But why is Captain Wells included in the reproof and its consequences, whose sole offence appears to have been, that he conveyed to the Admiral the message sent by the Staff Commander, and was the medium through whom the answer was returned? My Lords, there is reason to suspect, were looking, when the minute was drawn, to something beyond the immediate causes of it. Nobody will say of them now, that there is any lack of vigour in the administration. And in the admiration excited by their mode of dealing with one mishap, the blame that attaches to them in connection with another will perhaps be forgotten. At all events, it is a good preparation for such inquiry as may be instituted into the case of the *Megæra*, that my Lords have pronounced sentence upon all concerned in the case of the *Agincourt* with unexampled promptitude and severity.

But it is not through great mishaps like this that the Navy is losing that hold upon the confidence of the English people which, up to the present time, it had. The Service, like the Army, is dissatisfied with its rulers; and no public department, whether it be military or civil, ever worked with credit to itself, or to the advantage of the country, in which the members of the profession were dissatisfied with their superiors. Nor is this all. We are spending enormous sums in the construction of vessels which they who are to man them have learned to distrust, and can hardly say that we have afloat cruisers enough to protect our commerce were it assailed even in the Channel. And then the frightful sums demanded from us in the way of estimates. Six-

teen millions for an Army which cannot march, and ten millions for a Navy which cannot swim! Verily such are the blessings which England derives from having Mr Gladstone First Lord of the Treasury, and a Cabinet of Liberal statesmen to support him.

We have left ourselves little room to speak either of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or of the great man from whose inspiration the Government and the House of Commons are believed to take their tone. Nor, indeed, is this much to be regretted. Mr Lowe, since the failure of his unlucky Budget, has been wonderfully quiet throughout the Session. Not a word has he said in defence of the Ballot Bill, or in vindication of that astounding resort to the prerogative, to which, however, he must have been a consenting party. If he put an extinguisher on the farthing rushlight with which Mr Cardwell had hoped to astonish Germany, he has our hearty approval of the proceeding. Thirty thousand men, dragging tents and ambulances after them, and perambulating through Berkshire at the cost of a guinea a-head per day, were not likely to raise our reputation as military administrators either in Germany or France. And Mr Lowe, if he really did refuse to supply the means for such an egregious act of folly, did well. But Mr Lowe did better by his plain speaking at the Lord Mayor's table. He made very short work there of the excuses of his chief for a Session absolutely wasted; and we honour him for the candour with which he told his version of the tale. The truth is, that we entertain a hankering kindness for the right honourable gentleman. We cannot forget that of all the speeches spoken against Lord Russell's stupid Reform Bill his were the most able; and that, had it pleased others than he

to stick to that text, we might still have been living under the modest régime of the £10 householders. Mr Lowe has really no business where he is. He may hate the Church of England and all Churches as cordially as if he were not a clergyman's son; but at least he makes no pretence to the contrary, and is just as much opposed to Ultramontaniam, both theological and political, as we are ourselves. It was a pity that he made such a fool of himself at the opening of the Session; but Homer sometimes nods. He will separate from his present leader ere very many moons fill and wane, or we are much mistaken.

And now one word of Mr Gladstone. Let us express the hope that he is satisfied with himself, and with the results of his policy. Ireland grows day by day more irrepressible under his hands. For one Repealer that shouted for self-government three years ago we have now twenty. Arms are still stolen, only it is from barracks and military stores that the plunderers now take them; and the wild justice of revenge goes on—shooting down notice-servers, land-jobbers, and policemen merrily. What could our great statesman desire more? He may have deceived his Sovereign, and led her to do the deed, which, had she heard the truth, never would have been tolerated. He may command the heir-apparent to show himself in Dublin, just as the country is ripe for an extraordinary display of disloyalty. But he must

accept in exchange for the first act a vote of censure from one House of Parliament, which the other, servile as it has heretofore shown itself to be, declines to balance by a vote of confidence; and as to the last, the indignant cry that now rises both from the north and from the south, can hardly fail of convincing even him that he has sacrificed his own character as a public man, and placed the wellbeing of his country in jeopardy, only that he may be taught how vain is the pursuit of fame and public honours to him who pursues that phantom by a tortuous course.

Mr Gladstone, we perceive, is preparing for a fresh agitation. The Liberal party, which the Ballot Bill had reunited, has fallen asunder again under the combined influence of faction in regard to that matter, and an unwise exercise of the prerogative. Ministers did not venture, with this consciousness oppressing them, to meet and rejoice as their predecessors used to do at Greenwich. But their chief is not the man to throw up his cards if by any means he sees the remotest chance of playing them a little longer. We shall hear loud cries raised this recess about redistribution of seats in the House of Commons, and radical reform in the House of Lords. Will the country be cajoled by them into giving back its confidence to one who has proved himself incapable? We think not. The end of the Gladstone Administration is not far off.



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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE next few days passed off somewhat in the following fashion. Sir Roland was most attentive to Eila—driving her out, accompanying her in her rides, walking with her in the Park, or attending her in the Place, when the band played. He never ventured within the M'Killop walls, however, and his attendance on Eila was tacitly understood to be conditional on the absence of her step-dame.

They did not meet in the evenings. Eila, indeed, did not quite see the advantage of drawing off from the society in which she was a particular star, until a substitute was open to her, and only stayed away from those parties which were undeniably of the baser sort; but Sir Roland spent this part of his day in the small and select coterie to which he had the *entrée*, and to which she had not. The Pau gossips were, of course, at their wits' ends to account for all the strange phenomena connected with Sir Ro-

land's intercourse with Eila; but their various solutions we need not waste time in chronicling. She kept her own counsel, it need hardly be said, and Mrs M'Killop was under her husband's strict injunctions to do the same—a circumstance which had latterly come to have some weight with her; besides, to have bruited the marriage, when she was so evidently ignored by the bridegroom's principal relative, would have been unpleasant. "When Bertrand comes," she said to herself, "I shall not be treated so vilely." And so she held her tongue—*en attendant*.

The slight badinage which Sir Roland met with from his distinguished friends, on his public appearances with the young beauty, he had little difficulty in parrying. It was pleasant to him, in fact. It had always been his *rôle* to be a "sad dog" among the sex; and to take up that of the evergreen, on his return to Europe, was by no means disagreeable to him.

And so the days passed on ; Eila finding her future uncle the most charming of men—so kind, so considerate, so lavish of promises for the future, so lively and entertaining, that she never felt dull with him for a moment. Although, when away from him—when alone—when she allowed a certain grim contingency with all its direful consequences to throw its shadow across her thoughts—she was not dull certainly, her feelings were simply those of desperation. If any one could have looked into her mind at such moments, and seen all its tumults and anxieties, he would have regarded her radiant aspect in public, with amazement and something even of admiration. She was living, as it were, within a bubble, owing much of her ornamental aspect to its prismatic colours, and conscious that a breath might, even then, be travelling towards her, which would dissolve that frail surrounding. It was a critical position for a young lady to be in, and yet carry so brave a front withal.

Let us go back to Bournemouth, and see whether a breath to dissolve the bubble was really to travel from its shore.

When we left Bertrand and his friend, they had just adjourned, until the morrow, the consideration of Eila's letter and the form which Bertrand's answer to it should take. When the morrow came, however, and the matter was opened, Pigott found that his friend's mind was already quite made up, and that he had resolved simply to write to Eila, and tell her that he had considered her former letter as finally breaking off their engagement, and that no circumstance had intervened to make him take a different view of the subject. He had determined, also, to leave her to make what explanation she pleased to her father, being satisfied that, in her own interest, she would not compromise him by the

manner of doing so. Further, as his uncle had not thought proper to renew relations with him directly, he would not take the initiative in bringing about a reconciliation.

Such were his fixed resolves, and it was in vain that his friend combated them, pointing out that, in justice to himself, he was bound to let Mr M'Killop understand why he declined to go on with the marriage, and that the chances were, he would only aggravate the eventual exposure which Eila's conduct was certain to undergo, by being obliged to meet an action for breach of promise. As to his neglecting the opportunity of a reconciliation with his uncle, that, in Pigott's view, was almost indicative that the fever had permanently weakened his friend's brain. But all his arguments and expostulations were useless ; and Bertrand cut them short by sitting down to write the letter, according to his own plan.

It was short and very much to the purpose, and ran as follows :—

“ Your letter of the —th has reached me, and I will not trouble you with a long answer to it. The very great misconception of my character which could alone have induced you to write this second letter, is perfectly consistent with a statement in your former one, that you had no great belief in your own love for me. It certainly would justify a feeling of contempt, rather than of love ; but you are apparently indifferent to this, and willing, notwithstanding, to ally yourself with the very simple person you take me to be. Your former letter, however, perfectly satisfied me that we are quite unsuited to one another ; and this would only confirm that impression, if confirmation were at all necessary. And when I assure you that I am not quite a simpleton, and that I value and respect truth beyond all qualities, I think you will

understand, without any broad speaking, why farther relations between us are impossible. I have determined not to write to your father. If I did write, I should, in justice to myself, be compelled to speak in plainer terms. You may account to him for my decision in any way you please, consistent with the fact that I have not wantonly violated my engagement.

"I have only farther to add that I have undergone not a little pain and sorrow at your hands. I am neither too proud to own this, nor so poor in spirit as to reproach you with it, but I shall be glad if the confession has any effect in influencing your future conduct to others, and if you also extract, as I do, some wholesome lesson from what has passed between us.

"BERTRAND CAMERON."

The spirit, though not the letter of this, Bertrand communicated to his friend, who pronounced it to be a masterpiece of Quixotic folly.

"She deserves a deal more plain speaking," he said; "and the whole clan M'Killop ought to know what a little serpent is nestling in the folds of their tartan. However, it is a mere matter of time, and you will have to do as I advise in the long-run, with the difference that you will have to pay for the process a good many six-and-eightpences into the bargain. May they be very many. It will serve you right. As to your uncle, why, that branch of the imbecility simply sickens me; that's all. If ever there was a case of cutting off a nose to spite a face, here it is. Oh dear! oh dear! I am the object of very few mercies, but for this one I desire to be thankful—that I was not born a Celt."

"I could only reply with a *tu quoque*, my dear fellow, which I scorn; so let us say no more about it. I have signed and sealed this

my act and deed. I am now going to deliver it to the post-office; and, at the same time, I will pay my respects to Miss Grant, if you will give me her address."

"I will go with you, and show the way."

"No, no; I shall have to tell her about this affair more or less minutely, and a third party would be *de trop*."

"I'll go with you to the door, at all events. Between ourselves, Bertrand, I would tell her as nearly the truth of the matter as your Quixotic soul can bring itself to do. It can never displease any well-regulated young lady to hear that her step-sister is a *mauvais sujet*. Besides, this girl is of the right sort; and she may be of use hereafter in flavoured the other young lady's romantic account of the matter with some spice of the truth. She may even save you the breach of promise case—who knows? Be open with her, most noble M'Quixote."

"Come along in the mean time, most sapient of Sassenachs."

As luck would have it, long before they reached the house where Morna was visiting, they espied her in the distance, walking slowly by herself in a solitary path among the pine-groves, "*A la bonne heure!*" said Bertrand. "Leave me, Pigott, and I will give chase. Nothing could be more fortunate." Whereupon the two friends separated.

Before that eventful day when Bertrand Cameron waited upon Mr M'Killop in his business-room at Cairnarvoch to ask him formally to sanction his engagement with Eila, we have Mr M'Killop's own statement on record, that no idea of such a solution of the problem how to reconcile the whispers of conscience with the dictates of his own interest, had crossed his mind.

Any statement from such a source is, of course, liable to grave suspicion;

but it is more than probable that, in this case, he spoke the truth. We must remember that he led a solitary life, and mingled but little with the rest of the circle. We must also remember that he was a man not likely to be much versed in the ways of womankind; and therefore, that what he did see of what went on at Cairnarvoch, when Eila was playing her elaborate game and employing Mr Tainsh and his misplaced passion as a fulcrum, was not very likely to enlighten him as to the real state of matters.

The fact of the matter was, that the sight of Bertrand Cameron for the first time, made the wrong he was doing much more tangible to him; and that, instead of plotting a compromise, his better nature was struggling with his worse to decide, once for all, to do what was right, and make the declaration. But duty has an uphill task to perform, when, in opposing self-interest, it is only backed by a moral principle, weak at best, and become somewhat decrepit from want of air and exercise. The devil's own middle course of procrastination, paved with the best intentions, is the course, at best, generally pursued under such circumstances, and M'Killop adopted it, deceiving and, even while he deceived, tormenting, himself. As a relief under the circumstances—to assure himself, as it were, that his act of justice was but temporarily postponed—he was in the habit of writing letters to Bertrand informing him of his rights, and stating that the proof of them lay in his hands. These letters he of course destroyed, one by one; but the writing of them served as a sort of anodyne for the inflammation of his conscience; and, as one of them was always in existence, he laid great stress on the fact that, if anything happened to him, Bertrand would not be defrauded of his rights.

But the moment Bertrand came

forward as a suitor for his daughter's hand, he saw how a compromise might be effected; and his attenuated moral principle could offer no resistance. He resolved, therefore, to discontinue his one-sided correspondence, which would otherwise have probably gone on till the day of his death; and it was the last of that celebrated collection which fell into the hands of Morna Grant, under the circumstances already detailed, on the night of Bertrand's proposal. The possession of this secret had sorely disquieted Morna all along, for there was no attenuation about *her* moral principle; and, when she heard that the marriage had become a matter of uncertainty, her anxiety and disquietude largely increased. She had seen at a glance, that the restitution of Bertrand in his rights was, somehow or other, grievously counter to Mr M'Killop's interests and inclinations; and she had felt that pressure would be necessary on her part, to bring it about.

On hearing, therefore, that the marriage was jeopardised, she wrote to Mr M'Killop in a very decided tone, insisting upon being informed what further limit he claimed for his concealment. Her letter troubled him not a little, for he saw that even when the marriage was a *fait accompli*, some especially well devised fable of a compromise between uncle and nephew would be necessary to satisfy so conscientious an observer. His answer was of course "Time;" that the marriage would come off certainly; and that, until it did, secrecy was indispensable.

As to Morna, she had felt compelled to be satisfied with his assurance, and waited on, with an uneasy mind. But yesterday had brought her a letter from Mr M'Killop, informing her that Sir Roland's consent had finally removed all obstacles to the marriage, so the period

of her complicity in a guilty secret was apparently nearly terminated, and she had felt a corresponding relief.

Under all the circumstances, it is not surprising that on this morning, as she strolled about the sylvan pathways, her maiden meditations should be a good deal devoted to him who was even now in quest of her. The marriage was now coming off, and she need no longer feel like a receiver of his stolen goods; she might now think of him without a pang of shame. The marriage was coming off, and all the connection that, unknown to him, had existed between them, would now terminate. Was there nothing else that the marriage would finally extinguish? Had he never been strongly in her thoughts in any other connection than with this odious secret? If he had not, how was it that her thoughts wandered back, and dwelt, with something more than a sweet pain, on the early days of their acquaintance? on those pleasant hours by the river—on those twilight hours on the terrace—on that quick sympathy and understanding that had risen up between them, amid music and laughter, and the free interchange of their vagrant thoughts?

There can be no doubt that poor Morna had had her little excursion into fairy-land—conducted thither by a beautiful prince—and that the counter-magic of a hostile enchantress had sent her back to the cold world, and robbed her of the dear companionship. How brief had been the bright illusion! how complete and sudden its departure! for it was all gone, leaving nothing behind but an aching void in her heart, and a blush of maidenly shame on her honest, innocent face; no indignation against any one; neither spite, nor envy, nor any such thing. She was humbled, but it was by her own

act: merely, she assured herself, as the result of her own folly and presumption. “Who was I to attract him?” was her thought. “No rival was necessary; he never did think, and never could have thought, of me, but as an uncouth girl, who might amuse him as a *pis-aller*, when there was nothing else to be done. When she came, I saw it at once. Even his first manner to her was so utterly different; and I was instantly forgotten. He might have spoken to me a little; but I was too insignificant; and it was evidently by an effort of good-nature and good-breeding, that he contrived to show me that he remembered my existence at all. Yes, I have been very foolish and very wrong, and I could die of shame if I thought he suspected; but he does not. Oh no, he cannot. How he would despise me if he knew that I had this secret about his fortune. It would look like spite. It is intolerable. I could contain it no longer if the marriage was not to come off immediately. But it is coming off, and there is an end of my—my misery. I shall be at peace again.”

In the midst of these thoughts, she heard her name pronounced by a voice, the sound of which arrested her as if her heart had stopped beating, and turning, she was confronted by Bertrand. Her agitation was great, and naturally so, under the circumstances. It was quite unconcealable, and Bertrand noticed it, saying, as he held out his hand, “I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Grant, for coming on you like a footpad. I fear I have startled you.”

“I was a little startled,” she murmured; “it was very foolish of me. I never heard you coming; and I have not been very strong lately.”

“I am really very sorry, but I remembered you had the nerves of a mountaineer, or I would have been

more careful." His own illness had revealed to him for the first time the existence of nerves.

"Pray don't apologise," said Morna; "it was nothing. I hope you are quite recovered."

"Thank you; I am quite an impostor now, to be playing the invalid, and I am going back to my duty soon."

Morna observed a great change in his appearance. He had no longer the air of an invalid, but what he had gone through had given him a much older look. His features were sharper, and the lines of his face more strongly defined, and his expression had lost its quick vivacity.

"I am afraid you have had a very serious illness," she said.

"Yes, it was serious enough while it lasted, I believe; but one shakes these things off quickly enough."

"You are not old enough to be offended by being told that you look a great deal older than when I last saw you. You *do* look years older. You must have been very ill."

"I feel years older, Miss Grant," he said quickly, and then went on, "I was on my way to call upon you just now, when I saw you in the distance."

"You are very kind; we can turn down this path—that will take us home."

"If you have no objection to let me escort you for a little in your walk, I would rather do so than go to your friend's house just now. I have, in fact, something to speak to you about privately, and we shall be more private here. Have you any objection?"

"None," said Morna, faintly, and they walked along together in silence—her thought being that he had got a clue to the secret, and was come to cross-examine her.

They walked on for a little in silence; and at last Bertrand spoke

with an effort. "I daresay, Miss Grant, you divine what I wish to speak about?"

Morna could make no reply. She was about to be arraigned, tried, and convicted as a receiver of stolen goods.

"At any rate," he went on, "I need not trouble you with a preface. I have come to speak to you about my—my marriage, Miss Grant."

"Oh!" said Morna, with something like a sob of relief; "and—and—I am glad to hear that I have now to congratulate you."

"Captain Pigott told me you were under this impression, and I have lost no time in hastening to undeceive you."

"Undeceive me!" ejaculated Morna, stopping in the sudden tumult of her thoughts. "What? how? Is it again postponed?"

"As far as I am concerned it was finally and utterly broken off, months ago."

"And will not now take place?" she inquired.

"Never, certainly."

She looked at him in dumb amazement; all the consequences of this state of things—all the entanglements of her situation—the secret again—the difficult duties she would have to perform, even the wild hopes that but now had seemed so dead and gone for ever—all rushed over her mind together in one tumultuous flood, and overwhelmed her. She could say nothing but repeat mechanically his words, "Never, certainly."

"I see you are astonished," he continued, "and naturally suppose that I am grievously to blame—that this is my doing. Miss Grant, it is none of my doing, or I would not be here beside you now."

"I do not understand," faltered Morna. "I had a letter."

"I know you had, but a letter which deceived you."

“Good heavens! is it possible that he could have deceived me for the purpose of——”

“I do not say that Mr M’Killop deceived you; indeed I am certain that he was himself deceived. I will tell you, in as few words as possible, how matters stand. When I said that the termination of the engagement was by no act of mine, I did not speak quite correctly; I should have said rather, that it was terminated by no blamable act of mine.”

“But—but it is not understood by Eila to be terminated at all. Mr M’Killop writes that she is so happy in the prospect of the marriage—the immediate prospect.”

“I will explain that presently. Miss M’Killop discovered, some months ago, that she had mistaken her feelings, and that her affection for me was not proof against the obvious inconvenience of marrying a disinherited husband; for you must know that I had accepted the disinheritance with which I was threatened if I persevered in my engagement with her. You must understand that I had done so, however, without consulting her, for reasons which I need not mention now, and I found that I had made a mistake. It would almost seem that it was my inheritance, and not myself, that she had intended to marry; for, when the one went, her feelings changed, and she told me that our engagement must terminate. It did terminate, then, as far as I was concerned, finally. By some unaccountable change, the prohibition, which had forbidden the marriage under pains and penalties, seems to have been removed—my disinheritance would appear to be cancelled—and, logically enough, from her point of view, Miss M’Killop seems to assume that, by that circumstance, our engagement is renewed. As I am not a

mere puppet, however, I take a different view, and I have written to tell her so. There were also circumstances connected with the rupture of our engagement, which entirely altered my view of her character, and made it impossible for me not to consider that I had made an escape, rather than sustained a loss. I will not, however, pain you and myself by going into details. But, in justice to Mr M’Killop, it is necessary that I should tell you that his daughter has evidently all along deceived him with the idea that the engagement was only in abeyance; and I may say that it was necessary for her to do so, to prevent the discovery that her conduct to me had been what she might probably be ashamed to own. There, Miss Grant, is briefly the real state of the case.”

“It is astounding and incomprehensible to me,” said Morna, rather thinking aloud than addressing Bertrand.

“I will, however, pledge my word of honour as a gentleman, that I have given you a true, and as mild as possible a version of the story.”

“I never doubted that for an instant, Mr Cameron—but have you written to Mr M’Killop?”

“I have not. I could not write to him without giving him, as the young lady’s father, a complete and detailed account of his daughter’s line of conduct. In my own justification, I could not do so; but I am anxious to spare him, and even her, unnecessary pain; so I have left it to Miss M’Killop to explain the rupture, in any way she pleases that shall leave me clear from the charge of having violated my engagement, and as blameless in appearance, as I am in fact.”

“But you *must* write to Mr M’Killop,” cried Morna, vehemently.

“I cannot see why.”

“There must be no more delay, doubt, or deception—he *must* have it from you direct.”

“Why?”

“For his sake, for your sake, for the sake of honour and honesty.”

“I think my honour will be sufficiently guarded. Miss M’Killop will scarcely venture to misrepresent me. If she does, please remember what I have said, and call upon me for the proof.”

“Oh, it is not that! Oh, if it was only that! What *am* I to do? Who will tell me what is right?”

Bertrand looked at her in surprise. Her manner was much excited—unaccountably so.

“I do not understand your allusion, Miss Grant; but pray do not distress yourself any further. All has been said that need be said. Let us change this unhappy subject. No amount of words can alter it.”

“Oh! yes, yes, much has to be said, and everything has to be altered, and I have to do it—but how? how? I wish to do my duty. God knows I do. But what is it?”

Her mind seemed to be wandering strangely, and Bertrand, in great perplexity, again begged her, with soothing words, to dismiss the subject from her mind and allow him to escort her home.

“No, no,” she cried, “not till I have spoken. I am absolved from my engagement now, for the marriage is never to come off. I *must* speak, and I *will*. Listen, Mr Cameron, I have a secret about you.”

“About me, Miss Grant? That seems strange. Not a very important one, I fancy.”

“Yes, an important one—of the greatest importance to you—affecting your fortune and your career, and which I have had in my keeping, Heaven knows how unwillingly, all these months. You will hate and despise me, perhaps, for having kept

it; but I was bound—bound by a promise—to keep it, until the arrangements for your marriage were completed,—until you were married to my step-sister. I believe I ought to have made no such promise; but there were many circumstances; and oh! it is so hard, so difficult, to know how to act, when one is groping in the dark, not knowing whether what appears the right direction may not turn out the wrong one, and whether to take it may not be to mislead and compromise the interests of others. But the time has come—the limit of my compact has been reached—and right or wrong, I *will* speak. I can endure the burden no longer.”

“I am sure you are agitating yourself most unnecessarily, Miss Grant. There is little that can damage the fortunes of a man further, when he is ruined.”

“Not ruined, Mr Cameron,—there is the secret. You are being unjustly kept out of your fortune, yours by birthright; and I have been conniving at it for months past. What do you think of me?”

Morna’s excitement was great; and Bertrand thought to himself, that this poor girl was certainly under some delusion—partially deranged. The commonest form of insanity is this upon the subject of “rights,” so he said to her,—

“My dear Miss Grant, another time you will tell me of this; but kindly delay the communication. I am still a little weak, and would rather defer unnecessary agitation. Suppose we return now?”

“No, no, no; it is not unnecessary agitation; and I will not defer it. Listen to me!” and she told Bertrand her story, with which we are already acquainted.

He soon saw, as she proceeded, that it was no creation of a disordered fancy she was reporting, and he heard her to the end without interruption.



It was a communication that might have moved any one profoundly, and a sordid soul would have been transported with exultation at the sudden access of fortune, at such a time and in such a mode, carrying with it the downfall of one who had cast him off with scorn and contumely.

But Bertrand's first eager question was, "Did it appear that my uncle was aware of all this?"

"No," said Morna, "he is quite ignorant of it."

"Thank Heaven! the honour of our name is untarnished. How could I doubt it?"

"Can you forgive me for my part in it?" said Morna.

"Forgive you, Miss Grant! There is nothing to forgive. It appears to me that one who opens the door of fortune to you, and says 'Walk in,' does not require to make many apologies. It is gratitude I owe you, nothing else; and I am grieved indeed that you have suffered so much distress, more especially since that very distress springs from a tender sense of honour which, believe me, I appreciate. You were bound to keep your promise till the condition was fulfilled or became impossible, and I am only not sure that you have done right in anticipating Mr M'Killop."

"Oh, do not blame—do not blame me! If you knew, if you only knew, how I have weighed and balanced and argued it, over and over, from one side to another, till my head was nearly turned, you would not blame me."

"My dear Miss Grant, nothing is farther from my thought than to blame you, and here is an expedient which will set everything to rights. I will delay taking any action in the matter till Mr M'Killop has time to make the communication to me himself, and he shall never know from me that he is not my first informant. Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh, thank you—'thank you! how good you are! There can be no harm in that, can there?"

"None whatever, undoubtedly."

"Then my mind is at rest—what a burden it has been! I can hardly believe that it is removed. If Mr M'Killop does not do what is right, then my communication will not have been premature."

"But have you any doubts of him? Forgive the question."

"To speak the plain truth, it was evident that it would be a most stupendous effort to him to make the declaration, and the very thought of it seemed to agitate him deeply; why, I cannot understand, more particularly when your interests were to be bound up with his, to a certain extent."

"It is certainly most mysterious; and how he comes to have this intelligence exclusively, still more so; but I am sure he will do his duty."

"I fervently hope so. And now I think I must go in. Good-bye."

"Good-bye; but I hope you will allow me to come and see you. You are not going to leave Bournemouth yet, are you?"

"No, not yet. In a week or ten days I am to accompany Mr M'Killop to Pau; but I do not think it could be a pleasure to you to come and see me, considering all the associations I must be connected with in your mind. I think this had better be our last meeting."

Poor Morna felt that it had better be so, for many reasons; the words came from the bitter wisdom of her heart, yet his answer, in spite of herself, was pleasant to her.

"I have no association in my mind with you but what is of the pleasantest description, Miss Grant: if we rejected everything good in this world because of its possible suggestions from mere proximity, it appears to me that the good that is

in the world would be altogether unenjoyed."

"Oh, but I am not good; and, so far from it, that, as to this secret, I did not even know what part a good person would have acted."

"Your mind may be very easy on that point. I owe you a debt of gratitude. It seems possible that, but for you, I might never have heard of my rights at all."

"You can't owe me gratitude for doing what was right—for doing it so feebly, too; gratitude for speaking the truth! when to withhold it would have been misery to myself! Oh no, you owe me no gratitude, Mr Cameron."

"You take a humbler view of yourself than I do, Miss Grant.

Truth lies in a well, you know, it is said. But it is not every one who will take the trouble and risk of descending, to bring it up. I may call, may I not? I assure you that my old friendship is only very much strengthened by what has occurred, and I shall be proud of your friendship, if you will let me have it."

"If you care to call, I shall always be glad to see you. Thank you for all the kind things you have said to me. Good-bye."

She held out her hand, and there came back to her face the look of happy, kindly frankness that had made it so winning, before the shadows of the past months had fallen upon her.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

Bertrand carried his strange news to Pigott, who at once took the view that M'Killop had been playing a deep game all along, and withholding the intelligence till Bertrand was fairly "landed;" no doubt thinking that the possession of a fortune makes a man fastidious in his matrimonial views. "It was a plant all along from the beginning, you may depend upon it, Bertrand," he said; "he had got the intelligence, and, being a freebooter, he was not going to part with it gratis: he scented you out when you lay on your form at Gosport, and the way in which he got you into the toils was most creditable. Upon my life, I respect old M'Killop!"

"The shooting was a plant. The very manner in which the young lady was brought into action—not too hurriedly, you remember—was a *tour de force* in itself. Tainsh was a 'bonnet,' and all this mysterious juggle of negotiating with the uncle, was the height of art.

"He must be a thundering clever

fellow; and such a masterpiece that wooden, stolid expression of his! The cunning old mole! His daughter must have lost her cue somehow, and ruined the whole thing. It is only another instance that half-confidences between confederates won't pay."

Pigott was delighted with his own sharpness, and laughed to scorn Bertrand's dissent from his theory; "but of course," he added, "I needn't congratulate you. You would never be so base as to deprive your uncle—that kind old uncle, grown grey in the service of his country. It will be necessary to guard the secret most carefully from the unfortunate old man, in case he should insist upon making restitution, or at all events inconvenience himself by doubling your allowance; and any sacrifice would be better than to dissipate his amiable dream that he has disinherited you. You must swear them all to secrecy. Begin with me.

"I am afraid you'll have to pay

M'Killop something to keep him quiet; that is a bore. And I'm not sure that I oughtn't to turn an honest penny by the matter myself. You can get the money on post-obits, you know. Your uncle's feelings would not suffer,—he need never know."

"Stop all that nonsense, Pigott, for heaven's sake! I certainly shall claim my birthright—have no fear on that point—though, of course, I shall do what is right by my uncle."

"Write yourself 'of Aberlorna,' and let him draw the rents. Yes, that might perhaps mitigate the shock to his poor old feelings, a little."

"There will be time enough to think of such matters when the investigation is made."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Wait to give M'Killop time to divulge it all to me voluntarily."

"Ha! ha! ha! Exactly—give him time for new combinations. You ought to flourish in the next world, Bertrand, for your wisdom is certainly not of this."

During the next few days, while Bertrand's letter to Eila, and Mor-na's to Mr M'Killop, were on their way to Pau, the two divisions of our *dramatis personæ*, on either side of the Channel, were, as far as the action of the piece went, pretty much in a state of inaction. There was a lull, for the key to all further action on either side was in the keeping of His Imperial Majesty's Post-Office. We have not seldom had to mourn over the shortcomings of that department in France.

"That, Monsieur, would be to effectively degrade the human being to the level of a precise automaton—an inanimate machine," was the ingenious reply of a postmaster in the Gironde to our humble suggestion that a frequent variation of four hours in the time of delivery

was inordinate, and might be rectified; but we are bound to say that even the French post-department, in our experience, always seemed to respect the proverb, "that ill news travel fast." The newspaper might be announced as *manqué*, day after day, and the remittance-bearing letter might linger on the road; but we can remember the most perfect punctuality in the arrival of certain other communications which do not, as a rule, sharpen one's appetite for the succeeding meal or two. How does it happen that these are the only exceptions? Why does not some one write a book of moral speculations on the post-office? It would suit Victor Hugo, with its sinister mysteries, its thousand epitomes of romance, passion, horror, crime—what you will. He might add another *ἀνάγνη* to his existing triplet, and christen it "The Post-Office." From such a material he would turn you out a very first-class demon indeed: and we can imagine how it would hoard and grudge; how its baleful eyes would glitter with a malign light over messages of peace, happiness, and love; and how its festering heart would rejoice to project from ill-omened receptacles, with yells of obscene exultation, such despatches as might carry with them grief, terror, shame,—a blow, a stab, and so forth.

Asking pardon for this digression—pardonable, perhaps, as the Post-Office stops the highway of our story—we repeat that the *dramatis personæ* went on for a few days much as we left them. Eila at Pau, devoured with secret apprehensions, yet bright as Euphrosyne to all the world about her; Sir Roland apparently enjoying himself very much with his new *protégée* and his old friends; M'Killop in Scotland, haggling for a luck-penny in the matter of Tolnie-Donnochie, but

serenely expecting "the happy news;" those at Bournemouth constantly meeting on a pleasant friendly footing, but one of them looking anxiously, between hopes and fears, for the effect of the actual news upon him whose secret she had divulged. We had forgotten Mrs M'Killop, by the by; and that lady was carrying a sore and spiteful heart, filled with all uncharity to Eila and Sir Roland, into the *salons* which constituted the poor woman's Paradise of Fools.

Bertrand's letter arrived at last, and as we already know its contents and all that they implied for Eila, we can pretty well imagine the effect it produced upon that young lady. She had not at all blinded herself to the possibility of such a response; but the contemplation of it had been too bewildering to allow her to provide for the contingency by any reserve plan of action. The letter came, and found her unprepared, and it filled her with consternation. How was she to account for it to her father, who was so set upon the marriage? how prevent him from calling Bertrand to account? how therefore escape the full exposure of her conduct? How was she to baffle the female inquisition of her irrepressible step-mother? and supply Bertrand with anything like an unassailable reason for his change of purpose? Last, but not least, how could she satisfy Sir Roland, and prevent him from sifting the matter to the bottom?

These questions rose before her, clamouring for an instant solution. What was she to do?

No one who had acted as she had acted could have any pride, in the higher sense of the term, to be galled by Bertrand's calm, judicial severity. Her mind was not agitated by any such emotion: any feeling of soreness at having been baffled and defeated, was kept in check by a sort

of gambler's sentiment, that, in the game she had been playing without any personal *animus* whatever, the cards had gone against her simply: there was the loss, and to meet it was her business in the mean time. If there was any spite against the adversary, that was not the question of the moment—it would keep. She could postpone that, as well as the pleasure of any practicable revenge, till a future opportunity. Business first, pleasure afterwards. And thus to the business of the moment she was able to bring a mind unclouded with other considerations; but even that did not seem to help her; solution after solution presented itself, only to be rejected more or less summarily.

To make a confidante of her step-mother, and so, by flattering her vanity, secure her co-operation and silence; to prostrate herself before Sir Roland, and confess, with irresistible tears, that she was tired of Bertrand, and must jilt him—even to hint, perhaps, that another and more venerable image had replaced the idol she felt compelled to shatter; to seize upon the cleanest and most solvent-looking Count from the ranks of the *nunquam non parati* who surrounded her, and solve the difficulty by walking off with him into the hazy regions from which he derived his title: such and suchlike were the only outlets she could discern, and none of them was palatable. She was baffled. Two days passed and found her in the same position.

"It is strange that you have not heard from Bertrand," remarked her step-mother on the second.

"It is very strange," was the serene reply; but if Count Horneyhoff, or even Baron Hunkers, could, at that moment, have preferred his suit, the odds are that there was a Countess or a Baroness all ready to the hand of either nobleman.

The third day Sir Roland also remarked it: "The dog is coming himself, evidently," he said; "but it is odd he doesn't even telegraph."

The situation was becoming simply desperate, and her father might return any day: what was to be done?

The strain began to be too much for her, it was so unremitting. Her nights became sleepless, haunted by the unsolved problem, and by day she was for ever on the alert, watching every turn of the conversation, and exercising a providential finesse to divert it from any topic, however remote, that *might* lead to the subject of Bertrand's silence. She became afraid to be with her mother or Sir Roland without the presence of a third party, and to avoid this was another call upon her watchful ingenuity. All this began to tell upon her appearance and manner; and the symptoms of internal dispeace were legible enough in her pinched features, in the dark circles round her wearied eyes, and in spasmodic alternations from abstraction to forced vivacity.

Sir Roland's experienced eye detected this change, and he pondered deeply over it. He had far too much at stake *not* to be anxious till the marriage was over; and, being anxious, it was not unnatural that his own selfish fears should suggest that something had gone wrong between Bertrand and Eila. But he was not the man to remain in suspense on the subject, or to delay healing measures if they were necessary; and therefore, on the fourth day of Eila's agony, he called and sent up a message inviting her to go out for a walk with him.

Mrs M'Killop was, at the moment, getting unpleasantly close to the fatal subject in conversation, and Eila was glad to make her escape; otherwise she would have

declined Sir Roland's invitation. She was obliged, however, to provide for each emergency as it arose, even though the provision was no better than a transfer from the frying-pan to the fire, and *vice versa*. So she went.

Sir Roland was more than usually affable as they strolled into the park; he was more than usually lively and entertaining; but he watched her narrowly with quick sidelong glances; saw an aggravation of all the symptoms of yesterday; observed that his vivacity (which was tentative) jarred upon her; and that the attempt to carry on an easy conversation with an unconstrained manner, was taxing her powers beyond endurance. He resolved to unriddle the mystery, so he paused abruptly in the conversation, stopped short, looked at her fixedly, and then, as if noticing something amiss for the first time, suddenly cried out,—

"God bless my soul! my dear girl, what is the matter? You are looking shockingly ill—pale as death—thin, worn, miserable—what is it?—how have I not noticed it sooner? You have some misery on your mind—tell it to me, my dear child, and perhaps I may be able to help you."

"It is nothing," said Eila, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Nothing! come, come, Eila, you can't deceive me; and why should you? believe me that your happiness is very near my heart."

Up to a certain point, women are immeasurably superior to men in the sort of game Eila was playing; their finesse is subtler, their self-control more absolute, their power of dissembling infinitely more refined; but, in the language of the turf, they can't "stay" as men can; they are handicapped with nerves much more heavily than the nobler sex; and, in a protract-

ed trial, the overweighting tells, and they break down. Eila had reached her distance; she had gone so far with unflinching endurance, but she could do no more; the collapse came, and she burst into an hysterical fit of weeping.

Fortunately the park was empty, so that there were no witnesses of the scene. Sir Roland conducted her tenderly to one of the benches, sat down by her, holding her hand in both his, with gentle soothing pressures, but said nothing till the hurricane passed off.

We of the rougher sex cannot comprehend the relief afforded by this "luxury of tears;" but the effect on the female of "a good cry" seems to be about the same as that produced by "a good stiff 'corker' of brandy" on the collapsed nervous system of the male.

Eila's attack was sufficiently violent and genuine, while it lasted, but it soon passed off, leaving all her faculties clearer than they had been for days, and, under the circumstances, she gave herself time for reflection, by protracting her formal recovery as long as possible; but as nothing suggested itself to her, better than the old expedient of flight, she "came to" and begged to be taken home at once.

"Very well, my dear," said Sir Roland, "let us go; but I must ask you just one question—now you are calm. Is it about Bertrand you are distressing yourself?"

"Please don't ask me."

"Yes, indeed I must; you have heard from him? be frank with me; I am sure you have heard from him."

"Yes, I have," said Eila, in desperation.

"And when is he coming?"

"He is *not* coming."

"What!" cried Sir Roland; "not coming? Upon my word he shows mighty little regard for my con-

venience; you told him, I suppose, that it was my wish, in which you agreed, that the marriage should take place here?"

"Yes, I did."

"And what does he suggest?"

"Nothing at all; he will not marry me at all."

"Almighty heavens! what do you say?" roared his Excellency; "breaks his engagement?"

"Yes."

Sir Roland, hereupon, quite forgot himself, and his diplomatic reserve, and fell to apostrophising his nephew, in a torrent of "shocking bad language," shaking in the vehemence of his evil passion. It was clearly the moment for a recurrence of the hysterics; and they recurred accordingly, the head of the patient dropping on to the shoulder of her companion. The hysterics and this pathetic symptom were, however, for a time, quite lost upon Sir Roland. He put his arm round her waist, indeed, but quite mechanically—the result of an inveterate habit, perhaps; in other respects he was entirely oblivious of her whose wrongs appeared to excite him so deeply.

Fierce wrath against his nephew—burning, fiery hatred to old M'Killop, and bitter self-reproach at having lent himself to a dishonourable contract—and all for nothing,—these were his first emotions; and they were expressed in loud incoherent maledictions quite unworthy of an Excellency, in the presence of a lady.

If a dispassionate outsider could have witnessed the tableau, it would certainly have struck him as comical.

A beautiful young lady, weeping and wailing on the shoulder of an elderly satyr, who mechanically fondled her, but was otherwise heedless of her plight, as with averted head and swollen features he sat

cursing everybody and everything, in a most catholic spirit.

But even Sir Roland's large *repertoire* had a limit, and when he had cursed himself out, more practical reflections recurred.

This was ruin, pure and simple, if it could not be stopped—he saw that; for, as an “honourable man,” he could not, of course, purchase M’Killop’s silence, even if it was in the market, which seemed doubtful.

But how far the mischief was repairable,—that was the thing to be ascertained, now; and, to ascertain it, he talked right through the hysterics, with the most selfish indifference.

The hysterics accommodately paused to let his question be heard, and did not find it necessary to recur.

“What reason does he dare to give for this?” said Sir Roland.

“He has changed his mind; he does not care for me; he does not trust in me.”

“How?”

“I declined, you know,” continued Eila, shifting her head to Sir Roland’s biceps, so as to bring her eyes into play—“I declined to have anything to say to him, without your sanction.”

“You did? Well?”

“This has enraged him; I fear his temper is sadly vindictive; and he writes to me, spurning me, Sir Roland—spurning *me*.”

“By the Lord Harry! he shall eat his words.”

“No, no, I beg of you; no. He says, ‘Apparently you prefer Sir Roland’s good opinion, Sir Roland’s affection, to mine;—I leave you to him.’”

“Oh, this is some lover’s whim, some mere caprice; it must be righted; you have been teasing him, perhaps; but leave him to me—I’ll bring him to his senses quick

enough. What! sacrifice a beautiful, charming, angelic girl, and himself into the bargain, to his own vile temper! No, no; I won’t let him cut his own throat;—no, no.”

“Sir Roland, listen to me—I will not have you write to this man! he has insulted me beyond endurance. If he prayed, on his knees, to me, for a century, I would not consent even to look at him; do you understand me?”

“I hear you, my dear child, but I do not understand you. You are over-excited; think no more of it, now. To-morrow we can discuss it coolly.”

“I am perfectly cool, Sir Roland; and you must promise me not to write to him.”

“Not till you permit me; but do you not love him, then?”

“I detest him;—any feeling I once may have had has been worn out by his childish folly, his outrageous temper, his vanity, and his weakness; he is too boyish. I feel that I could not lean upon such a heart” (and here she nestled closer to Sir Roland’s, as if to indicate that it was of a more suitable pattern), “so it is as well as it is; I can’t think how a nephew can be so unlike an uncle. Say nothing, please, to anybody about it. I would not have even papa and mamma know how I have been humiliated; you must help me to concoct a story for them; will you not?”

“I am perplexed,” stammered Sir Roland; “but I will—I will think it over. You are quite certain that a reconciliation is impossible?”

“Positively; I would never listen to it.”

“I am perplexed,” repeated his Excellency, hazily; and well he might be; for to concoct a story for M’Killop that would have any saving effect on his own prospects, was a stiffish undertaking. “I am perplexed, but I will speak to you to-

morrow. Can we meet at the same hour?"

"Certainly."

"Till then, no more of it; now let us return." And they went home, almost without exchanging a word.

The burden had, to some extent, fallen from Eila's shoulders. She had, at least, found and initiated a policy; she had made a sort of pseudo-confidant, as against her father and mother, and she had commanded him to concoct ways and means of her escape from the dilemma. But if the burden had been shifted from her shoulders, it had assuredly transferred itself to those of her confidant with a very much enhanced weight.

His Excellency staggered under it; he was not merely perplexed, he was at his wits' end; no course seemed before him but to walk out of his worldly possessions and all their direct and indirect advantages, and beg "this infernal, hare-brained, upsetting, romantic noodle of a nephew" to walk into them; while he settled down, on a miserable pittance of a half-pension, at some small Continental town. That was the only course which he could pursue, according even to his filmy view of honour. The other alternative was too broad. To purchase Mr M'Killop—that was the only other line he could, at first, see; but that was a naked fraud, and it looked extremely nasty without any clothing. But, on continued reflection, M'Killop was rolling in money; he was not purchasable; no money would silence him if he had made up his mind to speak; so the fraud looked all the nakeder and uglier for being impracticable. Was there no other means of circumventing him? M'Killop's interest was clearly to keep quiet; but he had shown premonitory symptoms of growing a conscience; what could check them?

if not money, what then? Was there no other device that would be as efficacious, and, at the same time, not be so indecently and vulgarly nude? *Voyons.*

That night the Duchess of Esil, Lady Grampington, and a certain French marquis of the old *régime*, had to play dummy whist: they waited for the complementary member of the *partie* till their noble tempers were sadly exasperated; and, at last, a message came that he was indisposed. Sir Roland was, in fact, engaged in playing, with a spectral adversary, a game of chess, his bad angel suggesting the moves. The advice of his monitor must have been effective, and he must have won; for on rising to go to bed, he muttered, with a not very angelic smile, "That will checkmate him, and the game *must* be mine."

When Sir Roland had made up his mind to join M'Killop in his scheme and to defraud his nephew, he had amused, though it can scarcely be said that he deceived, any little remnant of a conscience he possessed, by assuring himself that, by one compensation and another, Bertrand would not be materially a loser. Still the resolution had educated him to the idea of a fraud: as a matter of fact, it had done so; for the juggle of compensation was only a little bit of gilt gingerbread, offered, in a sort of honorary way, as a bribe to a *quasi* moral sense, and more to keep up a respectable fiction than for any other purpose. He had looked fraud deliberately in the face—there was the great fact; and, though he had covered it up immediately with a flimsy veil, the shock of novelty could never again disturb him on a reperusal of its "hateful mien." To have formed the resolution at all, showed that he was pretty near the bottom of the *facilis descensus*; and it supplied any little impetus that was necessary to



tumble him down into the depths, when his self-interest gravitated in the same direction.

His self-interest did now so gravitate unmistakably; and the question of a fraud on his nephew—a pure uncompensated fraud—gave him surprisingly little trouble; the moral difficulties of doing the thing at all, were almost immediately lost sight of in the superior difficulty of inducing M'Killop to co-operate. How that was to be done had occupied his thoughts this evening? The result of his reflections was, that M'Killop's co-operation could only be secured by stratagem; he thought he saw the way to check-mate him, as he had exclaimed; and he made his first move in that direction the next morning, by writing the following letter to Eila:—

“MY DEAR EILA,—I have employed the interval since we parted in trying to find a solution for your troubles and my own: I couple my own with yours, not only because whatever troubles you distresses me, but because, both by the infamous conduct of my nephew and by my own involuntary agency, I feel, to a certain degree, responsible for the situation in which you find yourself. I said I was perplexed yesterday, and I have had many hours of perplexity since. I have, however, found a solution which would certainly relieve you from your painful position, though, it is more than possible, you may be unwilling to adopt it.

“I have looked at the situation from your point of view and from my own, and, looking at it from yours and through your delicate sensibility, I can see very clearly all from which you recoil.

“The humiliation of a sudden, unexplained desertion; the sympathy and the sneers of society; the indelible brand of slight and rejection; the line your father will take; the

publicity he will give to the scandal by instituting a suit; the exposure in court of all your most sacred feelings; the sneering of impertinent counsel over your letters; the jeering of the audience and the press,—I can quite comprehend how you recoil from such an ordeal.

“Now for my solution. I take it for granted that any girl of sensibility would rather underlie the imputation of having jilted than that of having been jilted. Well, you must turn the tables on Bertrand; you must jilt him, before it has got wind that he has broken faith with you; in a word, you must marry immediately. The suggestion startles you perhaps, or you think I jest. ‘Husbands don't grow like blackberries,’ you will say. True; but I don't jest, and, what is more, I see a husband all ready, if you will only take him. ‘Who is he?’ you ask. Wait a little.

“I have looked at the matter from *my* point of view also, I told you. Very well; and I have said to myself, ‘Here is the most charming girl in Christendom, and she has been treated infamously by my scoundrel of a nephew. He has put her in a dreadful position. I am bound to get her out of it, not only because of my affection for her, but because she has been compromised by my kinsman. She must marry. Good; but she must marry well—into a position and a fortune worthy of her. Clearly so; but she must marry immediately; and how to find a suitable match for her immediately? there is the question. It is difficult, but I am bound to do it.’

“Very well. I offer you, my dear girl, my own fortune and my own position—neither of them altogether despicable. The feeling that I can be of use to you emboldens me to make the offer which your charms, the moment I saw you, suggested to my heart. If you will

take these offerings, burthened with an old fellow who loves you very dearly—*vous voilà*—you will find your solution, and make me the happiest of men. If you cannot do this, of course you shall have my friendliest services in attempting to find some other means of extrication; though, I confess, this is the only one that presents itself. I think I could make you very happy, and the position in which I should place you would be more suitable to your grace and refinement than is your present home, with the uncongenial society of a step-mother whose vulgarity makes you wince, and whose unkindness to you has often pained me. I have written this rather than said it, so as to give you time for reflection. But let our meeting take place, as arranged, this afternoon, and then you shall give me your answer. Believe me that I await it as eagerly as if I was—what shall we say?—twenty years younger! Let it be ‘Yes!’ dearest Eila; oh, let it be ‘Yes!’

“Yours most affectionately,  
“ROLAND CAMERON.”

Let us not suppose that, in writing this letter, Sir Roland was not proposing a step that was most uncongenial to him. He abhorred the marriage tie, and, indeed, had spent a good deal of his time in practically evincing his contempt and disregard for it. It suggested to him trouble, boredom, bondage, and a total revolution in his habits; he also felt that he should incur ridicule—and, in fact, if Eila’s antecedent arrangement got wind, which it certainly would, something more than ridicule. Still it was his only resource; it was the only effectual way of shutting M’Killop’s mouth. The alternatives before him were, Marriage or Ruin; and as the former was clearly the minor evil, he adopted it.

Eila’s personal attractions were a slight alleviation, certainly; but, after all, only a slight one.

So he wrote the letter, feeling that he was paying no small price for his preservation.

That which was to be done must be done promptly, however; and he despatched the letter with all haste, and determined to carry out his plan with the utmost energy. His knowledge of character gave him considerable hope that his suit would not be rejected; but as it was the last card in his pack, he awaited the result with much anxiety.

When Eila received the letter she carried it to her own room for perusal.

Its contents may, or may not, have been unexpected; they certainly were not unwelcome, for “Thank heaven! thank heaven!” were her pious ejaculations when she had read it through; and then, having laid it on her toilette table, she looked in the glass, and murmured to herself, with a pleasant smile, “Lady Cameron!” The marriage was, in fact, not only welcome as a means of extrication, but perfectly so for its own sake. She had no foolish prejudices about inequality of years. To her, marriage was a practical, not a sentimental, question. An elderly husband was even more desirable than a young one, according to her creed, which said, “It is better to be an old man’s darling than a young man’s slave.” So that, if Sir Roland and Bertrand had originally come on the *tapis* together as rivals, Bertrand’s chances would certainly have been slender. It would have resolved itself pretty well into a match between *fee-simple* and reversionary interests, and Eila was quite aware that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, for she had plenty of proverbial wisdom at command.

In spite of Bertrand, she would

thus still have the same fortune and a better position—all at once, too, without waiting for dead men's shoes. How that would gall Bertrand! And what glory to dominate over Mrs M'Killop! what an extinguisher this would be for her insolence, her affected superiority, her nonsensical pedigree! Lady Cameron of Aberlorna would put Mrs M'Killop of Tolmie-Donnochie in her place, and keep her there. Then the county neighbours who had ignored them;—what bliss to snub them all round as the great lady of the district! She would turn the tables on *them* with a vengeance; and Mr Tainsh's brutality to her, that would not be forgotten. Tainsh should either be summarily dismissed from his factorship, or retained for purposes of persecution.

It was a glorious vista. She rubbed her hands with delight as she contemplated it, and reflected on her marvellous escape, and how two days ago she might have thrown herself to the dogs, and espoused a Horneyhoff.

Again and again she expressed the devoutest gratitude to Heaven.

There were minor difficulties to encounter, of course. Her father might be troublesome; he was set on the marriage with Bertrand, whom she was to jilt,—ha! ha!—but Sir Roland must manage all that. Under the shelter of his name and position, it mattered little to her what her relations thought, or said, or did. Sir Roland would make the details all right; and with such thoughts she tripped out joyously to meet him; and never with a brighter mien, or half so light a heart, had she gone forth to meet her gallant young lover in the summer woods.

“Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!”

She arrived first at the rendezvous, and had time to pose herself and study an effective overture before Sir Roland made his appearance.

The rôle she should adopt had been a subject of some doubt to her. She had hesitated whether to play Beggar-maid to his Cophetua, or the coy and difficult nymph requiring solicitation and time for thought. But the latter was too hazardous; the time was so short that her art must be no longer than was absolutely necessary; and she decided for a modified reading of the “Beggar-maid.” This resolution had scarcely been taken, when the sound of approaching steps warned her to fall into a fit of deep abstraction, from which she did not awake till the fitting moment, when Sir Roland was, so to speak, within range. Then she looked up with a start, rose quivering, went forward to meet him, with two or three steps of impassioned energy, gave him one long, thrilling glance, and fell upon his bosom.

“Mine, Eila? mine?” cried the old reprobate.

“It is your generosity, and not your love—it cannot be your love—that has prompted you to this,” she murmured.

“It is my fervent love, my darling—I swear to it,” cried Sir Roland.

“No, no, it is your chivalry that speaks,” moaned the Beggar-maid.

“It is my love, which I glory in,” shouted King Cophetua. “I will go on my knees to you, and swear it” (he didn't, though), “and beg for a little in return.”

“Ah! what heart could refuse love to such noble generosity?”

“Do not talk of generosity; tell me that you believe in my love; tell me that you return it a little; tell me that you accept me, and then I shall be happy.”

"I do,—I do,—all—all!"

"Then I am happy," cried Sir Roland; and nothing further of a sentimental nature occurring to him to say at the moment, he set to work and kissed his *fiancée* in a very business-like way, conducting her drooping form, with a "long-drawn-out sweetness" of slow progression, back to the seat from which she had arisen. It was a loathly sight.

The interview between this well-matched pair was a long one. The

main question—that of the marriage—was carried, as we have seen, *nem. con.*; but when it got into committee, there was a good deal of debate and difficulty in adjusting some of the details. A business-like spirit being displayed on both sides, however, and an honest desire to effect a settlement, all difficulties were, at length, removed, and the session closed with the sentimental formalities which had marked its opening. Let us leave the romantic lovers for a little to themselves.

#### AMERICAN BOOKS.

THE lighter literature of America has hitherto confined itself within a very narrow sphere. Its nationality has been only the nationality of a limited circle—it has had nothing in it of the wider air of a great continent. The opinion of a village, the habits of a town, have been the most we have been able to learn that was novel or characteristic. Its tone, in short, has been local and not national. Except in the works of Mrs Stowe—or, to speak more to the letter, in her first work—and in those of Mr Hawthorne, there has been nothing like the beginning of a new literature. The books have been middle-class books, domestic in tone and narrow in treatment, and evidently written for the young people, who alone in a busy community have time to read. Women, of course, are the great novel-readers everywhere, and a great majority of such books must at all times take their tone from the mild tastes and home interests of the gentle reader, whose leisure permits her to go contentedly through hundreds of pages of unexciting dialogue. We have learned from these works that young

ladies have a different code of manners in New York or Boston from that which is current in London. We have acquired wonderful scraps of information about the toilette and expenses of an American beauty, and the easy manner in which she treats her lovers; and on the other hand, we know how they make cakes in a New England farm-steading, and how well literature and the fine arts may thrive in conjunction with washing and scrubbing. This sort of thing is amusing enough, and even those who are not acquainted with the society it portrays may generally make out with tolerable distinctness which part of it is true to fact, and which is coloured by the hopes and theories of an enthusiastic fancy. But in all this there is nothing new, nothing of the energy of youthful forces, and not much beyond mere imitation of the English model upon which the school has been formed. Of late years, however, this flatness and dead level have begun to break up, and the impulse of new life makes itself visible to us in the hands of two very different classes. The one

which is the most healthy and vigorous is that which comes from the lawless outskirts of the world, from California and the wilds, and is represented to the English reader chiefly by the little volume called 'The Luck of Roaring Camp'\*—a book which has been visible about the railway bookstalls for some time past, with a revolting green-and-yellow picture of a furious virago of the lowest class on its boards—by way, apparently, of keeping it out of the hands of readers with any regard for their character. The other class is of a very different type, and is also to be found about the bookstalls in very slim and cheap, and apparently very popular, little volumes. It is feminine in tone, but so far different from the merely domestic ideal as to open up to us a new school of thought and feeling, such as we have but few specimens of in England. This class of books may be represented by the tiny production called 'Gates Ajar.' Here are two ways newly opened up into the mind of the great continent, which are worthy a little consideration. They represent the world which is beneath conventionalities, beyond the sway of anything but the roughest and widest principles of life, on the one hand, and the world which is making an effort to break through the *banal* laws of flat, respectable, middle-class existence on the other. The first is rude and wild, and though sufficiently pure in tone, yet dealing with many questions and introducing many personages in a calm historical fashion, without praise or blame, which are not often mentioned in the domestic circle; the other is apt to be fantastic in its spiritual yearnings, and will not please the orthodox. The one is all fact, rough, terrible, unusual, sometimes touch-

ing, sometimes revolting; the other is all theory, aspiration, fancy. Both are tentative efforts towards something better—chaotic heavings of untrained intellect, and power which has not quite learned to know itself and its strength. But on that very account they are full of interest; their irregularity and imperfections giving evidence of the working of new life. America, as it is in New York drawing-rooms, is something considerably more artificial, conventional, and untrue, than even life in London,—we speak, let us premise, not from personal knowledge, but from the pictures in American books; the New England villages are very much better and more original, yet they are also limited by all the pettiness of a fully established and unchanging life. But very different is the wild existence among the diggings, the chaotic beginning of new empires. In California the Pilgrim Fathers are not the founders, neither are old laws of an old world the foundation upon which the new state is to be built. It is founded rather upon conquest, not of old civilisation, but of older nature, and represents to us more nearly what primitive settlements must have been, how Nimrod and Tubal-Cain may have started their new kingdoms, than any more stately impulse of colonisation. It is to be hoped that the patriarchs were more innocent in their ways than the diggers, and less skilled in evil; but in their case, as in that of this last embryo of human power, life went first in its rudest principles, and worked itself into law and shape. The shape has scarcely come yet in California, but the life is there, fierce, unruly, and untrained—abounding in evil elements, with nothing beyond some spark of constitutional kindness for

\* The Luck of Roaring Camp; and other Sketches. By Bret Harte. Hotten: London.

the weak and awe of the unknown to represent religion in it—but yet natural, vigorous, and new.

'The Luck of Roaring Camp' is but one very brief tale out of a dozen. It is a narrative of a short life—that of a baby—in one of those curious colonies of gold-diggers. It bears every evidence of being true to the life, as a picture studied from the life might be expected to be. It is full of rude figures, without a pretence at civilisation even, much less refinement—men without conscience or restraint, careless in body and in mind, and rough as the rocks they work among; yet it is long since we have read anything so touching. Here in some dozen pages the whole wild, rude, unlovely life is set before us, utterly denuded of anything elevating or beautiful, unteachable, uncontrollable, and yet with a heart that can be touched, and is still capable of the very simplicity of tenderness in its uncouth way. We are introduced to the camp at a moment of high excitement. A wonderful event has just happened in it. The one wretched woman in the place, an abandoned creature, for whom no one pretends to have either respect or regard, dies in giving birth to a child, and the child is received by the diggers with a wondering reverence, curiosity, and sense of proprietorship, which have the strangest effect upon them. Here is Roaring Camp as it appeared while this event was taking place:—

"The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of them were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminals, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the noblest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice, and an embarrassed timid manner. The term 'rough' applied to them was a

distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, &c., the camp may have been deficient; but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had lost three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

"Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail on the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. . . . A fire of withered pine-boughs added sociality to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. . . . In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if nature had stopped to listen too.

"The camp rose to its feet as one man."

When the next step in the story comes, and the loungers are admitted to see the new-born creature, cradled in a candle-box, and placed upon the table, while its mother lies dead, and decently covered over in a corner, the scene is not less characteristic. The dead woman has little or no pity from them, but the new life is wonderful and strange, filling them with curiosity and a sentiment which they do not understand. A hat is placed for contributions for the maintenance of the baby beside its uncouth cradle, and into this all kinds of extraordinary gifts are put—"a silver tobacco-box, a doubloon, a navy revolver, silver-mounted—a gold specimen, a diamond breast-pin, a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he saw that pin, and went two diamonds better),"—all this comes pouring into the hat, while the men pass in a line staring at the infant. The first man who en-

tered had taken off his hat, "and in such communities good and bad actions are catching," and the whole camp thus uncovered to the child, who had been given to it, a novel responsibility and privilege.

"Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box, half-curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed; something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. 'The d—d little cuss!' he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it—'He rasted with my finger,' he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member; 'd—d little cuss!'

"It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new-comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust imputation of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused, and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half-way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. 'How goes it?' said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy towards the candle-box. 'All serene,' replied Stumpy; 'anything up?' 'Nothing.' There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy—'Rasted with it, the d—d little cuss!' he said, and retired."

In this amusing, affecting way does the rude economy of the diggers' life,—their profanity, and the touches of feeling of which

they are at first ashamed,—become apparent to us. Nothing is softened in the picture—there is no sentiment—nobody is reminded of the innocence of his own cradle in words, as so many moralist-humorists would take pleasure in reminding him. The Camp is not changed at once into a nursery Bethel. But nevertheless, the whole community, in which there is not a single woman left, gets gradually absorbed in the child, and with a shamefaced submission to the soft new yoke which is thus put upon its neck, it knows not how, grows a little cleaner, a little quieter, a little kinder, with a clumsy surprise at itself which is perfectly well rendered and thoroughly natural. Stormy discussions are held over the best manner of rearing the little orphan; and the whole camp rises fierce and unanimous to resist the suggestion of sending the child away to be nursed. When the difficulty is solved by means of ass's milk, they send to Sacramento for baby-clothes with the wildest liberality. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the express-man's hands, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work, and frills,—d—n the cost!" The christening of the baby furnishes another most characteristic scene. One of the wild crew, "a noted wag," had prepared a burlesque of the Church service, which was expected to afford unbounded amusement to the community. Two days were spent in getting up this mock ceremonial, training the choir and making ready all requisites for the fun.

"But after the procession had marched to the grove, with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before the mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the impatient crowd. 'It aint my style to spoil fun, boys,' said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him; 'but it strikes me that this thing aint

exactly on the square. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he aint going to understand. . . . But,' said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, 'we're here for a christening, and will have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California; so help me God.' It was the first time the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp."

The child thus strangely born and christened became "the Luck" of the wild little colony, and gradually worked the strangest change in his rough subjects. They grew careful of the outer man, in order to be permitted to hold the baby in their unaccustomed arms. The shouting and yelling which procured the camp its name were put down, not to interfere with his slumbers; and by-and-by there might be seen of evenings the strangest scene—the child in the arms of a musical sailor, whose great performance was the ballad of "The Arethusa," ninety stanzas long, which he sang with lugubrious faithfulness, rocking the baby in his arms—"while the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp." During the day the child was carried down with them to "the gulch," from whence the gold was taken, and was placed on a blanket canopied over with a flowery and leafy network of branches done by the hands of his rough nurses, to grow and mature like any other flower in the fresh air—which he did, rewarding them by wonderful instances of sagacity and cleverness. Nothing can be more curious than this picture of the jealous band, shut up among their mountains, receiving no visits from the outside world and permitting none, watching over their mines with angry eyes and

prompt revolvers, and hearing of the outside universe only by means of the express-man who brought a rosewood cradle for the Luck, "packed eighty miles by mule," and whose report of them was—"They've a street up there in Roaring that would lay even with any in Red Dog [the next settlement]. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a-day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Injin baby." The baby's work of civilisation was not, however, destined to go on long. This was how it came to an end.

"The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foot-tribes. The snow lay deep on the sierras, and every mountain-creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse, that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees, and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. 'Water put the gold into them gulches,' said Stumpy. 'It's been here once, and will be here again.' And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp. In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, the Luck of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them. It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

"It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely-assorted pair, they saw the child was cold and pulseless. 'He is dead,' said one. 'Dead?' he repeated, feebly. 'Yes, my man; and you are dying too.' A smile lit the eyes of the



expiring Kentuck. 'Dying!' he repeated; 'he's a-taking me with him. Tell the boys I've got the Luck with me now.' And the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows for ever to the unknown sea."

This sketch, slight and brief as it is, answers the highest and noblest purpose of fiction. There is more in it than in scores of three-volume novels. It opens to us a whole new and strange world, showing not one man but a crowd of men, sadly abandoned of everything that is lovely and of good report, yet still made in God's image, and possessing such qualities, hidden under the crust of profanity and reckless sinfulness, as make us pause and tremble ere we condemn. We venture to say that there are few readers of the 'Luck of Roaring Camp' who will not think wistfully and pitifully ever after of the wild and half-savage gold-diggers, with all their terrible ways; and many who will learn from this little tale the wholesome doctrine that now, as eighteen hundred years ago, the publicans and sinners have their day, and are wooed back to the fold by means of which we know nothing, in ways which we are not called upon to judge of. Nothing can be more rude or less lovely than the life here portrayed—nothing can be more simply true than the narrative. Here nothing is hidden, nothing excluded, no false gloss put on; and yet the heart is touched, the mind elevated by the strange tale. There is neither condemnation nor horror of vice in it—vice being a matter of course in the community; yet its tendency is more than virtuous, it is lofty and pure. The reader laughs, but it is with a tear in his eye, which is one of the highest luxuries of feeling; his heart melts over all those rough fellows lying about half dressed, with pistols at their belts,

and every kind of fierce and terrible recollection in their minds, smoking under the trees, watching the sailor rock and sing to the child, and "entertaining an indistinct idea" that this was "pastoral happiness." There never was a more vivid, never a more affecting picture, drawn in fewer words. It is terse as a drama ought to be, full of light and darkness and atmosphere as a picture, instinct at once with humour and tenderness. Whether Mr Bret Harte will ever carry out the promise contained in these dozen pages, it is very hard to predict; for he has a gift in another kind, which the blind world is equally ready, or perhaps more ready, to applaud, and which will lead his genius to destruction rather than to full development; but if he were to build upon this real and firm foundation, he might be such a national bard as has not yet arisen in America,—a true exponent of her chaotic youth, her wild vigour of adolescence—the qualities that will ripen, not those which must die.

None of the other short stories in the volume are equal to "Roaring Camp," though "Tennessee's Partner," the "Man of no Account," and the "Idyll of Red Gulch," are all very striking, and show the writer's power of bringing out true human nature, tenderness, and moral beauty out of the saddest wrecks and fragments of humanity. We cannot refrain from quoting an unsuccessful attempt on the part of Tennessee's partner to rescue his principal from the hands of Judge Lynch, who had caught and convicted him of aggravated highway robbery, and was about to hang the culprit. The partner is admitted to the extempore court of justice, on the ground of having something to say for the prisoner; and, coming in with a heavy carpet-bag, shakes hands, "with laborious po-

liteness," with every one in the room.

" 'I was passin' by,' he began, by way of apology, 'and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gettin' on with Tennessee thar, my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the bar.'

"He paused a moment, but nobody voluntceering any other meteorological annotation, he again had recourse to his handkerchief, and for some time mopped his face diligently.

" 'Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?' said the judge, fiercely.

" 'That's it,' said Tennessee's partner, in a tone of relief; 'I came yar as Tennessee's pardner, knowin' him nigh on four years, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways aint allus my ways, but thar aint any pints in that young man, there aint any liveliness he's been up to as I don't know. And you say to me, sez you—confidential like, and between man and man—sez you, Do you know anything in his behalf? and I sez to you, sez I—confidential like, as between man and man—What should a man know of his pardner?'

" 'Is this all you have to say?' said the judge, impatiently, feeling perhaps that a dangerous sympathy of humour was beginning to humanise the court.

" 'That's so,' continued Tennessee's partner; 'it aint for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*—and the honours is easy. And I put it to you, being a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen all, as far-minded men, if this isn't so?'

" 'Prisoner,' said the judge, interrupting, 'have you any questions to ask this man?'

" 'No, no,' continued Tennessee's partner, hastily. 'I play this yar hand alone. To come down to the bedrock, it's just this: Tennessee thar has played it putty rough and expensive like on a stranger and on this yar camp. And now what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold, and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square?' And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

"For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet; sev-

eral hands groped for hidden weapons; and a suggestion to 'throw him from the window' was only over-ridden by a gesture from the judge. Tennessee laughed; and Tennessee's partner, apparently oblivious of the excitement, improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief."

This curious and slavish, yet tender and lofty devotion, is most touchingly drawn, without an attempt to add any false refinement to the picture. The poor fellow returns his gold dully to his bag, when he finds that he has done more harm than good by this attempt to corrupt the incorruptible Lynch. "This yer is a lone hand played alone and without my pardner," he says, as he withdraws—a comical, quaint, pathetic figure, with no sense of right or wrong in him. His speech and his circumstances are alike quaint and strange to us; but it requires no wizard's sight to recognise them as affecting and true.

We do not pretend to admire in the same way the ballad by the same hand, entitled "The Heathen Chinee." The profound satire in it is probably too fine to be appreciated in the society from which it sprang: and though there is great humour in the picture, it is not of an attractive kind. The quiet undertone of incredulous surprise and outraged moral feeling, however, with which the Yankee gambler discovers that the mild-looking Coolie is as great a rogue and cheat as himself, is very amusing. The verses are dated Table Mountain, 1870, and no doubt sprang naturally from some scene which caught the wandering humorist's eye.

"THAT HEATHEN CHINEE.

"Which I wish to remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

It was August the third,  
 And quite soft was the skies,  
 Which it might be inferred,  
 That Ah Sin was likewise,  
 Yet he played it that day upon William  
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
 And Ah Sin took a hand;  
 It was Euchre. The same  
 He did not understand,  
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
 With the smile that was childlike and  
 bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
 In a way that I grieve,  
 And my feelings were shocked  
 At the sight of Nye's sleeve,  
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
 By that heathen Chinese,  
 And the points that he made,  
 Were quite frightful to see,  
 Till at last he put down a right bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt with me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me,  
 And he rose with a sigh,  
 And said, 'Can this be?'  
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,  
 And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued  
 I did not take a hand,  
 But the floor it was strewed,  
 Like the leaves on the strand,  
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding  
 In the game he 'did not understand.'

In his sleeves, which were long,  
 He had twenty-four packs—  
 Which was coming it strong,  
 Yet I state but the facts;  
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
 What is frequent in tapers—that's wax."

This fine strain of moral indignation speaks for itself. We fear that the satire, however, is likely to be more appreciated in spheres where the distinction between the gambling digger and the heathen Chinese is not very apparent, than it is likely to be where its lesson could be of serious use—a danger to which all satire of the finer kind is always subject. We refrain, lest we should shock the delicate ear of the refined reader, from quoting the strange ballads published along with the one above quoted, and in many respects superior to it. But they are simple doggerel, though they are full

of truth and nature. The story of "Jim," for instance, is the most absurd travesty of poetry; yet through the tattered veil of its rude verse, the ruder real man, profane and fierce, and ready with blow or revolver, without either morals or manners, but with a heart thrilling through his big frame, and tears that make his eyes dim, stands out clear as any picture. The story called "Dow's Flat" is equally characteristic. It is still doggerel, but full of the quaintest touches of pathetic humour. Here we find the old woman who "did washing, and *took on when no one was nigh*;" and the unfortunate miner, whose luck was so "powerful mean," that everything went badly with him, until in digging for water he found gold—

"He kinder got that  
 Through sheer contrairiness,  
 For 'twas *water* the darned cuss was *reekin'*,  
 and his luck made him certain to miss."

We do not profess to admire doggerel in general, or to give it a high place as a vehicle of artistic expression; but shiploads of the smooth English verses with which the earlier poets of America have favoured us, would not make up for the life and reality of these strings of irregular words; the fact of such a revelation indeed is true poetry, however rugged the expression may be. Let not Mr Bret Harte be deluded. His powers of making fun are as nothing in comparison with this power which so few men possess. We have no doubt it is very clever to parody sensation novels, and to win a cheap fame from the follies of others; but the 'Luck of Roaring Camp' is worth all the parodies that ever were written. It is such a picture as Young America may hang up in her biggest national gallery when she gets one. It expands our world, and swells our heart with a genuine pity, sympathy, admiration tinged with sorrow, for those

pioneers of the generations who are doing the world's roughest work, and getting sadly soiled in the operation. When the paths of civilisation shall have been made over their bones, over the rocks and cairns on their graves, it will be good for posterity to know that some good was in these rude forefathers, as it is for us to have this lamp of clear and brilliant illumination throwing its sudden glare upon camp and gulch. The works of Mr Bret Harte give, we are convinced, better promise of a true original influence in literature for America than anything we have yet seen from the other side of the Atlantic. The older names in American letters are a hundred times more refined, write better English (though Mr Harte's narrative style is often most vigorous and pure English), and are more generally admirable personages; but they all form themselves on European models, and have a distant as well as the near audience in their eye. Mr Harte has had the daring to write what he knows without regard to models; and if he but retains the native force of his beginning, without hankering after those elegances which appear so doubly tempting to the American soul, he will, we do not doubt, win the gratitude of his country, and gain for himself a lasting name.

Another volume of the same class lies before us, but not so clear nor so true. The 'Songs of the Sierras'\* are, it is evident, a genuine native production of those glowing and wealthy wilds of which we know so little. They contain a curious, crude, sometimes almost splendid, promise of original poetry, all coloured and fragrant with the brightness and lavish flowery riches of the land it comes from; but this promise is unfortunately smothered too often

in what, we trust, is the exuberance of youth, and that tendency to maunder and lose itself in its own abundance, which is so great a drawback to poetry. This is a fault which may, and we trust will, mend with experience, and when the first delight of production has calmed down a little; and it is curious to find, in the hasty, impetuous, yet never unrefined poetry of Mr Miller, the same scenes, the same characters, something of the same sentiment, which pervades the vigorous prose and the animated doggerel of Mr Harte. The latter is much less dignified, though more graphic; but the former has also gleams of human life in it, like the fire-flies in those gorgeous woods. It is worth while to quote the modest and manly preface with which this little volume comes into the world. Mr Miller throws himself upon the truth as well as upon the sympathy of critics, and makes an impetuous appeal to us to tell him what his career is to be.

"These lines," he says, "were written on the rough edges of the frontier amid the scenes described, where I have spent all but the last few months of my life. There, walled from the world by seas on one hand, and the Sierra Nevada Mountains in savage grandeur on the other, the heart would sometimes hunger after a gentler life, and the soul go out after the sweet ideal—a dove on the waters—and bring back dreams, and with them clothe facts and tales taken from the lips of mountain-men as they sat and told them round their camp and cabin fires. Of such creations are these songs. The city of Mexico was my Mecca, and San Francisco to me a marvel of magnificence and civilisation. . . . I hesitate to confess these facts, lest the clever critic and reader might, on the principle that no good thing can come out of Nazareth, look no further than this admission; and they who only seek a safe opportunity to condemn, do so at once. But feeling that the book, under the circumstances, must have crudities apparent to the cultivated, but which I cannot

\* Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller. Longmans: 1871.

now correct, I think it due. It must go from my pen to the public without the advantage of criticism before publication. Where this was written, rhyming is considered a mild type of insanity; while here" (New York) "the reading of manuscript to a stranger is very properly deemed an assault with wilful intent to do bodily harm.

"I almost feel that an apology is due for the bold act of a nameless young man leaving the woods of the Great West and seeking the capital of the world" (still meaning New York) "to publish, and am very doubtful as I write this. I think how much better it might be for me, to say nothing of the reader, to be subduing the land, digging the gold, and moulding the politics of the plastic New World, instead of vexing the brain with fancies, and perhaps courting crucifixion in a strange land. But poetry with me is a passion that defies reason; so I have counted the cost, and will be true to my love. I bring this rough quartz specimen, torn from the outcropping of the ledge, to those who know gold from grosser metal. I am very much in earnest, and invite a correct assay. It would be wrong to let me spoil a good mountaineer to make a bad poet, however much it might please me."

This address prepossesses the critic, and lends him favourable spectacles with which to discern the virtues of the verse; but, after all, though the youthful poet has a natural confidence in our verdict—at least when given in his favour—the matter is not one to be settled by the critic. No criticism, however careful or correct, will mend either poet or man of his errors unless the culprit takes the matter into his own hands. We warn Mr Miller at once that poetry is a poor trade, except at its very highest flight, and even then, until the poet, by long fighting and slow progress, has vanquished his public; therefore, in heaven's name, let him not spoil a good mountaineer on the chance. That he has struck a new vein of daring, glowing, and real verse, is not to say that he will ever write his name among the stars, or justify that abandonment of common earth

for the slippery slopes of Olympus, which has cost so many broken hearts. We do not know enough of him to be able to say whether Wordsworth or Tennyson had done as much at his stage of development, but even that is a fallacious mode of argument; for there are men upon whom fame drops unawares in middle age, as well as those who have taken her temple by storm in the ardour of youth. What we can say is, that there is unbounded fervour, and a great deal of force and wealth of diction, in several of his poems, and that he has indeed a new world—a virgin land—to draw his imagery and his incidents from; an advantage fully counterbalancing the disadvantage of being walled in by sea and mountains from knowledge of our old, old world, which has crooned out all its miseries and delights into song, and spent its wealth without thought of the future for thousands of lingering years.

The first poem in the volume is called "Arazonian," we suppose, from the tribe of the Indian girl who shares his cabin with the gold-digger, a lonely nest in the wilderness, thus described:—

"The pines bowed over, the stream bent  
under,  
The cabin covered with thatches of palm,  
Down in a cañon so deep, the wonder  
Was what it could know in its clime but  
calm.  
Down in a cañon so cleft asunder  
By sabre-stroke in the young world's prime,  
It looked as if broken by bolts of thunder,  
Riven and driven by turbulent time."

Here the lawless miner toils, torturing his hapless brown companion with the knowledge that it is not for her but for another that he works and hoards. His contemptuous hardness and her passion are rendered with considerable force and truth:—

"She stood in the shadows as the sun went  
down,  
Fretting her curls with her fingers brown,

As tall as the silk-tipped tasselled corn—  
Stood strangely watching as I weighed the  
gold

We had washed that day where the river  
rolled ;

And her proud lip curled with a sun-clime  
scorn,

As she asked, ' Is she better or fairer than  
I ?—

She, that blonde in the land beyond,  
Where the sun is hid and the seas are high—  
That you gather in gold as the years go on,  
And hoard and hide it away for her  
As a squirrel burrows the black-pine burr ?'

Now the gold weighed well, but was  
lighter of weight

Than we two had taken for days of late,  
So I was fretted, and, brow a-frown,  
I said, ' She is fairer, and I loved her first,  
And shall love her last, come the worst to  
worst.'

Now her eyes were black, and her skin was  
brown,

But her lips grew livid, and her eyes afire  
As I said this thing : and higher and higher  
The hot words ran, when the booming  
thunder

Pealed in the crags and the pine-tops under ;  
While up by the cliff in the murky skies  
It looked as the clouds had caught the fire—  
The flash and fire of her wonderful eyes.

She turned from the door, and down to  
the river,

And mirrored her face in the whimsical tide ;  
Then threw back her hair, as if throwing a  
quiver ;

As an Indian throws it back far from his  
side,

And free from his hands, swinging fast to the  
shoulder,

When rushing to battle ; and, rising, she  
sighed,

And shook and shivered as aspens shiver.

I lay in my hammock : the air was heavy  
And hot and threat'ning ; the very heaven  
Was holding its breath ; and bees in a bevy  
Hid under my thatch ; and birds were driven  
In clouds to the rocks in a hurried whirr,  
As I peered down by the path for her ;  
She stood like a bronze bent over the river,  
The proud eyes fixed, the passion unspoken,  
When the heavens broke like a great dyke  
broken.

Then, ere I fairly had time to give her  
A shout of warning, a rushing of wind  
And the rolling of clouds with a deafening  
din,

And a darkness that had been black to the  
blind,

Came down as I shouted, ' Come in ! come in !  
Come under the roof, come up from the  
river,

As up from a grave—come now, or come  
never !'

The tasselled tops of the pines were as weeds,  
The red woods rocked like to lake-side  
reeds,

And the world seemed darkened and drowned  
for ever.

One time in the night as the black wind  
shifted,

And a flash of lightning stretched over the  
stream,

I seemed to see her with her brown hands  
lifted—

Only seemed to see, as one sees in a dream—  
With her eyes wide wild and her pale lips  
pressed,

And the blood from her brow and the flood  
to her breast ;

When the flood caught her hair as the flax  
in the wheel,

And wheeling and whirling her round like a  
reel,

Laughed loud her despair, then leapt long  
like a steed,

Holding tight to her hair, folding fast to her  
heel,

Laughing fierce, leaping far, as if spurred to  
its speed

Now mind, I tell you all this did but seem—  
Was seen as you see fearful scenes in a  
dream,

For what the devil could the lightning show  
In a night like that, I should like to know ?"

After this terrible scene the man  
cannot rest quiet in his lonely cabin.  
He complains with a pitiful repeti-  
tion that he was not to blame :—

" Now mind, I tell you I cried, ' Come in !  
Come in to the house, come out from the  
hollow,  
Come out of the storm, come up from the  
river !'

Cried, and called, in that desolate din,  
Though I did not rush out, and in plain  
words give her

A wordy warning of the flood to follow,  
Word by word, and letter by letter,—  
But she knew it as well as I, and better."

This attempt at self-exculpation  
he goes over again and again,—ask-  
ing, Is it fair, then, that something  
should follow him up and down  
everywhere ?

" Dimly limning in each fair place  
The full fixed eyes and the sad brown face."

He gathers his hoards together,  
and sets out for the distant place in  
which dwells the " blonde" who has,  
he fondly hopes, been waiting his re-  
turn, " waking by night and watching  
by day," for more years than he cares  
to reckon. All at once he comes upon  
her, standing with her pitchers at  
" the town-pump " (we would have  
said village well—but why think  
of conventional phrases ? Mr Mil-  
ler in his headlong tale has time

only to be true), as she had been used to do before they parted. The man is stunned at the sight of her, "marvellous young and wondrous fair," as fresh, and lovely, and unfaded as when he left her. Why does that "sad proud figure begin to swim" before his eyes, as he gazes on the first and last possessor of his heart? Why should it rise between him and his love now? "I had called to her twice 'Come in, come in,'" he cries once more, and reasons with himself—

"I said then to myself, and I say it again,  
Gainsay it you, gainsay it who will,  
I shall say it over and over still,  
And will say it ever, for I know it true,  
That I did all that a man could do  
(Some good men's doings are done in vain)  
To save that passionate child of the sun ;

And . . . . . all I did,  
As often happens, was done in vain ;  
So there is no bit of her blood on me."

Thus endeavouring to comfort himself, he draws nearer, wondering and gazing at the girl at the well ; asking himself in amazement how it is that no change has come to pass in her, when so many come to him. The reader, of course, will divine the conclusion.

"'How wonderful young!' I lifted my fingers

And fell to counting the round years over  
That I had dwelt where the sun goes down,  
Four full hands and a finger over.

She does not know me, her truant lover,  
I said to myself, for her brow was a-frown,  
As I stepped still nearer, with my head  
held down

All abashed and in blushes my brown face  
over ;

She does not know me, her long-lost lover,  
For my beard's so long and my skin's so  
brown,

That I well might pass myself for another.  
So I lifted my voice and I spoke aloud :

'Annette, my darling ! Annette Macleod !'  
She started, she stopped, she turned,  
amazed ;

She stood all wonder with her eyes wild-  
wide ;

Then turned in terror down the dusk wayside,  
And cried, as she fled, 'The man is crazed,  
And calls the maiden name of my mother !'"

This poem is full of wild power, and has enough of dramatic interest

to carry the reader on ; the subtle self-defence of the man which runs all through it,—his uneasy sense of guilt, and consciousness of a good plea, an excuse which must be heard ; his indignation and appeal against the brown sad face which pursues him, notwithstanding that he had called her to come in, and done all a man could do ; and the vehement misery, sinking to despair, of the end,—are traced with an unflinching hand. The reader is not called to sympathise, but only to look on as the wild heart and life are turned out for his inspection with all their wrongs and wounds :—

"I have no one to love me, now not one,  
In a world as full as a world can hold !"

he cries, with a half-furious, half-despairing sense of all that he has lost ; and then he takes up the strain with which he began :—

"Go down, go down to the fields of clover,  
Down with the kine in the pastures fine,  
And give no thought, or care, or labour,  
For maid or man, good woman or neighbour,

For I have given, and what have I ?  
Given all my youth, my years, and labour,  
And a love as warm as the world is cold,  
For a beautiful, bright, and delusive lie ;  
Gave youth, gave years, gave love for gold ;  
Giving and getting, yet what have I  
But an empty palm, and a face forgotten,  
And a hope that's dead, and a heart that's  
rotten ?"

Thus the story commenced in glowing love and storm, in selfish hope for himself and indifference to others, finishes amid a misanthropical despair. No doubt such tales have been told many a day by the camp-fires and among the mountains, and the rush and passion of the strain accord with the character of the subject. This is Mr Miller's best poem. In the others he either loses himself among the tropical forests or in the equally tropical passions which he paints ; in these, however, we may add, there is nothing to revolt the reader, though there may be an unnecessary dwelling now and then upon lips and

limbs, and "veins that throb, and swell, and work." "With Walker in Nicaragua" is full of the same irresistible warmth and force, and almost headlong motion. The chief is not one whose name is held in high honour among us; but this young Southern, with his blood boiling in his veins, and fire in his heart, does not profess to be guided by our laws. The filibuster chief is to him a demigod:—

"A piercing eye, a princely air,  
A presence like a chevalier—  
Half angel and half Lucifer,"

is the description he gives of this bold reiver.

"I simply say he was my friend," he adds—defying the world to say what it will of his dead chief—with the fervour of hot partisanship made hotter by grief. We quote from this poem what appears to us a very remarkable description of a Mexican forest.

"How wound we through the solid wood,  
With all its broad boughs hung in green,  
With lichen mosses trailed between!  
How waked the spotted beasts of prey,  
Deep sleeping from the face of day,  
And dashed them, like a troubled flood,  
Down some defile and denser wood!

And snakes—long, lithe, and beautiful,  
As green and graceful-boughed bamboo—  
Did twist and twine them through and  
through  
The boughs, that hung red-fruited full.

The trees shook hands high overhead,  
And bowed and intertwined across  
The narrow way; while leaves and moss,  
And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,  
Through the cool canopy of green,  
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.

Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,  
Or drooped in curved lines dreamily—  
Rainbows reversed from tree to tree;  
Or sang, low-hanging overhead,—  
Sang low, as if they sang and slept,  
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,  
And took no note of us at all,  
Though ripe nuts crushed at every step.

Wild lilies, tall as maidens are,  
As sweet of breath, as pearly fair,  
As fair as faith, as pure as truth,  
Fell thick before our every tread,

As in a sacrifice to ruth;  
And all the air with perfume filled,  
More sweet than ever man distilled;  
The ripened fruit a fragrance shed,  
And hung, in hand-reach overhead,  
In nest of blossoms on the shoot,  
The bending shoot that bore the fruit,

How ran the monkeys through the leaves,  
How rush'd they through, brown-clad and  
blue!

Like shuttles hurried through and through  
The threads a hasty weaver weaves.

How quick they cast us fruits of gold,  
Then loosened hand and all foothold,  
And hung limp, limber, as if dead—  
Hung low and listless overhead!  
And all the time, with half-oped eyes  
Bent full on us in mute surprise,  
Looked wisely too, as wise hens do,  
That watch you with the head askew.

The long days through, from blossomed  
trees,

There came the sweet song of sweet bees,  
With chorus tones of cockatoo,  
That slid his beak along the bough,  
And walked and talked, and hung and  
swung,

In crown of gold and coat of blue—  
The wisest fool that ever sung,  
Or had a crown, or held a tongue."

All this warmth and glow of diction, and the almost wild force of realism in it, seems to us another proof that it is a new spring which has bubbled up with a rush in the somewhat flat and tame plains of literature in America. It is imperfect and uncertain as yet; but we cannot but hope that its maturing tide will produce worthy results.

There is another series of American ballads, recently published, which seem to demand notice, at once from their popularity and from their unlikeness to those which we have just discussed. 'The Breitmann Ballads'\* do not reach within a thousand miles of Bret Harte. His productions may be doggerel; but these are jargon, and throughout there is nothing in them beyond the most conventional farce and vulgar travesty of nature. The *habitués* of a New York lager-beer establishment may be interesting in

\* The Breitmann Ballads. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.



their way, just as the people who frequent a London music-hall may be interesting; but we avow that to ourselves the pursuit of knowledge in such regions is not attractive. The renowned poem beginning "Hans Breitmann gife a barty," though, as we are told in the preface to the English edition, "these words have actually passed into a proverbial expression," proves but too clearly that the music-hall public has become a large one, and is likely to initiate a literature of its own. It has nothing really comic in it save the jargon, which provokes a laugh by the poorest means—means of which the Ethiopian minstrel has already taken full possession. Why these verses should have been honoured by serious criticism as they have been, we are at a loss to discover. That the reader may judge for himself, we quote one of the very best—the description of Breitmann's return to Sherman's camp after a captivity among the Southerners. This incident is said to be a matter of fact. It was preceded by a feat which General Sherman is said with some humour to have commented on as follows:—

"Der Shinral he ootered no hymn and no psalm,  
But opened his lips, and he priefly say  
d—n!"

Breitmann's return happens after a captivity of three weeks, and great lamentation among his devoted followers, who at his first appearance take him for a ghost.

"Und ve looks und ve sees, und ve trembles  
mit tread,  
For risin' all swart on de efenin' red  
Vas Johannes der Breitman, der war es, bei  
Gott!  
Coom ridin' to oosward, right shtraight  
to de shpot.  
All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-  
shoompin' hearts,  
For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of  
de Hartz,

Und I heard de Sout Deutchers say, 'Ave  
Morie!  
Braise Gott all good shpirids py land und  
py sea!'

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,  
Und he mark dat de shpook hat peen  
changin' his clothes,  
For he seemed like a generalissimus drest  
In a vlamim' new coat and magnificent  
vest.  
Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he wore,  
Und a cold-mounted swordt like a Kaiser  
he bore;  
Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt or votever he pe,  
Moost have proken some panks on his vay  
to de sea.

'Id is he!' *Und er lebt noch*, he lifes, ve  
all say,  
Der Breitman—Oldt Breitman—Hans Breit-  
man—Herr Je!  
Und ve roosh to emprace him, and shtill  
more ve find  
Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding  
behind.  
In bofe of his poots dere was porte-moneys  
crammed,  
Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haver-  
sack jammed.  
In his bockets cold dollars were shinglin'  
deir doons,  
Mit two doozen votches und four doozen  
shpoons,  
Und two silber teapods for makin' his dea,  
Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to  
de sea.

Mit goot sweed botatoes und doorkies  
und rice,  
Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice;  
Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle  
wie ein*,  
Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of  
wein.  
Den 'tvas 'Here's to you, Breitman, Alt  
Schwed'-bist zuruck,  
Vot tufeuls you makes since dis fourteen  
nights veek?'  
Und ve holds von shtupendous und derriple  
shpre,  
For choy dat der Breitman has got to de  
sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitman  
hat peen,  
Vot he tid, vot he pass droo, or vot he  
might seen?  
Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe  
him dem woons,  
Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-  
pods and shpoons?  
For to all of deni queeries he only reblied,  
If you dells me no questions I ashks you  
no lies!"

Few things could be more odd than the transition from these wild narratives of lawless life to the curious set of books which open up the

feminine side of American character in its newest phase—from the 'Luck of Roaring Camp' to 'Gates Ajar;'\* and yet perhaps the difference is not so great as it seems. The gold-diggers, in their utter lawlessness and indifference to God and man, are touched to the very heart by the strange and sudden coming into their rude hands of a little germ of human life, an infant wrapped in the mysterious silence and holy seclusion of babyhood. That strange sense of the unseen about and around them, which Wordsworth, in the noblest of odes, considers as an intimation of immortality, suddenly comes into the midst of the Californian camp in the form of this child, and every heart bows down to that unexplainable, irresistible power. Conventional piety, or even the purest religion in its formal shape, would probably have affected only to ridicule and profanity, the band which fell prostrate before that little messenger of God. It is the same idea which struggles to get expression, through harder mediums, in the 'Gates Ajar.' Those gates are the gates of heaven; and the shadowy beings of the tale, impatient of all the conventional interpretations of common religiousness, are straining on tiptoe for just such a glimmer of insight into the unseen which their baby missionary suffices to give to the unspiritual diggers. The one scene is wildly primitive,—dealing with the very elements and chaotic undeveloped forces of humanity; the other is but too much instructed, struggling to escape from the deadening of all the faculties consequent upon familiarity with sacred subjects, and to find for itself some crevice in the skies to let the glory through. The wonderful success of the 'Gates Ajar' is of itself one of the most

touching facts in literature. The book is not very good. It is an agonised straining after an impossibility—one of those attempts made so often by the doubting and unhappy to console themselves and strengthen their faith by means of arguments which they endeavour to give force to by saying over and over again that they are strong. The process is a very common one; and everybody knows how often he is called upon to receive arguments of this kind—pleas for patience, encouragements to faith, and explanations of God's dealing with man—as overwhelmingly convincing, when to him they have no significance nor point at all. But the fact that there are always thousands of people (Miss Phelps's little book sold, we believe, as many as a hundred thousand copies) whose hearts are wrung by anxious longings to see, if it were ever so small a way, within those gates which are ajar indeed, but veiled by their brightness as much as any gloom could veil them—is as affecting as anything can well be. The story of 'Gates Ajar' is a very simple one. It is that of a young woman in an American village—one of those little places now so well known to us, where the minister and Deacon Quirk inquire very closely into everybody's spiritual affairs, and the whole community is interested in ascertaining whether or not a sufferer bears his or her grief as he or she ought. This solitary girl receives suddenly the news of her only brother's death, and, while half crazed with grief, is driven wild altogether by the consolations addressed to her, which are made cheerful by the assurance that *probably* spiritual-minded persons will recognise each other in heaven, and that their occupation

\* Gates Ajar. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Sampson Low & Co.

there will be to stand up with golden harps and sing praises for ever—an occupation for which poor Mary does not feel herself fitted, and which seems to her to part her for ever from all her old loving intercourse with her brother. Suddenly there arises upon the scene, full of sweet and pious wisdom, a certain Aunt Winifred, who makes everything plain. “You don’t suppose,” cries poor Mary, struggling with her old notions and startled by a sense of profanity, though longing to accept the consolation held out to her—“you don’t suppose that people talk in heaven?”

“I don’t suppose anything else. Are we to spend ages of joy a company of mutes together? Why not talk?”

“I suppose we should sing; but—”

“Why not talk as well as sing? does not song involve the faculty of speech? unless you would like to make canaries of us!”

“Ye-es—why, yes; and you mean to say—”

“I mean to say that if there is such a thing as common-sense, you will talk with Roy as you talked with him here—only not as you talked with him here, because there will be no trouble nor sins, no anxieties or cares, to talk about; no ugly shade of cross words or little quarrels to be made up, no fearful looking for of separation.”

“I laid my head upon her shoulder, and could hardly speak for the comfort that she gave me.”

“Yes; I believe we shall talk, and laugh, and joke, and play—”

“Laugh and joke in heaven?”

“Why not?”

“But it seems so—so—why, so wicked and irreverent, and all that, you know.”

“Just then Faith . . . laughed out like a little wave; the sound came in at the open door, and we stopped to listen till it had rippled away.”

“There,” said her mother, ‘put that child this very minute, with all her little sins forgiven, into one of our dear Lord’s many mansions, and do you suppose that she would be any the less holy or less reverent for a laugh like that? I expect that you will hear some of Roy’s very old jokes, see the sparkle in his eye, listen to his laughing voice lighten up the happy days as gleefully as you may choose.’

“I wonder if Roy has seen the President. Aunt Winifred says she does not doubt it. She thinks that all the soldiers must have crowded up to meet him, and ‘Oh,’ she says, ‘what a sight to see!’”

This is the kind of argument which restores peace and happiness to the bosom of the bereaved sister. The cheerful view of heaven here set forth is carried on to further details; and the opinion of Aunt Winifred, who confides to her pupil her own speculations as to the kind of house she shall live in, the flowers she shall have under her windows, and the mountains and trees which shall be visible from them, in that one of the “many mansions” which shall be allotted to her, is contrasted with many other views of heaven, as held by the community of Homer, the town in which they live. One of the girls in Aunt Winifred’s class at the Sunday-school, for instance, is asked, “What sort of a place she supposed heaven was going to be?”

“‘Oh!’ she said, with a dreary sigh, ‘I never think about it when I can help it; I suppose *we shall all just stand there.*’”

“‘And you?’ I asked of the next, a bright girl with snapping eyes.

“‘Do you want me to talk good or tell the truth?’ she answered me. Having been given to understand that she was not expected to ‘talk good’ in my class, she said, with an approving decided nod, ‘Well, then, I don’t think it’s going to be anything nice, anyhow—no, I don’t! I told my last teacher so, and she looked just as shocked, and said I never should go there so long as I felt so. That made me mad, and I told her I didn’t see but I should be as well off in one place as another, except for the fire.’”

“A silent girl in the corner began at this point to look interested. ‘I always supposed,’ she said, ‘that you just floated round in heaven, you know, all together—*something like jujube paste!*’”

Deacon Quirk’s opinion is more orthodox. He is clear upon the subject of the white robes and the palm in his hand, which he expects to carry; but, on being questioned as to how he would feel if suddenly

taken from the potato-field in which he is working, and put into this heavenly existence, answers candidly that "I can't say that I shouldn't wonder a moment maybe how Abinadab would ever get those potatoes hoed without me." It is, however, unnecessary to pursue either the narrative or the argument. It is an argument, of course, just as little satisfactory and as easily upset—and, indeed, as contrary to the true hope of humanity, which does not really look for an easy repetition of this life in the life to come—as is the old vague theory which this book so triumphantly puts down. But our business is not with the force of the argument, but with the fact of its existence. This curious little book, full from beginning to end of such reasoning, with much less than usual of quaint village fun to enliven it, rose to the very height of popularity by reason of its subject. This throws a very strange light upon that seething continent, in which so many different elements are mingling. Miss Phelps has written two books since, both distinctly superior in point of art, but neither half so popular as her first production. Thus, by the side of the wild world of rude and carnal life, spreads this other world of eager spiritual curiosity which crowds round the gates of the unseen, eager to gain a glimpse not afforded to the common mass; and whether it be by absorbing thought and speculation, or by intervention of spiritual help, gives itself up to the search after things invisible, the elucidation of those problems which are between God and man. The domestic school of novels everywhere, and especially in America, is always pious; but this is something more than piety. It is spiritual exploration, the heat

of spiritual adventure; a determination to know more and see more clearly than it is given to man to see or to know.

Of the same class is a novel called 'Hitherto,'\* which is brimful of this strange consciousness of the unseen. It is a peculiar book—not likely, perhaps, to acquire any great popularity among sober-minded people; and full of quaint vulgarities and that funny admiration for the commonest refinements of life which crops up even in the best class of American novels, as if the writers were unaccustomed to them—which cannot possibly be the case with all. The story is of a dreamy poetical girl living in a mist of fancy, who does all but alienate from her the affections of her honest and tender-hearted husband, but who fortunately is brought at last to see the error of her ways: and of a wonderful and perfect creature called Hope Devine, who starts from a workhouse, and, through the easy stages of domestic service in a farmhouse, blossoms into an accomplished lady. This, the reader will think, is sufficiently miraculous: but it is done with a great deal of natural grace, and somehow does not seem so out of the question, on reading, as at the first glance it looks. It is, however, its spiritual side—the extraordinary pressure of the unseen everywhere, without, however, any relapse into the vulgar supernatural—which is the charm of the book. It is too long, too dreamy and meditative, and its peculiar beliefs are too much woven in with the story, to permit of quotation; but though it is quite different from 'Gates Ajar,' it is an illustration of the same state of feeling. The gates are ajar too, in Mrs Whitney's book; but the revelation, or fancied

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\* *Hitherto*: A Story of Yesterday. By Mrs Whitney.

revelation, of strange light which shines though them, concerns not the dead but the living. The whole of existence is wrapped in that veil, which gives meaning and mystery to its slightest incidents. Here is an instance of this constant reference to spiritual things, in one of the many monologues of Hope Devine:—

“It’s enough to be close to things,” she said; “it’s only really to concern yourself with them. You haven’t time to live them all and every one for yourself. To know all about anything is to have it—the good of it. I think it’s easy for the angels to be happy so—they know, you see. It’s easiest of all for God. Perhaps He shows us things sometimes, and puts them away again for us, to give us by-and-by, when we are bigger; as mothers do with children’s playthings that are too beautiful for them to have right off.”

Hope is the seer of the book. She sees no uncanny sights,—she is no medium nor priestess of so-called spiritualism; but she is a spiritual interpreter of that unseen which seems to press upon all the personages in the little drama with a force and nearness which demand explanation. She shuts her eyes, when a child, and *sees*, filling up the stories in her story-books with infinite details. “I think hard, and then I see ’em,” she says; and when her matter-of-fact companion objects, “When you shut your eyes you aint really there,” Hope replies quickly with the most irresistible of arguments, “You can’t see anything that isn’t.” Her dreams, her fancies, the things she wishes and hopes for, all *are* in a way—if not now, hereafter—if not for her, for some one else. They are part of the great invisible life of which she is but a little piece—a corner broken off. Thus this subtle spiritual sense—if we may use such a word—this consciousness of the unseen, embraces the visible world all round about, appearing at every chink in a sup-

pressed yet unquenchable glow of light.

Miss Phelps’s two later books have not been, as we have said, nearly so popular as the ‘Gates Ajar,’ but they are better as stories, and of a higher class in art. The little volume entitled ‘Hedged In’ is the story of a poor little city girl, brought up among vice and wretchedness, who “fell at a very early age”—if anything could be called falling in such a condition of incipient evil as the lives of so many wretched children must begin and end in—and who struggled into a better life, and redeemed herself by indomitable energy and the help of one of those miraculous good women who are to be found in some women’s books, and notably in the books of Americans. Perhaps these wonderful purities and sanctities—who are so stainless that they are above public opinion, and so courageous that they are capable of picking a beggar off the streets, and of restoring the Madalene by the process of admitting her into the society of their own women-children—may be more common in America than elsewhere. We hope so; yet cannot but think the writer is here drawing upon imagination rather than experience. The search of the poor little guilty and outcast girl for some means of “living honest” is, however, wonderfully pathetic. Her conviction “that there must be somewheres, and there must be folks” who will take her in and help; her dull conventional consciousness that she must have been wicked, yet honest sense, after all, that she is not a bad girl, and that with all her heart she desires to “stay honest;” her wondering question to herself whether God has not any “folks” who would help her; and the gradual stupefying despair which closes over her,—are all most simply and truly drawn. There is

no exaggeration in the picture—no high-flown remorse nor indignation. Her conscience is not awake, poor child (for she is not sixteen), and yet she has a dull sense that her sufferings, and the hardness of the “folks” who turn her from their doors, are natural and to be expected. Nixy, however, is much less true when she is restored and cherished into life—when she becomes Eunice, and a very clever and accomplished young woman. Such a transformation of course may be; but there is no particular reason that we can make out for endowing a girl with a specially fine mind and sensitive feelings *because* she has been brought up in misery and degradation, and has had everything against her. Neither is it well to conduct her through so painful a process of training, and bring her successfully over all her trials, only to kill her at the last. This is balking the whole argument, which is intended to prove the possibility of escape and rehabilitation even for a fallen woman. Nor is it just to make a helpless victim like this the type of a fallen woman. The world is very hard and evil-judging, but it is not, at its worst, so hard yet as to keep up against a poor little girl of sixteen, without training or possibility of innocence, the stigma due to conscious impurity. It is perhaps necessary to the scrupulous whiteness of the feminine ideal that poor Nixy should be so young and ignorant that her sin is reduced to the minimum of guilt; and that, notwithstanding, she should develop into something so ethereally pure that the ghost of this sin haunting her thoughts should eventually kill her, after all its evil consequences had been surmounted; but this is not a lesson which will be of

much advantage to the race—which would fain see a way of redeeming commonplace sinners out of the horrible pit without hoping to make saints of them, or expecting to receive a new gospel of ethereal purity from their repentant lips.

The ‘*Silent Partner*’\* is such an illustration of social life as it is painful to receive from a country which we still insist upon calling the New World. Alas! it is evidently a world in which the old miseries have soon made for themselves a home, and in which some of the sharpest of our social problems have presented themselves for solution, with all the pertinacity and difficulty they display in the most ancient surroundings. This book is a story of factory-life in the United States, as discovered, to her wonder and horror, by the heroine, who is made by her father’s sudden death the “*Silent Partner*” in a great cotton-mill. Chance leads her to make acquaintance, in the midst of her luxury and the pleasantness of her youth, with a mill-girl of her own age—one of those high-minded, deep-thinking, and imaginative mill-girls, more common (perhaps fortunately) in books than out of them, whose reflections and observations are all conveyed in language which we have no doubt is thoroughly true and genuine—it has all the ring of a real dialect—but with an intelligence and insight which are somewhat doubtful in the circumstances. This girl reveals to the young lady the foundations on which her wealth is built—such a mass of misery and suffering as it is terrible to contemplate. It may have happened to some reader, as it did to ourselves a long time ago—more years than one cares to count—to see a certain curious volume, made up of very fine

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\* *The Silent Partner*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Sampson, Low & Co. London: 1871.

little essays and stories on the model of the old annuals, entitled the 'Lowell Offering,' which was written and published by the mill-girls at Lowell. This book, we remember well, was the wonder and admiration of our own youthful mind. The mill-girls, as represented in it, were highly educated and extremely literary young women, many of them the daughters of poor gentlefolks, who had taken up—some out of a high-minded desire for independence, some to help in the education of a brother, or maintenance of a fatherless family—a life of honest work, in which no loss of position or self-respect was involved. It was bewildering—but we were assured it was true; and Mr Dickens, in his 'American Notes,' vouched for the existence of this Utopian factory-town, with all its laborious young ladies—wonderful rose-tinted personages, who worked in the mill all day, and wrote lovely little stories signed Araminta or Clotilda at night. Alas! either Lowell was a dream, or it has become so. Miss Phelps's cotton-spinning town of Five Falls is something very different. The misery and despair of the spinners is perhaps, though we are not told so, aggravated by the general prosperity of the country round them, and by the sight of comfort and wellbeing that they cannot share. And perhaps in a cotton town of Lancashire it might be too easy to produce parallels to poor old Bijah Mudge, to the Mell family, and to the unhappy Catty, a victim to cotton before she was born. But all this comes upon us by surprise after the pretty romance, if it was a romance, about the young ladies who were factory-girls at Lowell, and in face of our conviction that whatever else may be deficient, bread and comfort are almost too plentiful in America. Here is what Bijah Mudge says,

who is fond of raving of "Ten-Hours Bills," and who has been one of the witnesses before a Committee of the State, and has thus got himself dismissed from the factory at which he worked:—

"No, marm, I'm not out of my head; I'm only a troublesome character out of work in a free country. . . . If I'd been a younger man, I'd not have took it quite so hard, mebbe. A younger man might set his hand to this and that; but I've worked to factories fifty-six years, and I was very old to get my notice unexpected. I'm sixty-six years old. . . . Now this is what I had to say; in the name of the State of Massachusetts, this is what I've got to say. I've worked to factories fifty-six years. I haven't got drunk not since I was fifteen years old. I've been about as healthy, take it off and on, as most folks, and I guess about as smart. I'm a moral man; and I used to be a Methodist class-teacher. I've worked to factories fifty-six years steady, and I'm sixty-six years old, and in the poor-us.

"I don't know what the boys would say if they see me in the poor-us. . . .  
"It kind o' bothers me off and on, what the boys would say. . . . I've worked fifty-six years, and I've earned my bread and butter, and my shoes and hats, and I give the boys a trade, and I give 'em handsome coffins; and now, I'm sixty-six years old and in the poor-us."

What could the most wretched Lancashire "hand" say more? And this is America—the land of plenty and of promise! We have no space, however, to follow the discoveries made by the heroine in her anxious search; nor the somewhat visionary and fantastic means she takes to soothe the wounded spirits, notably by little tea-parties, at which they are asked to meet her fashionable and astonished friends—a most truly American and young-lady-like way of making the spinners happy. Neither can we do more than note the equally characteristic decision of both the heroines of the book against marriage—a decision which, for our own part, does not alarm us about the future fate of the Ameri-

can nation as it does some credulous good people. The obstinate celibates are not likely, we believe, ever to be in anything but a very small minority.

We have left ourselves no room to consider the crowd of other slim, and, on the whole, pleasant volumes which lie before us. For instance, the works of Miss Alcott, the first of which, 'An Old-Fashioned Girl,' is a protest against the extraordinary rôle of young-ladyhood in America, where girls are engaged to little lovers at six or seven, and where dress, jewellery, and flirtation begin in the nursery. 'Little Women' and 'Little Men' are moral stories of the same class, where the dialect is all very choice American, and the amount of absolute goodness and Christian virtue revealed to us is enough to save a great many Sodoms, and is, we trust, as true to fact as it is agreeable to read of. The 'Old-Fashioned Girl' affords us, besides, a very queer sketch of the manners and habits of the young women of art and literature who have set up for themselves to live a jolly and independent life on the model of their "brothers," the artist and journalist class, which we should have liked to quote. There is the most amusing and conscious air of sham in the

whole proceeding, which makes the importance with which it is produced, and the weight the author attaches to it, as a picture of the new and higher life, infinitely funny, and proves how curiously capable the inexperienced mind is of placing, without knowing it, a bit of utter unreality in the heart of a picture full of uncompromising realism. To such a writer, what she sees is safe ground; but what she imagines, very doubtful indeed.

The books which we have noted are all in English editions, and all more or less successful in a commercial point of view. Thus the scale has begun to turn a little in favour of the country which has been plundered so long of all the productions of its brain and fancy. But we are glad to see that England does not rob with the calm courage of America, and that those pretty little books are published by arrangement with the authors, with an honesty which publishers on the other side of the Atlantic would do well to copy. But this wrath-exciting subject is too dangerous to be dragged in at the end of a paper; and, fortunately for the character of England, not even the most deeply injured of authors on this side of the Atlantic has ever recommended reprisals.

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## CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

[THE following passage occurs in a letter we had recently from Charles Lever, and seems to us so good and so true, that we feel sure our readers will thank us for quoting it.—ED. B. M.]

## CHARLES LEVER ON SCOTT.

“THE finest part of Scott's nature, to my thinking, was the grand heroic spirit, that trumpet-stop in his organ, which elevated even commonplace people, and stirred the heart of all that was high-spirited and generous amongst us. It was the anticlimax to all our realism and Miss Braddonism, our detective police literature and watch-house romance. This was the tone I wanted to see praised and remembered, and I was sorry to see how little it was touched on. The very influence that a gentleman exerts on the society of a knot of inferiors was the sort of influence Scott brought to bear upon a whole nation. All felt that there was at least *one* there before whom nothing mean, or low, or shabby should be uttered.”

## THE INTERNATIONALS.

JUST as the title to an estate is tested by an action for ejectment, the whole existence of the political and social condition of Europe has been put on its trial by the International League.

Affecting to limit themselves to what they call the rights of labour, and the emancipation of the labourer from the slavery of capital, they in reality aim their blow at the whole structure of modern society, the gradations of condition, the sanctity of marriage, and declare that all government should resolve itself into simple “organisations for the protection of labour.”

The programme of the Geneva Convention, under the Presidency of the celebrated Russian socialist, Michel Bakovonine, and which was ratified by the Council-General of London, July 1869, declares that “this institution is atheistical. It is the avowed enemy of all religious

sects whatever, and it decrees the abolition of marriage in every aspect of its religious, political, or civil relations.”

“We differ essentially,” say they, “from the so-called radical reformers of various States, in this,—that while they profess that their sole object and ambition is LIBERTY, we avow that our aim is material wellbeing — SOLIDARITY first, and LIBERTY after ;” or, as the President Varlin puts it, at the conclusion of his harangue—“We desire once for all the Social Republic, *with all its consequences.*”

At the General Council, held at 256 High Holborn, London, January 25, 1870, it was resolved that all societies of workmen which should name a formal correspondent to communicate with the International Society at London, should be declared associated to that society, inasmuch as the laws of France did

not permit the establishment of a Central Committee. The cards of admission for membership cost half a franc each, and are thus worded :—

INTERNATIONAL  
WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Association Internationale des Ouvriers.

CARD OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that \_\_\_\_\_ was admitted a member of the above Association, \_\_\_\_\_ and paid his annual subscription, \_\_\_\_\_

Secretaries' names for

Belgium.

France.

Germany.

Italy.

Poland.

Switzerland.

Treasurer, \_\_\_\_\_

On the reverse was printed in three languages a short *résumé* of the objects of the Society, setting forth the slavery of labour to capital, the pitiable condition of the working classes, and the failure of all efforts hitherto made to relieve them, for want of a movement that should be essentially international — the problem being neither local nor national, but social, embracing all lands, and including every condition of humanity.

Besides his card of admission, each member receives the statutes and decrees of the Society, and signs his name to the following declaration :—

I, the undersigned, hereby declare, that I have duly weighed and considered the objects of this Society, that I give my full adherence and support to them, and will, with all the energy I possess, conform to and support these intentions in every circumstance of my life.

Signature, \_\_\_\_\_

Two witnesses, \_\_\_\_\_

Not that they always proceed thus openly, or with such apparent

deference to legality. In the month of January last the walls of Neufchatel were posted with placards that ran thus :—

“Working Men!—Let the experience of past and present convince you that your rights are not in safe keeping in the hands of rulers or masters—bankers, shopkeepers. At one moment they grind you down by excess of toil, another they curtail your hours of labour as a means of reducing your pay.

“It is true, they admit, you have the freedom to leave, which is the liberty to die of hunger.

“If you would resist these cruelties, organise! By the International Society order and justice and well-being will at once take the place of anarchy, injustice, and want.”

A still more significant placard followed this. Its contents :—

“Working men of all classes,—You have at length created a POWER by which your claim shall be admitted and your right secured. It depends upon yourselves whether the FORCE be not irresistible!

“Once united, there will be no more on the earth either misery or humiliation!”

Of journals regularly enlisted in the propagation of their doctrines the Society possess a large number. By these not alone are their principles advocated; but cases of alleged severity towards the working classes are published and commented on, and accusations against employers registered and proclaimed.

Each section of the Society subscribes to one or more of these newspapers. A small monthly subscription, varying, according to locality, from one penny to sixpence, is paid by each member of the society.

The expenses of the League are met by these contributions, and the charges consequent on strikes, wherever occurring, are defrayed. These means are supplemented by occasional calls on emergency, and, on the whole, considerable sums are at its disposal.

It is only necessary to throw a glance at the list of strikes since 1869 to see how the subsidies of this Society have contributed to those declarations of resistance which in many cases have been actually suggested and promoted by the International. One of their enactments is the distinct declaration that the working men of one country shall in no case replace those of another, while they shall in every way assist those on strike to emigrate or remove. A catalogue of employers or masters is kept by the Society, with the charges or allegations preferred against each, and fines imposed on them, &c. &c. In the memorable strike of the bronze-workers of Paris in 1867, no less than £800 sterling was contributed by the London branch to the Internationale of France. As to the strike at Geneva, Paris alone sent 10,000 francs.

The dismissal of four workmen by their employers at Basle was decreed to be a sufficient cause for a strike, and as such made known to and

approved by the International. Indeed, the publicity given to this act of domination, as it was styled, showed plainly to what extent of interference the Society pretended. To the strike at Creuzot, the contributions in aid exceeded £2000 sterling.

With reference to machinery and all the appliances of mechanism to labour, the Congress opine that these are the property of the working man, and should labour to his use and profit; and that if employed as substitutes for manual labour, they should be discontinued, and only employed where due compensation was made to the working man. As to property, all highroads, canals, forests, common lands, and telegraph lines, are the collective property of the people, as are also mines, collieries, railroads, &c. All testamentary power to be abolished. Community of goods recognised.

Against no State institution has the International pronounced so strongly as against a standing army. The means of repression thus possessed by a government naturally call forth the most indignant and passionate protests; and the question is pointedly put, To what end people should tax themselves for their own coercion?

Appeal is constantly made to the brotherhood that really exists among nations, and which politicians and rulers alone contrive to mislead and disturb. The impossibility of foreign war, or of aggressive invasion, where this brotherhood is rightly understood, is insisted on; and the derision with which panics are described, is only less eloquent than the speech of our Prime Minister at Whitby, in the denunciation of "alarmism." Indeed, that hopeful assurance, "that if we treat others well, they, on the whole, will treat us well," sounds almost like a plagi-

ary from the speakers of the International. From what era or nation, from what time in the world's history, from what millennial period of universal benevolence this experience is drawn, I cannot imagine, as little can I believe it to be amongst the maxims of M. Bismark. If the utter failure of the project of establishing national arbitration as a means of settling difficulties could have taught us anything, it might have taught us that men's passions of jealousy, malice, vanity, and rivalry are not less dominant in the age we live in than two thousand years ago, and that men are as ready to accept the arbitration of battle as ever they were in the world's history. The speaker also said that such publications as 'The Battle of Dorking' made us ridiculous in the world. If by the world is meant that outer public of the Continent, I can safely aver that by no declarations are we made more ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners—by no professions are we made more absurd—than by those which assume to claim our immunity from danger on the score of our inability to resist it, and our affection for the institutions of our country by changing every one of them!

The whole force and efficiency of the late arguments of our rulers in Parliament have been derived from the armoury of the International. Everything is assumed to be the "popular will;" and with the presumption that in a general way the masses were to be bettered and made more content by the passing of particular measures, it was deemed little necessary to discuss the details in one House of Parliament, and not at all in the other. What Messrs Odger and Company, therefore, destined for masters and employers, the present Cabinet were eager to apply to those classes who,

in Mr Gladstone's words, desire to keep to themselves the representation, the army, the landed property, and the education of the kingdom. Each of our reformers then declares that he wages war against a monopoly. Like Odger, Mr Gladstone proclaimed himself the poor man's friend.

The Internationals up to this have beaten him; they have had what the French call "the courage of their opinion;" and they have "gone down into the streets" to maintain it.

Government by threat is certainly a new State invention; and to the glory of the present Ministry, they have brought it to a perfection almost like the work of genius. What is to happen to you if you reject any measure of the Cabinet? is the stock argument that introduces a bill; and having once assumed that the nation is at his back at every contingency, the menace to opponents amounts to this: you are setting yourselves against the spirit and the temper of your countrymen. If the waves of their indignation rise and overwhelm you, never say that you had not been warned nor admonished that there was such a day awaiting you.

These reasonings are all thefts from the dialectics of the Internationals; and all that we see now directed against Lord Salisbury and his fellow-nobles, was uttered a few days ago, and pretty much in the same terms, against M. Schnerder and his fellows, and with the same significant hint that it was not too late to make a compromise if they had the sense to be wise in time.

Except that we do not dash our politics with petroleum, I frankly declare that I do not see we are much better than our neighbours.

## HOW TO TETHER THEM.

“Felix ille quem facient aliena pericula cautum,” or in other words, Cannot the Treasury Whip learn something from what has just happened at Aldershot?

The stampede amongst the political followers of Mr Gladstone is to the full as remarkable, if not actually as dangerous, as what befell the household cavalry at the camp.

Like the Life Guards, the Liberals had been subjected to a new mode of tethering. They had been tied in a fashion that seemed to make escape impossible; and so much importance was attached to the mischief they must do themselves if they did get away and be maimed, and to the pitiable condition the cords and chains would reduce them to, that it was currently believed by all who knew them that they would stand where they were placed, and never budge from it till ordered.

Symptoms of fidgety discontent, a sort of restless unquiet, however, did show themselves amongst them, and drew from Mr Gladstone the astute remark, that nothing but the old tether-peg of the “ballot” would hold them together. The observation, with all its truthfulness and force, came out in the course of debate, and was uttered very probably in a moment of indignant sarcasm, rather than of well-natured reproof. It was indeed by that old tether-peg they were tied; and unstable as it was, and rotten as was the cordage, it was all that kept them there.

Not that the Ballot Bill of the past session had much resemblance to the measure first introduced the year before, still less to that Magna Charta of Radicalism that used to frighten our fathers. It had the same element of secrecy, and had the same name. There was not anything else identical between them.

The name, however, was of high importance. More than half of late legislation has been matter of a name; and whether they be “flesh and blood arguments” that convince us, “healing measures” that salve us, or “badges of conquest” that disgrace us, he is a bold man that will assail some assumed truism once it has got a respectable name, and sufficient publicity to make it, by repetition, a “household word.” It was but the other day we wanted to bribe some savages in Abyssinia, and we saw that their only conception of money was an ancient silver piece popularly known as the Pillar Dollar; and to accommodate their prejudices we were actually driven to send out bullion to Austria and request the mint at Vienna to coin us some odd millions of these pieces, the only coins by which our allies would accept corruption. So much for a name!

As to the stampede itself, it requires a cool head and considerable discrimination to know whether we are discussing the Liberal party or the household cavalry—the Queen’s Bays, or the Ministers’ hard bargains below the gangway! The correspondence in the newspapers is filled with explanations of the disaster. “They were too fresh, over pampered, too highly fed, had done too little work.” “Few were properly broke;” “raw remounts,” “half handled,” and so on. “Some resisted the tether as an unfair restriction on liberty; others followed from the mere force of example.” Some, when not pursued, like Mr Miall, came back of themselves; others, like Sir Roundell Palmer, gave a plausible reason for running away. The masses, however, whether men or horses, had no very definite idea where they were going—or any

more forcible reason for breaking bounds at all, than a general notion that they were tied, and that they would be so no longer.

On the various ingenious suggestions for hobbling or tethering—susceptible as they are of a double application—space unhappily will not enable me to dwell. Some recommend fastening the fore and hind legs together, after the fashion of the letter X, which has this notable advantage, that “if they should get away they are sure to damage themselves in such a way that they will be speedily caught.” It is but right to say that the politicians here have the advantage of the troop-horses, since by no amount of injury will *they* be made of less value than before.

Others advise the use of a “block of lead of several pounds weight ;” and however inconvenient this might prove to a charger, surely the gentleman who suggests it can have but little experience of the Whig party if he imagines they need anything to make them heavier.

The numberless analogies between the runaway horses and the scared politicians that press upon me actually overwhelm me ; and it

is only by an effort of self-constraint that I do not follow the resemblances to the first causes of the mischief, which a correspondent of the ‘Times’ ascribes to the clamorous cackling of a flock of geese.

As to the hint given by an artillery colonel that the only secure mode of tether is by “the head,” I own I am at a loss to know whether he was not thinking of the Liberal party, and intended his suggestion for a sarcasm.

Co-operative labour is the great characteristic of our age, so let us hope that whoever shall first discover the surest method of tethering, whether it be Mr Gladstone or Colonel Baker, he will not fail to make known his invention, so that the country may be able to find its troop-horses, or its politicians, in the place they last left them.

How the fugitives are to be recognised by the fragments of ropes, or principles, dangling at their heels, is the instructive remark of a very practical correspondent, who evidently is minded to make the best of a bad business. So get the animals together again, and try to do better in the future.

#### HOW THEY DO THESE THINGS AT VIENNA.

When theatres are closed abroad, and in that pleasant season when the natives of foreign cities betake themselves to watering-places, it is not easy to discover a pastime in a foreign town.

The early dinner that you once pronounced a barbarism has suddenly become a resource, and you are astonished to discover how, by some strange homœopathy, indigestion can tend to mitigate the pangs of *ennui*, and a potato salad eaten at mid-day convince you that there are other ills in life than the low spirits of laziness, and the de-

pression of an unoccupied existence.

I will not trouble you with the series of accidents by which I last month found myself at Vienna, a city in which, at seasonable times, there is no lack of amusement, but scarcely the quarter in which a man likes to pass his July or August. No equipages in the Prater ; no swells, Hungarian or Bohemian, in the Graben ; no well-dressed belles in the Volksgarten ; not even the clatter of the yellow-coated postilions in the wooden churns, who guide the Imperial *schimmels* down the

Herrn Gasse, and make the old Hoff shake under their thundering tread. Except a few travelling Americans—shrewd and observant folk, often really discriminating, always dyspeptic—there were none at the Grande Hotel. The Arch-Duke Charles, our favourite inn, was closed, and only a *Zichy* or two—there are always *Zichy*—at the Lamm.

And, by the way, is there not a high courage, a something of almost feudal bravery, in the man that in this age dares to call his house the Golden Lamb, and this in one of the largest capitals of Europe? What a proud defiance does that host hurl at his contemporaries, with their hotels, Grand, Imperial, or Royal! their sovereign of this or prince of that, these grand alliances, or suchlike commemorations! How he at once recalls us to the days when we drove in with our "*Vierspann*" under the archway of the old Elephant at Prague, or jingled our team into the courtyard of the Silver Stag in Presburg—days when the *speise saal* was graced by the host at the head of the table, and none of the company so high that he was not honoured by the invitation to a seat near him!

Do I not remember the time when the notice of that fat man was fame; when the puffy white-faced phlegmatic that moved about in the morning in an apron, became at "meal-time" an actual "puissance," and his nod a recognition of distinction? Do I not recall the time when an extra spoonful of stewed prunes from his ladle was like the favour of a prince, and his familiar clap on the back something like the accolade of a sovereign?

If the *Wirth* of the Golden Lamm would restore me these days, he might count upon me as his guest whenever I cross the Danube.

In the ensign of the Golden Lamm I read the negation of ringleted bar-

maids with sweeping petticoats; of tight-breeched Swiss waiters who can slang you in seven languages; of *weinkarten*, with small Bordeaux ticketed Margot and la Rose; of French cooking travestied, and English prices exaggerated.

By the Golden Lamm I understand homely habits and home-made linen, sanded floors and silent servants, frousy cookery and a fat atmosphere of stale soup and native tobacco-smoke; and if the bleat of the Lamm has a higher note than these, I disown him. I want my old Gasthaus back again—the very name has its hold on my affections. While I sojourn at the Louvre or the Clarendon, I can no more imagine myself the guest of the landlord, than I can believe I am on a visit to the Queen if I stroll through the state apartments at Windsor. The Gasthaus differs from the hotel as the chop does from the cutlet; and I like the chop best.

If from what I have said you would expect to find the gate of the Golden Lamm low-arched and massive, the windows diamond-paned, and the stair of black oak, all I say is, Only try it.

The only real amusement of a morning in Vienna, in this dull season of the year, is the Criminal Court, or that division of it which in France would be called "Police Correctionnel;" and to this I was now directed by the interest of what, from Austrian habits, was a comparative novelty. It was a case of swindling, the persons arraigned being a *soi-disant* Count Garnuchot and his accomplice, a Madame la Garde.

The charges against these people are such as we are but too familiar with at home. They were persons who were not married, but wished to live as though they had been. They were not rich, but liked to live handsomely. They had no home of their own, but found them-

selves perfectly at home at the Louvre or the Grand Hotel at Vienna.

They belonged to a class of people who in a certain way are the mystery of knavery—men whose ambition it is to dress, eat, and look like persons of fashion; to frequent clubs and *cafés*, lounge on promenades, and stroll about public gardens, as they of the leisure class do, and to seem in all things like people of ample means.

It is their passion to give costly entertainments, the most exquisite little dinners and suppers that Lucullus himself might have envied. They like pleasant people too; and, if they are able, to gather around them the wits, the *beaux esprits*, and the clever men of society; and as to beauty, they yield it an honest homage. With a taste which only long practice could have cultivated to such a pitch, they select the best rooms in a hotel. They understand warmth in winter and a cool atmosphere in the dog-days; and they appreciate with an almost artistic feeling the true effects of light, so that the most fastidious devotee of complexion has no dread in visiting them at any hour.

Charming people in a variety of ways, and with a power of mild persuasiveness that can adapt itself to anything, from a request for an opera-box to a cheque on your banker. They do—they tell you they do—enjoy life; they like handsome toilette, and pretty lace, and diamonds, and rubies; they like admirably chosen dinners and exquisite wines. They like brilliant and pretty guests at table. They like the opera, and the little supper after it. In a word, their theory is, that this world, if one knows how to live in it, is a little enchanted garden of delights, in which passion and intellect have only to take their shares loyally to overcome any sense of *ennui*; and that it is only the inept

creatures who mistake how to mix their cup of happiness who are ever bored or wearied.

If you ever distrust the sincerity of this theory, please to remember the price they pay for their convictions; for it is for these they risk hard labour, prison diet, and the tread-mill. It is for these the delicately-shaped fingers, the dimpled hands you have bent over in rapture, are now picking oakum; and the little feet, whose model *chaussure* has set your heart a-throbbing, are now tripping daintily on the steps of the Ixion wheel that seems to have its motion from eternity. It is for these that graceful form that once had captivated your imagination is now disfigured by a prison livery. For which of your everyday convictions, may I ask, would you pay as dearly? Would you do it for your faith in Mr Gladstone, your trust in Mr Lowe, or your reliance on Mr Spurgeon? Would you do it that Mr Ayrton should preside over your public edifices, and Mr Goschen direct your fleet?

I am aware that it was for something more tangible—"something more exquisite still"—than all these, that M. le Comte and Madame la Comtesse Garnuchot pledged their freedom. And I come back to them.

They were arraigned for fraud—fraudulent dealings with innkeepers and clothiers, jewellers, lace-vendors, and private individuals of various kinds. The Count took his place in the dock; Madame, with a delicacy for which we owe gratitude to the court, was seated below the bench, where a very attractive person—"a brunette of remarkable brilliancy, dressed with consummate taste"—sat, lending to the proceedings that sort of well-bred attention, devoid of all eagerness, that might have graced a *salon* where the talk was well sustained.



Three venerable judges sat, with black caps exactly in shape resembling the paper head-gear worn by plasterers in England. The president, evidently embarrassed by the unbecomingness of his *toque*, tried to set it jauntily on his head, and smiled at the female accused, as though to say, You see me under unfavourable circumstances, and I am not like the mummers around me.

If I were so rash as to judge from the lady's looks, I should say she understood the appeal and accepted it. Unlike the proceedings of our own courts, the case against the accused was prosecuted by placing themselves in the witness-box, and having them examined by the president of the court; and in this way a very curious trial of wits ensued between the astute old judge and the far more acute prisoners. With that perhaps pardonable vanity that induces certain respectable elderly gentlemen to intimate to the world the terrible rakes they had once been—how “they had heard the chimes at midnight,” and the rest of it—the president put a number of sly interrogatories to show how, judge as he was, Bohemia was a land not unknown to him.

“You travelled from place to place for years, Garnuchot, and called yourself a Count?”

“And I am a Count. It is my title,” replies the prisoner, indignantly.

“Well—be it so,” mildly, as though to recall him to good-humour. “Tell us now about your sojourn at Frankfort. Was there any memorable event connected with that visit?”

“Ah! you mean my condemnation at the tribunal there?” replies the man, with a sneer, as if to say, There was no need to go about the bush in this wise; why not say, Were you sent to jail?

“Just so. You were sentenced to three months' imprisonment with labour.”

“Three and a half.”

“Perfectly right—three and a half. Tell us now” (coaxingly) “how came this about.”

“It was for having taken a note for a thousand francs, the property of M. de la Baronne.”

“Ah! the lady here before us?”

“Precisely.”

“And how came it that, with your relations to each other” (the judge smiled faintly), “you had recourse to such an act?”

“I was eager to play at the tables at Homburg; and, well aware that she would not lend the money for such a purpose, I took it.”

“You took it to gamble at *trente et quarante*”—a tremulous horror on every word.

“Yes, M. le President, that is true.”

“And from this lady?” And here the enormity of defrauding such youth and innocence almost choked utterance. A slight bend of the head admitted what in words would have been more painful. “Madame la Garde,” said he, after a moment, “would never have prosecuted had she known that it was I who took the note; but when she missed the money, she sent for the police, and proceedings were instituted at once.”

“Of course,” said the judge, solemnly; “the law once set in motion, its course can no man arrest or interfere with.”

The effect of these impressive words was such that the whole court for several seconds sat as it were partially stunned and terror-stricken.

“I find, however,” said the judge, reading from a big voluminous report before him, “that after this separation, and after an interval of considerable time, you and Madame

la Garde met once more at Heidelberg, and again established relations together. How came this about?"

The prisoner was silent. There was not in his silence anything like defiance or insult. It was rather the air of one whose attitude said, My position is one of such exquisite delicacy, even a look might compromise me.

"I repeat," said the judge, "how came it that you once more became associated?"

The prisoner, with downcast eyes and an expression of intense humility, faltered out—"Madame felt a sympathy for me."

"No!" said the judge, sternly, "this is not so. It was the league of your fraudulent practices that formed the tie that bound you."

"Utterly, shamelessly false," broke in the prisoner, with indignation. "Madame la Garde is not the person to associate herself with such objects. You misrepresent, or at least, M. le President, you mistake, her. Her sentiments towards me," added he, with a touch of inimitable tenderness, "were very differently inspired."

It was pleasant, on looking around the court, to see that the ladies, whose charming toilettes gave a very picturesque air to the scene, were evidently moved by this declaration, whose irony seemed evidently to say, It is not to an old withered and wasted *homunculus* of a judge I appeal. I am speaking here to hearts that beat and breasts that throb with emotions of which you know nothing.

As the prisoner looked around him, his glance showed that he felt amidst an appreciative public. It was clear that the judge saw his unpopularity, and that, for the moment, the bench was somewhat lower than the dock. Like a man who knew his innings were coming, he resumed—"How do you account

for this continued change of residence? From Frankfort to Wiesbaden, Homburg, Heidelberg, Vevey, Baden, and so forth?"

"The delicacy of Madame la Garde's health required frequent change of air and scene."

Here the judge's face assumed a sneering look of incredulity, to which, for the honour of humanity, the spectators gave no concurrence. For several minutes the prisoner was the favourite. The judge was evidently piqued; he felt, in whistphrase, that "his hand was forced," and he said, "It appears from certain documents left me that you wrote to the mother of Madame la Garde for money?"

"Yes."

"And instead of money she sent you for answer the reproof that her daughter should have been living a very different life?" Sensation in court; while the prisoner bowed his head in token of shame and assent.

"To the creditors of Madame la Garde," continued he, who was now "back in his saddle," "the lady mother said that a year or two of prison discipline would be no bad regimen for her daughter."

"She uttered nothing so harsh and so unfeeling," said the prisoner.

The judge, haughtily—"From Vevey you travelled to Como, and at Como you hired a princely villa, where, under the name of Count Visard, you commenced a life of great splendour and display."

At this, said one of the reports, the two accused persons turned towards each other and exchanged looks in which the tenderest of recollections were mingled with an expression of unwavering love and fidelity. The judge evidently at a discount now.

"Your habits," said the judge, in a tone of denunciation, "bespoke reckless waste and abandonment.

You—I have it here before me—you actually ordered your beer from Vienna. You had your beer from Dreher.”

“Dreher’s beer,” said the prisoner, coldly, “was to be had at Milan. His agent at that place supplied us.”

“From Como you went to Milan, and thence back again to Wiesbaden, where Madame la Garde frequented ‘the tables.’ Soon after, however, you travelled on to Wildbad, and at length returned to Italy. How were the expenses of these journeys met?”

“I had means, and could afford to travel,” said the prisoner, proudly.

“That is, you lived at the expense of others, and cheated as you went?”

Prisoner, interrupting—“Nothing of the kind. I had means, and Madame la Garde had ample means—ample for every outlay that we desired; besides,” in a tremulous and feeling tone, “Madame had pawned her jewels; and I,” once more proudly asserting himself, “I had from the ‘Times,’ as correspondent, a thousand pounds sterling!”

Apparently the judge saw nothing to excite his surprise in a statement that certainly no Englishman could have listened to without the absolute ridicule of discredit, but continued his queries thus: “In Milan you appeared as M. Lameron?”

“The name of my uncle. I believe that” (and here he smiled) “if there is anything at a man’s choice, it is the name he goes by. I have,” he added, “been much in England, and such is the habit there.”

“In Naples your hotel expenses amounted to three thousand francs, and in your inability to pay, you addressed yourself to a regimental surgeon of your acquaintance for a loan. What was there in the circumstances of this gentleman that suggested the application?” There was a scornful craft in the manner

of the question, trying to the most consummate nerve.

The prisoner, in no wise disconcerted, replied, “Nothing—nothing but his generosity and his friendship!”

A half-suppressed murmur through the court told how public sympathy went with the sentiment.

At this period the court rose, to resume its sitting on the following morning, when Madame la Garde came under examination.

A severe attack of hysterics delayed the examination for above an hour; and the lady, wonderfully little discomposed by her sufferings, and in a toilette scarcely ruffled by what she had gone through, took her place in court. The proceedings were opened by the president reading from his notes that the accused Madame la Garde was born of an English father, named Ball Hughes, the son of a certain Ball Hughes, or Hughes Ball, a member of Parliament, and had for fortune the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, of which she was to have the life-use, the capital reverting to her brother at her death.

Then followed a long record of what diminution the capital had suffered from the year ’63 to the present date, showing that Madame la Garde’s habits had not been regulated by a strict economy, which, after all, only amounted to a trifle over two thousand pounds in eight years, leaving her still the sum of eight thousand.

As though wearied by the array of figures, the judge roused himself, and said, “I should like to know a little more about Heidelberg; how came it that you left this charming spot so abruptly?”

“My only reason was the sudden outbreak of the war.”

“You had debts, however, to the amount of 1284 florins, which you left unsettled?”

"I sent the banker Meyer 450 florins; and he wrote to me to say he would meet the other liabilities."

"That is untrue; Meyer knew nothing of the matter whatever."

"I sent my maid with the letter to the post, but she blundered somehow in the prepayment."

"And thus he did not in reality receive your letter?"

"Several of the creditors—the landlord, the shoemaker, &c.—were paid."

This not very logical rejoinder appeared to satisfy the judge, who went on to other matter, with reference to certain forged letters found in her trunk, but of whose existence she declared she was ignorant.

"At all events," said the judge, "you lived at Vienna in great splendour, called yourself a Baroness, and spoke of your chateau in Burgundy?"

"I? I never spoke of my chateau in Burgundy."

"How did you imagine you could meet your expenses with such moderate means as yours?"

"I calculated on arrears that were due to me."

"Even with all that, your costly habits were impossible without income. Your toilette alone amounted to 3418 florins—or should have done, if it were paid."

The after-thought couched in the last words was given with a sarcastic bitterness; but the lady only smiled faintly, and said, "I don't think it was so much."

Apparently piqued by the correction, the judge asked, "How, with such antecedents as yours, did you presume to have yourself presented in the most distinguished society?"

Madame, with animation—"As to that, we were actually invaded with invitations; and it was really out of pure politeness that I went to the Redoute Saal. Our usual

society were there; and the only house where I went on intimate terms was the Jaetsohn's."

"How did you become acquainted with the Field-Marshal Baron Schwarz?"

"At Jaetsohn's."

"Where you passed for the sister of Garnuchot?"

"Yes."

"And on the morning after that meeting Garnuchot called on the Baron, told him a long story of your wealthy family connections, &c., and proposed to him a marriage with you?"

"Of that I know nothing whatever."

The judge continues—"And on one day, when the Baron was visiting you, he remarks on your extreme low spirits and depression, and presses for the reason; with seeming reluctance you own to a secret sorrow, and confess it is a debt?"

"I cannot remember the exact details you allude to; but I do recollect giving him a bill or a letter of change for a loan that he afforded me."

"You bound him over to secrecy about this with Garnuchot?"

"Very possibly. I really can't recall it."

The judge was proceeding to comment on certain contradictions in the prisoner's history, when the accused was again seized with hysterical passion, and the court rose.

The Baron Schwarz-Weiler, whom the Vienna papers are enthusiastic in describing as a type of soldier-like bearing and carriage—a trifle elderly, perhaps—with a snow-white mustache, had eyes full of vigour and expression. His evidence went to show that he had lent Madame la Garde 10,000 francs on false representations of her wealth and station; the reply to which was the insinuation, not assertion, that it was

scarcely a loan. The comments of the judge on this were admirable. Madame, said he, was not always of the same mind in this matter—now talking of the General as a creditor, now as of one to whom more tender relations might attach another title. The discrepancy, he said, was not to be got over; and he seemed never to weary in showing the court the points of difference that separated the two situations; and when he repeated one of the depositions in which Madame la Garde declared, “He loved me, and how was I to suppose that he should look for repayment from me?” he addressed the ladies’ gallery, as though to say, *We* at least know what that plea will sustain.

“How came you acquainted with the lady, Baron?” asked the judge.

“I met her at a dinner-party, at Madame Jaetsohn’s—in the very best society of Vienna! By chance I occupied the place on her left at table. I found her a most charming companion, witty and *spirituelle*, and was delighted with the good fortune that made me her neighbour. I asked if Garnuchot were her husband, and she said No, her brother. On the day after that he called on me, and hoped we should know a great deal more of each other. It is incorrect to say that on his first visit he adverted to the question of a marriage with his sister; that proposition came after considerable intimacy and much intercourse. He said, she is not disposed to marry again, but *we*, her family, desire it; her means are ample, and we are also desirous to see her happily settled in life. He even added that I seemed to possess all the qualities that should insure such happiness in marriage.”

Hilarity in the court.

“Now for the loan; how came that about?”

“One day, when Madame had requested me to go and see her, I found her overcome with sorrow; her eyes were red, and the trace of tears fresh on her cheeks. Touched by such signs of affliction, and feeling the most unlimited reliance on her good faith, I pressed for the reasons of her grief. At first she refused even to admit she was in sorrow. ‘Believe me,’ cried she, at last, ‘it is better for you and for me that we should speak no more of these things, and we shall be better friends for our silence.’

“This only made me more eager for an explanation, and I pressed for it more warmly. Thereupon she swore me solemnly to secrecy, but above all to her brother. I did not fancy at first giving an unconditional pledge, not knowing what peril I might be incurring; but at last I declared I would make no unfair use of her confession; and she told me that two bills with her name on them—one for 2000 francs, the other for 800—would come due in a day or two, and she was totally unprepared to meet them. ‘Nor know I,’ said she, passionately, ‘where to turn me for aid, except to you.’ I replied that I was not prepared to meet such a sum at a moment; and I took my leave at last, not assuring her how I should act.”

“Was there nothing more passed between you at that meeting?”

“Yes; she told me of her fortune, and the peculiar circumstances of her means, which appeared ample; and that between the 15th and 20th April she must receive a sum of 2500 francs! She assured me that she would be perfectly able and ready to repay me, and showed me a letter with the words ‘Pepe, Notaire’ in the corner.”

“It is, then, incorrect to assume that the money was a gift?”

“Certainly, this is incorrect; my

means do not permit me to bestow such princely presents. I of course deplore the inability I confess to." This was clever of the Baron, and the ladies' gallery was evidently appeased by an admission which was significantly an act of homage.

The judge here rather fenced with the witness for some minutes, inasmuch as he permitted a change to be introduced in the written promise of repayment, and the date altered from the 20th to the 30th of April; such a concession seeming to imply the existence of that "sympathy" to which the court attached much meaning. The General admitted to having made the lady presents—a bracelet on her birthday, and suchlike trifling souvenirs.

A somewhat curious psychological examination here ensued as to how far the General's generosity was influenced by the before-mentioned sympathy, or by the production of the papers that implied Madame la Garde's perfect solvency and respectability. In this discussion the judge displayed a very palpable desire to show the court how, judge as he was, and surrounded by all the emblems of incorruptible justice, a heart susceptible of human emotions, and even of some frailties, had once beat beneath that black robe, and that it was in a profound knowledge of certain effects that he instituted that search after "sympathy."

The deference of the bar to the deeper acquaintance of the bench with female frailty was here shown with a delicacy not to be equalled; and in the little comedy that followed, the Field-Marshal-Lieutenant played a most interesting part. The consciousness—not to be disputed—that he had fallen amongst thieves, could not eradicate the memory of a very charming acquaintance; and a lurking feeling of interest for the female prisoner tintured every

avowal that he was forced to make to her disadvantage.

Garnuchot was a hardened sinner, and there was no sympathy felt by any one for a fellow whose most predominant expression in court was utter weariness at the long-winded nature of the evidence, and the legal exactitude employed to prove some fact which, even to save time, he was quite ready to concede on his own part. The utter shamelessness of the man, in his frequent references to ladies—wives or daughters of his creditors—completely alienated from him all the sympathy of that fair part of the auditory present in court.

The defendant's advocate resisted with no small energy and spirit the irrelevant details which the judge continued to pour forth on every occasion of the former lives and adventures of the prisoners; and as these were, after all, mere newspaper scandals, or passing paragraphs from the journals of watering-places, totally out of the realm of "evidence"—as we understand evidence—it was strange to see the insistence with which the court adhered to a mode of attack so manifestly unfair and unsupported.

The evidence closed, the Crown prosecutor opened his speech, most characteristically showing how, on physiological grounds, these two people should have come together and agree to cheat the world in company.

As a little bit of moral philosophy adapted to the meridian of the police court, the speech was a gem; and when he came to Heidelberg and the reconciliation,—when he came to show how Madame forgot all his transgression, his guilt at Frankfort, his shame and his sentence, and rushed back, with the force of a love not to be restrained, into all her former affection—nothing but a language accustomed to deal

with inscrutable sympathies and untraceable impulses could have sustained him.

With consummate subtlety he showed that two persons impelled forcibly towards each other by some mystic and inscrutable sympathy, whose hearts beat with such responsive force, and whose two natures blended so inseparably together, were, in fact, urged by a force stronger than their own to commit acts in unison, which the colder judgment of mankind would pronounce criminal,—and in all this he seemed actually their apologist; and it was only after showing what a natural thing it is for two people who love each other to agree to cheat somebody else, and that nothing can be more logical than for souls steeped in pure affection to live by fraud, falsehood, or forgery, that he positively astounded the audience by asking the court to sentence the prisoners, the man to four, and the lady to two years' imprisonment, with hard labour and other concomitant severities.

The defence was no less strange. It opened with a humoristic satire on the society of the most exclusive city of Europe—Vienna—which had opened its doors so freely to two unknown and unintroduced strangers; and went on to show how

people of moderate fortune, and, till then, moderate ambition, had been seduced by the temptations of luxury and extravagance into modes of life that, to use the harshest word, were only thoughtless. Nor was there much self-deception needed to persuade Madame la Garde that she was only living as she had a right to live. What was there in her surroundings other than she had known from childhood? Her unhappy marriage, her still more miserable love for an adventurer, he touched on with infinite tact and delicacy, for he was the lady's advocate, and not concerned for Garnuchot.

As for her frequent change of name, the advocate assured the court that, being of English birth, this meant less than nothing; that there was no practice more common amongst Englishmen than to change their names at any or every moment of their lives.

A very ingenious and eloquent defence could not change the destiny that awaited them, and they were condemned — as the Crown prosecutor demanded they should be—to four and two years' imprisonment and labour; a sentence against which—being in Austria—they of course appealed. There, for the present, ends the drama of the K-K-Gerechtsaal.

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## NEW BOOKS.

It has become one of the common fictions of the world to pretend that in autumn everybody is absent from home, and keeping holiday. Everybody! meaning, perhaps, one in a hundred thousand or so of the inhabitants of this earth—yet enough, to our contracted eyesight and imagination, to represent the race. It is suitable, therefore, though melancholy, at such a time, with the certain knowledge that a great many persons are enjoying what we can only read about, to surround ourselves with some of the crowd of volumes about the Alps which have recently poured upon us. Cold comfort! but seasonable, as old-fashioned folks still say when their fingers are pinched and their noses blue with winter frosts. A course of *Whympers*,\* *Tyndall*, and *Stephen* is not, perhaps, so exhilarating as actual sight of the Oberland or the snowy peaks of Savoy, but still it is better than no Alps at all. And while our authors drag us after them up flinty heights and over incipient avalanches, there will be moments in which we will look round our dull chamber walls with an ache and shiver of thankfulness, and praise all our gods that our limbs are entire, our fingers and toes unfrostbitten, our faces unscarified. Looking out from our "loopholes of retreat," as *Cowper* did upon the stormy world outside, we can even see *Mr Whympers* falling into space down that ice-slope, which is figured in his charming narrative, with a sympathetic giddiness which is not painful—which, in short, is absolutely pleasant. But it would not be pleasant at first hand.

There is, however, one slight drawback to this consolatoriness of our Alpine books; one which we regard with a certain rueful amusement in our quiet. It is that our friends evidently consider our absence from these happy climbing-fields, our imprisonment at home, and incapacity for following them in the pranks which they play between earth and heaven, as our own fault. "Old men, women, and cripples," *Mr Leslie Stephen* is not ashamed to call us—opprobrious epithets, which make our exile from the snow still harder to bear. What have we done that we should be branded as "old men, women, and cripples," because we can't get up the *Matterhorn*—because, indeed, we can't get within a thousand miles of it, but only worship afar off the celestial outline presented to us in a book? This is to insult misfortune. Such names may, indeed, be justly applied to those idiots, or worse than idiots, who endeavour to throw paltry aspersions upon the demigods of the Alpine Club; but we who are ready to sit at the feet of those heroes, what have we done to merit such wholesale contempt? We repeat, it is with a rueful smile that we hear ourselves thus assailed. As if we could help it! As if we, too, had heaven smiled upon the desire, would not have been gazing upon the snow of the *Jungfrau*, or hearing the cataracts thunder from the steeps! When we turn instead into the recess of this big window and look down upon the quadrangle of a deserted college, on ivied walls which shroud nothing but sparrows, and trees which wave desolate in

\* *Scrambles among the Alps*, by *Edward Whympers*; *The Playground of Europe*, by *Leslie Stephen*; *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, by *Professor Tyndall*.



a breeze as cold as that which sweeps the Grands Mulets, does Mr Stephen think our virtuous and patient soul is in a fit state to be aggravated by taunts? Old men, women, and cripples! Just heavens! because our balance at our banker's is insufficient to carry us to Switzerland, is this the treatment, are these the insulting titles, which we are to be compelled to bear?

With this remonstrance, however, by the way, let us return to our subject. There is, as no one in these days is likely to deny, an attraction about the snowy mountains which surpasses every other attraction of scenery. It was not so, it is true, in former days; but there is no doubt that a prevailing consciousness of danger must, to all except a very few adventurous souls, blunt the perception of beauty to a wonderful extent; and this must have been always present to the tourist of the eighteenth century. The sea is as grand in storm as anything can be; but how very few of us enjoy its majesty at such a moment! To-day, when even the Alpine climber (with what truth we may discuss hereafter) declares his perilous amusement as safe as London streets, we approach the mountain under altogether different auspices, and are prepared for beauty, not for danger. And when the traveller, weary with the dust, the heat, the *ennui*, and monotony of a long journey, lifts up his eyes, should it be only from the terrace at Neuchatel, or the deck of the steamer on Lake Lemman, and suddenly sees the sun light up that glorious silent line, half in the mists, half floating in the blue above—great, serious, lofty Presences, looking down in a solemn abstraction, like calm gods unmoved by our earthly levities, upon the trifling vicissitudes below—not all the babble of tourists, not all the fuss and folly of couriers and guide-books, can blunt the thrill

of unspoken feeling that penetrates him like an arrow—half delight, half pain. It is like a sudden introduction to beings grander than humanity,—majestic things which speak but afford no answer, which give but cannot receive—too vast, too solemn, too much rapt in heaven-communion, to listen to earthly noises. When we approach them nearer, with how many voices do they speak to us!—sometimes wildly in wind and storm; sometimes musically, grandly, with a voice of “many waters”—that sound which has been selected as the most fit emblem of the voice of God; and sometimes with that hush of profoundest silence, which stills the listener, and gives him an ineffable, indescribable consolation. No one who has ever lived face to face, even through the medium of the commonest inn window, with, for example, that majestic maiden the Jungfrau—who has seen her whiteness flush with the morning and the evening lights, and blanch into the solemn pallor of the moon—can ever forget that great companion to whom his thoughts addressed themselves as by some magical compulsion, who made herself the centre of life, the mysterious white soul of the silent awe-stricken universe around. And though we cannot but think that there is something in the position of the Jungfrau, in the grouping of the foreground, in the grand fulness of her spotless slopes, and perhaps even in her name, which has a special influence upon the beholder, it is the same more or less with every sovereign mountain. Whoever the other inhabitants may be, that is the one inhabitant to whom the eye first turns. Our thoughts go like the winds to breathe about the head which shines so high above us. We seek it among the mists, we feel it even when the clouds have combined to shroud the wonderful

présence: our mountain becomes the centre of our world.

This is the case even with the ordinary traveller. We do not venture to speak, because we are not qualified to judge, of the sentiments of those curious hordes, nomadic for the nonce, who are to be met in Switzerland—heaven knows why—by the score, either under the angelic guardianship of Mr Cook, or in their own terrible guidance. They like it, we presume, or they would not do it; though what their object can be, it would be very hard to say. They are, we suppose, an instance of the appalling effects of undue accumulation of money, and that slavish obedience to the customs of the classes who “set the fashion,” which is one of the horrors of civilisation. But, after all, it is doubtful how far the traveller who starts from a higher level has any right to blaspheme in respect to the Cockney tourist. A man may drop his *h's* and yet be able to appreciate fine scenery; and he may make himself intensely disagreeable in an inn without being of necessity unworthy to be made happier and better (if he can) by the sight of a glacier (if an *aiguille*. And then with the same measure as we mete to the Cook's excursionists, so shall it be meted to all the rest of us by the Alpine Club. This is the most forcible argument for charity that we are aware of. In such a case the Cockney may chuckle as we can suppose a Dissenter chuckling, who, after having been pronounced out of the pale of covenanted mercies by an Anglican divine, beholds that Anglican as contemptuously handled by the first snuff-stained *curé* who comes in his reverence's way.

The three books which come to us together, and which we propose to discuss in common, have each their different characteristics. Mr Whympers work is the biggest, the

handsomest, and most attractive. Its pictures alone are enough to make the fortune of any volume; and the narrative has unfortunately an interest deeper than anything which can spring from mere scenery, though the noblest and grandest. It culminates in a tragedy—one of the saddest of modern times; and though the chief hero—the teller of the tale—survives, and was in his own person victorious over all his difficulties, yet this wild romance of the Matterhorn can never be dissociated from the graves which lie low beneath its terrible peak; and which have, we hope, damped the enthusiasm of all after-invaders of its solitude. The story thus tragically wound up has at the same time a certain character of unity and completeness in itself which transcends the simple sketches of successful ascents, now of one mountain, now of another, which are to be found in the companion books. Mr Whympers tale is the tale of a great persistent, often interrupted, but finally victorious, effort. Other peaks jostle each other in more discursive narratives, but here there is one central object, as distinct as that which causes any other invasion of territory or great siege. He proposed to himself to take the Matterhorn just as Bismark proposed to take Paris. But it is the picturesque warfare of old, the rush of personal valour and daring, the combinations planned by one wary brain, and executed by one set of muscular sinews, and not the blank immensity of modern fighting, which he brings before us. Mr Whympers goes forth like a knight of old with his axe and his rope. You have only to add a dragon-devastator of the surrounding valleys, or an enchanted princess frozen up in some chill magician's castle, to make the story into a fit subject for romance. The Red - Cross Knight himself

never pursued his adventures with more persevering bravery. For five years, undiscouraged by difficulties which seem to have appalled even the most daring guides in Switzerland, he attacked and reattacked those terrible peaks, and never slackened until the victory was won. This consistent effort, which fills his book from the beginning to the end, gives Mr Whymper's work special interest and unity. It is not only a story of personal adventure—it is a drama, a tragedy: it has one consistent object from beginning to end; it has all the vicissitudes peculiar to a great effort of human skill and patience. It is carried on at the continual risk of life—a risk undertaken with a light heart—but for no particular reason. This is the weak point of the story. The want of motive is the only thing which prevents this book, and the adventures it embodies, from taking a very high place in literature.

As it is, no one can doubt its interest: it moves us to wonder and fear, and admiration and pity; it holds us breathless by moments, hanging on the story-teller's lips; but it fails in the highest poetical effect, for the very same reason which would prompt a moralist to object to it. Here the poet and the utilitarian take up precisely the same ground. Nothing is more usual than to assert that the argument which condemns all such risks because they are useless, is an utterly prosaic argument, and one which ignores all the higher qualities of humanity, and places the mere vulgarities of use above more exalted motives. But this is a mistake. It is the poetical argument more distinctly even than the utilitarian. Had Mr Whymper made these repeated enterprises for the sake of saving some human life, or of producing some tangible benefit to the poorest cretin in the underlying

valleys, he would have instantly become a hero. His valour, his patience, his far-seeing intelligence, the wonderful combination of prudence and daring which carried him at last triumphantly to the barren summit of his hopes, would, had that summit not been barren, have placed him at once among the highest names of poetry. He would have been, we repeat, a hero, and his companions martyrs. The startled awe with which all England read of the catastrophe, the interest with which we read the narrative of the survivor now, would have changed into that glorious sorrow with which a nation mourns those who have died nobly, and the proud joy with which she welcomes a victorious son. These higher emotions are denied to us, for what is called the prosaic reason that Mr Whymper and his companions had no motive. This changes the loss of the one into a mere, though terrible, accident; and the triumph of the other into a simple feat, such as we clap our hands to see, and think no more of. The guns at Chamounix are sufficient reward for it—it is scarcely so much as a nine days' wonder. And yet the qualities involved were such as demand a great deal more than the admiration which we accord to a clever acrobat. This is the weakness of all such adventures. They have no human meaning, are good for nothing, productive of nothing; and Poetry, like Philosophy, smiles and stands aside. The Muses must at least be allowed to suppose that something could come of it before they can find a word to say.

This, let us observe, is no condemnation of Alpine climbers. We see no reason to doubt their repeated assertions that they have the power of entering into the soul and silence of the hills as no others can do; that they see sights which to

us are lost ; and are surrounded by such a sense of the immensity and splendour of nature, as our less excited faculties cannot reach. These are their reward for all the labours they undergo. And so long as they choose to undergo such labours, we see no right we have to interfere or suggest that they might be better employed. All we say is, that, were they to do as much with a motive, they would be great men ;—heroes, if the motive was generous ; and still famous and renowned, were it simple ambition that moved them. So long as they are content with this limitation, so are we. We are often assured that the triumphs of Science are to be the poetry of the future ; but up to this moment we have seen no indications of the change : rather in this new school of adventure we seem driven back to the most primitive rules of the minstrel's craft. Poetry would hide some precious elixir in a crevice of those rocks ; she would represent some prisoned spirit chained there like Prometheus, only to be freed by the valiant deliverer who should climb the topmost peak and liberate the captive ; and immediately the crags would glow with a tender light, and Love, the victor, would bring back in his hand the best garland of fame. This is how Use looks when made into poetry ; and poetry demands it with a louder cry than Bentham. Without it her music goes from her, and she does not know how to sing.

It was in the year 1861 that Mr Whymper made his first attack on the Matterhorn. It is awkward when any one, man or mountain, has two names ; and we may say, lest there should be any one who does not know it, that the Matterhorn and Mont Cervin are one. A conical peak, austere and grey and terrible, with little of the ampler, more splendid fulness bestowed by that shining

crystalline mantle of snow which gives dignity to its giant neighbours, its head had towered drearily aloft into the clouds, unconquered and untrodden for years after the surrounding band had been subjugated by travellers. It was the only one unvanquished, and this of itself gave an additional charm ; it was considered inaccessible, and that made it doubly attractive. Two men, both indomitable and unwearying, conceived in their hearts the determination to master this obstinate rebel, and bring it also into the list of human conquests. These two men were, Jean Antoine Carrel, by trade a guide, and one of the bravest of that hardy race ; and Mr Whymper. The first thought of conquest seems to have dawned upon both about the same time. Sometimes they made the effort together, sometimes as rivals. For the years during which their struggle lasted, an unspoken emulation and jealousy at once attracted them to, and repelled them from, each other. A half-fear lest he himself should be forestalled in the object so dear to his heart, seems to have contended in Mr Whymper's mind with a generous desire, if he could not do it, that Carrel might. In fact, they finally succeeded in their long enterprise within a few days of each other, but by different routes, each having made his own calculations, and conquered the mountain his own way. Mr Whymper's first assault was made in 1861. On this occasion he camped out on the snow on the ridge called the Col du Lion, with the hope of being able to proceed next day. "The silence," he says, "was impressive. No living thing was near our solitary bivouac ; the stones had ceased to fall, and the tinkling water to murmur. It was bitterly cold. Water froze hard in a bottle under my head ; not surprising, as we were actually on snow, and in a

position where the slightest wind was at once felt." What that position was the reader can see for himself in the drawing; and we may add here, that Mr Whymper's illustrations are of a very high class, and simply invaluable to his narrative. The snow is real, the cliffs terrific; and we promise the reader that he will pause and shiver when he looks at them, even should the day be tropical. This first attempt, however, was soon foiled, chiefly by the incapacity of the guide, who, unaccustomed to these dizzy heights, lost his head and courage, and compelled a speedy retreat. We quote, however, from this first "scramble," as he modestly calls it, a bit of description, which proves, as well as his admirable drawings, that Mr Whymper possesses the true eye of an artist, and that even danger and deadly cold cannot blunt its perception of the beautiful:—

"Turn to the east and watch the sun's slanting rays coming across the Monte Rosa snow-fields. Look at the shadowed parts, and see how even they—radiant with reflected light—are more brilliant than man knows how to depict. See how, even there, the gentle undulations give shadows within shadows; and how yet again, where falling stones or ice have left a track, there are shadows upon shadows, each with a light and a dark side, with infinite gradations of matchless tenderness. Then note the sunlight as it steals noiselessly along, and reveals countless unsuspected forms; the delicate ripple-lines which mark the concealed crevasses, and the waves of drifted snow, producing each minute more lights and fresh shadows; sparkling on the edges, and glittering on the ends of the icicles; shining on the heights and illuminating the depths, until all is aglow, and the dazzled eye retires for relief to the sombre crags."

Next year the enthusiast set to work again, and made no less than four ascents, all very much the same—all successful up to a certain point, and hopeless afterwards. One of them he was so rash as to make alone, strolling up the mountain to

see whether his tent was safe, twelve thousand feet or so above the sea. "It seemed to me," he says, "that it might have been blown away during the late stormy weather;" and accordingly he went off to ascertain. The tent, however, had not been blown away, and our traveller bivouacked there in the utter solitude of that snowy desert, alone. "As I sat in the door of the tent," he says, "and watched the twilight change to darkness, the earth seemed to become less earthy, and almost sublime; the world seemed dead, and I its sole inhabitant." Never was a more wonderful resting-place found between heaven and earth. When morning came, the adventurer, thrilled and stimulated by the snowy breath of the mountains and by the excitement of his position, determined to mount higher. All went well for a while; but this piece of daring had nearly been his last. On his way down he slipped and fell.

"The knapsack brought my head down first, and I pitched into some rocks about a dozen feet below. They caught something, and tumbled me off the edge, head over heels, into the gully. The baton was dashed from my hands, and I wheeled downwards in a series of bounds, each longer than the last; now over ice, now into rocks, striking my head four or five times, each time with increased force. The last bound sent me spinning through the air, in a leap of fifty or sixty feet, from one side of the gully to the other, and I struck the rocks luckily with the whole of my left side. They caught my clothes for a moment, and I fell back on to the snow with motion arrested. My head fortunately came the right side up, and a few frantic catches brought me to a halt in the neck of the gully and on the verge of the precipice."

This happened in the evening, on the most hopeless of mountains, with no aid within reach. How he picked himself up, blinded with blood from the cuts on his head, which, however, was diminished by a great plaster of snow, which he

stuck on "in a moment of inspiration;" how he slunk past the cowherds' *chalets*, ashamed of the freak for which he had paid so dear, and stole into his inn, hoping to escape observation,—we need not pause to describe. But perhaps the reader would like to know how a man feels who has been thus battered about from one rock to another, descending "two hundred feet in seven or eight bounds." Here are Mr Whymper's experiences:—

"As it seldom happens that one survives such a fall, it may be interesting to record what my sensations were during its occurrence. I was perfectly conscious of what was happening, and felt each blow; but, like a patient under chloroform, experienced no pain. Each blow was naturally more severe than that which preceded it; and I distinctly remember thinking, 'Well, if the next is harder still, that will be the end.' Like persons who have been rescued from drowning, I remember that the recollection of a multitude of things rushed through my head, many of them trivialities or absurdities which had been forgotten long before; and, more remarkable, this bounding through space did not feel disagreeable. But I think that in no very great distance more, consciousness as well as sensation would have been lost; and upon that I base my belief, improbable as it seems, that death by a fall from a great height is as painless an end as can be experienced."

Mr Whymper adds, what is a curious fact, and one which we have found to follow upon great mental disturbance in much the same way, that his memory was affected by this shock. "The only serious effect has been the reduction of a naturally retentive memory to a very commonplace one; and although my recollection of more distant occurrences remains unshaken, the events of that particular day would be clean gone but for the few notes which were written down before the accident." An enforced pause followed while the cuts were healed and the shattered nerves quieted; but in five days the undaunted mountaineer

started again! Perseverance such as this certainly merited a reward. The reader, by this point, will find himself so affected by the enthusiasm of the *raconteur*, that he will hear of any rival expedition with a jealous indignation much more intense than anything which Mr Whymper allows himself to express. Thus, when Professor Tyndall suddenly appears on the scene, securing the services of the Carrels, and sets off, spiteful fate seeming to help him in every way, "on a fine morning in high spirits," we feel ourselves burn with suppressed rage and mortification. Mr Whymper, who has just descended, baffled by wind and weather, watches them go, he avows, with anything but joyful feelings—"tormented with envy and all uncharitableness," he says. Early next morning there was a rumour that a flag had appeared on the summit of the mountain. The defeated hero, however, could not be satisfied with any rumour. "I could not bring myself," he adds, "to leave till the result was heard, and lingered about as a foolish lover hovers about the object of his affections even after he has been contemptuously rejected." We have no enmity towards Professor Tyndall, but we acknowledge that we are intensely delighted to find that after all he was unsuccessful, and even glad that he did not reach, as he supposed, "within a stone's-throw of the summit," but in reality stopped short, as Mr Whymper afterwards makes out with gentle satisfaction, at a very considerably lower elevation. For once the right man—the one undiscourageable climber, whom nothing could daunt—was to have his reward.

It was, however, two years later before triumph came; and the reader is already aware at what a terrible price that triumph was bought. After all the many and elaborate

preparations made, the careful and long-planned expeditions which had been foiled, there is a curiously accidental character in the last, which thrills the spectator with a strange consciousness of that mysterious hair's-breadth which lies between destruction and safety. By chance, as we say, Mr Whymper encountered Lord Francis Douglas on his way from Zermatt; by chance Michel Croz the guide, whose employer had fallen sick, was found to be disengaged and ready for the enterprise. Mr Hudson and his unfortunate young companion, if not picked up in the same accidental way, were yet joined to Whymper's party at the last moment. The whole expedition was brought together, as he says, by "a series of chances"—a man of a different complexion of mind might have said, looking at the consequences, by some mystical impulsion of fate. Of the party thus strangely collected, the three leaders, Whymper, Hudson, and Michel Croz, stood in the very first rank as mountaineers. Mr Hudson was "considered the best amateur of his time." He had done "the greatest mountaineering feats which had been done," and "was not greatly inferior to a born mountaineer." Croz was at the very head of the fraternity of guides, a man who "was only happy when upwards of 10,000 feet" above the level of ordinary mortals—"the man who was most after my own heart," says Mr Whymper, with enthusiasm. The two other travellers were young men of nineteen, who had made a thoroughly good beginning in mountaineering, and had of course the nimbleness and lightness of youth in their favour. No party could have set out under better auspices. The ascent was made with less difficulty than they expected, by the route which Mr Whymper, after much hard think-

ing, had decided upon as the most practicable. With a minuteness which is sadly justified by the event, he gives every detail of this eventful journey. Their triumph was enhanced by the fact that Carrel, who had stolen a march upon them, was at the same time attempting an ascent from the other side, and was ignominiously beaten, his party appearing to the delighted travellers, as they stood on the much-desired summit, like "mere dots on the ridge, at an immense distance below."

"Up went my arms and my hat. 'Croz! Croz! come here!' 'Where are they, Monsieur?' 'There; don't you see them down there?' 'Ah! the *coquins*, they are low down.' 'Croz, we must make these fellows hear us.' We yelled until we were hoarse. The Italians seemed to regard us—we could not be certain. 'Croz, we *must* make them hear us—they *shall* hear us!' I seized a block of rock and hurled it down, and called upon my companion in the name of friendship to do the same. We drove our sticks in and prised away the crags, and soon a torrent of stones poured down the cliffs. There was no mistake about it this time. The Italians turned and fled."

"Still I would that the leader of that party could have stood with us at that moment," Mr Whymper adds, with a generous compunction. But nothing could be more complete than the triumph. The day was "superlatively calm and clear." The wonderful landscape round them stood all revealed; not a fruitless ascent into the mists, but a glorious mount of vision was that which by so many toils and pains they had at last gained. "Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off, looked sharp and near. The whole world of rock and snow lay visible; turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones, and spires!" cries the traveller, in ecstasy—"there was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart can desire." "We remained one

hour on the summit," he adds, with a certain conscious solemnity. The ancient monarch of the wilds had been vanquished, but revenge was still within his reach. Awfully, beneath those human "dots upon the ridge," stretched the snowy abysses—the iron precipices—on which, within a few minutes, four of them were to perish. That hour was the crown and climax of life to the two lads, who scarcely knew what it was—and to the men, whose toils were at an end.

It was all the work of a moment—a slip, an exclamation, the crack of a breaking rope, and all was over. What might have been done had the circumstances been different, is a wide subject, in which fancy has full scope to exercise her delusions. What could be done was absolutely nothing. The strong, wary, experienced mountaineers, brave as lions, and cool and collected as brave men only are, were as helpless as the boys. They slid downwards one after another unwounded, uninjured, with fatal smoothness, and disappeared one by one from the eyes of the miserable watchers above. Words cannot express the horror of such a catastrophe. In face of its ghastly suddenness and silence the very reader holds his breath terrified, and imagination refuses to conceive the feelings of the remnant—the three horror-stricken men who "remained on the spot for the space of half an hour without moving a single step." Half an hour! to them it must have seemed a century; and it was not half an hour since they had celebrated their triumph on the ghastly awful peak which had thus taken a horrible vengeance. They got down at length, how they might, in sorrow and fear. But before the descent was over, a wonderful sight rose upon them. To have been able to accept it, under the circumstances, as a simple

natural phenomenon, must, we think, have required the strongest stuff that ever philosopher was made of.

"About 6 P.M. we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending towards Zermatt, and all peril was over. We frequently looked, but in vain, for traces of our unfortunate companions; we bent over the ridge and cried to them, but no sound returned. Convinced at last that they were neither within sight nor hearing, we ceased from our useless efforts; and, too cast down for speech, silently gathered up our things, and the little effects of those who were lost, preparatory to continuing the descent. When, lo! a mighty arch appeared, rising above the Lyskaums, high into the sky. Pale, colourless, and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this unearthly apparition seemed like a vision from another world; and, almost appalled, we watched with amazement the gradual development of two vast crosses, one on either side. If the Taugwalders had not been the first to perceive it, I should have doubted my senses. They thought it had some connection with the accident, and I, after a while, that it might have some relation to ourselves; but our movements had no effect upon it. The spectral forms remained motionless. It was a fearful and wonderful sight, unique in my experience, and impressive beyond description, coming at such a moment."

A drawing of this fog-bow, as it is called in science, forms the frontispiece to this volume. "The Taugwalders thought it had some connection with the accident." One hopes, with a gasp in one's throat, that some poor women in England were able to get a momentary consolation from this mysterious and awful signal in the skies.

Thus ends the tragedy of the Matterhorn, the strangest, saddest climax of adventure that ever has taken place among those terrible peaks. Other victims have been sacrificed—alas! too many; but no such wild and awful incident, nothing that so strikes the imagination. The action of Fate gathering them together, the unlikelihood of their conjunction, the perfection of the



preceding triumph, all heighten the solemn character of the catastrophe. Mr Whympers's book ends here, as was inevitable. Had he ascended a hundred mountains afterwards, he could have had no more to say.

And it is perhaps impossible, with the impression of such a calamity on our minds, to consider impartially whether or not such risks are justifiable. The first answer of every unbiassed reader—of all who are not Alpine enthusiasts—would be, without doubt, an energetic and decisive “No!” What can the barren peak of the Matterhorn give to the world in comparison with those four valuable lives of which it has robbed us? Visibly nothing—not even that solemn joy which comes after grief, the proud and melancholy satisfaction of feeling that the lives were well lost, for an end worthy of the terrible outlay. Even this last consolation is not permitted us here. The loss is pure loss, with nothing to make up for it. But perhaps, as we have said, it is unfair to discuss the question while in the very shadow of such a misfortune. The Alpine books are all on the defensive on this point; they are so sure of their own safety, and so well furnished with answers to every objection, that we feel their very fluency to be against them. Mr Whympers assures us that there is “only one risk to which the scrambler on the High Alps is unavoidably subject, which does not occur to pedestrians in London’s streets.” This one risk is the falling of rocks; and is, he allows, a positive danger, which cannot be guarded against. He is very Jesuitical in his discussion of the amount of danger which makes an expedition foolhardy—eludes the question skilfully—reminds us that “if it were one’s bounden duty to avoid every risk, we should have to pass our lives indoors;” and at last

falls upon the “tyros” who attempt to imitate the doings of skilled mountaineers, and the “middle-aged gentlemen with stiff knees” who “essay things which are adapted to the young and active.” This, however, is quite inapplicable to the terrible accident of which he is himself the chronicler. There two of the men were most skilled and experienced; there were no necessary precautions omitted, and the work was done with deliberation and all possible prudence. It is true that the rope broke; but had it not broken, the chances seem much more in favour of the sacrifice of three more victims, than of the salvation of those who were lost.

Mr Leslie Stephen, we fear, is scarcely less Jesuitical. He speaks of the catastrophe we have just discussed, and of which Mr Whympers has given us so careful a narrative, as one in which “the most notorious conditions of safety were neglected;” and confuses the question by laying down two maxims, which are at once truisms, and as chimerical and unsatisfactory as truisms generally are. He says there is no mountain which may not be climbed by practical mountaineers with good guides and good weather; and, there is no mountain which is not dangerous to inexperienced climbers and incapable guides in bad weather. In short, as Mr Whympers tells us, “the thing to be wished for is, not that the mountains should become easier, but that men should become wiser and stronger.” When, therefore, men come to be demigods of strength and judgment; when they learn never to forget anything, never to miscalculate anything—to be certain that neither head nor foot will fail them, that they will retain their self-possession under all circumstances,—then they may feel the High Alps a safe, as it is certainly an exciting, “play-ground.” But these condi-

tions do not yet exist among us; and even did they exist, all this accumulation of virtue in one man might be rendered useless, did he want the insight necessary to perceive whether or not his companion possessed them. There is a great deal in all these books to the credit of the guides. Both Mr Whymper and Professor Tyndall rise into a kind of lyric enthusiasm in the celebration of each his favourite; but the tragical end of both these favourites has to be recorded by the travellers. Croz perished, as we have seen, on the Matterhorn; Bennen, Professor Tyndall's guide, on a much less important ascent. The "magnificent strength," and "unsurpassed knowledge of ice and snow," and the perfect intelligence with which the first of these brave men understood and carried out everything he had to do, is a theme of which Mr Whymper never tires. Of Bennen, Mr Hawkins, quoted and seconded by Professor Tyndall, tells us that "he surpasses all the rest in the qualities which fit a man for a leader in hazardous expeditions, combining boldness and prudence with an ease and power peculiar to himself." "The bravest guide the Valais ever had, and ever will have," another gentleman says. Both these men perished in the very strength of life, with all their faculties at the keenest, on the cruel snow. "Beloved and honoured" are titles which are given to both; they were no common peasants, ignorant and inexperienced. Yet the traveller's summer sport, the holiday exercise of the athletic Englishman, brought to a tragical but most natural end these two heroes of the mountains. A most natural end—as natural as a battlefield is to a soldier; an end for which no doubt they were prepared—which they had been trained to regard as the most likely conclusion to their labours. Surely English

gentlemen might be provided with the wholesome excitement they crave, and English Professors restored to health after a laborious season, at a less cost than this. Had the sufferers been ignorant or insignificant—a poor porter carrying the baggage, a foolish looker-on, whose risk was on his own head—these victims thrown to Moloch might have passed with less notice. But the bravest, the wariest, the most experienced, bold, and prudent—surely, we repeat, this is too much.

Mr Leslie Stephen's book is not enriched with illustrations such as those which add so much attraction to Mr Whymper's; but it is perhaps the most agreeable reading of all. Mr Stephen is discursive and reflective; his touch is light, easy, and graceful: he is a man who is first a writer, second a mountaineer; whereas Mr Whymper writes only by a kind of necessity, because he is a mountaineer, and has a great deal to say. The latter might perhaps be the best guide up a precipice, but the former would be the more agreeable companion to talk it over with when all was done. There are no tragedies in his book; he even apologises for his jokes—for the levity with which he feels that he has treated his subject. But that levity is never disagreeable; it does not jar upon the reader, nor contrast painfully with the too often serious character of his subject. Throughout his wanderings he has a habit of taking himself for his butt, which is much to be recommended to travellers—for the chaff thus destined is always amiable. We have our own grievances against Mr Stephen, one of which has been already specified. His contempt for people who do not climb snowy peaks is great, and he has the audacity to speak of the mountains of Scotland, the mountains of Scott, as "dumpy heather-covered hills;" but notwith-

standing these foolishnesses, his writing is always pleasant, unaffected, and prepossessing. Here is his testimony on the point we have just been remarking upon—the character of the guides. Fortunately there is no fatal episode among his sketches to give a painful point to what he says.

“I utterly repudiate the doctrine that Alpine travellers are or ought to be the heroes of Alpine adventures. The true way at least to describe all my Alpine ascents is, that Michel, or Anderegg, or Lauener succeeded in performing a feat requiring skill, strength, and courage, the difficulty of which was much increased by the difficulty of taking with him his knapsack and his employer. If any passages in the succeeding pages convey the impression that I claim any credit, except that of following better men than myself with decent ability, I disavow them in advance, and do penance for them in my heart. Some justification of these axioms shall be made in another chapter. Meanwhile, I will only delay my narrative to denounce one other heresy—that, namely, which asserts that guides are a nuisance. Amongst the greatest of Alpine pleasures is that of learning to appreciate the capacities and cultivate the goodwill of a singularly intelligent and worthy class of men. Would that an English agricultural peasant were generally as independent, well-informed, and trustworthy as a Swiss mountaineer !”

Mr Tyndall's book has, as might be expected, a scientific side. He takes us apart, as it were, by the button, and, under cover of a mountain, insinuates his theory about clouds, about sound, about heat, and other matters equally beyond the interest of the unscientific reader. This is taking a somewhat mean advantage of us ; but yet it is, we cannot but allow, to be expected in the circumstances. What was not to be expected, however, is the fact that the process of restoring the fine machine called Tyndall to perfect order is chronicled here in all its stages with affectionate minuteness. Here the reader may learn how much training it

takes “to dislodge London” from a Professor's lungs ; how “a consciousness of augmenting vigour” is to be procured ; and after how many days' journeyings it is found that “the tide of health had set steadily in.” These are no doubt very interesting particulars, but on the whole we prefer the guides and the hills. Mr Tyndall's adventures, however, are interesting, and sometimes even exciting ; as, for instance, the incident which he entitles “Rescue from a Crevasse,” in which the brave guide Bennen and himself managed to save an unfortunate porter who had fallen into one of those fatal openings. A rope was made of coats, waistcoats, and braces, with which the two were let down into the snowy chasm. Then, with all care and caution, they began to clear away the ice. “A layer two or three feet thick was thus removed ; and finally from the frozen mass, and so bloodless as to be almost as white as the surrounding snow, issued a single human hand.” This adventure makes the blood cold in one's veins. They were, however, successful in rescuing the unfortunate porter, thanks evidently to the coolness and courage with which Professor Tyndall faced the emergency, even Bennen the guide having lost his self-possession in the excitement of the moment.

To come down from those elevated pinnacles, where all the ambitions of life are concentrated in the one struggle to get up higher upon a peak of rock or ice than any other man has been before you, and to descend to ordinary existence, with its many vicissitudes and varieties, is a curious experience, especially to the reader who may happen to be of a sympathetic strain, and who is capable of forgetting himself in the book he reads. After all, this struggle, though it is as

dangerous as the struggle on a battle-field—though it costs life, and limbs, and vigour, and happiness, to some—is but amusement, the sport of the holidays; and the solemn snowy heights which we have been contemplating, the awful precipices, the fatal slopes of ice, the murderous crumbling rocks, taken altogether, constitute—though it is so strange to think it—the “play-ground of Europe;” and life which is not play is going on all the while below. It is with a certain respectful sentiment, not strong enough to be called sorrow or sympathy, that, on descending to the ordinary level, we take up the book called ‘Julian Fane.’\* The name is one which might indicate a novel, but the character and gentle life therein recorded are as a poem full of all soft and refined harmonies, a melody in a minor key. Julian Fane was one of those men of whom the common public knows nothing, who do nothing, in any rude practical sense, to make themselves known, and yet who bulk larger in the eyes of a select circle than the men who are acknowledged as great by the big outer world. Every generation of youths carries at least one such in its heart of hearts—one from whom everything is expected while the season of promise lasts; who is the standard of excellence to his fellows; and to whom even his more successful contemporaries in later years unconsciously and instinctively defer. By those who come after, and who know him only by what seems the exaggerated admiration of his friends—an admiration which is justified by nothing he has done—the reputation of such a man is often smiled or sneered at. But it is, at the same time, a very real reputation; and there are few things more touching or fine in life than to hear the

philosopher, the statesman, or the poet, who has reached the summit of fame in his own person, pausing with a sigh to say, “Ah, if you had but known So-and-so!” He has died, almost as a matter of course, for such men seldom live long. Such was Julian Fane. His rank and position extended the circle to which he was known, but still that was but a private circle. The world knows little or nothing of the gentle soul which lodged for some forty years in its midst, full of all beautiful thoughts and fine aspirations. But not the less pre-eminent does he seem on that account to the friends who found in him a poet, a saint, and an example. Mr Lytton, who has written his life, scarcely claims to be more than a mouthpiece to the many who add in his pages their half-adoring testimony to the gifts and graces of the friend whom they have lost. The publication altogether is not one which belongs to the common strain of literature. Were it written with less than the perfect good taste and good feeling which distinguish every page, he would be a cold-hearted critic indeed who could condemn; but, as it is, no adverse word is possible. The book is a little shrine, made as beautiful as tender fancy can make it, enclosing a figure, well represented by the portrait—a fine wistful face, not without a shade of anxiety and spiritual care, mystic gentle wonder and inquiry in the eyes—which forms the frontispiece. Mr Fane was the son of Lord Westmorland, and introduced at a very early age to all that experience of life which is to be found in a diplomatic circle. At Cambridge he became one of the earliest and most prominent members of the society called The Apostles, of which Mr Lytton remarks with some humour, that its members

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\* Julian Fane; a Memoir. By Robert Lytton. Murray: 1871.

"have been through life the enthusiastic, and often the influential, champions of each other's claims to public notice." "To begin life," he adds, "as one among a band of clever young men, who sincerely admire themselves and each other, and are prepared, each of them, to recognise in the success of a comrade flattering evidence of their personal sagacity, as well as an additional triumph to their collective superiority, cannot but be an immense practical advantage to those who are so fortunate as to possess it."

This is extremely true, and throws a certain whimsical light on many reputations which, we may be allowed to believe, would scarcely have been discovered by the unaided eyes of the public to be so great as they succeed in appearing by dint of friendly criticism and applause. It does not require, however, the solemn machinery of Cambridge Apostleship to gain this result; and such a remark comes in here entirely by the way, and has nothing to do with Mr Fane. The only publication of any importance which he ever gave to the world was the poem called 'Tannhäuser,' produced a number of years ago in concert with Mr Lytton himself, and which gained a certain amount of criticism and notice, but not the public ear. His part of the poem is given in the memoir, but it is not sufficiently striking to be quoted. Neither are the translations from Heine—though, we do not doubt, admirable as translations—of a kind to attract the interest of the general reader. Yet there are scraps of poetry in this book which go to the heart; these are the records of one of the purest and most tender affections which ever moved the heart of man—the love borne by Julian Fane to his mother. During all his life, from the time he could put verses together until the last anniversary of her birth, a short

time before his death, it was his custom to send a little poem to his mother on her birthday. From these we quote one or two, which are the best evidences of the sweet skill of the singer, and of the generous and gentle thoughts of which his mind was full. Our quotations, let us add, are but stray verses, not in any case the complete poem, *ad Matrem*—which, as needs must, begins in most cases with some indispensable allusion to "thy natal day."

"Oft in the after-days, when thou and I  
Have fallen from the scope of human view,  
When both together under the sweet sky  
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,  
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,  
Covering the pictured sweetness of thy face;  
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,  
And vaunt thy skill and tell thy deeds of  
grace.

Oh may they then who crown thee with true  
bays,  
Saying, 'What love unto her son she bore!'  
Make this addition to thy perfect praise,  
'Nor ever yet was mother worshipt more!'

So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame  
Shall link my love unto thine honoured  
name.

But be the date of thy sweet setting far—  
Distant the night be and delayed that sorrow,  
Which, weeping thine eclipse, my morning  
star  
Will bid me follow thee ere dawn the  
morrow.

For what to me were this mad masque, and  
vain,

This sublunary tumult of sad noise,  
Deprived my privilege to share thy pain,  
And be partaker of thy passing joys?  
Oh, if thou sett'st some value on my days,  
Prolong thine own, and let thine office be,  
Living to soothe me with thy partial praise,  
As I will live but to be loved of thee.

Dost thou remember, sovereign of my heart—  
Dost thou remember when the days were  
young,

My child-love played a parasitic part,  
And round thee with a green affection clung?  
Since when its annual service to approve  
Upon thy natal day, all days among,  
The climbing growth that clothes thee with  
its love

Puts forth some blossom of perennial song,  
So like a stately tree whose bole is gay  
With crowded blooms, whose top to heaven  
towers,  
Thou to the skies pursuest thy quiet way,  
By filial fancy garlanded with flowers.

The flowers are nought in odour or in hue,  
Save that love bred them, and that love is  
true."

Mr Fane was pursuing successfully the course of diplomatic life, and gaining golden opinions from all men, when he married in 1866. He resigned his appointment shortly after, with the intention of leading a life of domestic happiness and literary work in England. Soon, however, an old complaint, which had been supposed to be cured, came back upon him; and this was but the beginning of his misfortunes. After two years of a very happy marriage, his wife died, leaving two infants. His shattered health was not able to bear the shock, and in April 1870 he followed her to the grave. He had sung his mother's song all through these happy and sad years. Mournfully, in his brief widowhood, from the brink of the grave he continued to do her still his filial homage.

"So did I sing while yet the woods were  
green,

And all life's landscape blithe and debonair;  
But, now that birds are mute and boughs are  
bare,

Will not song mock the solitary scene?

The solitary scene! for now no more

The sweet mate sits beside me on the tree,

Fled to the peaceful paradisaical shore,

The sweet mate who was glad I sung for  
thee.

Ah! can she yet be touched by mortal  
thing?

Almost, methinks, from heaven she bids me  
sing."

A month before his death this beloved anniversary recurred, and again the trembling hands and failing voice celebrated his mother's birthday: never was a more touching record of profound and pure affection.

From this sad chronicle of promise unfulfilled, and life broken off in its mid career, it is with a certain relief that we escape to the two pleasant and chirruping volumes of

the genial old Rector who proposes to give us a memoir of Young\* the tragedian. This title, however, is delusive, for there is very little of the actor who moved our fathers to enthusiasm, and who shared the honours of the stage with the Kembles and Kean. All that there is about Charles Young is contained in the first half of the first volume, and even that is largely mixed with curious old-world tales of womanly valour in defying insult, such as remind one of Pamela, and the days when ladies expected insults—an idea which has happily departed from the feminine imagination, except under extraordinary circumstances. But if this book does not tell us much about Young the actor, it tells us a great deal about a most charming, chatty, friendly, popular old gentleman, who is Young the actor's son, and who has known many notable people, and heard a great many wonderful stories in his day. A book of gossip is, when well done, a very pleasant thing; and Mr Julian Young's gossip has not a spice of malice, nor even, which is still more remarkable, much personality in it. He tells us a good deal about himself and his parish, and about various persons, celebrated and otherwise, whom he has met; and a man who has visited Scott at Abbotsford, who has met Coleridge and Wordsworth, who has heard Moore sing his own melodies, and has been brought up under the shadow of all that is best in the art of the theatre, must have many pleasant things to say—more especially as his father's talents and good fortune gave him such an introduction into life as has kept him within the margin of "society," that charmed circle which, though as largely made up of insignificant per-

\* Memoir of Charles Mayne Young.  
London: Macmillan.

With Extracts from his Son's Journals.

sons and fools as any other, yet retains the certain advantage, that all who are distinguished for wit and wisdom are to be found in it, one time or another. We doubt, however, whether Mr Young's recollections of the great people he has met are so interesting as the anonymous stories of which his book is full, or the sketches of his parish, which are sometimes very amusing. His parish-clerk is a real original; and it is easy to realise the unfailling fund of amusement provided to the rectory by the pompous single-hearted soul, who turned English into Latin by the simple process of looking up the words in a dictionary, and giving the Latin as he found it, with a noble indifference to grammar. Thus he addresses the wife of his patron as "Charus Domina," and signs himself "Rusticus Sacrista." When he hears the clock strike nine, after an evening spent at the rectory, he hastens, like Cinderella, to get home at once, though not for Cinderella's reason. "I am happy to think," he says, in explanation, "that I never yet planted a thorn in a female bosom, and hope I never shall; so, sir, I wish you good-night." Delightful clerk! When this excellent man was first introduced to ladies in evening dress, the effect upon him was remarkable. "When first he entered the drawing-room, and was formally presented to them, he, to him, unaccustomed display of necks and shoulders quite overcame him. He bridled, and sidled, and coloured, and turned his head first on one side, then on the other. . . . It was in vain that I attempted to draw him into general conversation. He was fairly dumfounded. I strongly suspect he was wrestling with his conscience as to the propriety of countenancing by his presence such bare-shouldered disclosures."

This little sketch shows a talent for character-drawing which does

not always accompany the faculty of observation. Many of Mr Young's stories about Charles Matthews the elder are also admirable, full of fun, and a vivid sense of all the amusing eccentricities of that singular personage. It is common to all inexperienced writers, however, who have not the natural insight of genius, to be deficient in the power of selection, and to mix good stories with bad ones—an error which appears frequently in this book. But the good stories are certainly in the ascendant. There are some little incidental passages, too, which throw side-lights upon history, and give a wonderful reality to an old well-known fact. Here, for instance, is a little sketch, taken from the point of view of the mortified and troubled woman who had given the ball, of the interruption of a party by the news of Waterloo. The speaker is a Mrs Boehm, a wealthy personage, to whose entertainment the Prince Regent, his brothers, and all the fine people of the period, had come.

"After dinner was over, and the ladies had gone up-stairs, and the gentlemen had joined them, the ball-guests began to arrive. They came with unusual punctuality, out of deference to the Regent's presence. After a proper interval I walked up to the Prince, and asked if it was his Royal Highness's pleasure that the ball should open. The first quadrille was in the act of forming, and the Prince was walking up to the dais, on which his seat was placed, when I saw every one, without the slightest sense of decorum, rushing to the windows, which had been left wide open because of the excessive sultriness of the weather. The music ceased and the dance was stopped; for we heard nothing but the vociferous shouts of a large mob, who had just entered the square, and were running by the side of a post-chaise and four, out of whose windows were hanging three nasty French eagles. In a second, the door of the carriage was flung open, and, without waiting for the steps to be let down, out sprang Harry Percy—such a dusty figure!—with a flag in each hand, pushing aside every one who happened to be in his way, darting up-stairs into the ball-room, stepping

hastily up to the Regent, dropping on one knee, laying the flags at his feet, and pronouncing the words 'Victory, Sir! Victory!' The Prince Regent, greatly overcome, went into an adjoining room to read the despatches; after a while he returned, said a few sad words to us, sent for his carriage, and left the house. The royal brothers soon followed suit, and in less than twenty minutes there was not a soul left in the ball-room but poor Mrs Boehm and myself. Such a scene of excitement, anxiety, and confusion never was witnessed before or since, I do believe! Even the band had gone, not only without muttering a word of apology, but even without taking a mouthful to eat. The splendid supper which had been provided for our guests stood in the dining-room untouched. Ladies of the highest rank, who had not ordered their carriages till 4 o'clock A.M., rushed away, like maniacs, in their muslins and satin shoes across the square, some accompanied by gentlemen, others without escort of any kind; all impatient to learn the fate of those dear to them—many jumping into the first stray hackney-coach they fell in with, and hurrying on to the Foreign Office or Horse Guards, eager to get a sight of the list of killed and wounded."

Mr Young's book, however, is full of passages which tempt us to quotation, although there is nothing great or eloquent in it from beginning to end. It is the kind of book which an idle reader can take up and lay down when he pleases, without ever missing a certain mild amusement, or being carried a step further than he chooses to go. Such books have been increasing of late in number; and indeed there seems no necessary limit to their production, so long as there are hundreds, nay thousands, of old gentlemen in existence who have lived a long life, with their eyes and ears tolerably open, and who are not too severe in their demand for proof of the good stories they hear. Most persons, if they live long enough, and have average social good fortune, must meet a few people whose names are interesting to the world; and there seems no occupation so tempting as the 'History of my Own

Times' for those sprightly old souls who live out their seventy years, and begin with fresh vigour a second lease of life. We will not, however, distract the reader's attention from these pleasant volumes further, except, as we have already said so much about ice, to bid him compare the rueful account of Mr Young's descent of one of the highroads of the Alps—a pass no more difficult than the St Gothard, at a period no more distant than 1838—with the daring delights of our Alpine friends:—

"Our style of travel was somewhat rude. Two flat cart-shafts were laid on the ground parallel with each other, curved at the extremities both before and behind, and bound together by three cross-pieces, as sleepers on a railway are bound together by girders. Midway between the shafts of my sledge, and resting on the cross-pieces, was tied my wife's trunk, my portmanteau surmounting it. Astride this last-named article had I to sit, with my feet resting on the edges of the shafts. To enable me to preserve my equilibrium, a rope, fastened to the front of the shafts, was put into my hands. A man with a leading-rein in his hand from the horse's mouth ran by the side as charioteer and drag. One decided advantage I had over my wife; my horse was in front of me, and if he were viciously disposed, or I saw any signs of danger, I had but to slip off my portmanteau on to a feather-bed of snow; whereas she was powerless in any such predicament, for she was prostrate on a mattress (which was wrapped round her with cord), her arms and limbs as effectually confined as if she were a mummy.

"For five weary hours, during which not a tree, or rock, or object of any kind was visible—nothing but a boundless expanse of ice and snow—were we being pulled about and dragged, at one moment over stones or the bed of a river, at another over the frozen sources of the Rhine, or fifty feet above the Rhone; or, again, over the River Reuss, with snowy mountain-peaks, 8000 or 10,000 feet in height, overlooking us, with snow-flakes flying in our faces, and nearly blinding us and filling our mouths.

"It would be hopeless to describe the risks we ran or the feats of involuntary agility I was compelled to perform on our downward road to Airolo. I



say I, for my wife had become a component part of the machine to which she was attached, and was obliged to go wherever she was dragged. The descent into Italy by this route in summer is practicable enough, for the precipitous slopes have been greatly reduced by skilful engineering. But in spring the passage is attended with considerable danger, in consequence of the deep snowdrifts, and the exposure of the passes to *tourmentes* and avalanches of terrific violence. Nearly the entire route from the Hospice St Gothard to within a short distance of Airiolo we were propelled down tortuous, zigzag, hanging terraces, of which the turns were at angles so acute that all the warnings of my guide, and all the efforts of horsemanship on my part, could not save me from making occasional somersaults, and nearly rolling down the slopes to the bottom. . . . I must acknowledge that I never felt a greater sensation of relief in my life than when I once more saw Mother Earth lifting her honest brown face at me through her white veil of snow."

This will prove that the enthusiasm of the Alpine traveller acquires a certain *fond* of comfort and certain security, even in the nineteenth century.

The 'Life of William Bewick,'\* though strictly what it calls itself, resembles Mr Young's book in many points. It is altogether devoid of original power or continuous interest, and yet it is pleasant, agreeable, and readable, and contains some amusing anecdotes of remarkable people. The subject of the memoir, it must be understood, is not the well-known Bewick the engraver, but Bewick the painter, a less celebrated but worthy and excellent man, who worked his way into art with much courage and simplicity, having made something very much like the legendary beginning of fortune—going to London in his twentieth year, without friends or prospects, though with twenty pounds in his pocket, instead of the half-crown dear to fame. By means of

the warm and ready help of Haydon, whose heart was open as the heart of a born Bohemian ought to be, he managed to study his art and to acquire a certain proficiency; but we doubt if any large circle of people out of his own northern county, where it appears he was well known, ever heard of William Bewick. By means of Haydon, however, he acquired some knowledge of literary people, met Wordsworth, and attained to a certain amount of friendship with Hazlitt; while afterwards, chiefly through the accident of visiting the latter at Melrose, he was admitted to Abbotsford, and twice paid a visit there. It is a curious instance, indeed, of the universal hospitality of Scott, the most warm-hearted of men and lavish of hosts, that in all the many biographies or records of personal reminiscence which have been published belonging to the first thirty years of this century, a day at Abbotsford is almost as certain a part of the story as the author's own name or date of birth. Great and small—not only those who were already famous, but those who hoped to be so, and even the retainers and followers of those who had been, down to the latest countable generation—found a welcome at the great novelist's ever-open door. "One day," says Bewick, "Miss Scott made an exclamation on the announcement of a new and unexpected arrival—'Oh dear! will this never end, papa?' Sir Walter quietly remarked, 'My dear, I am too glad to see any or all of my friends: let them come—the more the merrier.'" And the undistinguished painter, son of a Darlington upholsterer, and, as his letters show, nowise remarkable either in penetration of mind or charm of conversation, seems to have felt

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\* Life and Letters of William Bewick, Artist. By Thomas Landseer. Hurst and Blackett.

himself as cordially received as the most honoured of Scott's many guests. There is a good deal about Wilkie, Haydon, and other painters, in this book, but no particular insight into them; the writer evidently being one of those good men who see the outside of their subject very clearly, but have no individual judgment as to the inner man. Wilkie is a cold, embarrassed, cautious Scotsman, bringing out his words singly, and refusing to lend money—but he is nothing more; nor can we even find anything more notable about Haydon—who surely had peculiarities enough to have impressed himself on the dullest imagination—except the reiterated statement that he is the first of English painters kept down by jealousy and prejudice, but sure of a glorious revenge when those contemporary sentiments had died away. Here is Bewick's report of the judgment given by Hazlitt, for example, on this subject. The critic, after asserting him to be “the best painter England ever produced,” goes on thus:—

“How finely he does some things! He has great power of expression, fine drawing, good, solid, and rich colour, no difficulty in composition, and tells the story comprehensively. What refinement and pathos in some of his female characters! far beyond anything that has been done in modern times. His ‘Judgment of Solomon’ is, to my mind, the very finest work of that high class to be found since the time of Titian. And to the excellence of that great painter some parts of the picture may be compared; which is the highest compliment I can pay, since Titian is my ideal of perfection. Posterity will do Haydon the justice moderns may deny him.”

Alas! posterity, we fear, has almost forgotten that such a man ever existed. Which of us could tell where the “Judgment of Solomon” is to be found? In the limbo of decayed art which once existed at the Pantheon, we remember to have seen either this or one of the companion

pictures; yet Bewick says, “There is no picture of the English school to be compared with it; and this will be admitted by all capable of judging, before many years elapse.”

Some of Bewick's experiences in portrait-painting are curious enough. He seems, in youth, when wandering about among people of superior reputation and name, to have had a fancy for making drawings of them, which, when it costs them nothing, is a pursuit which few people seem to object to. His anecdotes of the different manner in which different people received him for this purpose are curious enough. One of his subjects in Ireland was the Rev. Charles Maturin, the author of ‘Melmoth,’ a novel which was then very popular, though now it has sunk into oblivion. The good painter's commonplace but youthful imagination was stirred with the thought of visiting such a man “in his own house, where it might be supposed he would be found in all the picturesque surroundings one is apt to associate with the author of works of such mysterious gloom and burning passion.” This, however, is what he found:—

“What was my surprise and disappointment when, coming to him by appointment, I found him waiting for me, dressed up for the occasion, a courteous and finished gentleman, pacing his drawing-room in elegant full-dress, a splendidly-bound book laid open upon a cambric pocket-handkerchief, laced round the edges, and scented with eau-de-Cologne, and held upon both hands; a stylish new black wig curled over his temples, his shirt-collar reaching half-way up his face, and his attenuated cheeks rouged up to the eyes. . . . I had expected that the author of ‘Melmoth’ would have received me as an author in his true character, not in the elegance fit for a lady's boudoir, or with the etiquette of the court of George IV., but seated in his dark studio, where the walls and ceiling were black, the light only admitted from one pane of the window above, which would have fallen upon his fine intellec-

tual forehead, on which the wafer might be placed which indicated to his family that he was engaged in communings with the spirit of his imagination, and that the chain of his cogitations was not to be interrupted even by any call to meals, but that a perfect silence must reign in his household while the afflatus was upon him."

One does not know which to admire most in this description—the author's real appearance or the artist's conception of him, with a wafer on his forehead signifying that he was not to be spoken to! Imagine Mr Anthony Trollope or Mr Charles Reade thus adorned! We quote briefly once more a description of Hazlitt's satisfaction with his own aspect as portrayed by Mr Bewick.

"He seemed highly amused and pleased to have the sketch made, and wrote a paper upon 'the pleasure of sitting for one's picture.' During dinner he was gracious and smiling, and asked me to put up the portrait for him to look at. I stuck it up with a fork at each corner into the wainscot on the mantelpiece opposite to him. He frequently laid down his knife and fork to contemplate the likeness, gazing earnestly and long, asking if really his own hair was anything like that of the drawing. Mrs Hazlitt exclaimed 'Oh, it is exactly your own hair, my dear!' with which he seemed quite satisfied, and, in great admiration of what I had done, said, 'Well, surely that puts me in mind of some of Raphael's heads in the cartoons. Ah! it is something, however, worth living for, to have such a head as *that!*'"

This is wonderfully fine, and has a broad simplicity of vanity in it which conciliates us, while we laugh, to a most unconciliatory and unlovable man.

It is scarcely just to one of the chief branches of modern literature to place fiction at the end of an article. The world in general, however, while reading novels more than any other kind of literary productions, has entered into a silent bargain with itself to treat them on all occasions as if they were

something of too trifling and frivolous a character to merit serious consideration. Such books as those we have been discussing are understood to belong to a higher class somehow than the works of fiction, which only require imagination, feeling, wit, the power of seeing and of representing human character, of entering into a hundred different conditions of mind and being, and doing justice to all. All these faculties, and still greater, does the novelist require; yet there are few of us who would not feel ourselves employed in a more dignified manner were we found reading Mr Whympers's 'Scrambles,' or even Mr Young's gossip, than were we discovered absorbed in the pages of any novel of a later date than Scott. This would be very unjust and unworthy treatment of a noble art, were it not that the novel vindicates itself on all hands, and, notwithstanding this apparent contempt, does not fail to find its fit place. It is like Woman, that much-talked-of and severely-snubbed nonentity, who, notwithstanding all her assailants, and even all her defenders, manages to have her full share of most things that are going on in the world, and to vindicate herself practically in the face of any amount of theory.

We had written thus far with the full intention of discussing the merits of Mr Charles Reade's 'Terrible Temptation;' but, at the risk of mutilating our paper, we stop short, unable to reconcile the admiration we feel for the author's genius with the sorrow and shame which are called forth by his production. With a regret which it is difficult to put into words, we pass over the work, which in a careless moment, or with a mistaken intention, he has given to the world; and go on to a novel by a younger author, incalculably less in genius, but without objection in point of

taste and morals. Mr Black's new story, 'A Daughter of Heth,'\* has many fine qualities, and one or two excellent conceptions of character. It has been received by the newspapers with a *furor* of admiration, which is equally remarkable in its warmth and in its unanimity, and recalls to one's mind amusingly the remarks of Mr Bulwer, which we have quoted above, in respect to the advantage of belonging to a Mutual Admiration Society. Mr Black's name is to ourselves as the "Anonymous," who flourishes so largely in literature, and we can judge him only, therefore, by his book. The story of 'A Daughter of Heth' is well conceived, and the first volume of it is very well executed. The little French girl suddenly appearing in the Scotch manse, where there are only her grave minister-uncle and wild boy-cousins to receive her, is a happy idea, and the situation is well described. It might have afforded more humorous and fewer pathetic scenes, we think, with advantage; but the author has evidently a preference for the tragical. Poor little Coquette is kindly treated in the house, but harshly by the neighbourhood, and her troubles are made the most of. Leezibeth's objection to the girl's music on Sunday affords a comic scene, but Coquette's unmitigated distress after it is beyond nature, considering that her cousin stands up for her manfully, and no one of higher authority in the household than the minister's housekeeper finds any fault with the inadvertence. The same thing may be said of the commotion made by the discovery of a crucifix, which Leezibeth also objects to, but nobody else, so far as we can see: an objection which a healthy girl of eighteen would scarcely have been so much disturbed by. The

Manse servants, we fear, are sops thrown to the British public, which loves to suppose that sour-faced Puritans, quoting the old Testament, are the ordinary figures to be met with in such regions—a mistake which natives of the country in which manses flourish are not likely to fall into; but, on the other hand, Neil, the old pensioner, who plays the fiddle, and will not allude to Waterloo, which is the great pride and brag of his life, in presence of the little Frenchwoman, lest he should hurt her feelings, is a fine and honest sketch, evidently made from nature, and adapted to no conventional model. The eldest son of the manse, who is introduced to us under the name of the Whaup, is also a well-conceived and distinct personage. He, as is inevitable, falls in love with the little French cousin, but gives her a great deal of trouble when she is in the process of falling in love with a certain Lord Earlshope, one of those interesting and well-intentioned villains who abound in novels—a man who has made a foolish early marriage which he has concealed, but who nevertheless allows himself to entangle the poor little Coquette in a hopeless love and various compromising scenes. His aimless life—the manner in which, meaning no harm, he puts himself in the way of temptation—the passion with which he persuades her to love him, and finally to run away with him—and then his repentance and anxiety to run away from her,—make up a character which it is difficult to imagine a girl dying for. But poor little Coquette does die, nobody apparently having strength of mind to say to her that the object of her affections is a cowardly and self-indulgent miscreant, unworthy any honest woman's regard. This con-

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\* A Daughter of Heth. By William Black.

clusion comes only after a great many scenes, which at first are touching, but afterwards *impatien-ter* the reader, whose opinion of Coquette's good heart and good sense necessarily fails when he sees her absorption in her futile love for the man who has ruined her happiness, and amiable insensibility to the honest devotion of the good fellow whom she has married to please him, but will not love.

It is undeniable, however, that this story, though crude and often painful, is not an ordinary novel. Had it been the first work of its author, we should have said it was full of promise; but as it is not the first, it is right to warn him that something ought to come of the promise he has given. The supposititious gloom of a Scotch parish is the most conventional of ideas, and he evidently knows better on this point than he permits us to believe. Neither are the charming sweetness and philosophy of his little French-woman's first appearance—the sensible, unexaggerated views she does not hesitate to express, and which are really characteristic of the dutiful upbringing of a little French maiden—at all consistent with the tragical pertinacity of her foolish love. The 'Daughter of Heth' is good, but it might and ought to have been a great deal better.

There is one thing, however, in which we can give Mr Black high praise. His scenery is very fine, and his descriptions of natural effects, both peaceful and wild, show great power and perception. We will give the reader the opportunity of judging of two landscapes. Here is the scene which Coquette saw from her window, when she looked out the first morning after her arrival at the manse:—

"She had no idea that the surroundings of her new home were so lovely. Outside, the bright sunlight of the morning

fell on the minister's garden and orchard—a somewhat tangled mass, it is true, of flower-beds and roses and apple-trees, with patches of cabbage, peas, and other kitchen-stuff filling up every corner. A white rose-tree nearly covered the wall of the manse, and hung its leaves round the two windows; and when she opened one of these to let the fresh air rush in, there was a scent of roses that filled the room in a second.

"But far beyond the precincts of the manse stretched a great landscape, so spacious, so varied, that her eye ran over it with increasing delight and wonder, and could not tell which part of it was the more beautiful. First, the sea. Just over the mountains of the distant island of Arran—a spectral blue mass lying along the horizon—there was a confusion of clouds that let the sunlight fall down on the plain of water in misty slanting lines. The sea was dark, except where those rays smote it sharp and clear, glimmering in silver; while a black steamer slowly crept across the lanes of blinding light, a mere speck. Down in the south there was a small grey cloud, the size of a man's hand, resting on the water; but she did not know that that was the rock of Ailsa. Then nearer shore the white waves and the blue sea ran into two long bays, bordered by a waste of ruddy sand; and above the largest of these great bays she saw a thin line of dark houses and gleaming slates, stretching from the old-world town of Saltcoats up to its more modern suburb of Ardrossan, where a small fleet of coasting vessels rocked in the harbour. So near were these houses to the water, that from where Coquette stood they seemed a black fringe or breastwork to the land; and the spire of Saltcoats church, rising from above the slates, was sharply defined against the windy plain of tumbling waves.

"Then inland. Her window looked south; and before her stretched the fair and fertile valleys and hills of Argyleshire—undulating squares and patches of yellow, intersected by dark-green lines of copse running down to the sea. . . .

"As the white clouds sailed across the sky, blue shadows crept across this variegated plain beneath, momentarily changing its many hues and colours; and while some dark wood would suddenly deepen in gloom, lo! beside it some hitherto unperceived corn-field would as suddenly burst out in a gleam of yellow, burning like gold in the clear light.

"So still it was on this quiet Sunday morning that she could hear the 'click' of a grasshopper on the warm gravel

outside, and the hum of a passing bee as it buried itself in one of the white roses, and then flew on."

This does not feel at all like the picture of an insupportable dwelling-place. We have seen many a landscape in sunny France, or even beautiful Italy, which would not bear comparison with it. The following picture is of a sterner kind, and still more vividly and poetically true:—

"'There is a breeze coming,' said the man at the tiller, looking far down into the south-west.

"The Whaup saw nothing but a strangely black line along the misty horizon—a mere speck of deep purple. He was unwilling to go back then. Besides, both sea and sky were sufficiently calm, and the coming breeze would just suffice to run them back to Loch Crinan.

"'We had better make for the yacht, sir,' said the man nearest him. 'It looks bad down there.'

"Unwilling as he was to give up, the Whaup perceived that the thin line of black had become a broader band. He was still looking far over the mystic plain of the waves towards that lurid streak, when he seemed to hear a strange sound in the air. It was not a distant sound, but apparently a muttering as of voices all around and in front, hoarse, and low, and ominous. And while he still stood, watching with a curiosity which dulled all sense of fear the slow widening of the blackness across the sea, a puff of wind smote his cheek, and brought the message that those troubled voices of the waves were deepening into a roar. Near the boat the sea was calm, and the darkening sky was quite still; but it seemed as

though a great circle were enclosing them, and that the advancing line of storm could be heard raging in the darkness without being itself visible. In the intense stillness that reigned around them, this great, hoarse, deepening tumult of sounds seemed to find a strange echo; and then, while the men were getting the boat put about and made ready for the squall, the water in the immediate neighbourhood became powerfully agitated—a hissing of breaking waves was heard all around, and the first blow of the wind struck the boat as if with a hammer.

"By this time the sail had been brailed up, and the tempest that now came roaring along the black surface of the sea, smote nothing but spars and oars as it hurried the pinnace along with it. Running before the wind, and plunging into the great hollows of the waves, that seemed to be racing towards the shore, the light boat shipped but little water, except when a gust of wind drove the crest of a breaking wave across the rowers; but there came torrents of rain sweeping along with the gale, and presently they found themselves shut out from sight of land by the driving clouds. The Whaup still kept outlook at the bow, but he had long ago laid by his gun."

This power of landscape-painting is no small gift—it is well worth cultivating, and gives wealth and variety to the context; but still it is only the setting of the gem, the frame to the picture. The art of fiction requires that the human figures in the scene should always be first and greatest, more important even than the sweetest scene of morning freshness, or the most magnificent of storms.

## TROUVILLE AND THE CALVADOS SHORE.

WHILE the Empire lasted, the Normandy sea-baths were divided into two categories—places where women dressed, and places where they did not. This distinction may seem contemptible to stern minds which scorn the adornment of the body; but its tremendous gravity will be at once perceived by all those who feel what it really means, for they know that half the history of France for the last fifteen years is contained in these two words, “women’s dress.” Regarded either as a cause or as a result, the extravagant elegance of a certain class of Parisiennes during the Second Empire merits special examination from moralists, historians, and artists alike. Did that wild outbreak of form and colour aid to bring about the rowdy tone of the part of French society which “dressed”? or did fast life precede fast dressing? and was the latter but a consequence of the former? The intimate connection between the two is evident; but it is not easy to determine their chronological order, or their influence on each other, because both seemed to bud and grow in unity, from their first faint symptoms in 1853 down to their riotous full development in 1869. The two together have to answer for a large share of the social rottenness which brought about the defeat of France; and future students will have to toil over the history of the deleterious example and demoralising action of a good many ladies of our epoch, just as we, when we were younger, pored over the follies of falling Rome, or the scandals of the Regency. Regarded as a matter of art, the character of toilette during the Imperial reign has been utterly disastrous; and it has had

the additional demerit of destroying that once eminent quality of a well-bred Frenchwoman—distinction. Such of us as remember the “*femme comme il faut*” of Louis Philippe’s time, do indeed mourn over the disappearance of that most admirable type. Balzac has painted it with the happiest exactness, and it is to his pages that the younger generation must now turn if it wishes to know what a French lady looked like thirty years ago, when she put grace above elegance, charm above effect, feminine delicacy above noisy liberty. That was the time when she wore a cashmere shawl and a large round bonnet, when she picked up her dress and petticoats in one hand on a muddy day, with that inimitable movement which she alone possessed. Young ladies and young gentlemen of our rapid period may laugh at such old-fashioned memories; but they should remember that women were really women then in France, and that they had not learned to smoke and to stick their boots out of windows as we have since seen noble ladies do at Luchon and elsewhere. The very title of “*femme comme il faut*,” which once they so highly prized, has disappeared; it is a forgotten phrase, and the woman it represented is forgotten too. Sometimes, in a moment of good luck, we stumble on an example of her: sometimes one meets a woman of whom all beholders involuntarily say, “*Voilà une femme distinguée* ;” but if that woman strikes us as “*distinguished*,” it is because she is utterly unlike the crowd around her, because she walks and talks and dresses as her mother taught her a real woman should do, and because she accepts

no detail of passing fashion unless it satisfies her feminine tastes and instincts.

But these dreams of the past carry us a long way from the present; and as the Normandy baths live and prosper by actualities, we must accept things there as they are. Dieppe and its fellows on the northern side of the Seine are tolerably well known to English people, many of whom have had opportunities of verifying along that shore the reality of the distinction between places "*où les femmes s'habillent*" and the less brilliant villages where they simply cover themselves. Dieppe and Etretat are examples of the former category; Ste Adresse, Fécamp, Tréport, and St Valery en Caux compose the other class. But the rule is infinitely more evident on the southern coast, where Trouville and Deauville stand out in all the glory of "*toilettes tapageuses*," followed at some distance by their would-be imitator Cabourg, and where Villers, Houlgate, Beuzeval, and the dull little hamlets further westward, offer, in varying degrees, the most intensely respectable aspect. It is not, however, entirely correct to apply this law to the year 1871. Its effect was complete down to 1869; there was hesitation about it in 1870; and the summer of the present year may be said to have passed without any very distinct manifestation of its existence. War has knocked over high-heeled shoes, variegated stockings, luminous petticoats, and swagger; it has left us only pointed hats and parasols with ribbon streamers. Still, notwithstanding the suppression of the main features which distinguished that strange product the "*cocodette*" (let it be explained, for the benefit of the unlearned, that this denomination belongs to ladies who do their best to look like real "*cocottes*"), the atmosphere of Trouville

is even now more charged with female electricity and eccentricity than that of any other sea-shore residence. Old habits are not entirely effaced by a national defeat or by twenty millions of new taxes. The women who went to Trouville to show their legs, have still a hankering after a breezy day, and think it is confidently slow to sit tamely indoors with no bustles tied under their skirts (the war has slaughtered that article as well as a hundred thousand Frenchmen), no walking-sticks, and no loud talking. Whether the change, so far as it goes, is permanent or transitory, no one knows; whether the well-known lofty dames who were doing their very best to destroy the great qualities of their race have given up the attempt for good, or whether they are simply waiting to begin again as soon as they get a chance, time will show; meanwhile their pupils have grown somewhat quiet, and this summer some of them have really almost looked as if they might possibly be the mothers of their children, and not their husbands' mistresses.

Trouville became the seaside haunt of a section of Paris society, because Mozin and Isabey painted charming pictures of its pretty hills, and so made its existence known, and because Dieppe did not satisfy the dream of bathers, who prefer sand to shingle. From 1850 the place began to grow, but it was not till 1863 that the branch railway from Lisieux placed it in direct communication with Paris, and within five hours of the capital. Since then, villas, hotels, and lodging-houses have sprouted up so fast, that, between them, they can give beds to twenty thousand strangers, which is a fair allowance for a town that has only 5700 inhabitants of its own. It seems scarcely likely that more room will ever be wanted,



for the real summer tendency of the French—of the mass, that is—is evidently to spread about in various small places, rather than to pile themselves up in one city all together. This is why a scheme which was set on foot two years ago for enlarging Trouville on the hill-top, above the town, is not likely to succeed. An English company was formed for this most ingenious purpose; the British public was kind enough to subscribe, land was bought, and then came an action at law in Paris, which showed, too late, that the shareholders were decidedly to be pitied. Unless a special population can be found to live permanently on the sea, as is the case in England, Trouville is big enough as it stands; and it is most improbable, according to present evidence at least, that French habits will become so modified in our time as to produce any such result. Furthermore, the place contains every kind of house and inn, from the oldest to the newest, from the smallest to the biggest, from the simplest to the grandest. Between fishermen's cottages and the superb Hotel des Roches Noires, there is accommodation for all requirements and all pockets: you can live at Trouville at any price you like, from five francs to five pounds a-day. Despite its reputation as an essentially fashionable place, it is really as "mixed" as Paris itself, only the fortunate bathers have—or rather had—the chance of contemplating gratis the astounding gets-up of the ladies who came down with thirty-four boxes each, and of taking an open-air lesson on the causes which contribute to the decadence of a great people.

Still, the popular impression about life at Trouville is singularly exaggerated. There are virtuous but inexperienced individuals who are firmly convinced that it is a com-

pound of the main elements of Paradise and the other place; who talk of it as if it contained all the shininess and all the sin of which humanity is capable. Error. It is neither so bright nor so black as they imagine. The people who go there are just like everybody else: some of them are a shade more ridiculous, and a shade more noisy, and spend a good deal more money than the ordinary mob which stares at them; but they are by no means superior beings, and they in no way deserve the fuss that is made about them. Besides, the set which has created the reputation of Trouville is so limited in number that its members may almost be counted on your finger-ends; and though the Princess d'A., the Duchess de B., the Marquise de C., and the Countess de D., may change their costumes five times a-day, that operation does not really multiply their number or increase their influence. Regarded as a mere historical fact, these ladies and their friends will supply a short though salient chapter to the memoirs of the nineteenth century; but considered as an element of profit to Trouville shops and lodging-houses, their rôle has been important, for their presence and their dresses have sufficed to tempt Europe to follow them to the Calvados shore. When Europe got there, however, it did not find that it was pleasanter than Baden or Luchon. Idling on the beach, with nothing on earth to do, is not such an agreeable pastime as roulette or a ride to the Maladetta; so the people who could afford to choose gave a week to Trouville and a month to other places. The crowd which couldn't afford the luxury of more than one journey in the summer stopped where it was, and naturally declared that it was delightful. Perhaps it was; but it must be owned that it does require a special grace from

heaven to be able to wander for two hours every morning on the plank-road along the sands, eagerly waiting to see Madame X. go by, and to consider that you have attained your object in life when the vision has passed. Her coming used to be announced from afar by a turning of heads and a suppressed murmur of "here she is;" and then the people stood aside and she ambled past with three or four acquaintances, and the lookers-on went home content and discussed her dress as if it were a verse in the Bible. In the afternoon a band played at the Casino, which is called the 'Salon' at Trouville,—a fair band enough to listen to; and there the same people sat in chairs, up to their ankles in the sand, waiting for Madame Z. to appear. She was good enough to come at last, towards six o'clock, and the envied few who knew her talked to her, and the rest looked on once more, and made an eager inventory of every fold in her garments and of all that they could see of her individual person, which was generally a good deal. And that was life at Trouville.

As for all the rest of it, you can get the same anywhere; you need not go to the mouth of the Touques to see men play dominoes, or ladies knit, or children make dirt-pies: what Trouville alone could give you was the passage of Madame X. and Madame Z. along the plank-road twice a-day, and their presence at the dance in the Salon at night. For the crowd it was a spectacle to look at; for Madame X. and Madame Z. it was a representation carefully prepared and rehearsed beforehand. Those ladies decide some evening that Paris is getting hot, and that they will go to Trouville: next morning about twelve o'clock Madame X. wakes, reflects, and rings the bell. In comes the maid. "Henriette, I'm going to Trouville:

send and ask if Monsieur le Comte is out of bed: if he is, say that I should be much obliged if he would come to me for a moment." Henriette marches off rather sulky, for going to Trouville implies vast labour for herself; but she transmits the message to the servant it concerns and goes to the kitchen to fetch the chocolate. Five minutes afterwards the husband arrives in the wadded nest, all pale-blue satin and white lace, in which the mother of five children (she really is so) reposes from her fatigues with a looking-glass in her hand. "Ah, bon jour, Gaston," says the wife; "I'm getting frightfully old: just look at me—four distinct wrinkles under the right eye; in a few years I shall be purely and simply odious to contemplate. I need change of air and rest, my friend; I feel I do; and I have decided to go to Trouville with Madame Z. Will it suit your arrangements to accompany me?" Gaston, who really likes his wife, says—"Confound it, Geneviève, can't you do without that Trouville? I'd just as soon see you dance in the ballet as go to that place; and then I want you down at home, I told you so, to help me about the election. You're a rattling good help to a fellow for things like that, so I do hope you'll come." "So I will, my estimable Gaston, and I'll make such running for you that if you're last on the poll, as you know you will be, it won't be any fault of mine; but really I must have some sea-baths first; I never could canvass for you in my present debilitated state of health. So we'll make mutual concessions; I'll go to Trouville for a short fortnight, and that will give you time to get the chateau into order before I come down. I can get across, you know, by Lisieux and Le Mans without coming back to Paris, and I'll bring

some people with me to help us in the hard work. The Duchess alone will scoop in at least three hundred votes for you, and if De Blacksea can get away, he'll go too; and as you know what a cunning fellow he is, and how he upset Gramont at Vienna about that—what was it? Well, you know, of course; and then he leads a cotillon like not one of them; and we'll have theatricals,—and you had better take the children, because I shall be so busy bathing." And there she stopped for want of breath. "Odd notion of mutual concessions, Geneviève," says Gaston; but he's accustomed to it, so he simply agrees, and adds, "It's a bargain for the 21st at X——; have your lark out, only don't go on too fast, because the fellows at the club talk about it, and then, you know, I have to unhook my battle-sword, which isn't an honest thing for your reputation or for mine. Adieu, chère amie; I'm going over to Bignon's to breakfast, so don't wait for me." Another pull at the bell brings in Henriette with the chocolate, and then begins a conference which, for depth of calculation, vast extent of views, ingenuity of considerations, and total novelty of result, beats the best negotiation that even De Blacksea ever managed. "Henriette, I go to-morrow by the 11.25 train. You and Marie will come with me, and André and one of the footmen; and—let me see—the pony basket and the break. Yes, that will do. Now about myself; I've had nothing made, you know, so I must go as I am; but I daresay I've got enough, and then you and Marie can do a little arranging down there. Just sit down at my table and begin the list; take a big sheet of paper. I shall want a dozen morning costumes—four or five of them white and the rest in colour—the more colour the better. All those things

I had at Luchon will serve as a basis, only you must alter the folds in the skirts, and shift them on to other petticoats. I mean to inaugurate strong contrasts; we've used up form, there's nothing left for it but colour now; so I shall edit a pale-yellow satin jupon, with alternate bands of white, green, and pearl-grey taffetas; a surjupe of scarlet silk, with eleven small flounces of eleven different shades; a corsage of blue velvet (one can wear velvet in the summer) with hanging sleeves trimmed with gold—that will be simple but effective for the morning. Have you written it all down, Henriette? Now take that as your type for the other dresses, and go to work, you and Marie, and distinguish yourselves. I shall travel in *piqué blanc*, brown sash and hat, brown stockings, and brown shoes. Put in a dozen dinner and ball dresses; of these, at all events, you have enough, and take a good variety of everything. And don't forget the cigarettes—those from Moscow. Now dress me, and ring for the *coupé* at one, for I've got a pile of things to do before I start; and here, give me your place, I can write while you're doing my hair." So she scribbles half-a-dozen notes. "Chérissime Yvanne, I leave Paris to-morrow. Where for? Trouville. Come.—Your own Geneviève." "Madame la Comtesse de X—— prie M. Cachalot de lui envoyer immédiatement quinze douzaines de gants de Suède à vingt-deux boutons." "Cher Baron,—Si votre chef n'a pas besoin de vous, prenez le train de Trouville à 11.25 demain. Quand même il aurait besoin de vous prenez le tout de même. Vous y trouverez quelques connaissances, et entr'autres—la Comtesse de X. Apropos, quelle était donc cette négociation que Gramont ne vous pardonne pas, je voulais en parler tout à l'heure à

mon mari, mais je m'en souvient plus." "Adorable Marquise,—Nous nous connaissons si peu que je ne sais pas si j'ai le droit de vous adorer, mais vous m'avez inspiré un tel sentiment de sympathique admiration que je ne puis le cacher. Je vais demain à Trouville sur Mer, et j'ose vous supplier d'y venir. Vous y verrez des personnes que vous avez déjà rencontrées depuis votre arrivée à Paris, et vous y trouverez l'occasion de montrer vos admirables petits pieds à une foule Française. Votre absolument dévouée, Comtesse de X."

Next day at eleven o'clock the station in the Rue d'Amsterdam is half blocked up by the luggage and the servants of the departing Countess and her friends. She really does look charming, though she has lived through three-and-thirty summers: her white dress, trimmed with eluny, is as crisp and fresh as new-fallen snow; everything else about her is silk of the same shade of brown, except her loose *Suède* gloves, and her plain gold bracelets. She can look like a high-bred lady when she pleases—only it pleases her very rarely. She has ordered a saloon-carriage for the group—and a cheerier ride was never known, especially after they all bought sticks of barley-sugar at Mantes, and began to try who could suck them fastest. That was a diversion of the highest character. The Marquise de Santo Tampico and the Baron de Blacksea, were singularly skilful at it. Their arrival at the Roches Noires is an event in history: every waiter turns out to form line; but as the baggage will not arrive for at least an hour, they take an immediate turn along the plank-road with all their dust upon them, and produce their first effect of stupefaction amongst the mob. From that moment began the representation; from that moment Madame X. showed

herself and her clothes to the gaping men and women who had come from all sorts of places to bathe and look at her. If she and her set had not been there, these people would have felt that they were swindled, and if they had been in England, would have written to the 'Times' to complain. But she went like a good-hearted creature as she is; nothing would induce her to deprive these poor folks of the pleasure of looking at her, especially as it was so particularly agreeable to her to be looked at. She and her friends were the secret of Trouville; they were what people went to behold: it was the contemplation of those cherished models which enabled emulous young ladies to go and do likewise; and they did it,—the consequence being that, in addition to the real originals, Trouville produced a second crop which served to propagate the article elsewhere. So things went on till the summer of last year, when the war brought about a change which has continued since and become more marked. The people who ran away from Paris came in crowds to the coast in the fond belief that they would get home again in a few weeks; instead of which they had to stop till June this year in sadness and anxiety, and with no clothes. Imagine women at Trouville with only one box! It is as difficult as to conceive an Englishman without an umbrella. It is horrible to say, but they positively had to wear the same dress all day; people talk of the sufferings of the survivors of the Medusa on their raft; but what were they compared to the anguish of a fast Parisienne shut up at Trouville with one gown and worn-out boots? No account has yet been published of the harrowing consequences of this phase of the campaign. There is reason to hope that no one committed suicide, but the destruction of vanity

must have been terrific. We see clear signs of the result in the present condition of the plank-walk; there are no striped stockings on it, the dresses are all made of chintz at two shillings a-yard, and apparently the women no longer smoke: if this change be real, there may still be some hope for France.

There are two really good things at Trouville—the terraces of the two great hotels of the Roches Noires and the Hotel de Paris, and the drives into the country outside. These terraces are singularly perfect breakfast-places. You sit under an awning, eating Normandy bread-and-butter, which is about the very best that ever came from corn and cows, and you have the sea and the Seine before you, with the ships going in and out of Havre: it is cheery and satisfactory to an excessive degree. The drives are many and pleasant, and carriages abundant and not dear. The road to Honfleur is particularly to be remembered, for it includes all the conditions of beauty in a sylvan and maritime view. From the heights of the Côte de Grace the scene is admirable: a foreground of the greenest pasturage studded with noble trees, the wide Seine in the middle with the sea close by, and in the distance the whole river-coast, stretching away for miles. It is more worth while to go to Trouville to see that sight, than to walk along the plank-road when Madame X. is coming.

Trouville stands at the mouth of the river Touques, on its right bank, at the foot and on the slope of grassed and timbered hills. The port is entered by a double wooden jetty, the right side of which is accessible from the sands, so that children sometimes run upon it. There are fishermen and fish, which is more than can be said for a good many other places on the coast; and there are colliers, and a custom-

house, and a signal-mast, and old women who catch mussels at low-water at the pier-head. The most eager Trouvillists could find no more news to give; and though the guide-books do manage to fill a quantity of pages about the churches, and the cab-fares, and the steam-boats across to Havre, they don't make agreeable reading of it. If they would give an exact catalogue of all the dresses that have seen the light at Trouville, they would be far more amusing, and would really serve a moral purpose.

The other side of the mouth of the Touques used to be a flat waste of sand, a dune covered with scanty wiry grass, where the wind blew and the sea-gulls hunted for worms that they did not find. An Englishman, Sir William Olliffe, who had a villa at Trouville, conceived, in 1858, the prodigious notion of "creating" another Brighton on this wild ground: there was room enough, and air enough, and sand enough; and the fact that there was not a tree or a bush, only supplied a detail of resemblance with the original Brighton over the way. The left-hand jetty at the mouth of the Touques served for a sort of chain-pier, except that it had no chains about it, and that nobody was ever known to walk on it: the beach was sand, not shingle, which was one advantage in favour of the projected Paris-super-Mare over its London rival: the times were propitious for speculation, the Empire was in the glory of rapid fortune and hot living; the name of M. de Morny was still a talisman which insured success. So the sea-gulls were driven out, their white wings were replaced by the hods of bricklayers, and a line of palaces was commenced along the shore. M. de Morny joined Olliffe; he became president of the society which was formed to buy up all the land and

make a city and huge profits. Prince Demidoff, M. de Salamanca, and a dozen others with much income and far-resounding names, ordered Italian villas, Gothic lodges, Swiss *châteaux*, and French chateaux to grow instantly out of the desert plain. And grow they did, and they form between them a "row" of which the like does not exist on any beach—a line of grandly aristocratic habitations standing in large gardens, where the shrubs, after ten years of careful culture, are now at least four feet high. There are some eighteen or twenty of them, with a Casino that would do for Homburg, and a hotel with four hundred beds. Never has modern luxury asserted its will with more solemnity; never did a petroleum town spring up with more rapidity; never was failure more utter and thorough. So long as M. de Morny lived, Deauville went on growing. An excellent race-course was formed behind the town on sand almost hard enough to gallop on; a theatre was established at the Casino; and even a church was built behind the coming city, nearly a mile away, showing by its distance either that it was expected soon to become the centre of expanding Deauville, or that praying was less necessary in the eyes of its founders than the other diversions which were grouped along the front. But when M. de Morny died, the place was instantly attacked by a disease analogous to that which slew the rotten boroughs after the Reform Bill: it had lived brilliantly to that date; it had bounded into elegance and celebrity; the snobs had begun to follow the swells, as snobs do in every latitude, whether it be on the south coast of Britain, at Newport, R.I., or at Deauville, Calvados: little houses had slowly begun to raise their little heads behind their bigger predecessors, though, as the ground is

rather flatter than the surface of the Thames at Maidenhead on a July day when nobody is rowing, their inmates had as good a view of the sea as if they had taken lodgings at Orléans; the esplanade along the shore had become a special sight, so grand, so thoroughbred, so big, so wide, so distinguished, that people who were not dukes felt that they had no right to walk there; but its very grandeur killed it. Deauville was not wanted; it was an expletive; it expressed a transitory aspect of French society; it faded with the man who made it, and is going back to its desert.

It is a saddening process to stay at Deauville now; and the sadness is not compensated by cheapness. Melancholy and wild outlay don't fit together; and after trying their combination for four-and-twenty hours, one has an intense desire to get out of both. In the De Morny days it was like going to a coronation or a royal marriage to visit that quintessent shore: one stood timidly at a distance, conscious of one's unworthiness, and looked with awe at the princesses' sashes, and the duchesses' petticoats, and the golden ringlets of the dark-browed señoras who had come to France to learn to dress and dye their hair. It was there that Worth's noblest conceptions were exposed to the amazed eyes of the uneducated beholder; it was there that ambassadors helped their husbands to negotiate, and that Stringypoff lost £44,000 in thirty hours of baccarat. Life at Deauville was quick and shiny then; alas! it is neither now. The great houses are all empty; some of them seem even to be getting a little rotten. If Queen Isabella, with ninety followers, had not gone there this summer, not one of those mournful palaces would have opened its shutters this present year.

After wandering along that pro-

digious sea front, which is as transcendent amongst watering-places as Roland amongst warriors, and which knocks all Trouville into contempt, it is somewhat difficult to make up one's mind to penetrate into the gloomy sorrow of the back streets, where every dirty window seems to be in mourning for its neighbours. There is a place in the rear of the Isle of Thanet which used to return two members to the House of Commons: since 1833 it has been abandoned; the wretched houses stand there mouldering in the sunlight, waiting till they drop in. The back of Deauville is just like that forgotten borough, only it is younger. The rank spare grass is once more sprouting along the unfrequented roads; sand-banks march onward against the walls, changing their direction and their form as the wind shifts; no footfall marks its trace in the recommencing desert. The tradespeople are going back to Trouville, leaving behind them, in the centre square, the naked pedestal of De Morny's statue, which the grateful population pulled down and spat upon on the 4th of September 1870. This part of Deauville looks like an abandoned town-lot in Canada West, with a mixture of the duller side of Cadiz and of Nine Elms station since the trains go to Waterloo. For people who want solitude and cheap lodgings, with an opportunity for moralising, the opportunity is complete. It is fair, however, to indicate that there is nothing to eat within a mile. A look into these dreary streets, which have begun to crumble before they were half finished, sends one back almost satisfied to the noble esplanade; there, at all events, are grandeur, and an air of motionless high-breeding which fantastically recalls memories of a lonely Arab sitting silent on his horse on the southern plains of Algeria. Deauville is a

gentleman, ruined and threadbare, but wearing his ruin as if it were imperial purple, and his poverty as if it were a diadem. Sometimes, in the silence, the sound of music suddenly bursts out from the still open Casino. The waves must wonder when they hear it, and must remark to each other as they listen, "What a long time the brave gentleman is dying!" Dying he is, as Baden and Monaco and their fellows will all die, when the last spin of the roulette has rattled; and from an exactly analogous cause;—their lives are all artificial, and cease with the artifice which provoked their creation; they supply no durable need—they correspond to no necessity. Deauville is expiring because it is too grand: greatness can't live alone, and littleness has not had time to cluster round it in sufficient force to prop up the parent tree as the lianas support the defunct giants of the Amazon forests. If the money wasted in those sands had been employed to found a consumption hospital at Mentone, it would have done considerable good, and the proprietors of the Deauville palaces would be no worse off, for they will be very clever if they ever find a buyer at one-tenth of the first cost.

The beach is admirable, but as the sea goes almost out of sight at low water, it is only when the tide is up that it is possible to get wet above the knees. Notwithstanding this small difficulty, the bathing arrangements are superb. The variety of tents, and sheds, and wheeled-houses is worthy of a vast population of eager bathers; but nobody ever profits by it, excepting during the race-week, when Deauville suddenly leaps up into its former glory, and the "sportsmen" of the ex-great land of France take a passing tub in the Channel.

The road from Trouville westward passes behind Deauville, through the sand-heaps which close it in, and which give the traveller cruel evidence of what it was and what it will be soon again, unless a new revolution brings back its vogue. It is a relief to get away from its noble impotence, and to find one's self on a hard road with no palaces in sight. A mile beyond, on the crest of a stiff little hill, stands a tiny ivy-covered church, built when William the Red was king of England. There is a strange lesson in the sight of the old cross on the gable, looking down on the vanity of sad stately Deauville. Those grey walls have lasted seven hundred years, and seem as if they would hold out for as much longer; but then they were not put up to minister to human joys, and are not affected by changes of dynasty or the accidents of court favour. The moral atmosphere on that hill-top is healthier than in the gardens of the Casino down below; and maybe there are odd people who would rather lodge in one of the few cottages grouped round the strong old church than in the big hotel in desolate Mornville.

From that hill the road descends to the flat shore, and runs along it until, five miles from Trouville, it reaches the ambitious, tolerably successful, rather pretty, but decidedly detestable town of Villers-sur-Mer. Since the Empire, this place has come with a rush, for no explainable motive—unless, indeed, reasoning from the absurd, it be because it is impossible to go out in it without instantly standing on a slope of forty-five degrees, for the place is perched on the side of a rising cliff. The beach is dirty, full of puddles of sewage-water. The sand is as soft as wadding, and is mixed with patches of slimy shingle and various

foulnesses. A casino, "built on noble arcades," as the local description puts it, is stuck all alone at the foot of the cliff, at the further end of the settlement. It is utterly inaccessible otherwise than by zig-zags on the hill-front, through waste land where rubbish is shot. If a carriage attempted to get there it would infallibly tumble into the waves. The "noble arcades" are very much like damp wine-cellars. But this casino and its steep paths present the only possible road from the upper part of the town to the shore, so through it everybody must go, non-subscribers having to pay five sous for the right of passage, which is vexing. The streets of the place have a shaggy uncombed look, so full are they of stones and straggling weeds and bits of dirt; and they are as dull as respectability itself, for the small life which shows out of doors is concentrated on the sands. Despite all these grave defects, there is no denying that Villers is a pretty place. The houses are nearly all *châteaux*, of the fantastic order of architecture. Each one stands in a garden where the tamarisks have grown high, and where a laurel or a rose is sometimes tempted to languish out its sad existence. In some of the older streets which lie away from the sea, the trees assume almost a forest aspect, so that part of the town looks more like real country than sea-shore. If all the empty plots were built upon and the streets kept clean, it would not be at all an ugly place to look at, though the upright roads and unsatisfactory sands will always be objections to trying it as a summer station. The society of Villers is correct and proper. It does not go so far in its austerity as to condemn the fluttering of Trouville; but it in no way imitates its neighbour, and leaves it to go its way of iniquity all alone. The people who



stay at Villers are not all stupid ; there are a good many men and women there who know and feel what art means. The best music along the Channel shore is probably made on that awkward hill, not in the wretched casino, but in two drawing-rooms whose mistresses are well-known in Paris as true women and true artists. As the same families meet regularly every year, a solid bond has grown up between them, and they live together with a pertinacity which is rare even in watering-places. But this very fact is an obstacle for strangers ; they are not wanted, and, if they know no one, are shut out in the cold ; so they don't go : for them Villers is a rather pretty, woody village, very dirty, and odiously dull.

The cliff which begins at Villers is not made of honest chalk such as England proudly shows ; it is simply composed of dark crumbling clay, and has a particularly nasty look. You are inclined to say, with indignation, " Don't call that a cliff, it is a section of an Irish bog." But if a tolerably perpendicular high wall, three miles long, before the sea, suffices to constitute the thing known as a cliff, that black clay makes one. It is entitled the " Vaches Noires," the abundant landslips at its foot being supposed to have a vague resemblance to the " sisters-in-law of oxen," as Madame de Genlis called them. These so-called " cows" contain the largest deposit of fossils which exist in that part of France. After each spring-tide the beach is strewn with ammonites and other relics whose names are known to palæontologists, but if not picked up at once they lose their value, for their sharp edges are rapidly rubbed off by the rolling of the waves. There is always a geologically-minded papa giving a lesson to his offspring at low-water below those cliffs, only the babies don't seem

to take kindly to the study ; they like hunting for the " stone shells," but they don't care to know the precise Latin title of an extinct cockle. The boys of the people at Villers vastly prefer fishing off the shore, which is not bad sport in the early morning ; for the mussel-banks, and the fresh-water springs which trickle out of the clay into the Channel, attract an immense quantity of bream during the summer months.

The road turns away from the sea at Villers and makes a large circle into the interior of the country in order to gain the summit of the plateau formed by the cliffs. It traverses as fine a specimen of Normandy scenery as the whole province can show ; herbage, quickset fences, apple-trees and elms, cattle grazing in the shade, and not a sign of one field that ever was ploughed. It is all grass and trees, and very green and charming it is. The hill at Villers is so interminable that, though the circuit made by the road does not exceed five miles, it takes almost an hour to drive round behind the Vaches Noires and to reach the beach again at their other extremity, where lies the compound village of Houlgate Beuzeval, two in one, the most winning residence on the entire coast. It stands on the last low undulations of the cliff, and along a shore of white sand mixed with shells. The pastures and the orchards come down to the very shore, and jut in between the villas which form the double hamlet. These villas are incontestably the prettiest which can be found between Brest and Dunkerque. About a hundred of them are scattered there in picturesque confusion : many of them are covered up with flowering creepers as vigorous as if they grew at Nice ; and the first fact which strikes the eye on entering Houlgate is, that one has at last reached a spot where sea-air does not prevent

active vegetation. As at Trouville, there are lodgings for all purses; houses can be hired for the season at from £20 to £200, the dearer ones being almost worthy of noble Deauville. The Hotel de Houlgate is cheap and excellent: the pension there is ten francs a-day, wine not included. Carriages of all kinds, omnibuses, breaks, and baskets wait for hire; the bread-and-butter is even better than it is elsewhere; the Casino is bright, clean, and quiet; the excursions are numerous; the inhabitants seem content to live. The church, as appears to be the fatal law in all these new places, is stuck on a hill-top a quarter of a mile away, and it is so small that half the congregation have to hear mass on the door-steps. But this objection is perhaps less felt than it ought to be, from the singular circumstance that a rich Protestant colony has laid hold of Beuzeval (which forms one end of Houlgate, just as Houlgate forms one end of Beuzeval), and has built a meeting-house-looking chapel just above high-water mark. There is, however, no squabbling between the creeds, and Catholics and Protestants picnic amiably together on a week-day: they only diverge on Sundays. Nearly all the houses in this pleasant place have been built by Paris families for themselves, and are let only during their absence; the result is, that they are of a higher class than is usually found in French watering-places. Most of them are so near the waves that their inmates bathe directly from them, having only a few yards of sand to cross, so that they have the privilege of re-dressing in their own bedroom. If Houlgate Beuzeval has a specialty, it is undoubtedly in the prodigious mass of little cockle-shells on the shore. A yard cube of beach must contain as many of them as there are inhabitants in China, but they are

so fine that they are not at all bad to walk upon. When the tide is out it leaves bare a noble waste of sand, most of it as hard as asphalt, a first-rate playground for children, where they can be kept in view a mile off,—a state of things most satisfactory to French women, who—the real ones, that is—are the most watchful mothers in Christendom. On this sand, at each ebb, the population, Parisian visitors included, turns out like one man, one woman, and one boy, to hunt for *équilles*, which are a little silvery fish six inches long—something between a gudgeon and a tiny eel. These small creatures bury themselves in the sand when the water disappears, intending to wait underground for its return; but the Houlgate people dig them out with flat pitchforks, and catch them, if they can. The reserve implied in the latter sentence is intended to delicately convey the humiliating truth, which is, that the *équille* is not seized once in three times; it is so incredibly nimble that it is scarcely tossed into the air by the fork before it is out of sight in the sand again. It burrows quicker than any worm that dry land knows of. The sport, therefore, lies in grabbing the slippery little fellow in the half-second which elapses between his appearance on the surface and his disappearance beneath it; you must drop your fork and dash at him with your fingers—and the odds are he beats you, and that you find you have caught nothing but a handful of wet sand. But the occupation is so exciting that everybody has a try at it. The very girls go out bare-legged, with a wide straw hat, and dig like all the others; the only sacrifice they make to their station in life is, that they wear *Suède* gloves in order not to burn their hands: the colour of their legs doesn't matter, so they are fearlessly exposed to

the effects of sun and salt water. These *équilles* are good to eat—not marvellous, but reasonably good; only, as they are not much bigger than whitebait, an ordinary family with a seaside appetite devours about eleven hundred of them for its Friday dinner, especially as real fish is rare at Houlgate, and as *équilles* cost only twopence a-dozen.

One of the walks from Houlgate is to a landslip called the Desert, on the cliff-front half-way to Villers. The guide-book says of it: "The mountain appears to be dug out into an immense amphitheatre. When the sea roars, when the storm thunders, when the tempest bursts, the earth seems to reach its final moment in the midst of the terrible whirlwind of the blast, the clouds, and the waves. On fine summer days, when all is blue, the traveller descends gaily into the arena, which presents the most curious specimens to the botanist and the geologist. The flora of the Desert vividly tempts all amateurs; consequently the spot is a privileged pilgrimage of the ladies of Houlgate, who always return from the Desert adorned like young Nereids of the court of Amphitrite, and ready to be present at the balls of the Casino." Now the man who wrote that really deserves to have his name gibbeted. It is by such prodigious twaddle as this that guide-books are stretched to three hundred pages, and that innocent visitors who read them are deluded and disgusted. Can the man suppose that one word of his trash is true? The so-called Desert is a mild little copy, badly done, of Lucombe Chine; and as for Nereids, the author in question must be frightfully out in his mythology if he takes two or three girls in thick boots and capulets for the maids of honour of Neptune's wife. The latter young ladies had, according to the ancients, a get-up of their own, which even Madame Z. at Trou-

ville would hesitate to imitate in public. As for the girls who bathe at Houlgate, they always wear entire dresses in the sea, and don't trust to their ringlets alone (even including sham ones) to hide their persons.

One of the merits of Houlgate Beuzeval is, that it lies in the centre of the very purest Normandy district, where the habits and customs of the low-voiced, litigious, brandy-drinking population can be contemplated with facility and certainty. The indigenous inhabitants speak so low, and drag their words so wearily, that their Parisian visitors seem to roar and shout beside them. A Norman, even in his utmost fury, never speaks loud—which, for men who swallow a pint of alcohol every day, is a fact in their favour. This alcohol is made from cider, and frightful stuff it is: woe be to the imprudent foreign throat that tries to get it down. It is as white as London gin, and a thousand times more fiery; cayenne pepper and curry powder appear to grow naturally in it. Cider is not bad drinking in the winter when it is fresh made, but from April to November a non-Norman stomach can't digest its sour nastiness. The men do not idle their days away in *cafés* behind a glass of absinthe and a billiard-cue, as they do elsewhere in France: they manage their liquoring quickly, and go to work again. Their invariable order is "a half-pennyworth of coffee, and three times as much of 'calvados'"—the latter word being the local denomination of cider-brandy. The women all wear white cotton night-caps, which positively do not augment their beauty, and put on straw aprons when they do dirty work, so that they look in front just like a slice of thatch. Their cleanliness is excessive: nowhere are there more brilliant floors, more glistening tin pots, more polished tongs and dogs. They have always an eye to business,

and no situation in life seems to divert their attention from the pursuit of gain. A woman of fifty-four was married this month at Beuzeval. As she went away from church to the festive repast with all her friends, a stranger passed. She instantly dashed away from her recent husband, seized a basket of plums which some one in the procession was carrying for her, and offered three for a penny to the desired purchaser.

The view from the Houlgate beach is admirable. To the right lies Havre, between Cape la Hève and the long shore of the Seine; nearer up are Trouville, Villers, and the Vaches Noires cliffs; to the left stretch out successively the entrance to the river Dives, Cabourg, and far away on the western horizon the long low "Côte de Caen," studded like mileposts with the steeples of a dozen churches. At night the scintillating brilliancy of the electric light on the distant Hève furnishes an edifying contrast to the contemptible gas-lamps which glimmer feebly across the sea from the Cabourg Casino two miles off. People who know nothing about it—which means everybody—say, when they see that star-like illumination on the horizon, that the future of lighthouses is there. Perhaps it is; but there are no certainties in this life, even about lighthouses.

Twenty minutes' walk inland from Beuzeval lies Dives, an indolent little town at the foot of a hill, in front of which stretches a plain of perhaps a thousand acres of rather sandy pasturage. The visitor, especially if he is a Britisher, learns with stupefaction that William the Conqueror embarked his 60,000 men in the middle of that very plain, and sailed thence in many ships to annex the country opposite. It is evident that Nature entirely disapproved this act of William's,

for she has since suppressed the port and taken the sea away; but neither she nor history can suppress the fact that those 60,000 pillagers did row and sail away from inland Dives, only it is rather a difficult fact to realise as things are now. M. Foucher de Careil, the seigneur of the place, has put up a column in his park to celebrate the event, and has inscribed on the wall of the parish church the names of the robber chieftains (they were nothing else) who went in for the scramble under the banner of the Norman Duke. One is struck, in looking over that odd list, by the almost total absence of ancestors of now existing English families; and by the presence, on the contrary, of a multitude of names which are still honourably borne in France. Does this mean that William's friends came back again? Or does it signify that they died out in England, while the relations they left behind them in Normandy have prospered during more than eight centuries? At the commencement of the month of September a *fête* was held at Dives. Somebody in authority made a speech, and informed the admiring populace that "a few years ago the conquering Duke of Normandy started in a state vessel from the middle of the High Street, and crumpled up perfidious Albion." So there was a gentle shout of "Hooray for William the Conqueror!" but when some actualist proposed a subsidiary scream of "Vive la République Française, une et indivisible!" the prudent Divites wouldn't have it, and simply murmured, "Vive la France!" They would rather have Duke Robert back than accept a vile republic; but then they fancy Duke Robert was a gentleman, and they like gentlemen for masters. Each year on the 9th September a melon-fair takes place at Dives. On ordinary

occasions about ten thousand specimens of that form of cucumber are exhibited for sale; but this sad anniversary brought a miserable supply. The stalls showed more artichokes than melons, more buns than artichokes, and more cotton umbrellas than buns, which seems to indicate that the climate is damp in those parts. All the neighbourhood came to the fair, and drank much "calvados" at eighteenpence a quart. The women wore their Sunday night-caps, with tassels, and osier crinolines, of a shape, size, and substance which made investigating foreigners suspect that they had been diverted from their original destination of hencoops. Nobody made a noise; nobody quarrelled with anybody; and the one gendarme who represented the government of France stated to all inquirers that, during the nine years he had been stationed at Dives, he had only had to lock up four men. Notwithstanding the brandy, his difficulties are not with drunkards; they mainly lie with illicit duck-shooters, who try to do the revenue by potting wild-fowl at Christmas without paying for a shooting licence. That good gendarme looks forward with terror to the coming winter, because the price of a *port d'armes* has just been doubled, and carried from twenty francs to forty; consequently, he expects that his chases after fraudulent sportsmen will become more frequent and more fatiguing. Naturally he speaks particularly ill of Prince von Bismark, who brought all this about. The wild-duck trade grows important during the cold months. Every farmer who has a pond ties a couple of decoys upon it, and spends his nights in a shed with a gun in his hand, waiting to slaughter the birds of passage which may be tempted to alight. As some of the cleverest shots earn as much as £40 in the

season by this hard work, one might suppose that they could afford to pay for a licence, so as to permit that poor gendarme to go to bed on cold nights, instead of spying at them behind a neighbouring tree. The pleasure of doing the Government is, however, too great to be resisted; otherwise, what would be the use of gendarmes?

There is a damp old church at Dives (the one where the list is): it contains a healthy crop of moss, mushrooms, and other shade and water-loving vegetables. The pillars are bright green, and the pavement is covered with truculent cellar verdure. And yet it does look like a church. There are bits of frantic ornament in it, dating from countless years ago, when florid Gothic was first invented. Though half hidden beneath modern plaster and whitewash, they are visible enough to serve as silent witnesses of the right which the old stones have to look as mouldy as they like. And there is a crucifix, with a legend, and a picture (pre-Raphaelite) explanatory of the legend. The story is, that towards the year 1200, some Dives fishermen were hauling in their nets at sea, and found them heavy. They well might be so, for they contained an excellently-sculptured wooden statue of the crucified Christ. The statue was reverently brought ashore, and a cross was ordered to fix it on. But no carpenter in the dukedom could make one big enough to fit the statue (this does not say much for the productive capacities of the thirteenth-century workmen, for the statue is under life-size). Dives was in despair, when, oh, mystery! another fisherman found his net too weighty, tore it wofully, but brought it up at last with a cross which exactly fitted the proportions of the image. The illustrations which represent this double take are worthy of Doyle.

Cabourg is about a mile and a half from Houlgate in a straight line along the shore; but the Dives rivulet stops the way, and sends the road round to seek an inland bridge, and so doubles the direct distance. Cabourg is the last village accessible from Trouville (two hours' drive); all the hamlets further onwards are got at from Caen or Bayeux. It is almost a pity that Cabourg can be reached at all, for a more unworthy hole it is difficult to imagine. It stands on a lonely sand-spit without a tree. Its houses seem all to be afflicted with a frightful malady of the skin, something between erysipelas and leprosy, for their surface swells and cracks and peels most loathsomely. The disease is not, however, contagious, to human beings at all events; and as its cause is known (too much salt in the sea-sand which made the bricks and mortar,) its extension may be prevented if ever a new house is built. These mangy tenements are all bran-new, and threaten to go on exposing their wounds, as Spanish beggars do, for indefinite years to come. They stand alone, with nothing green about them. The vegetation in the old church of Dives is a primeval forest compared to the nakedness of Cabourg. The heat in July is as great as at Palermo on a sirocco day, and the north-easters cut your eyes out. Well, despite these natural advantages, speculators have spent £300,000 at Cabourg. Its Casino is the smartest on the Channel coast. A gentleman in a white cravat, with knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and a vast silver chain on his shoulders (like the one Mario used to wear in Lucrezia Borgia, only that was gold), stands with a wand in his hand on the terrace, inspiring awe into the bare-legged children who gape at him from below. The absurdity of that poor man exceeds

all hitherto attempted folly, — yet there he is, as calm as if he were not ridiculous: what must the seagulls think of him? There is a good deal of play in that Casino, for Cabourg, with all its ugliness, is a somewhat riotous place. People sit up late there under the gas-lamps (dear little Houlgate has no gas) and tell stories; and there is a supply of Paris young ladies of more than doubtful aspect and character. On the whole, the goings-on there may be described as loose; and if there were not an esplanade—the only one in the department except that at Deauville—Cabourg would not possess one single merit. It has two moderately good hotels, one of which bears the superb denomination of “Hotel des Ducs de Normandie;” and the beach is raked and rolled like gravel-paths in an English garden, apparently for the benefit of the delicate feet of the young ladies in question. It is difficult to conceive that any one should go to Cabourg twice, but there are people who commit the act, incomprehensible as it is. Four or five well-known Parisians actually possess houses there; they don't confess that they are sorry for it, but at the bottom of their hearts they must surely be so.

Four miles beyond Cabourg the river Orne reaches the sea, and there begins another land. The change is universal and complete; it applies to every detail and every object. The country is dead level everywhere, not an undulation can be seen, but grass has vanished with the hills, and we get into ploughed fields and varied crops: it is no longer the thorough Normandy of the Villers and Beuzeval road. Cows and apple-trees are replaced by beetroot and second growths of colza; one might as well be in Seine-et-Oise. But the modification in agriculture is nothing compared to the bewilder-

ing alteration in the seaside villages. In them there is an end of everything that is or might be pleasant; the wretched hamlets seem to go in resolutely for misery and woe. Nothing on British shores can give a notion of such places as Lion, Luc, Langrune, and St Aubin, which follow each other at short distances along the low flat sea-bank: Robinson Crusoe himself would have called them dull, and have preferred his island and his goats. Yet there are creatures looking like men and women who inhabit them, and breathe and eat there; it is true they all come from Caen and such-like homes, which is a partial explanation. It is superfluous to add that no Parisian ever stayed an hour in such sorrow. At Lion there is literally not one tree; no shade is possible; the eager sunlight is everywhere; and unless you are small enough to hide behind the leaves of the carrots and the turnips, huge fields of which stand in between the old tottering houses, no chance is there for you to escape its rays. A few new *châteaux*—three or four perhaps—have been recently put up by insane enthusiasts; but with these exceptions, the whole place seems to date from Louis XI. Still drearier is Luc, drearier still is Langrune; and the triple essence of *ennui* and solitude is reached at that incredible place St Aubin. Out of the Amour territory and off the shores of the Okhotsk Sea the universe can exhibit nothing so formidably lonely. Those gloomy groups of slate-grey cottages are both ancient and elementary: one is face to face with the beginning of things, with something between the lacustrine period and one's Welsh great-aunt. There stand the square naked huts on the wild dune, clover behind, wire grass on the doorway, sand in front, and five days a-week a howling hot wind sweeping over

all. The bathing is excellent, that is true; but, excepting for the inhabitants of Caen, life has other needs than bathing. At St Aubin the very hotel is "to be let or sold." This fact is doubtless painful to the proprietor, but to the passing wayfarer it simply indicates the eternal fitness of things, and proves that no hotel ought ever to have been there.

The sea is vastly more attractive than the land along this weary waste. Firstly, it provides sea-weed in prodigious quantities,—sea-weed for manure, for stuffing mattresses, and, some people say, for manufacturing cigars. This last insinuation is worth going to St Aubin to fetch: it has the merit of being new, the only novelty which France has engendered since the Commune; but is it true? Is it a reality that the French Government, being temporarily out of honest tobacco, is craftily vending sea-weed in its stead? That the fragrant leaf itself should have become scarce will readily be believed by those who saw the depots of it emptied by Prussian soldiers and Paris insurgents; but that France should be smoking *fucus* without knowing it, would be an enormous sign of the progress of civilisation and of the adaptability of substances. Thus far, proof is limited to the evidence of those people at St Aubin, whose reason may, not unnaturally, be affected by the lives they lead, and whose testimony should therefore be received with suspicion and reserve. Secondly, The sea produces rocks, a real fringing reef outside the coast, just like the flounce round a coral island, a reef fifteen miles long, the "Rochers du Calvados," which lent their name to the Department when Departments replaced Provinces in France. These rocks swarm with oysters, lobsters, crabs, and fish, and it is easy to understand that their vicinity should have

necessitated the formation of enormous oyster-parks on shore. The parks are at Courseulles, five miles beyond St Aubin, a fishy little port, inhabited by 2000 people who live by crustaceous industry. They tell you in their languid drawl that there are a hundred and five parks there, and that they send away forty-five millions of oysters every year. As it is difficult to verify these figures they may be accepted as approximately exact; not that anybody cares whether they are exact or not; only it does seem odd that forty-five millions of anything whatever can be produced within five miles of St Aubin. Looking at oyster-parks is even less diverting than looking at fat pigs—to the ordinary mind, that is; but there are brave fellows at Courseulles who contemplate their ponds with love, as painters gaze at their pictures. Oysters and art are supposed to be widely distinct, and yet they may produce identical results, as is here triumphantly proved.

A mile inland from Langrune, amidst the turnips, lies Douvres, a town. In Douvres there is a church, and in that church a statue. The church was once a chapel, which is said to have been founded about the year 100 by Saint Regnobert, second Bishop of Bayeux, under the invocation of *Nôtre Dame de la Délivrande*, and to have been burnt in 830 by the ravaging Normans. Two hundred years passed by; long grass had grown over the almost forgotten ruins; when one day a strange event occurred. Here is the narrative of it, published in 1642, by the Franciscan Fossard:—

“En ce tems ici vivoit un seigneur nommé Baudouin, comte du Bessin, qui se tenoit en sa baronnie de Douvre, de l'évêché de Bayeux: le berger du quel seigneur apperçoit que l'un de ses moutons par plusieurs fois se retiroit du troupeau et couroit en un lieu auprès de la pâture; là, de pied et de cornes frappoit et fouil-

loit la terre, puis étant las, il se couchoit à la place même où de présent est la niche de l'image de la Vierge, en la Chapelle de la Délivrande. Ce mouton ne prenoit aucune nourriture et étoit néanmoins le plus gras de la bergerie. Le comte croyant que ce lui étoit avertissement envoyé du Ciel, se transporta sur le lieu, accompagné de sa noblesse et d'un saint hermite, avec le peuple qui y courut des lieux circonvoisins: il commanda de parachever la fosse que le mouton avoit commencée. On y trouva l'image de *Nôtre Dame*; et il y a à présent plus de six cents ans. Cette image fut portée en procession solennelle, avec une commune allégresse de tout le peuple, dans l'église de Douvre; mais tôt après elle fut rapportée, par le ministère d'un ange, au lieu même où elle fut trouvée. Dieu montra par ce transport et invention miraculeuse, qu'il avoit choisi ce lieu plus particulièrement pour son service et pour celui de la glorieuse Vierge Marie, sa mère. Alors le comte connoissant la volonté divine, il fit édifier et fonder la Chapelle qui est encore à présent, et la donna à Messieurs du Chapitre de Bayeux.”

The wonderful statue, after sup-  
porting all kinds of accidents, is still in its place, and is an object of pilgrimage from all the country round. It is very ugly. Whatever be the reverence which it may deserve, no one can anyhow urge that it is physically attractive, or that it realises any of our ideas of the Madonna. But it has a legend, and all Calvados is proud of it; so it cannot be left out here.

Beyond Courseulles the low coast stretches on to Carentan, where the Cherbourg peninsula begins; but no one was ever known to go there, excepting in search of shrimps. The region visited by Paris ends at Cabourg; and there ends life, in the modern acceptation of the word. Existence along the twenty miles of shore from Trouville to the Orne is certainly less stupid than in many other places where people go in crowds. The district is easy to get at, and not dear, as times go. But, after all, the choice of a seaside summer station depends on so many wants and



fancies—head, heart, and pocket are often so interested in it—that no arguments in favour of any special spot are likely to influence more than two persons at the outside, one of whom is sure to be an old maid. The advantage of that is, that one can say all the good one thinks of anywhere without fearing the accusation of being bribed by the innkeeper. Houlgate is certainly the best place on the coast for people who are content with quiet, and who don't depend on others for their amusement. It won't do at all for men who want to look at women, or for women who want to be made love to; but for weary bodies which need refreshment—for natures which can put up with green grass behind, white sand before, and no emotions, except fishing for *équilles*—Houlgate is quite perfect. Go there, mothers of large families, who want to economise the cost of bathing-machines; go there, sad hearts which want to fly from everything but memory; go there, young husbands and young wives who think that joy is eternal, and when

you meet the sad face of your neighbour wandering alone on the cliff-top, take a lesson from it, and hug your happiness while you have it—it won't last: *Tout casse, tout lasse, tout passe.*

You who live for other people, go to Trouville; only let Englishwomen remember that even now, in 1871, the Parisiennes will teach them how to dress. This caution is unhappily too necessary, for the representatives of female Britain who come over in yachts, or drop down from Paris, do look most appalling by the side of their Gallic sisters. When will England learn that a pretty face does not suffice to make an attractive woman?

Deauville is just the place for the high and mighty people of whom the United Kingdom produces so many, who think that they are above the universe, that they do it honour when they condescend to look at it, and who object to contact. At Deauville they will be sure of solitary grandeur.

The Calvados shore offers refuge for you all.

## THE MAID OF SKER.—PART III.

## CHAPTER XV.—A VERDICT ON THE JURY.

As to the second inquest, I promised (as you may remember) to tell something also. But in serious truth, if I saw a chance to escape it, without skulking watch, I would liefer be anywhere else almost—except in a French prison.

After recording with much satisfaction our verdict upon Bardie's brother—which nearly all of us were certain that the little boy must be—the Coroner bade his second jury to view the bodies of the five young men. These were in the great dark hall, set as in a place of honour, and poor young Watkin left to mind them; and very pale and ill he looked.

“If you please, sir, they are all stretched out, and I am not afraid of them;” he said to me, as I went to console him: “father cannot look at them; but mother and I are not afraid. They are placed according to their ages, face after face, and foot after foot. And I am sure they never meant it, sir, when they used to kick me out of bed: and oftentimes I deserved it.”

I thought much less of those five great corpses than of the gentle and loving boy who had girt up his heart to conquer fear, and who tried to think evil of himself for the comforting of his brethren's souls.

But he nearly broke down when the jurymen came; and I begged them to spare him the pain and trial of going before the Coroner to identify the bodies, which I could do, as well as any one; and to this they all agreed.

When we returned to the long oak parlour, we found that the dignity of the house was maintained in a way which astonished us. There

had been some little refreshment before, especially for his Honour; but now all these things were cleared away, and the table was spread with a noble sight of glasses, and bottles, and silver implements, fit for the mess of an admiral. Neither were these meant for show alone, inasmuch as to make them useful, there was water cold and water hot, also lemons, and sugar, and nutmeg, and a great black George of ale, a row of pipes, and a jar of tobacco, also a middling keg of Hollands, and an anker of old rum. At first we could hardly believe our eyes, knowing how poor and desolate, both of food and furniture, that old grange had always been. But presently one of us happened to guess, and Hezekiah confirmed it, that the lord of the manor had taken compassion upon his afflicted tenant, and had furnished these things in a handsome manner, from his own great house some five miles distant. But in spite of the custom of the country, I was for keeping away from it all, upon so sad an occasion. And one or two more were for holding aloof, although they cast sheep's-eyes at it.

However, the Crowner rubbed his hands, and sate down at the top of the table, and then the foreman sate down also, and said that, being so much upset, he was half inclined to take a glass of something weak. He was recommended, if he felt like that, whatever he did, not to take it weak, but to think of his wife and family; for who could say what such a turn might lead to, if neglected? And this reflection had such weight, that instead of

mixing for himself, he allowed a friend to mix for him.

The Crowner said, "Now, gentlemen, in the presence of such fearful trouble and heavy blows from Providence, no man has any right to give the rein to his own feelings. It is his duty, as a man, to control his sad emotions; and his duty, as a family-man, to attend to his constitution." With these words he lit a pipe, and poured himself a glass of Hollands, looking sadly upward, so that the measure quite escaped him. "Gentlemen of the jury," he continued with such authority, that the jury were almost ready to think that they must have begun to be gentlemen—till they looked at one another; "gentlemen of the jury, life is short, and trouble long. I have sate upon hundreds of poor people who destroyed themselves by nothing else than want of self-preservation. I have made it my duty officially to discourage such shortcomings. Mr Foreman, be good enough to send the lemons this way; and when ready for business, say so."

Crowner Bowles was now as pleasant as he had been grumpy in the morning; and finding him so, we did our best to keep him in that humour. Neither was it long before he expressed himself in terms which were an honour alike to his heart and head. For he told us, in so many words—though I was not of the jury now, nevertheless I held on to them, and having been foreman just now, could not be, for a matter of form, when it came to glasses, cold-shouldered,—worthy Crowner Bowles, I say, before he had stirred many slices of lemon, told us all, in so many words—and the more, the more we were pleased with them—that for a thoroughly honest, intelligent, and hard-working jury, commend him henceforth and as long as he held his Majesty's

sign-manual, to a jury made of Newton parish and of Kenfig burghesses!

We drank his health with bumpers round, every man upon his legs, and then three cheers for his lordship; until his clerk, who was rather sober, put his thumb up, and said "Stop." And from the way he went on jerking with his narrow shoulders, we saw that he would recall our thoughts to the hall that had no door to it. Then following his looks, we saw the distance of the silence.

This took us all aback so much, that we had in the witnesses—of whom I the head-man was there already—and for fear of their being nervous, and so confusing testimony, gave them a cordial after swearing. Everybody knew exactly what each one of them had to say. But it would have been very hard, and might have done them an injury, not to let them say it.

The Coroner, having found no need to charge (except his rummer), left his men for a little while to deliberate their verdict.

"Visitation of God, of course it must be," Stradling Williams began to say; "visitation of Almighty God."

Some of the jury took the pipes out of their mouths and nodded at him, while they blew a ring of smoke; and others nodded without that trouble; and all seemed going pleasantly. When suddenly a little fellow, whose name was Simon Edwards, a brother of the primitive Christians, or at least of their minister, being made pugnacious by ardent spirits, rose, and holding the arm of his chair, thus delivered his sentiments; speaking, of course, in his native tongue.

"Head-man, and brothers of the jury, I-I-I do altogether refuse and deny the goodness of that judgment. The only judgment I will certify

is in the lining of my hat,— ‘Judgment of Almighty God, for rabbiting on the Sabbath-day.’ Hezekiah Perkins, I call upon thee, as a brother Christian, and a consistent member, to stand on the side of the Lord with me.”

His power of standing on any side was by this time, however, exhausted; and falling into his chair he turned pale, and shrunk to the very back of it. For over against him stood Evan Thomas, whom none of us had seen till then. It was a sight that sobered us, and made the blood fly from our cheeks, and forced us to set down the glass.

The face of black Evan was ashy grey, and his heavy square shoulders slouching forward, and his hands hung by his side. Only his deep eyes shone without moving; and Simon backed further and further away, without any power to gaze elsewhere. Then Evan Thomas turned from him, without any word, or so much as a sigh, and looked at us all; and no man had power to meet the cold quietness of his regard. And not having thought much about his troubles, we had nothing at all to say to him.

After waiting for us to begin, and finding no one ready, he spoke a few words to us all in Welsh, and the tone of his voice seemed different.

“Noble gentlemen, I am proud that my poor hospitality pleases you. Make the most of the time God gives; for six of you have seen the white horse.” With these words he bowed his head, and left us shuddering in the midst of all the heat of cordials. For it is known that men, when prostrate by a crushing act of God, have the power to foresee the death of other men that feel no pity for them. And to see the white horse on the night of new moon, even through

closed eyelids, and without sense of vision, is the surest sign of all sure signs of death within the twelvemonth. Therefore all the jury sate glowering at one another, each man ready to make oath that Evan’s eyes were not on him.

Now there are things beyond our knowledge, or right of explanation, in which I have a pure true faith—for instance, the “Flying Dutchman,” whom I had twice beheld already, and whom no man may three times see, and then survive the twelvemonth; in him, of course, I had true faith—for what can be clearer than eyesight? Many things, too, which brave seamen have beheld, and can declare; but as for landsmen’s superstitions, I scarcely cared to laugh at them. However, strange enough it is, all black Evan said came true. Simon Edwards first went off, by falling into Newton Wayn, after keeping it up too late at chapel. And after him the other five, all within the twelvemonth; some in their beds, and some abroad, but all gone to their last account. And heartily glad I was, for my part (as one after other they dropped off thus), not to have served on that second jury; and heartily sorry I was also that brother Hezekiah had not taken the luck to behold the white horse.

Plain enough it will be now, to any one who knows our parts, that after what Evan Thomas said, and the way in which he withdrew from us, the only desire the jury had was to gratify him with their verdict, and to hasten home, ere the dark should fall, and no man to walk by himself on the road. Accordingly, without more tobacco, though some took another glass for strength, they returned the following verdict:—

“We find that these five young and excellent men”—here came their names, with a Mister to each

—“were lost on their way to a place of worship, by means of a violent storm of the sea. And the jury cannot separate without offering their heartfelt pity” — the Crouner’s clerk changed it to ‘sympathy’ — “to their bereaved and affectionate parents. God save the King!”

After this, they all went home; and it took good legs to keep up with them along “Priest Lane,” in some of the darker places, and especially where a white cow came, and looked over a gate for the milking-time. I could not help laughing, although myself not wholly free from uneasiness; and I grieved that my joints were not as nimble as those of Simon Edwards.

But while we frightened one another, like so many children, each perceiving something which was worse to those who perceived it not, Hezekiah carried on as if we were a set of fools, and nothing ever could frighten him. To me, who was the bravest of them, this was very irksome; but it happened that I knew brother Perkins’s pet belief. His wife had lived at Longlands once, a lonely house between Nottage and Newton, on the rise of a little hill. And they say that on one night of the year, all the

funerals that must pass from Nottage to Newton in the twelvemonth, go by in succession there, with all the mourners after them, and the very hymns that they will sing passing softly on the wind.

So as we were just by Longlands in the early beat of the stars, I managed to be at Perkins’s side. Then suddenly, as a bat went by, I caught the arm of Hezekiah, and drew back, and shivered.

“Name of God, Davy! what’s the matter?”

“Can’t you see them, you blind-eye? There they go! there they go! All the coffins with palls to them. And the names upon the head-plates:—Evan, and Thomas, and Hopkin, and Rees, and Jenkin, with only four bearers! And the psalm they sing is the thirty-fourth.”

“So it is! I can see them all. The Lord have mercy upon my soul! Oh Davy, Davy! don’t leave me here.”

He could not walk another step, but staggered against the wall and groaned, and hid his face inside his hat. We got him to Newton with much ado; but as for going to Bridgend that night, he found that our church-clock must be seen to, the very first thing in the morning.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—TRUTH LIES SOMETIMES IN A WELL.

The following morning it happened so that I did not get up over early; not, I assure you, from any undue enjoyment of the grand Crouner’s quests; but partly because the tide for fishing would not suit till the afternoon, and partly because I had worked both hard and long at the “Jolly Sailors:” and this in fulfilment of a pledge from which there was no escaping, when I promised on the night before, to grease and tune my violin,

and display the true practice of hornpipe. Rash enough this promise was, on account of my dear wife’s memory, and the things bad people would say of it. And but for the sad uneasiness created by black Evan’s prophecy, and the need of lively company to prevent my seeing white horses, the fear of the parish might have prevailed with me over all fear of the landlord. Hence I began rather shyly; but when my first tune had

been received with hearty applause from all the room, how could I allow myself to be clapped on the back, and then be lazy?

Now Bunny was tugging and clamouring for her bit of breakfast, almost before I was wide-awake, when the latch of my cottage-door was lifted, and in walked Hezekiah. Almost any other man would have been more welcome; for though he had not spoken of it on the day before, he was sure to annoy me, sooner or later, about the fish he had forced me to sell him. When such a matter is over and done with, surely no man, in common-sense, has a right to reopen the question. The time to find fault with a fish, in all conscience, is before you have bought him. Having once done that, he is now your own; and to blame him is to find fault with the mercy which gave you the money to buy him. A foolish thing as well; because you are running down your own property, and spoiling your relish for him. Conduct like this is below contempt; even more ungraceful and ungracious than that of a man who spreads abroad the faults of his own wife.

Hezekiah, however, on this occasion, was not quite so bad as that. His errand, according to his lights, was of a friendly nature; for he pried all round my little room with an extremely sagacious leer, and then gazed at me with a dark cock of his eye, and glanced askance at Bunny, and managed to wink, like the Commodore's ship beginning to light poop-lanterns.

"Speak out, like a man," I said; "is your wife confined with a prophecy, or what is the matter with you?"

"Hepzibah, the prophetess, is well; and her prophecies are abiding the fulness of their fulfilment. I would speak with you on a very secret and important matter, concerning also her revealings."

"Then I will send the child away. Here, Bunny, run and ask mother Jones——"

"That will not do; I will not speak here. Walls are thin, and walls have ears. Come down to the well with me."

"But the well is a lump of walls," I answered, "and children almost always near it."

"There are no children. I have been down. The well is dry, and the children know it. No better place can be for speaking."

Looking down across the churchyard, I perceived that he was right; and so I left Bunny to dwell on her breakfast, and went with Hezekiah. Among the sand-hills there was no one; for fright had fallen on everybody, since the sands began to walk, as the general folk now declared of them. And nobody looked at a sand-hill now with any other feeling than towards his grave and tombstone.

Even my heart was a little heavy, in spite of all scientific points, when I straddled over the stone that led into the sandy passage. After me came Hezekiah, groping with his grimy hands, and calling out for me to stop, until he could have hold of me. However, I left him to follow the darkness, in the wake of his own ideas.

A better place for secret talk, in a parish full of echoes, scarcely could be found, perhaps, except the old "Red House" on the shore. So I waited for Perkins to unfold, as soon as we stood on the bottom step, with three or four yards of quicksand, but no dip for a pitcher below us. The children knew that the well was dry, and some of them perhaps were gone to try to learn their letters.

What then was my disappointment, as it gradually came out, that so far from telling me a secret, Hezekiah's object was to deprive me of my

own! However, if I say what happened, nobody can grumble.

In the first place, he manœuvred much to get the weather-gage of me, by setting me so that the light that slanted down the grey slope should gather itself upon my honest countenance. I, for my part, as a man unwarned how far it might become a duty to avoid excess of accuracy, took the liberty to prefer a less conspicuous position; not that I had any lies to tell, but might be glad to hear some. Therefore, I stuck to a pleasant seat upon a very nice sandy slab, where the light so shot and wavered, that a badly inquisitive man might seek in vain for a flush or a flickering of the most delicate light of all—that which is cast by the heart or mind of man into the face of man.

Upon the whole, it could scarcely be said, at least as concerned Hezekiah, that truth was to be found, just now, at the bottom of this well.

“Dear brother Dyo,” he gently began, with the most brotherly voice and manner; “it has pleased the Lord, who does all things aright, to send me to you for counsel now, as well as for comfort, beloved Dyo.”

“All that I have is at your service,” I answered very heartily; looking for something about his wife, and always enjoying a thing of that kind among those righteous fellows; and we heard that Hepzibah had taken up, under word of the Lord, with the Shakers.\*

“Brother David, I have wrestled hard in the night-season, about that which has come to pass. My wife——”

“To be sure,” I said.

“My wife, who was certified

seven times as a vessel for the Spirit——”

“To be sure—they always are; and then they gad about so——”

“Brother, you understand me not; or desire to think evil. Hepzibah, since her last confinement, is a vessel for the Spirit to the square of what she was. Seven times seven is forty-nine, and requires no certificate. But these are carnal calculations.”

All this took me beyond my depth, and I answered him rather crustily; and my word ended with both those letters which, as I learned from my Catechism, belong to us by baptism.

“Unholy David, shun evil words. Pray without ceasing, but swear not at all. In a vision of the night, Hepzibah hath seen terrible things of thee.”

“Why, you never went home last night, Hezekiah. How can you tell what your wife dreamed?”

“I said not when it came to pass. And how could I speak of it yesterday before that loose assembly?”

“Well, well, out with it! What was this wonderful vision?”

“Hepzibah, the prophetsess, being in a trance, and deeply inspired of the Lord, beheld the following vision: A long lonely sea was spread before her, shining in the moonlight smoothly, and in places strewed with gold. A man was standing on a low black rock, casting a line, and drawing great fish out almost every time he cast. Then there arose from out the water, a dear little child all dressed in white, carrying with both hands her cradle, and just like our little maiden, Martha——”

“Like your dirty Martha indeed!”  
I was at the very point of saying,

\* These fine fellows are talked of now, as if we had found a novelty. They came through South Wales on a “starring” tour, thirty years ago, and they seemed to be on their last legs then. Under the moon is there anything new?

but snapped my lips, and saved myself.

“This small damsel approached the fisherman, and presented her cradle to him, with a very trustful smile. Then he said, ‘Is it gold?’ And she said, ‘No, it is only a white lily.’ Upon which he shouted, ‘Be off with you!’ And the child fell into a desolate hole, and groped about vainly for her cradle. Then all the light faded out of the sea, and the waves and the rocks began moaning, and the fisherman fell on his knees, and sought in vain for the cradle. And while he was moaning, came Satan himself, bearing the cradle red-hot and crackling; and he seized the poor man by his blue woollen smock, and laid him in the cradle, and rocked it, till his shrieks awoke Hepzibah. And Hepzibah is certain that you are the man.”

To hear all this in that sudden manner quite took my breath away for a minute, so that I fell back and knocked my head, purely innocent as I was. But presently I began to hope that the prophetess might be wrong this time; and the more so because that vile trance of hers might have come from excessive enjoyment of those good fish of mine. And it grew upon me more and more, the more I disliked her prediction about me, that if she had such inspiration, scarcely would she have sent Hezekiah to buy her supper from my four-legged table. Therefore I spoke without much loss of courage.

“Brother Hezekiah, there is something wrong with Hepzibah. Send her, I pray you, to Dr Ap-Yollup before she prophesies anything more. No blue woollen smock have I worn this summer, but a canvas jacket only, and more often a striped jersey. It is Sandy Macraw she has seen in her dream, with the devil both roasting and rocking him. Glory be to the Lord for it!”

“Glory be to Him, Dyo, whichever of you two it was! I hope that it may have been Sandy. But Hepzibah is always accurate, even among fishermen.”

“Even fishermen,” I answered (being a little touched with wrath), “know the folk that understand them, and the folk that cannot. Even fishermen have their right, especially when reduced to it, not to be blasphemed in that way, even by a prophetess.”

“Dyo, you are hot again. What makes you go on so? A friend’s advice is such a thing, that I nearly always take it; unless I find big obstacles. Dyo, now be advised by me.”

“That depends on how I like it,” was the best thing I could say.

“David Llewellyn, the only chance to save thy sinful soul is this. Open thine heart to the chosen one, to the favoured of the Lord. Confess to Hepzibah the things that befell thee, and how the tempter prevailed with thee. Especially bring forth, my brother, the accursed thing thou hast hid in thy tent, the wedge of gold, and the shekels of silver, and the Babylonish garment. Thou hast stolen, and dissembled also; and put it even among thine own stuff. Cast it from thee, deliver it up, lay it before the ark of the Lord, and Hepzibah shall fall down and pray, lest thou be consumed and burnt with fire, like the son of Carmi the son of Zabdi, and covered over with a great heap of stones, even such as this is.”

My wrath at this foul accusation, and daring attempt to frighten me, was kindled so that I could not speak; and if this had happened in the open air, I should have been certain to knock him down. However, I began to think, for Perkins was a litigious fellow; and however strict a man’s conduct is, he does



not want his affairs all exposed. Therefore I kept my knit knuckles at home, but justly felt strong indignation. Perkins thought he had terrified me, for perhaps in that bad light I looked pale; and so he began to triumph upon me, which needs, as everybody knows, a better man than Hezekiah.

“Come, come, brother Dyo,” he said, in a voice quite different from the Chapel-Scriptural style he had used; “you see, we know all about it. Two dear children come ashore, one dead, and the other not dead. You contrive to receive them both, with your accustomed poaching skill. For everybody says that you are always to be found everywhere, except in your chapel, on Sabbath-day. Now, David, what do our good people, having families of their own, find upon these children? Not so much as a chain, or locket, or even a gold pin. I am a jeweller, and I know that children of high position always have some trinket on them, when their mothers love them. A child with a coronet, and no gold! David, this is wrong of wrong. And worse than this, you conceal the truth, even from me your ancient friend. There must be a great deal to be made, either from those who would hold them in trust, or from those in whose way they stood. For the family died out, very likely, in all male inheritance. Think what we might make of it, by acting under my direction. And you shall have half of it all, old Davy, by relieving your mind, and behaving in a sensible and religious manner.”

This came home to my sense of experience more than all Hepzibah's divine predictions or productions. At the same time I saw that Hezekiah was all abroad in the dark, and groping right and left after the bodily truth. And what call had he to cry shares with me, because

he had more reputation, and a higher conceit of himself, of course? But it crossed my mind that this nasty fellow, being perhaps in front of me in some little tricks of machinery, might be useful afterwards in getting at the real truth, which often kept me awake at night. Only I was quite resolved not to encourage roguery, by letting him into partnership. Perceiving my depth of consideration—for it suited my purpose to hear him out, and learn how much he suspected—it was natural that he should try again to impress me yet further by boasting.

“Dyo, I have been at a Latin school for as much as three months together. My father gave me a rare education, and I made the most of it. None of your ignorance for me! I am up to the moods and the tenses, the accidents and the proselytes. The present I know, and the future I know; the Peter-perfection, and the hay-roost——”

“I call that stuff gibberish. Talk plain English if you can.”

“Understand you then so much as this? I speak in a carnal manner now. I speak as a fool unto a fool. I am up to snuff, good Dyo; I can tell the time of day.”

“Then you are a devilish deal cleverer than any of your clocks are. But now thou speakest no parables, brother. Now I know what thou meanest. Thou art up for robbing somebody; and if I would shun Satan's clutches, I must come and help thee.”

“Dyo, this is inconsistent, nor can I call it brotherly. We wish to do good, both you and I, and to raise a little money for works of love; you, no doubt, with a good end in view, to console you for much tribulation; and I with a single eye to the advancement of the cause which I have at heart, to save many brands from the burning. Then, Dyo, why not act together? Why

not help one another, dear brother ; thou with the good luck, and I with the brains ?”

He laid his hand on my shoulder kindly, with a yearning of his bowels towards me, such as true Nonconformists feel at the scent of any money. I found myself also a little moved, not being certain how far it was wise to throw him altogether over.

But suddenly, by what means I know not, except the will of Providence, there arose before me that foul wrong which the Nicodemus-Christian had committed against me some three years back. I had forbore to speak of it till now, wishing to give the man fair play.

“Hezekiah, do you remember,” I asked, with much solemnity—“do you remember your twentieth wedding-day ?”

“Davy, my brother, how many times—never mind talking about that now.”

“You had a large company coming, and to whom did you give a special order to catch you a turbot at tenpence a-pound ?”

“Nay, nay, my dear friend Dyo ; shall I never get that thing out of your stupid head ?”

“You had known me for twenty years at least as the very best fisherman on the coast, and a man that could be relied upon. Yet you must go and give that order, not to a man of good Welsh blood—with ten Welshmen coming to dinner, mind—not to a man that was bred and born within five miles of your dirty house—not to a man that knew every cranny and crinkle of sand where the turbots lie ; but to a tag-rag Scotchman ! It was spoken of upon every pebble from Britton Ferry to Aberthaw. David Llewellyn put under the feet of a fellow like Sandy Macraw—a beggarly, in-

terloping, freckled, bitter weed of a Scotchman !”

“Well, Davy, I have apologised. How many times more must I do it ? It was not that I doubted your skill. You tell us of that so often, that none of us ever question it. It was simply because—I feared just then to come near your excellent and lamented——”

“No excuses, no excuses, Mr Perkins, if you please ! You only make the matter worse. As if a man’s wife could come into the question, when it comes to business ! Yours may, because you don’t know how to manage her ; but mine——”

“Well, now she is gone, Dyo ; and very good she was to you. And in your heart, you know it.”

Whether he said this roguishly, or from the feeling which all of us have when it comes to one another, I declare I knew not then, and I know not even now. For I did not feel so sharply up to look to mine own interest, with these recollections over me. I waited for him to begin again, but he seemed to stick back in the corner. And in spite of all that turbot business, at the moment I could not help holding out my hand to him.

He took it, and shook it, with as much emotion as if he had truly been fond of my wife ; and I felt that nothing more must be said concerning that order to Sandy Macraw. It seemed to be very good reason also, for getting out of that interview ; for I might say things to be sorry for, if I allowed myself to go on any more with my heart so open. Therefore I called in my usual briskness, “Lo, the water is rising ! The children must be at the mouth of the well. What will the good wife prophesy if she sees thee coming up the stairs with thy two feet soaking wet, Master Hezekiah ?”

## CHAPTER XVII.—FOR A LITTLE CHANGE OF AIR.

On the very next day, I received such a visit as never had come to my house before. For while I was trimming my hooks, and wondering how to get out of all this trouble with my conscience sound and my pocket improved; suddenly I heard a voice not to be found anywhere.

"I 'ants to yalk, I tell 'a, Yatkin. Put me down derekkerly. I 'ants to see old Davy."

"And old Davy wants to see you, you beauty," I cried, as she jumped like a little wild kid, and took all my house with a glance, and then me.

"Does 'a know, I yikes this house, and I yikes 'a, and I yikes Yatkin, and ickle Bunny, and evely-body?"

She pointed all round for everybody, with all ten fingers spread everyway. Then Watkin came after her, like her slave, with a foolish grin on his countenance, in spite of the undertaking business.

"If you please, sir, Mr Llewellyn," he said, "we was forced to bring her over; she have been crying so dreadful, and shivering about the black pit-hole so. And when the black things came into the house, she was going clean out of her little mind, ever so many times almost. No use it was at all to tell her ever so much a-yard they was. 'I don't yike back, and I 'on't have back. Yite I yikes, and boo I yikes; and my dear papa be so very angy, when I tells him all about it.' She went on like that, and she did so cry, mother said she must change the air a bit."

All the time he was telling me this, she watched him with her head on one side and her lips kept ready in the most comic manner, as much as to say, "Now you tell any stories at my expense, and you may look

out." But Watkin was truth itself, and she nodded, and said "Ness," at the end of his speech.

"And, if you please, sir, Mr Llewellyn, whatever is a 'belung,' sir? All the way she have been asking for 'belung, belung, belung.' And I cannot tell for the life of me whatever is 'belung.'"

"Boy, never ask what is unbecoming," I replied, in a manner which made him blush, according to my intention. For the word might be English for all I knew, and have something of high life in it. However, I found, by-and-by, that it meant what she was able to call 'Ummibella,' when promoted a year in the dictionary.

But now anybody should only have seen her, who wanted a little rousing up. My cottage, of course, is not much to boast of, compared with castles, and so on; nevertheless there is something about it pleasant and good, like its owner. You might see ever so many houses, and think them larger, and grander, and so on, with more opportunity for sitting down, and less for knocking your head perhaps; and after all you would come back to mine. Not for the sake of the meat in the cupboard—because I seldom had any, and far inferior men had more; but because—well, it does not matter. I never could make you understand, unless you came to see it.

Only I felt that I had found a wonderful creature to make me out, and enter almost into my own views (of which the world is not capable) every time I took this child up and down the staircase. She would have jumps, and she made me talk in a manner that quite surprised myself; and such a fine feeling grew up between us, that it was a happy thing for the whole of us, not to

have Bunny in the way just then. Mother Jones was giving her apple-party; as she always did when the red streaks came upon her "Early Margarets." But I always think the White Juneating is a far superior apple: and I have a tree of it. My little garden is nothing grand, any more than the rest of my premises, or even myself, if it comes to that; still you might go for a long day's walk, and find very few indeed to beat it, unless you were contradictory. For ten doors at least, both west and east, this was admitted silently; as was proved by their sending to me for a cabbage, an artichoke, or an onion, or anything choice for a Sunday dinner. It may suit these very people now to shake their heads and to run me down, but they should not forget what I did for them, when it comes to pronouncing fair judgment.

Poor Bardie appeared as full of bright spirit, and as brave as ever, and when she tumbled from jumping two steps, what did she do but climb back and jump three, which even Bunny was afraid to do. But I soon perceived that this was only a sort of a flash in the pan, as it were. The happy change from the gloom of Sker House, from the silent corners and creaking stairs, and long-faced people keeping watch, and howling every now and then—also the sight of me again (whom she looked upon as her chief protector), and the general air of tidiness belonging to my dwelling—these things called forth all at once the play and joyful spring of her nature. But when she began to get tired of this, and to long for a little coaxing, even the stupidest gaffer could see that she was not the child she had been. Her little face seemed pinched and pale, and prematurely grave and odd; while in the grey eyes tears shone ready at any echo of thought to fall. Also her forehead, broad

and white, which marked her so from common children, looked as if too much of puzzling and of wondering had been done there. Even the gloss of her rich brown poll was faded, with none to care for it; while the dainty feet and hands, so sensitive as to a speck of dirt, were enough to bring the tears of pity into a careful mother's eyes.

"Gardy la! 'Ook 'e see, 'hot degustin' naily pailies! And poor Bardie nuffin to kean 'em with!"

While I was setting this grief to rest (for which she kissed me beautifully), many thoughts came through my mind about this little creature. She and I were of one accord, upon so many important points; and when she differed from me, perhaps she was in the right almost: which is a thing that I never knew happen in a whole village of grown-up people. And by the time I had brushed her hair and tied up the bows of her frock afresh, and when she began to dance again, and to play every kind of trick with me, I said to myself, "I must have this child. Whatever may come of it, I will risk—when the price of butcher's-meat comes down."

This I said in real earnest: but the price of butcher's-meat went up, and I never have known it come down again.

While I was thinking, our Bunny came in, full of apples, raw and roasted, and of the things the children said. But at the very first sight of Bardie, everything else was gone from her. All the other children were fit only to make dirt-pies of. This confirmed and held me steadfast in the opinions which I had formed without any female assistance.

In spite of all her own concerns (of which she was full enough, goodness knows), Bunny came up, and pulled at her, by reason of something down her back, which wanted putting to rights a little—a plait, or

a tuck, or some manner of gear ; only I thought it a clever thing, and the little one approved of it. And then, our Bunny being in her best, these children took notice of one another, to settle which of them was nearer to the proper style of clothes. And each admired the other for anything which she had not got herself.

“Come, you baby-chits,” said I, being pleased at their womanly ways, so early ; “all of us want some food, I think. Can we eat our dresses ?” The children, of course, understood me not ; nevertheless, what I said was sense.

And if, to satisfy womankind—for which I have deepest regard and respect—I am forced to enter into questions higher than reason of men can climb—of washing, and ironing, and quilling, and gophering, and setting up, and styles of transparent reefing, and all our other endeavours to fetch this child up to her station—the best thing I can do will be to have mother Jones in to write it for me ; if only she can be forced to spell.

However, that is beyond all hope ; and even I find it hard sometimes to be sure of the royal manner. Only I go by the Bible always, for every word that I can find ; being taught (ever since I could read at all) that his Majesty, James I., confirmed it.

Now this is not at all the thing which I wanted to put before you clearly ; because I grow like a tombstone often, only fit to make you laugh, when I stand on my right to be serious. My great desire is to tell you what I did, and how I did it, as to the managing of these children, even for a day or two, so as to keep them from crying, or scorching, or spoiling their clothes, or getting wet, or having too much victuals or too little. Of course I consulted that good mother Jones

five or six times every day ; and she never was weary of giving advice, though she said every time that it must be the last. And a lucky thing it was for me in all this responsibility to have turned enough of money, through skilful catch and sale of fish, to allow of my staying at home a little, and not only washing and mending of clothes, but treating the whole of the household to the delicacies of the season. However, it is not my habit to think myself anything wonderful ; that I leave to the rest of the world : and no doubt any good and clever man might have done a great part of what I did. Only if anything should befall us, out of the reach of a sailor’s skill and the depth of Bunny’s experience, mother Jones promised to come straight in, the very moment I knocked at the wall ; and her husband slept with such musical sound that none could be lonely in any house near, and so did all of her ten children who could crack a lollipop.

Upon the whole, we passed so smoothly over the first evening, with the two children as hard at play as if they were paid fifty pounds for it, that having some twenty-five shillings in hand after payment of all creditors, and only ten weeks to my pension-day, with my boat unknown to anybody, and a very good prospect of fish running up from the Mumbles at the next full moon, I set the little one on my lap, after a good bout of laughing at her very queer ins and outs—for all things seemed to be all alive with, as well as to, her.

“Will you stay with me, my dear ?” I said, as bold as King George and the Dragon ; “would you like to live with old Davy and Bunny, and have ever so many frocks washed, soon as ever he can buy them ?” For nothing satisfied her better than to see her one gown

washed. She laid her head on one side a little, so that I felt it hot to my bosom, being excused of my waistcoat; and I knew that she had overworked herself.

"Ness," she said, after thinking a bit. "Ness, I live with 'a, old Davy, till my dear mama come for me. Does 'e know, old Davy, 'hot I thinks?"

"No, my pretty; I only know that you are always thinking." And so she was; no doubt of it.

"I tell 'a, old Davy, 'hot I thinks. No—I can't tell 'a; only sompfin. 'Et me go for more pay with Bunny."

"No, my dear, just stop a minute. Bunny has got no breath left in her; she is such a great fat Bunny. What you mean to say is, that you don't know how papa and mama could ever think of leaving you such a long, long time away."

She shook her curly pate as if each frizzle were a puzzle; and her sweet white forehead seemed a mainsail full of memory; and then gay presence was in her eyes, and all the play which I had stopped broke upon her mind again.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor," she began, with her beautiful fingers crawling, like white carnelian compasses, up the well-made buttons of my new smock-guernsey; for though I had begged my hot waistcoat off, I never was lax of dress in her presence as I would be in Bunny's—or, in short, with anybody except this little lady. I myself taught her that "tinker, tailor," and had a right to have it done to me. And she finished it off with such emphasis upon button No. 7, which happened to be the last of them, "gentleman, ploughboy, fief," looking straight into my eyes, and both of us laughing at the fine idea that I could possibly be called a thief! But fearing to grow perhaps foolish about her, as she did

these charming things to me, I carried her up to bed with Bunny, and sung them both away to sleep with a melancholy dirge of sea.

Into whatever state of life it may please God to call me—though I fear there cannot be many more at this age of writing—it always will be, as it always has been, my first principle and practice to do my very utmost (which is far less than it was, since the doctor stopped my hornpipes) to be pleasant and good company. And it is this leading motive which has kept me from describing—as I might have done, to make you tingle and be angry afterwards—the state of Sker House, and of Evan Thomas, and Moxy his wife, and all their friends, about those five poor rabbiters. Also other darkish matters, such as the plight of those obstinate black men when they came ashore at last, three together, and sometimes four, as if they had fought in the water. And, after all, what luck they had in obtaining proper obsequies, inasmuch as, by order of Crowner Bowles, a great hole in the sand was dug in a little sheltered valley, and kept open till it was fairly thought that the sea must have finished with them; and then, after being carefully searched for anything of value, they were rolled in all together, and kept down with stones, like the parish mangle, and covered with a handsome mound of sand. And not only this, but in spite of expense and the murmuring of the vestry, a board well tarred (to show their colour) was set up in the midst of it, and their number "35" chalked up; and so they were stopped of their mischief awhile, after shamefully robbing their poor importer.

But if this was conducted handsomely, how much more so were the funerals of the five young white men! The sense of the neighbour-

hood, and the stir, and the presence of the Coroner (who stopped a whole week for sea air and freshness, after seeing so many good things come in, and perceiving so many ways home that night, that he made up his mind to none of them); also the feeling (which no one expressed, but all would have been disappointed of) that honest black Evan, after knocking so many men down in both parishes and the extra-parochial manor, was designed, by this downright blow from above, to repent and to entertain every one; and most of all, the fact that five of a highly respectable family were to be buried at once, to the saving of four future funerals, all of which must have been fine ones, — these universal sympathies compelled the house and the people therein to exert themselves to the uttermost.

Enough that it gave satisfaction, not universal, but general; and even that last is a hard thing to do in such great outbursts of sympathy. Though Moudlin church is more handy for Sker, and the noble Portreeve of Kenfig stood upon his right to it, still there were stronger reasons why old Newton should have the preference. And Sker being outside either parish, Crowner Bowles, on receipt of a guinea, swore down the Portreeve to his very vamps. For Moxy Thomas was a Newton woman, and loved every scrape of a shoe there; and her uncle, the clerk, would have ended his days if the fees had gone over to Kenfig. Our parson, as well, was a very fine man, and a match for the whole of the service; while the little fellow at Moudlin always coughed at a word of three syllables.

There was one woman in our village who was always right. She had been disappointed, three times over, in her early and middle days; and the effect of this on her charac-

ter was so lasting and so wholesome, that she never spoke without knowing something. When from this capital female I heard that our churchyard had won the victory, and when I foresaw the demented condition of glory impending upon our village (not only from five magnificent palls, each with its proper attendance of black, and each with fine hymns and good howling, but yet more than that from the hot strength of triumph achieved over vaunting Kenfig), then it came into my mind to steal away with Bardie.

A stern and sad sacrifice of myself, I assured myself that it was, and would be; for few even of our oldest men could enjoy a funeral more than I did, with its sad reflections and junketings. And I might have been head-man of all that day, entitled not only to drop the mould, but to make the speech afterwards at the Inn.

But I abandoned all these rights, and braved once more the opinions of neighbours (which any man may do once too often); and when the advance of sound came towards us, borne upon the western wind from the end of Newton Wayn, slowly hanging through the air, as if the air loved death of man—the solemn singing of the people who must go that way themselves, and told it in their melody; and when the Clevice rock rung softly with the tolling bell, as well as with the rolling dirges, we slipped away at the back of it—that is to say, pretty Bardie and I. For Bunny was purer of Newton birth than to leave such a sight without tearing away. And desiring some little to hear all about it, I left her with three very good young women, smelling strongly of southernwood, who were beginning to weep already, and promised to tell me the whole of it.

As we left this dismal business, Bardie danced along beside me, like

an ostrich-feather blown at. In among the sand-hills soon I got her, where she could see nothing, and the thatch of rushes deadened every pulse of the funeral bell. And then a strange idea took me, all things being strange just now, that it might prove a rich wise thing to go for a quiet cruise with Bardie. In that boat, and on the waves, she might remember things recovered by the chance of semblance. Therefore, knowing that all living creatures five miles either way of us were sure to be in Newton churchyard nearly all the afternoon, and then in the public-houses, I scrupled not to launch my boat and go to sea with the little one. For if we steered a proper course no funeral could see us. And so I shipped her gingerly. The glory of her mind was such that overboard she must have jumped, except for my Sunday neck-tie with a half-hitch knot around her. And the more I rowed the more she laughed, and looked at the sun with her eyes screwed up, and at the water with all wide open. "'Hare is 'a going, old Davy?" she said, slipping from under my Sunday splice, and coming to me wonderfully, and laying her tiny hands on mine, which beat me always, as she had found out; "is 'a going to my dear papa, and mama, and ickle bother?"

"No, my pretty, you must wait for them to come. We are going to catch some fish, and salt them, that they may keep with a very fine smell, till your dear papa brings

your mama and all the family with him; and then what a supper we will have!"

"'Ill 'a," she said; "and poor Bardie too?"

But the distance of the supper-time was a very sad disappointment to her, and her bright eyes filled with haze. And then she said, "Ness" very quietly, because she was growing to understand that she could not have her own way now. I lay on my oars and watched her carefully, while she was shaking her head and wondering, with her little white shoulders above the thwart, and her innocent and intelligent eyes full of the spreading sky and sea. It was not often one had the chance, through the ever-flitting change, to learn the calm and true expression of that poor young creature's face. Even now I could not tell, except that her playful eyes were lonely, and her tender lips were trembling, and a heartfelt of simple love could find no outlet, and lost itself. These little things, when thinking thus, or having thought flow through them, never ought to be disturbed, because their brains are tender. The unknown stream will soon run out, and then they are fit again for play, which is the proper work of man. We open the world, and we close the world, with nothing more than this; and while our manhood is too grand (for a score and a half of years, perhaps), to take things but in earnest, the justice of our birth is on us,—we are fortune's plaything.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—PUBLIC APPROBATION.

If that child had no luck herself (except, of course, in meeting me), at any rate she never failed to bring me wondrous fortune. The air was smooth, and sweet, and soft, the sky had not a wrinkle, and the fickle sea

was smiling, proud of pleasant manners. Directly I began to fish at the western tail of the Tuskar, scarcely a fish forebore me. Whiting-pollacks run in shoals, and a shoal I had of them; and the way I split



and dried them made us long for breakfast-time. And Bardie did enjoy them so.

The more I dwelled with that little child, the more I grew wrapped up in her. Her nature was so odd and loving, and her ways so pretty. Many men forego their goodness, so that they forget the nature of a little darling child. Otherwise, perhaps, we might not, if we kept our hearts aright, so despise the days of loving, and the time of holiness. Now this baby almost shamed me, and I might say Bunny too, when, having undressed her, and put the coarse rough night-gown on her, which came from Sker with the funerals, my grandchild called me from up-stairs, to meet some great emergency.

“Granny, come up with the stick dreckly moment, granny dear! Missy ’ont go into bed. Such a bad wicked child she is.”

I ran up-stairs, and there was Bunny all on fire with noble wrath, and there stood Bardie sadly scraping the worm-eaten floor with her small white toes.

“I’se not a yicked shild,” she said, “I’se a yae good gal, I is; I ’ont go to bed till I say my payers to ’Mighty God, as my dear mama make me. She be very angy with ’a, Bunny, ’hen she knows it.”

Hereupon I gave Bunny a nice little smack, and had a great mind to let her taste the stick which she had invoked so eagerly. However, she roared enough without it, because her feelings were deeply hurt. Bardie also cried for company, or, perhaps, at my serious aspect, until I put her down on her knees and bade her say her prayers, and have done with it. At the same time it struck me how stupid I was not to have asked about this before, inasmuch as even a child’s religion may reveal some of its history.

She knelt as prettily as could be, with her head thrown back, and her

tiny palms laid together upon her breast, and thus she said her simple prayer.

“Pay God bless dear papa, and mama, and ickle bother. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, ’ook upon a ickle shild, and make me a good gal. Amen.”

Then she got up and kissed poor Bunny, and was put into bed as good as gold, and slept like a little dormouse till morning.

Take it altogether now, we had a happy time of it. Every woman in Newton praised me for my kindness to the child; and even the men who had too many could not stand against Bardie’s smile. They made up, indeed, some scandalous story, as might have been expected, about my relationship to the baby, and her sudden appearance so shortly after my poor wife’s death. However, by knocking three men down, I produced a more active growth of charity in our neighbourhood.

And very soon a thing came to pass, such as I never could have expected, and of a nature to lift me (even more than the free use of my pole) for a period of at least six months, above the reach of libel, from any one below the rank of a justice of the peace. This happened just as follows. One night the children were snug in bed, and finding the evenings long, because the days were shortening in so fast—which seemed to astonish everybody—it came into my head to go no more than outside my own door, and into the “Jolly Sailors.” For the autumn seemed to be coming on, and I like to express my opinions upon that point in society; never being sure where I may be before ever another autumn. Moreover, the landlord was not a man to be neglected with impunity. He never liked his customers to stay too long away from him, any more than our parson did; and pleasant as he was when pleased,

and generous in the way of credit to people with any furniture, nothing was more sure to vex him, than for a man, without excuse, to pretend to get on without him.

Now when I came into the room, where our little sober proceedings are—a narrow room, and dark enough, yet full of much good feeling, also with hard wooden chairs worn soft by generations of sitting—a sudden stir arose among the excellent people present. They turned and looked at me, as if they had never enjoyed that privilege, or, at any rate, had failed to make proper use of it before. And ere my modesty was certain whether this were for good or harm, they raised such a clapping with hands and feet, and a clinking of glasses in a line with it, that I felt myself worthy of some great renown. I stood there and bowed, and made my best leg, and took off my hat in acknowledgment. Observing this, they were all delighted, as if I had done them a real honour; and up they arose with one accord, and gave me three cheers, with an Englishman setting the proper tune for it.

I found myself so overcome all at once with my own fame and celebrity, that I called for a glass of hot rum-and-water, with the nipple of a lemon in it, and sugar the size of a nutmeg. My order was taken with a speed and deference hitherto quite unknown to me; and better than that, seven men opened purses, and challenged the right to pay for it. Entering into so rare a chance of getting on quite gratis, and knowing that such views are quick to depart, I called for 6 oz. of tobacco, with the Bristol stamp (a red crown) upon it. Scarce had I tested the draught of a pipe—which I had to do sometimes for half an hour, with all to blow out, and no drawing in—when the tobacco was at my elbow, served

with a saucer, and a curtsey. “Well,” thought I, “this is real glory.” And I longed to know how I had earned it.

It was not likely, with all those people gazing so respectfully, that I would deign to ask them coarsely, what the deuce could have made them do it. I had always felt myself unworthy of obscure position, and had dreamed, for many years, of having my merits perceived at last. And to ask the reason would have been indeed a degradation, although there was not a fibre of me but quivered to know all about it. Herein, however, I overshot the mark, as I found out afterwards; for my careless manner made people say that I must have written the whole myself—a thing so very far below me, that I scorn to answer it. But here it is; and then you can judge from the coarse style, and the three-decked words, whether it be work of mine.

Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal*, Saturday, July 24, 1782.—“*Shipwreck and loss of all hands—Heroism of a British tar.*—We hear of a sad catastrophe from the coast of Glamorganshire. The season of great heat and drought, from which our readers must have suffered, broke up, as they may kindly remember, with an almost unprecedented gale of wind and thunder, on Sunday, the 11th day of this month. In the height of the tempest a large ship was descried, cast by the fury of the elements upon a notorious reef of rocks, at a little place called Sker, about twenty miles to the east of Swansea. Serious apprehensions were entertained by the spectators for the safety of the crew, which appeared to consist of black men. Their fears were too truly verified, for in less than an hour the ill-fated bark succumbed to her cruel adversaries. No adult male of either colour appears to have

reached the shore alive, although a celebrated fisherman, and heroic pensioner of our royal navy, whose name is David Llewellyn, and who traces his lineage from the royal bard of that patronymic, performed prodigies of valour, and proved himself utterly regardless of his own respectable and blameless life, by plunging repeatedly into the boiling surges, and battling with the raging elements, in the vain hope of extricating the sufferers from a watery grave. With the modesty which appears to be, under some inscrutable law of nature, inseparable from courage of the highest order, this heroic tar desires to remain in obscurity. This we could not reconcile with our sense of duty; and if any lover of our black brethren finds himself moved by this narration, we shall be happy to take charge of any remittance marked 'D. L.' It grieves us to add that none escaped except an intelligent young female, who clung to the neck of Llewellyn. She states that the ship was the Andalusia, and had sailed from Appledore, which is, we believe, in Devonshire. The respected Coroner Bowles held an inquest, which afforded universal satisfaction."

Deeply surprised as I was to find how accurately, upon the whole, this paper had got the story of it—for not much less than half was true—it was at first a puzzle to me how they could have learned so much about myself, and the valiant manner in which I intended to behave, but found no opportunity. Until I remembered that a man, possessing a very bad hat, had requested the honour of introducing himself to me, in my own house, and had begged me by all means to consider myself at home, and to allow him to send for refreshment, which I would not hear of twice, but gave him what I thought up to

his mark, according to manners and appearance. And very likely he made a mistake between my description of what I was ready, as well as desirous, to carry out, and what I bodily did go through, ay, and more, to the back of it. However, I liked this account very much, and resolved to encourage yet more warmly the next man who came to me with a bad hat. What, then, was my disgust at perceiving, at the very foot of that fine description a tissue of stuff like the following!

"*Another account* [from a highly-esteemed correspondent].—The great invasion of sand, which has for so many generations spread such wide devastation, and occasioned such grievous loss to landowners on the western coast of Glamorganshire, made another great stride in the storm of Sabbath-day, July 11. A vessel of considerable burthen, named the Andalusia, and laden with negroes, most carefully shipped for conversion among the good merchants of Bristol, appears to have been swallowed up by the sand; and our black fellow-creatures disappeared. It is to be feared, from this visitation of an ever-benign Providence, that few of them had been converted, and that the burden of their sins disabled them from swimming. If one had been snatched as a brand from the burning, gladly would we have recorded it, and sent him forward prayerfully for sustenance on his way to the Lord. But the only eyewitness (whose word must never be relied upon when mammon enters into the conflict), a worn-out but well-meaning sailor, who fattens upon the revenue of an overburdened country—this man ran away so fast that he saw hardly anything. The Lord, however, knoweth His own in the days of visitation. A little child came ashore alive, and a dead child bearing a coronet.

Many people have supposed that the pusillanimous sailor aforesaid knows much more than he will tell. It is not for us to enter into that part of the question. Duty, however, compels us to say, that any one desiring to have a proper comprehension of this heavy but righteous judgment—for He doeth all things well—cannot do better than apply to the well-known horologist of Bridgend, Hezekiah Perkins, also to the royal family.”

The above yarn may simply be described as a gallow's-rope spun by Jack Ketch himself from all the lies of all the scoundrels he has ever hanged, added to all that his own vile heart can invent, with the devil to help him. The cold-blooded, creeping, and crawling manner in which I myself was alluded to—although without the manliness even to set my name down—as well as the low hypocrisy of the loathsome white-livered syntax of it, made me, —well, I will say no more—the filthiness reeks without my stirring, and, indeed, no honest man should touch it; only, if Hezekiah Perkins had chanced to sneak into the room just then, his wife might have prophesied shrouds and weeds.

For who else was capable of such lies, slimed with so much sanctimony, like cellar-slugs, or bilge-hole rats, rolling in Angelica, while all their entrails are of brimstone, such as Satan would scorn to vomit? A bitter pain went up my right arm, for the weakness of my heart, when that miscreant gave me insult, and I never knocked him down the well. And over and over again I have found it a thorough mistake to be always forgiving. However, to have done with reflections which must suggest themselves to any one situated like me—if, indeed, any one ever was—after containing myself, on account of the people who sur-

rounded me, better than could have been hoped for, I spoke, because they expected it.

“Truly, my dear friends, I am thankful for your goodwill towards me. Also to the unknown writer, who has certainly made too much of my poor unaided efforts. I did my best; it was but little: and who dreams of being praised for it? Again, I am thankful to this other writer, who has overlooked me altogether. For the sake of poor Sandy Macraw, we must thank him that he kindly forbore to make public the name.”

You should have seen the faces of all the folk around the table when I gave them this surprise.

“Why,” said one, “we thought for sure that it was you he was meaning, Dyo dear. And in our hearts we were angry to him, for such falsehoods large and black. Indeed and indeed, true enough it may be of a man outlandish such as Sandy Macraw is.”

“Let us not hasten to judge,” I replied; “Sandy is brave enough, I daresay, and he can take his own part well. I will not believe that he ran away; very likely he never was there at all. If he was, he deserves high praise for taking some little care of himself. I should not have been so stiff this night, if I had only had the common-sense to follow his example.”

All our people began to rejoice; and yet they required, as all of us do, something more than strongest proof.

“What reason is to show then, Dyo, that this man of letters meant not you, but Sandy Macraw, to run away so?”

“Hopkin, read it aloud,” I said; “neither do I know, nor care, what the writer's meaning was. Only I thought there was something spoken about his Majesty's revenue. Is it I,

or is it Sandy, that belongs to the revenue?"

This entirely settled it. All our people took it up, and neglected not to tell one another. So that in less than three days' time, my name was spread far and wide for the praise, and the Scotchman's for the condemnation. I desired it not, as my friends well knew; but what use to beat to windward, against the breath of the whole of the world? Therefore I was not so obstinate as to set my opinion against the rest; but left it to Mr Macraw to rebut, if he could, his pusillanimity.

As for Hezekiah Perkins, all his low creations fell upon the head from which they sprang. I spoke to our rector about his endeavour to harm a respectable Newton man—for you might call Macraw that by comparison, though he lived at Porthcawl, and was not respectable—and everybody was struck with my kindness in using such handsome terms of a rival. The result was that Perkins lost our church-clock, which paid him as well as a many two others, having been presented to the parish, and therefore not likely to go without pushing. For our rector was a peppery man, except when in the pulpit, and what he said to Hezekiah was exactly this.

"What, Perkins! another great bill again! 'To repair of church-clock, seven-and-sixpence; to ten miles' travelling, at threepence per mile,'—and so on, and so on! Why, you never came further than my brother the Colonel's, the last three times you have charged for. Allow me to ask you a little question: to whom did you go for the keys of the church?"

"As if I should want any keys of the church! There is no church-lock in the county that I cannot open, as soon as whistle."

"Indeed! So you pick our lock. Do you ever open a church-door honestly, for the purpose of worshipping the Lord? I have kept my eye upon you, sir, because I hear that you have been reviling my parishioners. And I happen to know that you never either opened the lock of our church or picked it, for the last three times you have charged for. But one thing you have picked for many years, and that is the pocket of my ratepayers. Be off, sir—be off with your trumpery bill! We will have a good churchman to do our clock—a thoroughly honest seaman, and a regular church-goer."

"Do you mean that big thief, Davy Llewellyn? Well, well, do as you please. But I will thank you to pay my bill first."

"Thank me when you get it, sir. You may fall down on your canting knees, and thank the Lord for one thing."

"What am I to thank the Lord for? For allowing you to cheat me thus?"

"For giving me self-command enough not to knock you down, sir." With that the rector came so nigh him, that brother Perkins withdrew in haste; for the parson had done that sort of thing to people who ill-used him; and the sense of the parish was always with him. Hence the management of the church-clock passed entirely into my hands, and I kept it almost always going, at less than half Hezekiah's price; and this reunited me to the Church (from which my poor wife perhaps had led me astray some little), by a monthly arrangement which reflected equal credit on either party.

And even this was not the whole of the blessings that now rolled down upon me, for the sake, no doubt, of little Bardie, as with the

ark in the Bible. For this fine Felix Farley was the only great author of news at that time prevalent among us. It is true that there was another journal nearer to us, at Hereford, and a highly good one, but for a very clear reason it failed to have command of the public-houses. For the customers liked both their pipes and their papers to be of the same origin, and go together kindly. And Hereford sent out no tobacco; while Bristol was more famous for the best Virginian birdseye, than even for rum, or intelligence.

Therefore, as everybody gifted with the gift of reading came to the public-houses gradually, and to compare interpretation over those two narratives, both of which stirred our county up, my humble name was in their mouths as freely and approvingly as the sealing-wax end of their pipe-stems. Unanimous consent accrued (when all had said the same thing over, fifty times in different manners, and with fine-drawn argument) that after all, and upon the whole, David Llewellyn was an honour to county and to country.

After that, for at least a fortnight, no more dogs were set at me. When I showed myself over a gentleman's gate, in the hope of selling fish to him, it used to be always, "At him, Pincher!" "Into his legs, Growler, boy!" So that I was compelled to

carry my conger-rod to save me. Now, however, and for a season till my fame grew stale, I never lifted the latch of a gate without hearing grateful utterance, "Towser, down, you son of a gun! Yelp and Vick, hold your stupid tongues, will you?" The value of my legs was largely understood by gentlemen. As for the ladies and the housemaids, if conceit were in my nature, what a run it would have had! Always and always the same am I, and above even women's opinions. But I know no other man whose head would not have been turned with a day of it. For my rap at the door was scarcely given (louder, perhaps, than it used to be) before every maid in the house was out, and the lady looking through the blinds. I used to dance on the step, and beat my arms on my breast, with my basket down between my legs, and tremble almost for a second rap; and then it was, "Like your imperence!" "None of your stinking stuff!" and so on. But now they ran down beautifully, and looked up under their eyelids at me, and left me to show them what I liked, and never beat down a halfpenny, and even accepted my own weight. Such is the grand effect of glory: and I might have kissed every one of them, and many even of the good plain cooks, if I could have reconciled it with my sense of greatness.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—A CRAFT BEYOND THE LAW.

Colonel Lougher, of Candleston Court, was one of the finest and noblest men it was ever my luck to come across. He never would hear a word against me, any more than I would against him; and no sooner did I see him upon the Bench than I ceased to care what the evidence

was. If they failed to prove their falsehoods (as nearly always came to pass), he dismissed them with a stern reprimand for taking away my character; and if they seemed to establish anything by low devices against me, what did he say? Why, no more than this: "David, if what

they say be true, you appear to have forgotten yourself in a very unusual manner. You have promised me always to improve; and I thought that you were doing it. This seems to be a trifling charge—however, I must convict you. The penalty is one shilling, and the costs fifteen.”

“May it please your worship,” I always used to answer, “is an honest man to lose his good name, and pay those who have none for stealing it?”

Having seen a good deal of the world, he always felt the force of this, but found it difficult to say so with prejudiced men observing him. Only I knew that my fine and costs would be slipped into my hand by-and-by, with a glimpse of the Candleston livery.

This was no more than fair between us; for not more than seven generations had passed since Griffith Llewellyn, of my true stock, had been the proper and only bard to the great Lord Lougher of Coity, whence descended our good Colonel. There had been some little mistake about the departure of the title, no doubt through extremes of honesty, but no lord in the county came of better blood than Colonel Lougher. To such a man it was a hopeless thing for the bitterest enemy—if he had one—to impute one white hair’s breadth of departure from the truth. A thoroughly noble man to look at, and a noble man to hearken to, because he knew not his own kindness, but was kind to every one. Now this good man had no child at all, as generally happens to very good men, for fear of mankind improving much. And the great king of Israel, David, from whom our family has a tradition—yet without any Jewish blood in us—he says (if I am not mistaken) that it is a sure mark of the ungodly to have children at their desire, and to leave

the rest of their substance to ungodly infants.

Not to be all alone, the Colonel, after the death of his excellent wife, persuaded his only sister, the Lady Bluett, widow of Lord Bluett, to set up with him at Candleston. And this she was not very loath to do, because her eldest son, the present Lord Bluett, was of a wild and sporting turn, and no sooner became of age but that he wanted no mother over him. Therefore she left him for a while to his own devices, hoping every month to hear of his suddenly repenting.

Now this was a lady fit to look at. You might travel all day among people that kept drawing-rooms, and greenhouses, and the new safe of music, well named from its colour “grand pæony,” and you might go up and down Bridgend, even on a fair-day, yet nobody would you set eyes on fit to be looked at as a lady on the day that you saw Lady Bluett.

It was not that she pretended anything; that made all the difference. Only she felt such a thorough knowledge that she was no more than we might have been, except for a width of accidents. And nothing ever parted her from any one with good in him. For instance, the first time she saw me again (after thirty years, perhaps, from the season of her beauty-charm, when I had chanced to win all the prizes in the sports given at Candleston Court, for the manhood of now Colonel Lougher), not only did she at once recognise me, in spite of all my battering, but she held out her beautiful hand, and said, “How are you, Mr Llewellyn?” Nobody had ever called me “Mr Llewellyn” much till then; but, by good luck, a washerwoman heard it and repeated it; and since that day there are not many people (leaving out clods and

low enemies) with the face to accost me otherwise.

However, this is not to the purpose, any more than it is worthy of me. How can it matter what people call me when I am clear of my fish-basket? as, indeed, I always feel at the moment of unstrapping. No longer any reputation to require my fist ready. I have done my utmost, and I have received the money.

These are the fine perceptions which preserve a man of my position from the effects of calumny. And, next to myself, the principal guardian of my honour was this noble Colonel Lougher. Moreover, a fine little chap there was, Lady Bluett's younger son, Honourable Rodney Bluett by name; for his father had served under Admiral Rodney, and been very friendly with him, and brought him to church as a godfather. This young Rodney Bluett was about ten years old at that time, and the main delight of his life was this, to come fishing with old Davy. The wondrous yarns I used to spin had such an effect on his little brain, that his prospects on dry land, and love of his mother, and certain inheritance from the Colonel, were helpless to keep him from longing always to see the things which I had seen. With his large blue eyes upon me, and his flaxen hair tied back, and his sleeves tucked up for paddling, hour by hour he would listen, when the weather was too rough to do much more than look at it. Or if we went out in a boat (as we did when he could pay for hiring, and when his mother was out of the way), many and many a time I found him, when he should have been quick with the bait, dwelling upon the fine ideas which my tales had bred in him. I took no trouble in telling them, neither did I spare the

truth when it would come in clumsily (like a lubber who cannot touch his hat), but they all smelled good and true, because they had that character.

However, he must bide his time, as every one of us has to do, before I make too much of him. And just at the period now in hand he was down in my black books for never coming near me. It may have been that he had orders not to be so much with me, and very likely that was wise; for neither his mother nor his uncle could bear the idea of his going to sea, but meant to make a red herring of him, as we call those poor land-soldiers. Being so used to his pretty company, and his admiration, also helping him as I did to spend his pocket-money, I missed him more than I could have believed; neither could I help sorrowing at this great loss of opportunity; for many an honest shilling might have been turned ere winter by the hire of my boat to him when he came out with me fishing. I had prepared a scale of charges, very little over Captain Bob's, to whom he used to pay 4d. an hour, when I let him come after the whiting with me. And now, for no more than 6d. an hour, he should have my very superior boat, and keep her head by my directions, for he understood a rudder, and bait my hooks, and stow my fish, and enjoy (as all boys should) the idea of being useful.

For, as concerns that little barkie, I had by this time secured myself from any further uneasiness, or troublesome need of concealment, by a bold and spirited facing of facts, which deserves the congratulation of all honest fishermen. The boat, like her little captain, was at first all white—as I may have said—but now, before her appearance in public, I painted her gunwale and strakes bright blue, even down



to her water-mark; and then, without meddling with her name, or rather that of the ship she belonged to, I retraced very lightly, but so that any one could read it, the name of the port from which she hailed, and which (as I felt certain now, from what I had seen on the poor wrecked ship) must have been San Salvador; and the three last letters were so plain, that I scarcely had to touch them.

Now this being done, and an old worn painter shipped instead of the new one, which seemed to have been chopped off with an axe, I borrowed a boat and stood off to sea from Porthcawl Point, where they beach them, having my tackle and bait on board, as if for an evening off the Tuskar, where turbot and whit-ing-pollack are. Here I fished until dusk of the night, and as long as the people ashore could see me; but as soon as all was dark and quiet, I just pulled into Newton Bay, and landed opposite the old "Red house," where my new boat lay in ordinary, snug as could be, and all out of sight. For the ruins of this old "Red house" had such a repute for being haunted, ever since a dreadful murder cast a ban around it, that even I never wished to stop longer than need be there at night; and once or twice I heard a noise that went to the marrow of my back; of which, however, I will say no more, until it comes to the proper place. Enough that no man, woman, or child, for twenty miles round, except myself, had a conscience clear enough to go in there after dark, and scarcely even by daylight. My little craft was so light and handy, that, with the aid of the rollers ready, I led her down over the beach myself, and presently towed her out to sea, with the water as smooth as a duck-pond, and the tide of the neap very silent.

The weather was such as I could not doubt, being now so full of experience. Therefore, I had no fear to lie in a very dangerous berth indeed, when any cockle of a sea gets up, or even strong tides are running. This was the west-end fork of the Tuskar, making what we call "callipers;" for the back of the Tuskar dries at half-ebb, and a wonderful ridge stops the run of the tide, not only for weeds but for fish as well. Here with my anchor down, I slept, as only a virtuous man can sleep.

In the grey of the morning, I was up, ere the waning moon was done with, and found the very thing to suit me going on delightfully. The heavy dew of autumn, rising from the land by perspiration, spread a cloud along the shore. A little mist was also crawling on the water here and there; and having slept with a watch-coat and tarpaulin over me, I shook myself up, without an ache, and like a good bee at the gate of the hive, was brisk for making honey.

Hence I pulled away from land, with the heavy boat towing the light one, and even Sandy Macraw unable to lay his gimblet eye on me. And thus I rowed, until quite certain of being over three miles from land. Then with the broad sun rising nobly, and for a moment bowing, till the white fog opened avenues, I spread upon my pole a shirt which mother Jones had washed for me. It was the time when Sandy Macraw was bound to be up to his business; and I had always made a point of seeing that he did it. To have a low fellow of itchy character, and no royal breed about him, thrust by a feeble and reckless government into the berth that by nature was mine, and to find him not content with this, but even in his hours of duty poaching, both

day and night, after my fish; and when I desired to argue with him, holding his tongue to irritate me,—satisfaction there could be none for it; the only alleviation left me was to rout up this man right early, and allow him no chance of napping.

Therefore, I challenged him with my shirt, thus early in the morning, because he was bound to be watching the world, if he acted up to his nasty business, such as no seaman would deign to; and after a quarter of an hour perhaps, very likely it was his wife that answered. At any rate there was a signal up, and through my spy-glass I saw that people wanted to launch a boat, but failed. Therefore I made a great waving of shirt, as much as to say, “extreme emergency; have the courage to try again.” Expecting something good from this, they laid their shoulders, and worked their legs, and presently the boat was bowing on the gently fluted sea.

Now it was not that I wanted help, for I could have managed it all well enough; but I wanted witnesses. For never can I bear to seem to set at nought legality. And these men were sure, upon half-a-crown, to place the facts before the public in an honest manner. So I let them row away for the very lives of them, as if the salvage of the nation hung upon their thumbs and elbows; only I doused my shirt as soon as I found them getting eager. And I thought that they might as well hail me first, and slope off disappointment.

“Hoy there! Boat ahoy! What, old Davy Llewellyn!”

What man had a right to call me “old”? There I was, as fresh as ever. And I felt it the more that the man who did it was grey on the cheeks with a very large family,

and himself that vile old Sandy! Nevertheless I preserved good manners.

“Ship your starboard oars, you lubbers. Do you want to run me down? What the devil brings you here, at this time of the morning?” Hereupon these worthy fellows dropped their oars, from wonder; until I showed them their mistake, and begged them to sheer off a little. For if I had accepted rope, such as they wished to throw me, they might have put in adverse claims, and made me pay for my own boat!

“When a poor man has been at work all night,” said I, to break off their officiousness; “while all you lazy galley-rakers were abed and snoring, can’t he put his shirt to dry, without you wanting to plunder him?”

To temper off what might appear a little rude, though wholesome, I now permitted them to see a stone-ware gallon full of beer, or at least I had only had two pints out. Finding this to be the case, and being hot with rowing so rapidly to my rescue, they were well content to have some beer, and drop all further claims. And, as I never can bear to be mean, I gave them the two and sixpence also.

Sandy Macraw took all this money; and I only hope that he shared it duly; and then, as he never seemed at all to understand my contempt of him, he spoke in that dry drawl of his, which he always droned to drive me into very dreadful words, and then to keep his distance.

“I am heartily glad, ma mon, to see the loock ye have encoontered. Never shall ye say agin that I have the advantage of ye. The boit stud me in mickle siller; but ye have grappit a boit for nort.”

I cannot write down his outlandish manner of pronouncing English;

nor will I say much more about it ; because he concealed his jealousy so, that I had no enjoyment of it, except when I reasoned with myself. And I need have expected nothing better from such a self-controlling rogue. But when we came to Porthcawl Point—where some shelter is from wind, and two public-houses, and one private—the whole affair was so straightforward, and the distance of my boat from shore, at time of capture, so established and so witnessed, that no steward of any manor durst even cast sheep's-eyes at her. A paper was drawn up and signed ; and the two public-houses, at my expense, christened her "Old Davy." And indeed, for a little spell, I had enough to do with people, who came at all hours of the day, to drink the health

of my boat and me ; many of whom seemed to fail to remember really who was the one to pay. And being still in cash a little, and so generous always, I found a whole basket of whiting, and, three large congers, and a lobster, disappear against chalk-marks, whereof I had no warning, and far worse, no flavour. But what I used to laugh at was, that when we explained to one another how the law lay on this question, and how the craft became legally mine, as a derelict from the Andalusia, drifting at more than a league from land,—all our folk being short and shallow in the English language, took up the word, and called my boat, all over the parish, my "RELICT ;" as if, in spite of the Creator's wisdom, I were dead and my wife alive !

#### CHAPTER XX.—CONFIDENTIAL INTERCOURSE.

But everybody must be tired of all this trouble about that boat. It shows what a state of things we live in, and what a meddlesome lot we are, that a good man cannot receive a gift straight into his hands from Providence, which never before rewarded him, though he said his prayers every night almost, and did his very best to cheat nobody ; it proves, at least to my mind, something very rotten somewhere, when a man of blameless character must prove his right to what he finds. However, I had proved my right, and cut in Colonel Lougher's woods a larger pole than usual, because the law would guarantee me, if at all assaulted.

And truly, after all my care to be on the right side of it, such a vile attack of law was now impending on me, that with all my study of it, and perpetual attempts to jam its helm up almost into the very eye of

reason, my sails very nearly failed to draw, and left me shivering in the wind. But first for what comes foremost.

At that particular moment all things seemed to be most satisfactory. Here was my property duly secured and most useful to me, here was a run of fish up from the Mumbles of a very superior character, here was my own reputation spread by the vigilance of the public press, so that I charged three farthings a pound more than Sandy Mac did, and here was my cottage once more all alive with the mirth of our Bunny and Bardie. To see them playing at hide-and-seek with two chairs and a table ; or "French and English," which I taught them ; or "come and visit my grandmother ;" or making a cat of the kettle-holder, with a pair of ears and a tail to it ; or giving a noble dinner-party with cockles and oyster-shells, and but-

tons, and apple-peel chopped finely; or, what was even a grander thing, eating their own dinners prettily with their dolls beside them,—scarcely any one would have believed that these little ones had no mothers.

And yet they did not altogether seem to be forgetful, or to view the world as if there were no serious side to it. Very grave discourse was sometimes held between their bouts of play, and subjects of great depth and wonder introduced by doll's clothes. For instance:—

“Hasn't 'a got no mama, poor Bunny, to thread 'e needle?”

“No, my dear,” I answered, for my grandchild looked stupid about it; “poor Bunny's mother is gone to heaven.”

“My mama not gone to heaven. My mama come demorrow-day. I'se almost tired of yaiting, old Davy, but she sure to come demorrow-day.”

But as the brave little creature spoke, I saw that “the dust was in her eyes.” This was her own expression always, to escape the reproach of crying, when her lonely heart was working with its misty troubles, and sent the tears into her eyes, before the tongue could tell of them. “Demorrow-day, demorrow-day,” all her loss was to be recovered always on “demorrow-day.”

Not even so much as a doll had been saved from the total wreck of her fortunes; and when I beheld her wistful eyes set one day upon Bunny's doll—although only fit for hospital, having one arm and one leg and no nose, besides her neck being broken, I set to at once and sharpened my knife upon a piece of sandstone. Then I sought out a piece of abele, laid by from the figure-head of a wrecked Dutchman, and in earnest I fell to, and shaped such a carving of a doll as never

was seen before or since. Of course the little pet came, and stood, and watched every chip as I sliced it along, with sighs of deep expectancy, and a laugh when I got to the tail of it; and of course she picked up every one, not only as neatest of the neat, but also accounting them sacred offsets of the mysterious doll unborn. I could not get her to go to bed; and it was as good as a guinea to me to see the dancing in her eyes, and the spring of her body returning.

“'E can make a boofely doll, old Davy; but 'e doesn't know the yag to dess a doll.”

“You are quite wrong there,” said I, perceiving that I should go up, or down, according to my assertion; and it made her open her eyes to see me cut out, with about five snips, a pair of drawers quite good enough for any decent woman. And she went to bed hugging the doll in that state, and praying to have her improved to-morrow.

At breakfast-time mother Jones dropped in, for she loved a good salt-herring, and to lay down the law for the day almost; as if I knew scarce anything. And I always let her have her talk, and listened to it gravely; and clever women, as a rule, should not be denied of this attention; for if they are, it sours them. While she was sucking the last of the tail, and telling me excellent scandal, my little lady marched in straight, having finished her breakfast long ago, and bearing her new doll pompously. The fly-away colour in her cheeks, which always made her beautiful, and the sparkle of her gleeful eyes, were come again with pleasure, and so was the lovely pink of her lips, and the proper aspect of her nose. Also she walked with such motherly rank, throwing her legs with a female jerk—it is enough for me to

say that any newly-married woman would have kissed her all round the room.

Now mother Jones, having ten fine children (five male and five female) going about with clothes up to their forks, need not have done what she did, I think, and made me so bashful in my own house. For no sooner did she see this doll, than she cried, "Oh, my!" and covered up her face. The little maid looked up at me in great wonder, as if I were leading her astray; and I felt so angry with Mrs Jones, after all the things I had seen abroad, and even in English churches, that I would not trust myself to speak. However, to pay her out for that, I begged her to cure the mischief herself, which she could not well decline; and some of the green blind still remaining, Dolly became a most handsome sight, with a crackle in front and a sweeping behind, so that our clerk, a good-natured man, was invited to christen her; and "Patty Green" was the name he gave: and Bunny's doll was nobody. Such a baby-like thing might seem almost below my dignity, and that of all the rest of us; only this child had the power to lead us, as by a special enchantment, back to our own childhood. Moreover, it was needful for me to go through with this doll's birth (still more so with her dress, of course, having her a female), because through her I learned a great deal more of Bardie's history than ever our Bunny could extract.

Everybody who has no patience with the ways of childhood, may be vexed, and must be vexed, with our shipwrecked maid for knowing many things, but not the right; but I think she was to blame, only for her innocence. In her tiny brain was moving some uncertain sense of wrong; whether done by herself, or

to her, was beyond her infant groping. If she could have made her mind up, in its little milky shell, that the evil had befallen without harm on her part, doubtless she had done her best to let us know the whole of it. Her best, of course, would be but little, looking at her age and so on; and perhaps from some harsh word or frown, stamped into the tender flux of infantile memory, a heavy dread both darkened and repressed much recollection. Hence, if one tried to examine her, in order to find out who she was, she would shake her head, and say "No! sompfin;" as she always did when puzzled or unable to pronounce a word. The only chance of learning even any little things she knew, was to leave her to her own way, and not interrupt her conversation with wooden or crockery playmates. All of these she endowed with life, having such power of life herself, and she reckoned them up for good behaviour, or for bad, as the case might be. And often was I touched at heart, after a day of bitter fighting with a world that wronged me, by hearing her in baby-prattle tell her playthings of their unkindness to a little thing with none to love her.

But when I had finished Patty's face up to complete expression, with two black buttons for her eyes, and a cowl for her mouth, and a nose of coral, also a glorious head of hair of crinkled sea-weed growing out of a shell (toothed like an ivory comb almost), the ecstasy of the child was such, that I obtained, as well as deserved, some valuable information.

"Patty Geen, 'e's been aye good," I heard her say in my window-place, one morning after breakfast; "and 'e is the most boofely doll ever seen, and I tell 'a sompfin; only 'e mustn't tell anybody, till my dear mama comes. Nat wasn't ickle bother, Patty."

"How do you know, Miss?" Patty inquired, by means of my voice in the distance, and a little art I had learned abroad of throwing it into corners.

"I tell 'a, Patty, I tell 'a. I 'ouldn't tell 'e nasty man, but I tell old Davy some day. Ickle bother not like nat at all. Ickle bother not so big enough, and only two ickle teeth in front, and his hair all gone away it is, but mama say soon come back again."

"And what is little brother's name?" said Patty, in a whisper; "and what is your name, and papa's?"

"Oh 'e silly Patty Geen! As if 'e didn't know I'se Bardie, ever since I was anyfin. And papa, is papa, he is. Patty, I'se kite ashamed of 'a. 'E's such a silly ickle fin!"

"Well, I know I am not very clever, Miss. But tell me some more things you remember."

"I tell 'a, if 'e stop kiet. 'I 'ish 'a many happy turns of the day, Miss Bardie. Many happy turns of the day to 'a!' And poor Bardie get off her stool, and say what her dear papa tell. 'Gentleyums, and yadies, I'se aye much obiged to 'a.' And then have boofely appledies, and carbies, and a ickle dop of good yiney-piney. Does 'e know 'hot that means, poor Patty?"

"No, my dear, how should I know?"

"'E mustn't call me 'my dear,' I tell 'a. 'E must know 'a's pace in yife. Why, 'e's only a doll, Patty, and Bardie's a young yady, and a 'streamly 'cocious gal I is, and the gentleyums all say so. Ickle bother can't say nuffin, without me to sow him the yay of it. But Bardie say almost anyfin; anyfin, when I yikes to ty. Bardie say 'Pomyoleanian dog!'"

This cost her a long breath, and

a great effort; but Patty expressed intense amazement at such power of diction, and begged to know something more about that extraordinary animal.

"Pomyoleanian dog is yite, yite all over 'sept his collar, and his collar's boo. And he's got hair that long, Patty, ever so much longer than yours. And he yun yound and yound, he does. Oh, I do so yant my Pomyoleanian dog!"

Patty waited for two great tears to run quietly down two little cheeks; and then she expressed some contempt of the dog, and a strong desire to hear some more about the happy turns of the day.

"Don't 'e be jealous, now, Patty, I tell 'a. 'E ickle yite dog can eat, but 'e can't. And happy turns of the day is yen a geat big gal is two years old with a ickle bother. And he can't say nuffin, 'cos he grow too strong enough, and 'e young yady must repy; and ayebody yooks at 'a, and yaffs, and put 'e gasses up and say, 'Hot a 'cocious ickle fin!' And my dear papa say, 'Hot a good gal!' and mama come and tiss 'a all over a'most, and then 'e all have some more puddeny-pie!"

Overcome with that last memory, she could go no further; and being unable to give her pies, I felt myself bound to abandon any more inquiries. For that child scarcely ever roared, so as to obtain relief; but seemed with a kind of self-control—such as unlucky people form, however early in their lives—to take her troubles inwardly, and to be full to the very lip of them, without the power of spilling. This, though a comfort to other people, is far worse for themselves, I fear. And I knew that she did love pastry rarely; for one day, after a fine pair of soles, I said to the two children, "Now, put your little hands together, and thank God for a good

dinner." Bunny did this in a grateful manner; but Bardie said, "No, I 'ont, old Davy; I'll thank God when I gets puddeny-pie."

Upon the whole, I concluded thus, that the little creature was after all (and as might have been expected with any other child almost) too young, in the third year of her age, to maintain any clear ideas of place, or time, or names, or doings, or anything that might establish from her own words only, whence she came or who she was. However, I now knew quite enough, if the right people ever came to seek for her, to "'dentify" her, as she expressed it to that stupid Coroner.

Moxy Thomas came to fetch her back to Sker, in a few days' time. I was now resolved to keep her, and she resolved to stay with me—and doubtless I had first right to her. But when I saw poor Moxy's face, and called to mind her desolation, and when she kissed my fishy hand to let her have this comfort, after all the Lord had taken from her, I could not find it in my heart to stand to my own interest. It came across me too that Bardie scarcely throve on so much fish; and we never had any butcher's-meat, or meat of any kind at all, unless I took shares in a pig, after saving up money for Christmas, or contrived to defend myself against the hares that would run at me so, when I happened to come through a gate at night.

So with a clearly-pronounced brave roar, having more music than Bunny's in it, and enough to wash a great deal of "dust" out of her wofully lingering eyes, away she went in Moxy's arms, with Patty Green in her own looking likely to get wet through. And Bunny stuck her thumbs into my legs, which she had a knack of doing, especially after sucking them;

so thus we stood, at our cottage-door, looking after Bardie; and I took off my hat, and she spread her hand out, in the intervals of woe: and little thought either of us, I daresay, of the many troubles in store for us both.

Only before that grievous parting, she had done a little thing which certainly did amaze me. And if anybody knows the like, I shall be glad to hear of it. I had a snug and tidy locker very near the fire-place, wherein I kept some little trifles; such as Bunny had an eye for, but was gradually broken into distant admiration. One morning I came suddenly in from looking to my night-lines, and a pretty scene I saw. The door of my cupboard was wide open, and there stood little Bardie giving a finishing lick to her fingers. Bunny also in the corner, with her black eyes staring, as if at the end of the world itself. However, her pinafore was full.

No sooner did my grandchild see me, than she rushed away with shrieks, casting down all stolen goods in agony of conscience. I expected Bardie to do the same; but to my great wonderment up she walked and faced me.

"Must I beat poor Patty Geen?" The tears were in her eyes at having to propose so sad a thing. And she stroked the doll, to comfort her.

"Beat poor Patty!" said I, in amazement. "Why, what harm has Patty done?"

"Nare she have been, all 'e time, stealing 'a soogar, old Davy!" And she looked at me as if she had done a good turn by the information. I scarcely knew what to do, I declare; for her doll was so truly alive to her, that she might and perhaps did believe it. However, I shut her in my little bedroom, until her heart was almost broken; and then I tried to reason

with her, on the subject of telling lies; but she could not understand what they were; until I said what I was forced to do, when I went among bad people.

That evening, after she was gone, and while I was very dull about it, finding poor Bunny so slow and stupid, and nothing to keep me wide awake—there I was bound to be wide awake, more than at Petty Sessions even, when mine enemies throng against me. For almost before I had smoked two pipes, or made up my mind what to do with

myself, finding a hollow inside of me, the great posting-coach from Bridgend came up, with the sun setting bright on its varnish, and at my very door it stopped. Next to the driver sat a constable who was always unjust to me; and from the inside came out first Justice Anthony Stew of Pen Coedd, as odious and as meddlesome a justice of the peace as ever signed a warrant; and after him came a tall elderly gentleman, on whom I had never set eyes before, but I felt that he must be a magistrate.



surpasses its material importance. His acknowledged greatness as a poet is built perhaps upon the very smallest matter-of-fact foundation that ever fame had. His so-called poems, good and bad, everything he has done in rhyme, occupy but one small volume, in which there is included much that is of no particular importance, and some things which are not poetry at all; while his three real and great poems, the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Love," would not do more than make up among them a tiny *brochure*. Two of these are, in scope and construction, very far from intelligible to the common understanding. They contain none of the elements of ordinary popularity; they do not appeal to the primitive emotions, nor gain any fictitious interest from that power of association which often carries a homely verse straight to the heart. Yet their power is so unquestionable that the world has acknowledged it in its own despite, in a tremor of wonder and perplexity and curiosity, not comprehending but feeling, and bowing down before its natural king. Though we hear of adverse criticism, and though his first great poem, being published with them, naturally shared the fate of Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads, yet we find no trace of the determined opposition against which Wordsworth had to fight his way to greatness, in the case of the companion whose vivid imaginations were above criticism. "The sweet, soft, still breath of praise," says Professor Wilson, in one of his own most beautiful and poetical essays, "rose from many a secret place where genius and simplicity abided; and Coleridge, amid the simpers of the silly, and the laughter of the light, and the scorn of the callous, and the abuse of the brutal, received the laurel crown woven by the hands of all the best

of his brother bards." His poetry was not to be questioned; it was strange, wild, original, like nothing else in earth or heaven; but it thrilled every competent spectator with consciousness of a new power, a new light revealing the unseen. His images and metaphors are all drawn from that spiritual Debatable Land in which he dwelt. They are the utterance of one who sees what we cannot see, and hears what we do not hear. His whole mind and soul are uplifted to the magic hill-top on which he chants his song, with his singing-garments round him and his head among the stars. Thus the strains, so few in number, so strange in character, affect the mind more powerfully than even the avowedly great poems which are written under more ordinary conditions. It is as if an angel sang to us; yet not an angel,—a great, powerful, wandering, wayward spirit, more deeply sympathetic with earth and its anguishes than with the realm of celestial bliss—aware of a thousand occult forces unknown to us, strange beings, good and bad, whom he does not imagine, but sees with those larger other eyes than ours, which are his by right of his nature. The ship that drifts against the sunset with its weird players; the beautiful angel who looks the knight in the face, and whom he knows to be a fiend; the loathly yet lovely lady, "beautiful exceedingly," who throws her magic over Christabel,—all these are apparitions from another world, from a world spiritual, unseen, between heaven and earth, unknown except in so far as the seer chooses to reveal them, yet haunting our visible life in a mysterious neighbourhood, weaving themselves in with our affairs, accounting for a thousand mysteries. The power which his knowledge of them and of the invisible gives him affects us

more suddenly, more certainly, more vividly, than any other kind of poetry. It impresses not so much the understanding as a kindred imagination which is latent in every one of us, and which is more rapid and potent than even the intellect. Thus hosts of people who could give no explanation of the *Ancient Mariner*, or of its effect upon their minds—no more than the wedding-guest could, who is the first great example of this influence—have been moved by it as all the lofty musings and fine philosophy of the “*Excursion*” could never move them. We do not pause here to say how profoundly this influence was felt by all who listened to the magical monologue of the poet in those days when he had ceased to put his thoughts into verse. Our object now is simply to point out that his nature,—the predominance of spirit in him, his position as an almost entirely intellectual and spiritual being,—is the very essence of his poetry, and has carried it straight to that innermost region of feeling which is one of the highest possessions of humanity—a thing at once deeper and wider than intellect. Thus he who has written less, and less intelligibly (so to speak), than any of his great contemporaries—whose productions are to those of Wordsworth, of Byron, of Shelley, even of Keats, as a drop is to an ocean—holds a position unsurpassed by any of them, and greater in actual power and influence than most. The others have laboured incomparably more, but they have attained no higher a result so far as fame is concerned. For in all of the others there are coarser elements—the visible prose of art as well as its higher inspiration—the scaffolding and tools and preparations which are necessary to every mortal structure, and betray when and how it was made. But

Coleridge needs no scaffoldings, no implements. His is pure poetry, as his nature is all spirit. “The body that does us grievous wrong” is never visible, scarce necessary except for the mere voice, its most ethereal part. It has no active power in the matter. The song comes forth to us chanted softly, with now and then a rising swell of inspiration, out of the undiscovered world between earth and heaven. There is not even any effort of thought or invention, any strain of discovery. “What we have seen with our eyes and heard with our ears”—in this is the great secret of his fame.

Coleridge was born in 1772, in the little town of Ottery St Mary, in Devonshire. His father was vicar of the parish, and master of the grammar-school, a man of learning and piety, who died, as it seems to be almost necessary that a poet's father should die, when his son was very young. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest of ten children. His elder brothers and sisters seem to have belonged altogether to an antecedent generation, and from those more near to him he seems to have been very soon and very completely detached; though his early recollections of the visionary time, when he was the plaything and pet of the family, and specially of his father, who was already an old man at his birth, and whose delight he was—are pathetically clear and vivid. The child, however, was only nine years old when he lost this pious and tender father, whom all his life long he laments as his one irremediable loss. A year afterwards the little fellow was sent to Christ's Hospital, a presentation to which had been secured to him by Judge Buller, once one of his father's pupils. From this time his mother's house, his family and home, seemed to disappear altogether from about him. We hear absolutely no

more of them. Whether the subsequent advancement of the race in the world is due to their own qualities entirely, or is in any degree owing to the fame of the poet, for whom neither they nor the world did much, is beyond our power of judging; but certainly the parson's family of Ottery St Mary seems to have lent little moral backing or affectionate support to its gifted child. He describes himself, in the second hard chapter of his life, after the childish petting which the youngest son had received at home, as "depressed, moping, friendless, poor orphan, half starved;" and piteous is the tale that follows—the sketch of Christ's Hospital, in its then condition, and of the hungry lonely boy, with genius swelling in his heart, and an unsatisfied boy's appetite, making his cheeks hollow, and his desires ravenous. The following affecting narrative, written in Coleridge's person by the tender-hearted Elia, gives the best view possible of this scanty and suffering commencement of life. At that time, it may be premised, the dietary of Christ's Hospital was of the lowest: breakfast consisting of a "quarter of penny loaf, moistened with attenuated small beer in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from;" and the weekly rule giving "three banyan-days to four meat-days."

"I was a poor friendless boy; my parents, and those who should have cared for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, whom they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough. One after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. Oh the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early home-stead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How in my dreams would my native town

come back (far in the west), with its churches and trees and faces! . . . . The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole days' leave*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River which Lamb recalls with so much relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not care much for such water-parties. How we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting appetites for the noon; which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle and the birds and the fishes were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings; the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return toward nightfall to our desired morsel, half rejoicing, half reluctant, that the hours of uneasy liberty had expired!

"It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless, shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times-repeated visit (where our individual faces would be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the lions in the Tower, to whose *levée*, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive right of admission."

This melancholy and harsh life was, however, ameliorated by some curious personal incidents. Once, for example, the solitary boy, moving along the crowded streets, fancied, in the strange vividness of his waking dream, that he was Leander swimming across the Hellespont. His hand "came in contact with a gentleman's pocket" as he pursued this visionary amusement, and for two or three minutes Coleridge was in danger of being taken into custody as a pickpocket. On finding out how matters really stood, however, this stranger—genial, nameless soul—immediately gave to the strange

boy the advantage of a subscription to a library close by, thus setting him up, as it were, in life. On another occasion, one of the higher boys, a "deputy-Grecian," found him seated in a corner reading Virgil. "Are you studying your lesson?" he asked. "No; I am reading for pleasure," said the boy, who was not sufficiently advanced to read Virgil in school. This introduced him to the favourable notice of the head-master Bowyer, and made of the elder scholar, Middleton by name, a steady friend and counsellor for years. Yet at this time Coleridge was considered by the lower-master, under whom he was, "a dull and inept scholar, who could not be made to repeat a single rule of syntax, although he would give a rule in his own way." The life, however, of this great school, with all its injudicious liberties and confinements, must have been anything but a healthy one. Starved and solitary, careless of play as play, and already full of that consuming spiritual curiosity which never left him, Coleridge's devotion to the indiscriminate stores of the circulating library gave the last aggravation to all the unwholesome particulars of his life. "Conceive what I must have been at fourteen," he exclaims. "I was in a continual low fever. My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple myself up in a sunny corner and read, read, read; fancy myself on Robinson Crusoe's island finding a mountain of plum-cake, and eating a room for myself, and then eating it into the shapes of tables and chairs—hunger, and fancy!" At the same time he adds, "My talents and superiority made me for ever at the head in my routine of study, though utterly without the desire to be so—without a spark of ambition; and as to emulation, it had no meaning for me; but the differ-

ence between me and my form-fellows, in our lessons and exercises, bore no proportion to the measureless difference between me and them in the wide, wild wilderness of useless unarranged book-knowledge and book-thoughts." A droll incident occurred about this period of his life, which shows how true was this absolute want of ambition. The friendless boy had made acquaintance with a shoemaker and his wife, who had a shop near the school, and who were kind to him; and thereupon he conceived the extraordinary idea of getting himself apprenticed to his friend, whom he persuaded to go to the head-master to make this wonderful proposal. "Od's my life, man, what d'ye mean?" cried the master, with not unnatural indignation mingling with his amazement; and notwithstanding Coleridge's support of the application, the shoemaker was turned out of the place, and the would-be apprentice chosen, "against my will," he says, "as one of those destined for the university." The same irascible yet excellent master flogged the boy severely on hearing that he boasted of being an infidel. It is odd and amusing, however, to realise what might have been Coleridge's fate had he been allowed his boyish will. We doubt much whether the conditions of his life would have been half so much changed as would appear at the first glance had it been spent on the cobbler's bench. There, as elsewhere, he would have been the oracle of a circle. He would have talked over his shoe-making as he talked all through his literature, gathering around him a little throng of worshippers, less learned, no doubt, but not less enthusiastic. Of all the men of genius we know, he is the one who would have suffered least from such a metamorphosis. Imagination indeed has little difficulty in pictur-

ing this wonderful phase of the might-have-been. How he would have talked in the queer little dingy shop; how his big forehead and dreamy eyes would have shown in the obscurity; how quaintly his strange knowledge, his weird wisdom, the depth and intensity of his vision, would have illuminated the place about him; and what a novel and wonderful effect would that illumination have had upon the intense reality of lowly life! Coleridge, as a cobbler, is one of the quaintest and most tempting suggestions which fancy ever had. It opens up to us an entire new world.

This, however, was not to be. His next stage in life was not a shoemaker's shop in Newgate Street, but Jesus College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1791 at the age of nineteen—the object of many high prophecies and hopes on the part of his school and schoolfellows, who had unanimously determined that he was to be great and do them honour. The first thing he did, however, was, alas! too common an incident: he got into debt, though not, it would appear, for an overwhelming sum, or in any discreditable way. So long as his friend of Christ's Hospital, Middleton, remained in Cambridge, Coleridge pursued his studies with a great deal of regularity, and in his first year won the prize for a Greek ode. But after a while his industry slackened, and a kind of dreamy idleness—implying no languor of the soul or common reluctance to mental work, but rather, it would seem, a disinclination to work in the usual grooves, and do what was expected of him—took possession of the young scholar. "He was very studious, but his reading was desultory and capricious," writes a fellow-student. "He was ready at any time to unshed his mind in conversation, and

for the sake of this his rooms were a constant rendezvous of conversation-loving friends. What evenings have I spent in these rooms! What little suppers, or *sizings*, as they were called, have I enjoyed; when Æschylus and Plato and Thucydides were pushed aside with a pile of lexicons and the like, to discuss the pamphlets of the day! Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of Burke. There was no need of having the book before us; Coleridge had read it in the morning, and in the evening he would repeat whole pages *verbatim*." It was while he was at the university that the French Revolution occurred; but, strangely enough, this great event made no such impression on the visionary as it did upon Wordsworth's steadier mind—the reason of this however being, no doubt, that he was much less closely thrown in contact with it. His college life was interrupted by a curious and whimsical accident, for it does not seem to deserve a more serious name. He had failed to win a university scholarship, his friend Middleton had left Cambridge, and other causes combined to dishearten him. One authority informs us that he was tormented by his creditors, and another that he had been refused by a young lady to whom he had given his heart. Deeply cast down and despondent, he left Cambridge and went to London, where he strayed about the streets all night in the first outburst of that strange dreamy self-abandonment and rebellion against life's ordinary laws which recurred so often in his troubled existence. This was the first; and there is in it something of the boy's innocent and wayward but deep despair, which makes the reader smile even while he is most deeply touched by the lad's solitary wandering and foolish misery. He gave away everything he had in his pockets to

beggars whom he met with during this confused nocturnal ramble, and in the morning woke up from his dream at the sight of a bill on the wall which invited "smart lads" to enlist in the 15th, Elliot's, Light Dragoons. He paused before this with a reflection worthy of a half-crazed philosopher of twenty. "I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses," he said to himself; "the sooner I can cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better, and I will enlist in this regiment!" And so he did accordingly, calling himself, with a philosophical absurdity, in which there is a gleam of humour, Comberbach, as being likely to cumber the back of any horse on which he was placed.

In this curious situation he remained for six months, making himself, as his different biographers inform us, a very useful and entertaining member of the corps; not in any warlike way, it is true—his chief qualities in that respect being a tendency to fall from his horse, and absolute incapacity to learn his drill. But he nursed his sick comrades with kind and not unskilful hands; and he told them stories till the whole regiment was ready to serve him—cleaning his horse and accoutrements for him, and relieving him from the daily drudgery of the barracks. He was discovered, one account tells us, in consequence of having interposed to correct a Greek translation which one officer made to another in his hearing—a very wonderful incident, surely, since we doubt whether young dragoon officers are much more in the way of quoting Euripides than young troopers are of setting them right. Another and more likely story is, that he was met in the streets by a fellow-student, who informed his friends of his whereabouts, and was thus the means of delivering him from

the new coil of circumstances which doubtless by this time had lost their attraction of novelty. He went back, accordingly, to his college after this odd adventure, which does not seem to have made any particular impression on his mind, though it furnishes a quaint chapter to his life.

We are not informed who the "friends" were who thus restored Coleridge to his natural sphere, and supported him at college. Indeed it has never been our fate to encounter a life more lost in mystifications, or less easy to disentangle from the mists of statement and counter-statement which have grown about it. This is chiefly owing, no doubt, to the fact that there were many things in it which the natural feeling of relations and descendants would fain have concealed. Concealment, however, in the case of such a man, is even more hopeless than it is in respect to ordinary persons; and it would have been much better not only for the world, in the contemplation of a most pathetic life, but to the family and good fame of Coleridge, had some one ventured to tell the sad story plainly and fully. As it is, we have to make our way as we can through Gilman's unfinished and flattering fragment of biography—through the more satisfactory yet too reticent and also unfinished sketch appended by his nephew to the '*Biographia Literaria*,' on one side; and through Cottle's maundering and self-sufficient Recollections, and the elegant indiscretions of De Quincey, on the other. The attempt to smooth over on one hand, gives the inclination to clear up on the other a spiteful and ill-tempered aspect; and we find ourselves lost at last in a flood of mysterious gossip, no man venturing to speak plainly. We hope to be able, out of this muddle, to disentangle the sad and checkered

thread of the poet's life, so far as it concerns our present subject; but it is no easy task. His faults were great and grievous, no doubt; and they were thrown into fuller light by the success and the virtues of his two friends, Wordsworth and Southey, both of whom, with not much advantage over him in the outset of life, managed, nevertheless, to live and thrive without compromising their poetic character, and to secure comfort and good reputation as men, besides their fame. But it is often the fallen and failing to whom the heart turns most tenderly; and a true record of Coleridge's weaknesses, temptations, and miseries would, we cannot doubt, be found his best plea for human pardon.

After this escapade of soldiering he returned to college, but only for a short time, his habits having been broken and his mind unsettled, no doubt, by so strange a break in his academic life. He had also by this time adopted, or supposed himself to have adopted, the doctrines of the Unitarians—doctrines which he afterwards condemned with all the eloquence and vehemence of which he was master. His temporary adoption of them seems to have meant little more than the general disorder and unsettlement of a young man's religious views. "I always told the Unitarians," he said afterwards, "that their interpretations of Scripture were intolerable upon any principles of sound criticism; and that if they were to offer to construe the will of a neighbour as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society. I said then, plainly and openly, that it was clear enough that John and Paul were not Unitarians. But at that time I had a strong sense of the repugnancy of the doctrine of vicarious atonement to the moral being, and I thought nothing could

counterbalance that. 'What care I,' I said, 'for the Platonisms of John or the Rabbinisms of Paul? My conscience revolts!' That was the ground of my Unitarianism."

At the end of his college course he made acquaintance with Southey—an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into the warmest friendship, and which, in 1794, led him to Bristol—where he fell in love, and, as was natural enough, fell also into one of those vaguely-splendid plans of Paradise revived, and a new Utopia, which are so delightful to the imagination of youth. A great deal more than is at all necessary seems to have been made of this plan by the foolish loquacity of the bookseller Cottle, who suddenly found himself in the delightful position of patron and assisting providence to a cluster of young men of genius, and whose sense of practical superiority to all their ravings evidently intoxicated him. The plan itself, called Pantisocracy, was one of the most charming and foolish ever invented by babe, lover, or poet. The chief originators of it—Coleridge, Southey, and Lovell—were respectively engaged to Sara, Mary, and Edith Fricker, young women who have left but few traces of their own individuality upon the world, yet whose fortune was remarkable enough. What more congenial to the three young pairs, full of hope and enthusiasm, than the new life, under new and strange conditions delightfully unusual, novel, unlike anything to be found elsewhere, which this dream set before them? The bridegrooms were allied to each other by the half-adoring bond of poetic friendship and mutual admiration; the brides were sisters; an ideal group, combining all that each wanted—love, friendship, mutual aid, and a ready-made and perfectly sympathetic society. In the present day the

youthful brain, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, has grown less susceptible; but a great many of us still can remember the time when such a vision would have set our whole being aflame. The colony was to be planted on the banks of the Susquehannah, chiefly because that river possessed a soft and liquid name! and was to support itself as Adam and Eve did, by that delving and spinning which are the primitive arts of mankind. No doubt this plan afforded an infinite deal of talk to the lovers, and to all their friends. It was discussed with all that mock seriousness and profound solemnity to which youth is prone; and was intended to be carried out, no doubt, so long as the craze lasted, by help of that glorious haphazard which we all trust in more or less in the beginning of life. There is no trace, however, of any actual step being taken in the matter, though good Mr Cottle accepted everything *au pied de la lettre*, and makes the most of the divine folly without any consciousness of the necessity of effervescence which existed in these young brains. By the beginning of 1795, Coleridge had shaken himself free of the university without even taking his degree. He would seem, at the same time, so far as any further indication is given us, to have shaken himself free of his family, whom he had no doubt disappointed and exasperated, and to have thrown himself upon the world, in which he was henceforward to fight a painful battle for himself, without either aid from or reference to his kith and kin. "He returned with Southey to Bristol," says his nephew, "and commenced man."

Up to this moment, so far as we can make out, he had published nothing, and had not written much. His friends had probably destined him for the Church, which of course

had become impossible from his Unitarian principles; but it is evident that no kind of professional training had ever been his. He was penniless; but his mind was full and overflowing with a thousand schemes: he had done nothing as yet to compromise himself with the world, and he impressed upon every one who saw him a conviction of his exceeding genius. At the same time it must be fully understood, that his actual poverty was rendered so much greater by the fact that he had not even, like so many a penniless genius, a manuscript in his pocket with which to conquer fate. He had neither money nor money's worth. The liberal Cottle had offered him thirty guineas for a volume of poems not yet written, and had afterwards added to this by a promise "to give him one guinea and a half for every hundred lines he might present to me, whether rhyme or blank verse." On this substantial provision the young man married! replying to some one who asked what his means were with the lofty intimation that "Mr Cottle had made him such an offer that he felt no solicitude on the subject." This, Heaven help him! was his way of "commencing man." He was but twenty-three, still in all the chaos of youthful fancies, with an unsteady mind veering about like the wind, and that fatal mixture of hope, self-confidence, and readiness to embrace every new plan suggested to him, which contains all the elements of ruin. No doubt it was his immense knowledge and wonderful versatility which made him so open to every suggestion, since of a hundred subjects one was as easy and as natural to him as another. He had begun his life in Bristol (as did also Southey) by delivering lectures, which apparently paid sufficiently well to keep him afloat



for the time. But now more serious and steady work for a livelihood was necessary. It is a curious indication of the intellectual excitement of the age, that not Coleridge only, but Cottle and other practical men, seem to have felt it quite possible for the young poet to earn his bread by the new tide of verse which made his honeymoon musical. He himself, for the moment at least, was nothing loath. He took his bride to a cottage at Clevedon, on the shores of the Bristol Channel; and here for a short but beautiful moment made visible his imprudent happiness. The solitary had become two—there was no time as yet for the entrance of heavy disquietude. His Sara had still all the complacency of a bride, all the admiration for his powers of a young woman in love; and he could admire and adore and sing litanies to the woman he loved, without being compelled to ask himself whether she understood or cared for them. Here are the first breathings of the poet's content:—

"Low was our pretty cot : our tallest rose  
Peeped at the chamber-window. We could  
hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,  
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air  
Our myrtles blossomed, and across the porch  
Thick jasmines twined : the little landscape  
round

Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.

And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear  
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's  
note

(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen  
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered  
tones

I've said to my beloved, 'Such, sweet girl !  
The inobtrusive song of happiness,  
Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard  
When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is  
hushed,  
And the soul listens !'

And again—

"My pensive Sara ! thy soft cheek reclined  
Thus on my arm, most soothing sweet it is  
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown  
With white-flowered jasmine, and the broad-  
leaved myrtle,

(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love !)  
And watch the clouds, that late were rich  
with light,  
Slow saddening round, and mark the star of  
eve  
Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)  
Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents  
Snatched from yon bean-field ! and the  
world so hushed !"

For a few years this Arcadian strain is heard at intervals, indicating the pleasant changes of the gentle domestic story. At one time the poet thanks God who has given him "Peace and this cot, and thee, heart-honoured maid"—at another, he answers the question how he felt when his first child, born in his absence, was presented to him. At first "my slow heart was only sad," he says:—

"But when I saw it on its mother's arm,  
And hanging at her bosom (she the while  
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)  
Then I was thrilled and melted, and most  
warm

Impressed a father's kiss : and all beguiled  
Of dark remembrance and presageful fear,  
I seemed to see an angel-form appear—  
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild !

So for the mother's sake the child was  
dear,  
And dearer was the mother for the child."

When he is absent, there is still the same refrain of love. In the "Day-Dream" he gives us a little picture of his still lover-like sentiments:—

"If thou wert here these tears were tears of  
light ;

But from as sweet a vision did I start  
As ever made those eyes grow idly bright.  
And though I weep, yet still around my  
heart

A sweet and playful tenderness did linger,  
Touching my heart as with an infant's  
finger.

Across my breast there lay a weight so warm  
As if some bird had taken shelter there,  
And lo ! I seemed to see a woman's form,  
Thine, Sara, thine ! Oh joy, if thine it  
were.

I gazed with stifled breath and feared to  
stir it,  
No sweeter trance e'er wrapt a yearning  
spirit.

And now when I seemed sure thy face to see,  
Thy own dear self in our own quiet home,

There came an elfish laugh and wakened me ;  
 'Twas Frederic who behind my chair  
 had clomb,  
 And with his bright eyes at my face was  
 peeping ;  
 I blessed him, tried to laugh, and fell a-  
 weeping."

When this first note of joy begins to die on the ear, the children come in, or at least the eldest child, the babe who is cradled at the young father's feet, when he sits up at his work after all else are at rest in his cottage. Nothing can be more warm, more tender, than those outpourings of his love and happiness. There is no mistaking the reality and fervour, the truth and purity, of the sweet domestic idyll—so long as it lasts.

But unfortunately this was not long. There are circumstances in which poverty is gentle and almost pleasant—at least to the spectator—when she can be at least supposed to be the handmaid of goodness, restraining self-indulgence, and making many temptations impossible ; and there are circumstances in which she is noble, enduring the evils she cannot mitigate. But for once that poverty can exhibit these attractive features, there are a hundred in which she can be nothing but hideous—when her physical sufferings are as nothing to the little meannesses, the greedy aspect, the ravenous demand she makes, whether with her will or not. Of all terrible things in the world, this hungering penury is the most terrible. It compels a man to a hundred humiliations, it forces him to shifts and importunities he loathes, it makes him despicable to himself and others, and finally it ruins his character, and converts him in reality into the sorry, shifty, greedy, shameless wretch which he has been forced to appear. This awful power was seated on the very springs of Coleridge's life ; his own fault, it is true—for everything connected with his start in life had been alike foolish—but still there

it was. It put its grip upon him in the very commencement of this poetic happiness. How were those gentle strains of melodious verse to provide for the terrible prose necessities which the foolish lad had never dreamed of ? The young poet worked with what heart he could at "Religious Musings," and other vague prelections in blank verse, to make up that thirty guineas already all eaten and consumed, and to cover the poor little table, which, alas ! had an ever-recurring need of being recovered, such as no poetical imagination ever conceived. Thirty guineas, for instance, though a stupendous sum, was nothing when set against the still more stupendous daily continual return of breakfast, dinner, supper, all needing to be provided for, and yet again to be provided for day after day. It is this horrible persistence of necessity which crushes the unfortunate idealist. Coleridge had made a brilliant conception of life in the general, but he was appalled by it in the particular. His mind could embrace the grandeur but not the pettiness ; and all the miseries which naturally attend the man without money and without practical energy came upon him like a flood.

After a short time he moved from Clevedon back to Bristol, and there projected and commenced the curious little magazine-newspaper called the 'Watchman,' which he began with great vigour and hope, having obtained, by means of a tour in search of them, canvassing for orders, the large number of 2000 subscribers. The publication, however, failed, and died at its tenth number. A great many amusing and whimsical incidents are recorded of this short-lived organ of opinion. The young poet visited Birmingham, Worcester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Derby, Liverpool, and a great many other places, to recommend his forthcoming work,

with a zeal which was, no doubt, heightened by his characteristic satisfaction in seeing new faces, and having it in his power to talk to an ever-varying line of listeners. All sorts of adventures met him on his way. At Derby he met Dr Darwin, the ancestor of another not less famous philosopher who embellishes our own age, who “bantered me on the subject of religion,” and “boasted that he had never read one book in favour of such stuff.” “I heard all his arguments,” says the wandering philosopher, with a certain youthful grandeur, “and told him it was infinitely consoling to me to find that the arguments of so great a man adduced against the existence of a God, and the evidences of revealed religion, were such as had startled me at fifteen, but had become the objects of my smile at twenty.” The Christian apologist who took this lofty ground was at the time, it must be remembered, a professed Unitarian, and as such preached several times during this expedition in Unitarian chapels “in a blue coat and white waistcoat,” thus showing his superiority to everything that was conventional! At Derby he was advised to settle in that place, and open a day-school, by which it was supposed that he might make a modest fortune, working but four hours a-day. To this suggestion, as to most others, Coleridge lent a serious ear, really thinking of doing it, as would appear, until he had forgotten all about it! At Birmingham something more important happened, as he there made acquaintance with Charles Lloyd, a poetical and high-minded hypochondriac, who soon afterwards went to live with the poet, and helped the poor little household through its first troubles.

Thus he wandered on his way, leaving wherever he went a lumin-

ous track behind him, and impressing on the minds of the wide circle of people upon whom he had glanced in passing, such an impression of genius as the common intelligence rarely receives. In this particular Coleridge always did himself justice, for talk was his natural way of making himself known. He gives in his letters some amusing anonymous criticisms upon his strange little periodical, one of which is worth quoting:—

“Sir, I detest your principles. Your prose I think very so-so; but your poetry is so beautiful that I take in your ‘Watchman’ solely on account of it. In justice, therefore, to me and some others of my stamp, I entreat you to give us more verses and less democratic scurrility.

“Your admirer—not esteemer.”

Notwithstanding, however, its 2000 subscribers and its many admirers, the ‘Watchman’ was suppressed in its tenth number, dying of sheer starvation; and Coleridge was again upon the world. “It is not pleasant, Thomas Poole,” he says, in one of his letters, “to have worked fourteen weeks for nothing—for nothing; nay, to have given to the public in addition to that toil £45.” And then he plunges into the plans which, on the failure of this undertaking, were all he had left him. One was to go to Germany to perfect himself in the language, the expenses being paid by a translation of “all the works of Schiller, which would make a portly quarto;” while there he was to study chemistry and anatomy, and bringing over with him “the works of Semler and Michaelis, the German theologians, and of Kant, the great German metaphysician,” was incontinently to commence a school for eight young men at £105 each.” The course of studies was to be as follows:—

“1. Man as an animal; including the complete knowledge of anatomy, chemis-

try, mechanics, and optics. 2. Man as an intellectual being; including the ancient metaphysics, the systems of Locke and Hartley, of the Scotch philosophers, and the new Kantian system. 3. Man as a religious being, including a historic summary of all religions, and of the arguments for and against natural and revealed religion. Then, proceeding from the individual to the aggregate of individuals, and disregarding all chronology except that of mind, I should perfect them—1. In the history of savage tribes; 2. Of semi-barbarous nations; 3. Of nations emerging from semi-barbarism; 4. Of civilised states; 5. Of luxurious states; 6. Of revolutionary states; 7. Of colonies. During their studies I should intermix the knowledge of languages, and instruct my scholars in *belles lettres*, and the principles of composition.

“Now, seriously, do you think that one of my scholars thus perfected would not make a better senator than perhaps any one member in either of our Houses? Gracious heavens! that a scheme so big with advantage to this kingdom—therefore to Europe—therefore to the world—should be demolishable by one monosyllable from a bookseller’s mouth!”

“The second plan,” he adds, however, with perfect philosophy, after this brilliant outburst, “is to become a Dissenting minister, and abjure politics and casual literature.” At this time he was four-and-twenty, with a wife and child to maintain, and without a penny in the world—a poor, starving, confused, tumultuous young soul, with his imagination weaving so many splendid webs about him, building dream-palaces all ready for habitation, mapping out upon the clouds the most impossible magnificent pathways,—but ever the clog at his feet, the impossibility of the first step which was to open everything—though after that first step all was so plain!

After this the young poet removed to Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, where he lived as “under the shade of one impervious oak,” in a cottage near the house of his friend Poole. His residence here brought a little lull in his life. Charles Lloyd, to whom

he addressed the beautiful verses, “To a Young Friend, on his proposing to domesticate with the Author,” had by this time become a member of his family, and, no doubt, furnished to a considerable extent the means for its support. He had his friend Poole close at hand, and, as he says, with a certain splendid absurdity, “To live in a beautiful country, and to *inure myself as much as possible to the labours of the field*, have been for this year past my dream of the day, my sigh at midnight.” How far he was enabled to inure himself to the labours of the field there is no record, but he lived at Nether Stowey nearly three years—years which were the most tranquil, and probably the happiest, of his life. Here he himself informs us—“I provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London morning paper.” These poems, no doubt, included the Ode to “France;” the wonderful “War Eclogue,” called “Fire, Famine, and Slaughter;” and the “Devil’s Walk.” Nothing can exceed the fierce power and vehemence of the second of these poems, unless, indeed, it were the essay on Pitt, which appeared some years later in the ‘Morning Post,’ one of the most trenchant pieces of personal criticism ever written. Coleridge’s political feelings were warm, but they never took the first place in his mind, and it is only two or three times that he gave them full expression; though when he did so, the product was such as might well make the objects of his satire tremble. Pleasanter associations, however, are connected with the cottage in which he found a temporary refuge. A few months after Coleridge went to Nether Stowey, Wordsworth and his sister, chiefly moved by the desire to be near their new friend, took the house of Allfoxden, within three miles of that village; and as long as they re-

mained there, the intercourse between the two poets was unbroken. They walked together, made excursions, talked, mused, and speculated, exciting and encouraging each other, as only such intercourse can do. While they traversed the oak-woods, or rested on the grassy combs, they discussed the uses of poetry,—“the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature—and the power of giving the interest of novelty, by the modifying colours of imagination.” With their eyes upon the beautiful landscape below—the “woods, smooth downs, valleys, with small brooks running down them through green meadows, hardly ever intersected with hedgerows, but scattered over with trees,” which Miss Wordsworth describes—they noted all the changes of light and colour, which are as a soul to the still beauty of nature, and that perpetual variation and rhythmic succession of changes gave a new scope to their thoughts. “The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunlight diffused over a familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining” both the poetic powers which they had been discussing. “These,” says Coleridge, in his lofty monologue, “are the poetry of nature. The thought suggested itself (to which of us I do not recollect) that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; . . . for the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life.” Up to this time Coleridge had evidenced no special inclination towards the supernatural. His poems had been, like his friend’s, descriptive, with an element of sentiment added to them; but nothing of the weird or wonderful. If his mind tended thereto, it had as yet never shown the faculty;

and there is every reason to suppose that it was Wordsworth’s distinct natural bent towards the “subjects drawn from ordinary life” which decided his friend to take up the other, and which would have made him equally willing to take any other subject, whatever it might have been. To his many-sided soul it mattered little. He was as ready to have plunged into science, had that been the other side of the antithesis; but as the supernatural was the thing to be done, into the supernatural he plunged accordingly, with a humility of soul which was only matched by the overflowing wealth of genius which made this arbitrarily-chosen style the very style of all others to develop his powers. In this curiously-accidental way did he find out his real strength. The story is like that of a man groping in the darkness for his tools, and finding them by Heaven’s guidance, not his own wisdom. A certain youthful levity of self-confidence mingles with the real sense of strength which made him willing to take whatever subject might fall to him; but the true humility, unselfishness, and poetic enthusiasm which is also mingled with that levity, merited the overflowing reward which they found.

In pursuance of this plan the “Ancient Mariner” was written, or, to speak more appropriately, was composed, on these very breezy heights of Quantock, as the poet roamed about them with his friends. It is thus that Wordsworth records its birth:—

“Upon smooth Quantock’s airy ridge we  
     roved  
 Unchecked, or loitered ’mid her sylvan  
     combs,  
 Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,  
 Didst chant the vision of that Ancient Man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes  
 Didst utter of the Lady Christabel.”

Never had poem a more pleasant origin. With “happy heart”—with

no pressure upon him of those hard and sordid necessities which dwelt in the village below—with nothing but the blue sky and grassy hills, the indulgent summer, the enthusiastic poet-society, the delightful emulation of one minstrel with another—this great weird song came forth on some strain of its own, some chant such as belongs to poetry, not music, but cadenced utterance. Had Duty and Mr Cottle called forth the song, it might have gained another kind of interest, and a meaning sadder and in some respects more lofty; but nature sympathises, after all, with the sweet air, the youthful freedom, the spontaneous and causeless flight of genius. Poor Coleridge, Heaven knows, had struggle enough in the body and out of it; and though one cannot help but give a pitiful thought to the poor little wife at home, once sung to the echo, but now left—poor Sara!—to be as pensive as she pleased without much note of it,—yet there is something in the poet's holiday, and in the freedom of pleasure, and leisure, and sweet forgetfulness of care, with which we sympathise also, in spite of ourselves. But if poor Mrs Coleridge was cross of nights, she was not, perhaps, without excuse.

The "Ancient Mariner" began the volume of 'Lyrical Ballads,' which was published in 1798. It was the only poem by Coleridge included in that wonderful volume; and few literary conjunctions ever have been more curious than that of this powerful and extraordinary poem with the "Idiot Boy" and its homely band. If these productions represented the gleams of light in the landscape, thrown now upon one insignificant knoll or clump of trees and now upon other, according to the beautiful fantastic theory quoted above, this first great off-spring of Coleridge's genius must have been like the majestic progress

of the storm over the broad champaign—pillars of cloud and arrows of fire, great sweeping shadows and floods, and tender gleams of glory between. But the contrast was still more perfect than even that which exists between the elemental influences in calm and in tempest. Wild and weird and full of majesty is the very first note of that great song, chanted into the air of common day, and startling and charming the listener into sudden interest. Whether or not the poet meant it—and genius does many a thing, as it were, "by chance," which is really the exquisitest skill and cunning—the very form of this poem is an emblem of its meaning and effect. The life of every day is going on gaily, the wedding-guests are close to the door of the festal house, when Mystery and Wonder, in the form of the old Mariner, comes suddenly upon them. He selects the one who can hear him with unerring instinct. He holds him fast, notwithstanding all his struggles; and, interrupted continually by the sounds of the other existence going on so near—interrupted by the struggles and remonstrances of the listener—the wild tale proceeds without a break. It is an unconscious allegory, suggested not by any artificial plan, but by that poetic judgment which works by instinct. What the poet himself was in the world, his Mariner is in the poem. Life calls, and pleasure, and even a certain duty; but the power of the invisible has come in, and caught the soul out of the real, out of the palpable. Here are a hundred things not dreamt of in any philosophy; good and evil, cursing and blessing, close to, brushing against your commonest strain of existence. In the market-place, at the bridegroom's door, in the midst of your busiest occupations, your social engagements, at a moment's notice the Interpreter

may stand before you, and your mind be hurried away to the Unseen. This is the first lesson it bears, unsuspected, unfathomed for the moment; for that sudden revelation perplexes the soul, as the Mariner's story does the wedding-guest. "Wherefore stopp'st thou me? Hold off; unhand me, grey-beard loon!" cries the fascinated but unwilling listener. Thus the form of the poem throws its deeper meaning into a bold and simple parable; it discriminates between the shining surface and the depths below, and shows that whatever may be the smiling face of things—the merry minstrelsy sounding out from the hall, or even that glad vision of the bride in her blushes, crossing within sight of us—events strange and wonderful, sad and awful, are going on elsewhere, the powers of good and evil carrying on their everlasting struggle, and a hundred tiny germs of spiritual power springing into life about us. "*There is more of the invisible than of the visible in the world around us*"—"*plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate,*" is the poet's motto; and strangely, splendidly, with a picturesque force of form which equals its wondrous soul of meaning, does he enforce his text. "There was a ship, quoth he." It is perhaps the most vivid realisation ever put into words of that large life of the world which embraces the tiny fragmentary life of the individual. The ship sails in upon the changed scene under the wondering gazer's unwilling eyes. Its shadow comes between him and the board which he knows is spread so near, the procession which he can see passing, shadowy, across those shadowy seas. Which is the real? which the vision? The mind grows giddy, the imagination trembles and wavers. Our senses become con-

fused, unable to identify what we see from what we hear; and finally, triumphantly, the unseen sweeps in and holds possession, more real, more true, more unquestionable than anything that eye can see.

This was what Coleridge meant, when, seated on the breezy hillside, with shadow and sun-gleam pursuing each other over the broad fair country at his feet, there came into his mind the first vision of a poetry which should deal with the supernatural and invisible, "yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." This was his meaning: but it was, we feel convinced—believing, as we do, that the poet, like the prophet, does half his work unconsciously—a happy accident and no coldly-fashioned plan which made the whole framework of his tale so symbolical, repeating by a divine instinct in flesh and blood the spiritual situation. We might go a step further, and say that there could be few repetitions of that leading idea at once more fortuitous and more touching than the very circumstances under which the wondrous tale had birth—circumstances which have framed in a lovely picture of greenness and summer beauty, indulgent skies and youthful delights, one of the gravest, profoundest, and most lofty utterances of poetry—a song which was "chanted with happy heart," with pleasant breaks of young laughter and eager discussion, with glad gazings upon sun and shadow, with playful interruption and criticism, out of the heart of as sad a life as ever enacted itself in tragic pain and darkness before the eyes of man.

And what a tale it is! When the struggle between the actual and the invisible is over, and the Mar-

iner is triumphant, what a silence, as of the great deep, falls upon the strain! The sun came up out of the sea and went down into it—grand image of the loneliness, the isolation from all other created things, of that speck upon the noiseless, boundless waters. Throughout the poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a magical and most impressive reality—all the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship. The storm and the mist and snow, the fitting vision of the albatross, the spectre-ship against the sunset, the voices of the spirits, all heighten the weird effect of that one human centre, driven before the tyrannous wind, or motionless upon the still more terrible calm. The meaning of all centres in the man who sees and hears, and to whose fate everything refers—our interest in him, our self-identification with him, is never allowed for a moment to waver. All humanity is there, shut up within those rotting bulwarks, beneath those sails so thin and sear. The awful trance of silence in which his being is lost—silence and awe and pain, and a dumb, enduring, unconquerable force—descends upon us, and takes possession of us: no loud bassoon, no festal procession can break the charm of that intense yet passive consciousness. We grow silent with him, “with throat unslaked, with black lips baked” in a sympathy which is the very climax of pleasurable pain. And then what touches of tenderness are those which surprise us in that numbness and trance of awful solitude!

“Oh, happy living things, what tongue  
Their beauty might declare!  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware.  
Sure my kind saint had pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.”

Or this other, which comes in after the horror of the reanimated bodies, the ghastly crew of dead alive:—

“For when it dawned they dropped their  
arms,  
And clustered round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their  
mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,  
I heard the skylark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute,  
And now it is an angel's song,  
Which makes the heavens be mute.”

When the tale has reached its limit of mystery and emotion, a change ensues; gradually the greater spell is reversed, the spirits depart, the strain softens; with a weird yet gentle progression the ship comes “slowly and smoothly,” without a breeze, back to the known and visible. As it approaches a conclusion, ordinary instrumentalities come in once more: there is first the rising of the soft familiar wind, “like a meadow gale in spring”—then the blessed vision of the lighthouse-top, the hill, the kirk, all those well-known realities which gradually loosen the absorbed excitement of the listener, and favour his slow return to ordinary daylight. And then comes the ineffable, half-childish, half-divine simplicity of those soft moralisings at the end, so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, so wonderfully perfecting its visionary strain. After all, the poet seems to say, after this weird excursion into the very deepest awful heart of nature and the seas, here is your child's moral, a tender little half-trivial sentiment, yet profound as the blue depths of heaven—

“He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”



What Coleridge meant by this conclusion it would be hard to tell. It brings our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and gentle quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement, which is like nothing else we remember in poetry. The effect is one of those which only supreme genius could produce—genius which dares to sink from the highest notes of spiritual music to the absolute simplicity of exhausted nature. Thus we are set down on the soft grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds. It is over, this visionary voyage—we are back again on the mortal soil from whence we started; but never more, never again, can the visible and invisible have to us the same meaning. For once in our lives, if never before, we have crossed the borders of the unseen.

It was thus that Coleridge carried out his first great poetical theory—the theory suggested to him in some celestial way by the flitting of the shadows and gleams of light over the Somersetshire valleys as seen from the heights of Quantock. There is nothing which the poetic eye more loves to watch than that mystic voiceless rhythm of nature; but never eye yet watched it to such purpose, and never has its still solemnity, its wayward lights, the pathos and splendour of shade and sunshine, been more wonderfully reflected in verse.

We need not pause to remark upon the minor productions of this brief summer of the poet's life. His tragedy of "Remorse" was not a minor production to him, but something much more important than the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—so wonderfully is ignorance mixed with insight even in the most clear-sighted. He let his great poem go lightly into the doomed volume which critics were to maul and

booksellers despise; but it was a great and sore mortification to him that his tragedy was not performed, or even noticed, by the theatrical deities to whom it was submitted. We presume that of the myriads who honour Coleridge now, not one in a thousand knows this same tragedy, or would dream of reading it except under compulsion. Wordsworth's "Borderers," produced about the same time, has shared a similar fate; but at that moment the two young poets thought very magnificently of their tragedies, and trusted in them, though still not unwilling to dispose of them for the invariable sum of thirty guineas each, had the judicious Cottle thought fit—which, wisely, he did not. Wordsworth, however, had his thirty guineas for the 'Lyrical Ballads.' There is no record that Coleridge had anything at all for the "Ancient Mariner"—perhaps, most likely, it had been paid for and eaten months before, as was the habit of the thriftless poet.

However, the same period which produced the "Ancient Mariner" brought into being at least the first part of the never-completed tale of "Christabel." This wonderful poem has a more distinct character than its predecessor. The first was, as it were, introductory—the uplifting of the veil, the revelation of a vast unseen world, full of struggles and mysteries. The second is the distinct identification of a mystery of evil, an unseen harm and bane, working secretly in the dark places of the earth against white innocence, purity, and truth. The poet does not stop to tell us why this should be. Philosopher as he is to the depth of his soul, he is yet so much more poet as to see that any theory of spiritual hate against the happiness of earth would confuse the unity of his strain, and probably transfer, as it has done in 'Paradise

Lost,' our interest to the despairing demon, whose envy and enmity arise out of that hopeless majesty of wretchedness, great enough to be sublime, which devours his own soul. Coleridge has avoided this danger. He has assigned no cause for the hideous and terrible persecution of which his lovely lady Christabel, symbolical even in name, is the object. The poem is a romance of Christianity, a legend of sainthood. The heroine is not only the lovely but the holy Christabel. For no fault of hers, but rather for her virtues, are the powers of evil raised against her; and one of the most subtle and wonderful touches of truth in the tale is the ignorance of her innocence—her want of any knowledge or experience which can explain to her what the evil is, or how to deal with it. The witch Geraldine has all the foul wisdom of her wickedness to help her—her sorceries, her supernatural knowledge, her spells and cunning. But Christabel has nothing but her purity, and stands defenceless as a lamb, not even knowing where the danger is to come from; exposed at every point in her simplicity, and paralysed, not instructed, by the first gleam of bewildering acquaintance with evil. Never was there a higher or more beautiful conception. It is finer in its indefiniteness than even the contrast of Una and Duessa—the pure and impure, the false and true of a more elaborate allegory. Spenser, who lived in a more downright age, keeps himself within a narrower circle, and is compelled by his story to direct action; but his very distinctness limits his power. The sorceress or lovely demon of Coleridge does not attempt to ruin her victim in such an uncompromising way. What she does is to throw boundless confusion into the gentle soul, to fill its

limpid depths with fear and horror, and distrust of all fair appearances, and of itself—a still more appalling doubt; to undermine the secret foundations of all that love and honour in which Christabel's very name is enshrined; and to establish herself a subtle enemy, an antagonist power of evil, at the pure creature's side, turning all her existence into chaos. Una is a foully-slandered and innocent maid; but Christabel is a martyr-soul, suffering for her race without knowing it—struggling in a dumb consternation, yet resistance, against the evil that holds her spellbound. And all the more pathetic, all the more enthralling, is the picture, that the Christ-maiden is entirely human—too young, too childlike, too simple, even to understand the high mission which has dropped upon her from the skies. She knows nothing, neither her own wonderful position—a sight for angels to watch—nor all that depends upon her steadfast adherence to her white banner of religious faith and purity; but her antagonist knows everything, and has an armoury of subtle perilous weapons at her disposal. "Jesu, Maria, shield her well!" for she is at fearful odds.

And once again the poet fits all his accessories, all his scenery, into accordance with the soul of his meaning. The clock strikes in the middle of the night, a mysterious life in the stillness. The owls awake the crowing cock; the mastiff bays in answer to the chimes. There is nothing audible except this thrill of unrest among the dumb creatures, who are bound from all human communication by chains of nature. Why do they stir and make a movement in the silence? because the very air is full of harm unseen. They are aware of evil approaching with that subtle sense of supernatural danger which

the lower creatures (so called) possess in a higher degree than ourselves. The very "thin grey cloud," which covers but does not hide the sky; the moon, which, though at the full, looks "both small and dull,"—betray the same consciousness. All creation feels it with a pang of suppressed fear and pain, unable to warn or aid the only being who is unconscious, the innocent and fearless sufferer. All but she have an instinctive knowledge of her election to endure for them, to stand their spiritual representative in the mysterious conflict. And the dumb inexpressible support of the material world—which in some silent awful way is affected, we know not how, by every struggle for the mastery between good and evil—is with her; and the minstrel's instinctive adherence, and the listener's confused and aching sympathy—these and no more. Such is the picture the poet sets before us, painting the scene, the struggle, and the beautiful fated creature who is the centre of the whole, with such a tender and exquisite touch, and with such mysterious reality, that we catch our very breath as we gaze. Christabel is no allegorical martyr, and yet she is something other than a bewitched maiden. The very world seems to hang with a suspense beyond words upon the issue of her fiery trial.

And the very vagueness of the horror helps its supreme effect. Had we known what the fatal mark was which she saw on Geraldine's side, half our consternation and dismay would have been dissipated. And then, too, the incompleteness of the tale, that broken thread of story which has tantalised so many readers, increases the power of the poem. Completion could scarcely have failed to lessen its reality, for the reader could not have endured, neither could the poet's own theory

have endured, the sacrifice of Christabel, the triumph of evil over good; and had she triumphed, there is a vulgar wellbeing in victory which has nothing to do with such a strain. It was indolence, no doubt, that left the tale half told—indolence and misery—and a poetic instinct higher than all the better impulses of industry and virtuous gain. The subject by its very nature was incomplete; it had to be left, a lovely, weird suggestion—a vision for every eye that could see.

We have said nothing of the poetry itself in which this vision is clothed, for language and music are both subservient to the noble conception of the poem. And perhaps it is unnecessary to quote what everybody knows or ought to know; but was there ever any ideal picture more exquisite and delicate than this opening scene, which presents the holy maiden to us in her saintly unconsciousness, before thought of evil has come near her? With what sweet trust and fearless gentle freedom she accosts her supernatural enemy!

"She stole along, she nothing spoke,  
The sighs she heaved were soft and low;  
And nought was grown upon the oak  
But moss and rarest mistletoe;  
She kneels beside the huge oak-tree,  
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady springs up suddenly,  
The lovely lady Christabel!  
It moaned as near as near can be,  
But what it is she cannot tell;  
On the other side, it seems to be,  
Of the huge, broad-breasted old oak-tree.

The night is chill, the forest bare:  
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?  
There is not wind enough in the air  
To move away the ringlet curl  
From the lovely lady's cheek;  
There is not wind enough to twirl  
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,  
That dances as often as dance it can,  
Hanging so light and hanging so high,  
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!  
Jesus, Maria, shield her well!

She folded her arms beneath her cloak,  
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there?  
There she sees a damsel bright,  
Drest in a silken robe of white,  
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:  
The neck that made that white robe wan,  
Her stately neck and arms were bare;  
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;  
And wildly glittered here and there  
The gems entangled in her hair.  
I guess 'twas frightful there to see  
A lady so richly clad as she,  
Beautiful exceedingly.

Mary, mother, save me now!  
(Said Christabel.) And who art thou?  
The lady strange made answer meet,  
And her voice was faint and sweet:  
Have pity on my sore distress,  
I scarce can speak for weariness.  
Stretch forth thy hand and have no fear,  
Said Christabel; how cam'st thou here?"

But when the fatal charm is upon her—when her very consciousness of right in herself is disturbed, and her faith shaken, even in the duties and kindnesses of life—how piteous is the change! The full measure of pain would not be filled up without the cloud of suspicion on her father's face, his pained wonder at her, and her still more agonised doubt of herself:—

"Geraldine, in maiden wise,  
Casting down her large bright eyes,  
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine  
She turned her from Sir Leoline;  
Softly gathering up her train,  
That o'er her right arm fell again,  
And folded her arms across her chest,  
And couched her head upon her breast,  
And looked askance at Christabel—  
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,  
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,  
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,  
And with somewhat of malice and more of  
dread,

At Christabel she looked askance!  
One moment—and the sight was fled;  
But Christabel, in dizzy trance,  
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,  
Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound;  
And Geraldine again turned round,  
And like a thing that sought relief,  
Full of wonder and full of grief,  
She rolled her large bright eyes divine  
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas! her thoughts are gone,  
She nothing sees, no sight but one,

The maid devoid of guile and sin,  
I know not how in fearful wise,  
So deeply had she drunken in  
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,  
That all her features were resigned  
To this sole image in her mind;  
And passively did imitate  
That look of dull and treacherous hate!  
And thus she stood in dizzy trance,  
Still picturing that look askance  
With forced, unconscious sympathy,  
Full before her father's view—  
As far as such a look could be  
In eyes so innocent and blue!  
And when the trance was o'er, the maid  
Paused awhile, and inly prayed.  
Then falling at the Baron's feet—  
'By my mother's soul do I entreat  
That thou this woman send away!'  
She said, and more she could not say,  
For what she knew she could not tell,  
O'ermastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,  
Sir Leoline? Thy only child  
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,  
So fair, so innocent, so mild,  
The same for whom thy lady died!  
Oh, by the pangs of her dear mother,  
Think thou no evil of thy child;  
For her and thee and for no other  
She prayed the moment ere she died:  
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,  
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!  
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,  
Sir Leoline!  
And wouldst thou wrong thy only child,  
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain,  
If thoughts like these had any share,  
They only swelled his rage and pain,  
And did but work confusion there.  
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,  
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,  
Dishonoured thus in his old age;  
Dishonoured by his only child,  
And all his hospitality  
To the wronged daughter of his friend:  
By more than woman's jealousy  
Brought thus to a disgraceful end.

And turning from his own sweet maid,  
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,  
Led forth the lady Geraldine."

We are tempted to but one quotation more, which sums up the entire *motif* of the strain, and with its heavenly confidence of victory in the end, gives a certain relief to the mystery and the horror.

"It was a lovely sight to see  
The lady Christabel, when she  
Was praying at the old oak-tree,  
Amid the jagged shadows  
Of mossy leafless boughs,

Kneeling in the moonlight,  
 To make her gentle vows ;  
 Her slender palms together prest,  
 Heaving sometimes on her breast ;  
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—  
 Her face, oh call it fair, not pale—  
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,  
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah, woe is me !)  
 Asleep and dreaming fearfully—  
 Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,  
 Dreaming that alone, which is—  
 O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,  
 The lady, who knelt at the old oak-tree ?  
 And lo ! the worker of these harms,  
 That holds the maiden in her arms,  
 Seems to slumber still and mild,  
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,  
 O Geraldine ! since arms of thine  
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.  
 O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—  
 Thou'st had thy will ! By tairn and rill,  
 The night-birds all that hour were still.  
 But now they are jubilant anew,  
 From cliff and tower, tu—whoo ! tu—whoo !  
 Tu—whoo ! tu—whoo ! from wood and fell !  
 And see ! the lady Christabel  
 Gathers herself from out her trance ;  
 Her limbs relax, her countenance  
 Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids  
 Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—  
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright !  
 And oft the while she seems to smile  
 As infants at a sudden light !  
 Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,  
 Like a youthful hermitess,  
 Beateous in a wilderness,  
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.  
 And, if she move unquietly,  
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,  
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.  
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.  
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere ?  
 What if she knew her mother near ?  
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,  
 That saints will aid if men will call :  
 For the blue sky bends over all !”

Such is the unfinished and unfinishable tale of *Christabel*—a poem which, despite its broken notes and over-brevity, has raised its author to the highest rank of poets, and which in itself is at once one of the sweetest, loftiest, most spiritual utterances that has ever been framed in English words. We know of no existing poem in any language to which we can compare it. It stands by itself, exquisite, celestial, ethereal—a song of the spheres—yet full of such

pathos and tenderness and sorrowful beauty as only humanity can give.

It is difficult to make out from the confused and chaotic record of Coleridge's life when the poem called indifferently "*The Dark Ladie*," "*Genevieve*," and "*Love*"—the latter being the name by which it is known in all the existing editions of his works—was completed ; but its beginning at least belongs to this beautiful and overflowing summer of his life. "To all those who are imaginative in their happiness," says Professor Wilson, "to whom delight cannot be delusive—where in poetry is there such another lay of love as '*Genevieve*' ?" For our own part, we are afraid to say all that we think of its perfection, lest our words should seem inflated and unreal. The very first verse transports us into a world such as exists only in a lover's dream ; but as all exalted visions are true to the higher possibilities of human feeling, so is this true to the elevation, the purity, the visionary beatitude of that one chapter in life which affects us most profoundly, and moves the soul to the most exquisite sense of happiness.

“All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of love,  
 And feed its holy flame.”

Every word in these four lines breathes across the heart even in its age and stillness like a breeze from the old rose-gardens, the primrose-paths, the violet-banks of youth. With what a magic touch is everything that is of the earth and earthy eliminated from the "holy flame!" Pure as *Christabel* herself, and as fearless in her innocence, is *Genevieve*. How bright, how sweet, how tender is this briefest, most perfect picture of maidenhood ! having "few sorrows of her own," lov-

ing to hear "the tales that make her grieve," following the wondrous ditty with all the natural ebb and flow of emotion, herself a harp giving forth low symphonies of perfect response to all the witching influences around her, all the "impulses of soul and sense," "the music and the doleful tale, the rich and balmy eve"—every word is music, every thought imbued with a chastened and purified passion. For it is not passion caught at the moment of its outburst, but softly, adoringly dwelt upon when that climax is past. In the after-glow of delicious reflection, the love itself is lovely to the lover as well as the object of his love. He looks back upon that supreme moment with an exquisite still delight, more calm and as beautiful as were the

"Hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long,

with which he looked forward to it. There is the faintest touch of sadness indeed in that this crown of existence *has been*; but it is so near and present still, that the very sadness is but an additional element in the perfection of the joy. It is a wonderful instance of the poet's power over us, and of the atmosphere and charmed circle in which he has placed us, that the curious construction, the tale within a tale, of this poem does not impair our interest or loosen the spell upon us. The contrast of "the cruel scorn which crazed that bold and lovely knight," does not somehow (though by all rules of poetic art it should) distract us from the sweeter strain which floods the "doleful tale" about, and runs across its very current. Even the wonderful glance aside into the mysterious yet familiar regions of the unseen—

"There came and looked him in the face,  
An angel beautiful and bright,  
And how he knew it was a Fiend,  
That miserable knight!"—

appears to the reader, in the state of exaltation which the poet has wrought him into, but an additional glory. For is not everything that tended to bring about that hour of life's purest triumph to be remembered and glorified for ever—"the statue of the armed man," the tale of the rejected knight—everything that had to do with it? They are all written on the lover's memory, a portion of the "thoughts" and "delights" which "feed love's holy flame." And in the mystic tale itself there is all the mysterious anguish of baffled love to contrast with the love that is satisfied and victorious. The craze of melancholy passion, the penitence too late of the scornful lady, throws into sweetest relief that harmony of love responsive which is breathing from the minstrel's harp, and from the maiden's "fitting blush," her "downcast eyes and modest grace." Thus, beyond rule and in spite of art, by sheer inspiration and natural divinity, this twisted and tangled strain, with its two stories, comes out perfect from the poet's hands, a golden gossamer web of loveliest completeness, jewelled and shining all over with the diamonds of sunshine and dew.

On these three poems we are well content to rest Coleridge's fame. Many other beautiful verses and tender apparitions, seen as with "the half-shut eye," are to be found among his works. But everything else is of secondary excellence, while these are of the highest. As we have said, there is perhaps no poet in the language whose fame rests on a material foundation so limited; while there is not one (the great Master of English song alone but

always excepted) who stands on a higher elevation; and in his own sphere he is unapproachable. He is the lord of that mystic region which lies between heaven and earth. Its wild spiritual forces, its weird dangers and delights—the primal struggle between light and darkness, order and chaos—the everlasting warfare between the spirits of earth and hell and that feeble and ignorant humanity which yet is panoplied and sheathed in invulnerable defences by the protection and inspiration of God—are familiar to him as the air he breathes; these are his themes, the burden of his lofty, historic, prophetic song—and in this wondrous sphere he is at once supreme and alone.

It is not for us here and now to enter upon any discussion of the fatal mists in which so much of Coleridge's after-life was lost. He was but twenty-five when this splendid climax of poetry burst forth a glory around his path. It is like the sudden gleam of ineffable sunshine before a storm. For a moment the whole wide country is visible, with its lovely woodland ways, its cottages and roses, as well as its high mountain-sides, and the ominous masses of cloud that gather on its horizon. And then the light departs, the clouds rush together, and through the gloom there are but sounds of rending and thundering, and lightning arrows of distorting light. So completely and so suddenly is the poet lost to us in the gloom and conflict of powers infernal. We turn with a sick heart from the miserable discussion whether he had recourse to opium to soothe his bodily pain, or whether his ill-health was produced by that fatal indulgence. That his friends should have laboured to prove the one thing is very natural; and perhaps it is not unnatural that the friends who

had to bear so many of his burdens should have been so far mastered by that moral indignation which so often accompanies a long course of benefits, as to consider it worth their while to assert the other. Nothing, however, could be more painful than the whole controversy; and while the mind refuses to sympathise with a man who abandoned to a great degree his natural duties, the heart cannot but mourn over the beautiful and splendid life, so full of all tender sympathies and susceptibilities, which thus sank and was lost so near its beginning. The time may yet come, and we hope will come, when some competent hand shall unfold that life itself, fully and truly, with all its misery and forlorn grandeur—a very epic of tragic defeat—and that fight of despair which is as common to humanity, and, Heaven knows, might well be of more enthralling interest than the conflict which ends in crowns of laurel and hymns of praise. We cannot but think that in itself this despairing struggle, in which evil conquers everything but the consent of the soul, is a subject as pathetic and instructive as it is terrible. But humanity shrinks from the acknowledgment of defeat; and it is hard for flesh and blood to allow that a father, a friend, a relative, has occupied so sad a position, and has been vanquished in the battle.

After this poetical climax of his existence which we have just described, Coleridge went abroad, by the kind assistance of his friends the Wedgewoods; and for years after led a desultory and troubled life, chiefly dependent upon the kindness of others—living now here, now there, fighting in mystery and darkness his private and ever unsuccessful battle. The floods of divine philosophy which poured from him amid all his wanderings

and distresses — the fascination which he exercised upon all who approached him—the wisdom and beauty and power of his teaching, with its intermixture of mystic weakness—are not for us to record. In all this he was still a poet; and those who sat at his feet and listened to the half-inspired monologue which only the necessities of human weakness ever really seem to have interrupted, were under the dominion as much of the improvisatore as of the philosopher. But still the strain had altered—his garland and singing-ropes had been put aside; and he who chanted “with happy heart” on the sunny heights of Quantock, had suffered many changes ere he became the inmate of the invalid chamber at Highgate. It is most touching to remember that he went there, putting himself under voluntary restraint, in order to overcome the fatal habit which had enslaved him. Upon that last sphere, however, with its peacefulness tinged

by melancholy, its conflict softened down by calming influences of age and care, we will not attempt to enter. He died there, so far as is apparent, at peace with all, mourned by the children to whom he had fulfilled few of the duties of a father, and defended in his grave by the relatives who had done little to aid his life. The Sara of his youth, whatever had been her wrongs, uttered no word of complaint before the world; and a second Sara, beautiful and gifted as became the child of a poet, appeared out of the privacy of life only to hold up a shield of love and reverence over her father's name. Thus, let us thank Heaven, after his many sins and censures, he received as a man better than he deserved at last from the relentings of natural love. But as a poet it would be difficult to allot him more than he deserves. No English minstrel has ever merited a higher or more perfect place among the thrones of our poetic heaven.

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## NINE IDYLLS OF BION.

THESE versions were made purely for my own pleasure, and not with any purpose to provoke comparison with those of previous translators. The steady readers of 'Maga,' who have yet a classical tooth left in their heads, and are curious in such matters, may, however, remember that three of Bion's Idylls were long ago translated in her pages:—the First, and greatest, very elegantly, by Mr M. J. Chapman, in July 1835; the Second, in April 1837; the Third, in May 1834, and a second time in April 1837, in the same Paper which contained a youthful attempt at the famous Ode of Sappho, my own earliest contribution to the Magazine. A hundred other scattered renderings of particular Idylls are in print elsewhere (*ex. gr.*, four in Bland's Anthology); but they are seldom, I believe, to be found all together.

I translate from Gaisford's Edition of the 'Poetæ Græci Minores;' and have given, I think, everything (except the merest fragments), rightly or wrongly attributed to Bion, which is worth translating.—HENRY KING.

## IDYLL I.

## THE LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

I WAIL Adonis! fair Adonis dead!  
 "Adonis dead!" the Loves repeat the wail.  
 Sleep no more, Cypris!—from thy purple couch  
 Rise sable-stoled, and beat upon thy breast,  
 And cry aloud, that all the world may hear,  
 "Alas! Adonis! fair Adonis dead!"

I wail Adonis, and the echoing Loves  
 Repeat the wail.—Amid the hills he lies,  
 The fair Adonis, by the Boar's white tusk  
 Gored in his whiter thigh:—and Cypris sees  
 Distraught his faint and fainter failing breath,—  
 And o'er his snowy flesh the red stream well,—  
 And underneath the lids his glazing eyes  
 Grow dim,—the rose-flush and the kiss's fire  
 Die from the chilling lips where yet her own  
 Cling passionate, as they ne'er would part:—to her  
 Even of those dead lips yet the kiss is sweet;  
 But he not knows who kissed him as he died!

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I wail Adonis! and the echoing Loves  
 Repeat the wail!—A cruel, cruel wound  
 He hath, Adonis, in his thigh;—a wound  
 Yet deeper Cytherea in her heart!

20

Around their youthful master whine and howl  
 The dogs he loved:—for him the mountain-nymphs  
 Go weeping:—Venus, all her tresses loose  
 Unbraided, and unsandalled, wanders through  
 The copses, wild in grief;—the brambles tear

Her passing limbs and drink her sacred blood.  
 Through the long narrow glens she paces, shrill  
 With wailing call on her Assyrian spouse,  
 Her Boy!—But him the dark blood, spouting high  
 From that deep thigh-wound, dyes o'er chest and flank,  
 All purpled now, that erst were white as snow!

30

Woe! woe for Cytherea!—All the Loves  
 Repeat the wail. Her fair, fair spouse is dead,  
 And dead with him her beauty:—beautiful  
 Was Cypris while Adonis lived,—but now  
 All Cypris' beauty with Adonis dies!

“Alas!”—the mountains and the forests cry—  
 “Alas! Adonis!”—saddened roll the streams  
 For Aphrodite's sorrow;—'mid the hills  
 The fountains for Adonis weep;—and all  
 The grieving flowers are wet with crimson tears.  
 But She through mountain-pass, through thorp and town,  
 Roams ever wailing:—piteous is her wail!

40

Woe! woe for Cytherea!—he is dead,  
 The fair Adonis!—Echo answers “Dead!  
 “The fair Adonis!”—Who that would not weep  
 For Cypris and her love so cruel-crossed?

She, when as from that hideous wound she saw  
 The warm blood gushing o'er his paling flank,  
 And knew it fatal, round him flung her arms  
 Embracing,—“Stay a while, Adonis! stay!  
 “Ah! too unhappy! stay, while yet these arms  
 “For the last time may fold thee, clasp thee close,  
 “Lip glued to lip,—oh! yet a moment wake,  
 “Adonis! Kiss me once again, once more,  
 “Kiss me, as long as on thy lips the kiss  
 “Not all expires,—while yet through heart and frame  
 “Their latest breath can thrill, while yet mine own  
 “Can drink and drain their nectar!—Evermore  
 “To me the memory of that kiss shall be\*  
 “Dear as Adonis' self!—since thou, alas!  
 “Ill-fated, thus forsak'st me, far away  
 “Forsak'st me, fliest, ah me! to Acheron  
 “And Acheron's cruel and malignant king:—  
 “While I, unhappy! I, a Goddess born,  
 “Immortal live, and cannot follow thee! †  
 “Take thou my husband, Proserpine! for thou  
 “Art mightier far than I! to Thee descends

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\* Was this line in Tennyson's mind, when he wrote

“Dear as remembered kisses after Death”?

† In all the range of Poetry I know no lament for survivorship so simple and tender as these words—

ἄ δὲ τάλαινα  
 ζῶω, καὶ Θεὸς ἐμμί, καὶ οὐ δύναμαι σε διώκειν—

and can only feel how impossible it is to render them worthily.

"Whate'er is beautiful! Ah me! for aye  
 "Most miserable! for no tears may sate  
 "My sorrow, though for ever, evermore,  
 "I weep Adonis, and with jealous fear  
 "Dread thee, dark Goddess!—Diest thou so, O thrice  
 "Belovèd?—like a dream my love hath fled!  
 "Widowed is Cytherea! in her halls  
 "The Loves mope idle, and the Cestus lacks  
 "The spell that charmed thee living, dead with thee!—  
 "What madness made thee hunt? Ah! why should one  
 "So fair as thou with savage beasts contend?"  
 So Cypris wailed—so with her wailed the Loves.

80

Woe! woe for Cytherea!—He is dead,  
 The fair Adonis! and for him the tears  
 Of Paphia gush as fast as from his wound  
 The crimson life-drops, that, with touch of earth  
 Transmuted, rise in flowers:—From these the rose  
 Hath birth,—Anemone from Venus' tears.

I wail Adonis! fair Adonis dead!  
 No longer, Cypris, mourn amid the woods  
 Thy husband:—For Adonis ready stands  
 The couch, with foliage pillowed soft and fair:—  
 On thine own couch thy dead Adonis lies,  
 In Death how fair!—fair yet as though he slept!  
 Upon the purple quiltings of thy bed  
 Gold-braided lay him, where so many a night,  
 By thee reposed, he wooed with Love's sweet toil  
 The sacred sleep. Sad as he is to see,  
 To thee he yet is lovely!—Garlands bring  
 And flowers to deck him with, though of all flowers  
 The fragrance perished when Adonis died:—  
 Fling o'er him myrtle blossoms,—sprinkle him  
 With perfume, and rich unguent-drops,—what boot  
 To spare these now, when he, that was to thee  
 Sweeter than they, is dead?—How fair he lies  
 So purple-shrouded!—See the Loves around,  
 Thronging and wailing, rend their little locks,  
 Adonis' funeral-gifts:—and on his bow  
 One stamps,—another on his shafts,—a third  
 His quiver breaks;—this from Adonis' feet  
 Unbinds the sandals;—this in golden urns  
 Brings water;—this his cruel-wounded thigh  
 Laves tenderly;—and at his head one stands,  
 And cools Adonis with his fanning wings.

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110

"Ai! ai! for Cytherea!" wail the Loves.  
 On Hymen's threshold lie his torches quenched,  
 His nuptial-garlands scattered:—silent now  
 Of "Hymen, Hymenæe," is the song:—  
 O Hymen! "Ai! ai!" is the strain to-day,—  
 "Ai! ai! for dead Adonis!" and once more  
 "Ai! ai! for dead Adonis,—and for thee!"

120

The Graces weep the son of Cinyras:—

“Alas !” each echoes each—“Adonis dead !  
 “The fair Adonis !”—shriller is their wail  
 Even than thine own, Dione !—And “alas !  
 “Adonis !” weep the Muses, and with chant  
 And spell would win him back :—but he not hears,  
 Though gladly would he hear them if he could ;—  
 Nor e’er will Ceres’ Daughter let him go !  
 Cease thy lamenting, Cypris !—for to-day  
 Forbear thy plaints !\*—another year must wake  
 Thy grief anew, and bid thee weep again !

130

## IDYLL II.

## EROS AND THE FOWLER.

A youthful fowler for his feathered game  
 Questing the shady grove, on Eros came,  
 Sunning his wings upon a box-tree bough,  
 With hidden face averted. Ne’er till now  
 So big a seeming bird his wondering eyes  
 Had met ;—and glad with hope of such a prize,  
 Shaft after shaft he fitted to the string,—  
 Here, there, he shot,—but, ever swift of wing,  
 The quarry ’scaped him. Wroth to find his art  
 So foiled, to earth his quiver, bow, and dart  
 He flung ; and to an ancient swain, hard by,  
 That in old time had taught him archery,  
 He hied, and told his chance :—and “There,” he said,  
 “He sits ! see there !” The grey-beard shook his head,  
 And smiling answered—“Boy ! I rede thee quit  
 “Chase of such game, nor think yon fowl to hit !  
 “Nay, shun him ! he is dangerous !—let him go !  
 “And be thou happy that he ’scapes thee so !  
 “But shouldst thou e’er to man’s estate attain,  
 “That bird, whose flight thy shafts pursue in vain,  
 “With sudden swoop will seek the foe he fled,  
 “And, uninvited, perch upon thy head !”

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## IDYLL III.

## THE TUTOR AND THE PUPIL.

At dawn, while yet I slept, beside my bed  
 Great Cypris stood ;—in her fair hand she led  
 The infant Eros, bending bashfully  
 To Earth his noddling head :—and thus to me  
 Briefly she spake,—“Take thou this child I bring,  
 “Dear swain, and teach him like thyself to sing :”—

\* Κομμῶν—Gaisford’s, or Ruhnken’s, happy emendation of the ordinary reading, κῶμων.

And with that speech departed. I, fond fool!  
 Pleased with the seeming-easy task to school  
 A willing learner, with such rustic lays  
 As in our pastures won our shepherds' praise, 10  
 'Gan sing, how first by Pan the pipes oblique  
 Were ranged,—how Pallas taught the flute to speak,—  
 How Hermes woke the shell's low murmurings,—  
 How sweet Apollo gave the lyre its strings;—  
 All these I taught him. Little care to learn  
 Such songs had he, but carolled in his turn  
 A world of lovesome ditties, passion-fraught,  
 Of sweet desires by his great mother wrought  
 'Twixt gods and mortals:—and, as these I heard, 20  
 Clean from my memory faded every word  
 Of mine own teaching:—but my Pupil's lore  
 Too well I learned, and learned for evermore.

## IDYLL IV.

## LOVE AND THE MUSES.

Of Eros, cruel though he be, the Muses have no dread,  
 But love him in their hearts, and follow, wheresoe'er he lead.  
 Should any churl of loveless soul essay to join their train,  
 Such man they shun, such man they fly, and him to teach disdain:  
 But comes there one of spirit thrilled with Love and lover's song,  
 Him hasten they to welcome well, and round the minstrel throng.  
 Myself am witness of this truth,—myself have proved it well;  
 For when, perchance, of hero's deeds I aim the praise to tell,  
 Or to the honour of some God immortal tune the lute,  
 My tongue not sings as erst it sang, and all my muse is mute:  
 But if to Love or Lycidas I strive to wake the strings,  
 Forth, like a fountain, from my lips the song rejoicing springs! 12

## IDYLL V.

## THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

Enough! let stubborn fools persist to ply  
 The arts they know not:—not of such am I.  
 If these my songs be sweet, from these alone  
 Such fame will come to me as, long ago,  
 The Muse decreed my portion:—if my strain  
 Not please, why longer waste a thankless pain? \*  
 Had but the son of Chronos, or the Three,  
 Whose will allots man's various destiny,

\* Possibly the germ of Milton's

“Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse?”—(“Lycidas.”)

A double life assigned us—this in joy  
 And gladness spent, that marred by care's annoy,— 10  
 Then might we hope for pleasure after pain.  
 But, since the Gods one only time ordain  
 For humankind, and that of shortest date,  
 How long shall we, poor wretches ! soon and late  
 Toiling and moiling, head and hand, for gain  
 Wear out our souls in effort to attain  
 More wealth, more still ?—forgetting all that we  
 Are mortal born, and what brief property  
 In time the Fates allow to such as mortal be ! } 19

## IDYLL VI.

CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON.

CLEODAMUS.—

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter,—which the best,  
 Myrson, dost love ?—which gladlier welcomest ?  
 Summer, when all man's labour finds its meed,—  
 Autumn, when lightest presses hunger's need,—  
 Toil-barring Winter, when in lazy mirth  
 The idle hinds surround the blazing hearth,—  
 Or fairest Spring-tide ?—Which most pleases, say ;—  
 No pressing task need mar our talk to-day.

MYRSON.—

Sweet are they all and sacred :—'tis not given  
 To mortal man to weigh the gifts of Heaven :— 10  
 Yet Cleodamus, for thy sake I dare  
 To speak my choice. Not best I love the glare  
 Of Summer's baking sun ;—not Autumn's wealth,  
 For Autumn-fruits too oft are foes to health ;—  
 The wrinkled Winter's snow and ice I fear ;—  
 For me, I would 'twere Spring-time all the year !  
 Thrice-welcome Spring !—no pinching frost to dread !—  
 No fiery noon to scorch my fainting head !—  
 Spring, when all Nature breeds, all sweet things blow,  
 And day and night hold equal reign below. 20

## IDYLL VII.\*

POLYPHEMUS AND GALATEA.

O mountain-cliff that beetlest o'er the main,  
 Once more I seek thee ! Ring once more, my strain,  
 Round all the isle ! O'er sand and shingle bear  
 My suit to cruel Galatea's ear.  
 Sustain me still, sweet Hope ! nor, till this heart  
 In feeblest age shall cease to beat, depart ! 6

\* xii. ed. Gaisf.—a manifest fragment.

## IDYLL VIII.\*

## THE EVENING STAR.

Hesper! sweet Venus' golden light in Heaven!  
 Dear Hesper! sacred glory of the blue  
 Of midnight-skies, that only to the moon  
 Dost yield in brightness as all other stars  
 In brightness yield to thee,—all hail!—Oh guide  
 My footsteps to our shepherds' trysting-place!  
 For Phœbe's light give thine,—for she, to-night  
 New-risen, ere long will set. No darkling thief  
 My way I take,—no ruffian bent to spoil  
 The night-belated wanderer:—No! I love!  
 And oh! my bliss! to know my Love loves me!

II

## IDYLL IX.†

## TO VENUS.

Wherefore, O gentle daughter, Cyprian-born,  
 Of Jove and of the Sea, oh! wherefore thus  
 Dost Gods and men torment?—Torment?—that word  
 Was all too weak!—Why dost thou hate them so,  
 That thou shouldst bear young Eros for a curse  
 To both alike?—cruel,—whom never touch  
 Of pity softens,—whose fair form so ill  
 Matches his soul:—Why didst thou give him wings?—  
 Why, for our sorrow, those far-darting shafts  
 Teach him to ply, wherewith, without escape,  
 Small as the urchin is, he wounds us all?

II

\* xvi. ed. Gaisf.

† xvii. ed. Gaisf.

## NOTES ON FORTRESSES, BY A HISTORIAN.

THERE is no intention in the following pages to intrude within the province of the military engineer. No doubt it is a department of the art of war endowed with peculiar attractions to the scientific civilian. More than any other, both in its theory and its practice, it has been studied and worked out and taught in the closet. Men who never touched a weapon or saw the handling of troops, even in its simpler forms, come forth as oracles in attack and defence. A prophet recently arose among us, who told us that the whole of that vast science of flanking and covering, which has rendered the name of Vauban illustrious, is founded on an absolute fallacy, insomuch that the more elaborately it is wrought out, the more surely it leads to ultimate conquest, since every additional work stretching out from the centre is weaker than its predecessor, and in the end gives the enemy an approach towards it. In criticisms so audacious there is no present attempt to meddle. It is only intended to recall, by way of example and instruction, some instances of the dealing of historical fate with the fruit of human wisdom, when it takes the shape of a permanent fortification. This is obviously the department of the art of war that is most liable to be influenced by historical conditions, because it remains longer than any other in the hands of Time, and at the mercy of his fluctuations. The movable panoply of war shifts, like the costumes and decorations of the stage, with the shifting time and place of action. The weapons in the soldier's hands are of yesterday and to-day, but the rampart he fights behind may be a hundred, possibly six or even eight hundred, years old.

Scattered all over the world are countless remnants of ancient fortresses, become obsolete, and incapable either of protection or assault, from changes in the conditions surrounding them. They make a mark on the profile of the earth, or they give a touch of interest and picturesqueness to a morsel of natural scenery—that is all they are fit for now, though the days have been when they were the centre of all the excitement and tragic interest of war. They were designed by engineers of high repute and skill. They had their memorable annals of attack and defence, of which the faintest traditions have been forgotten for no one can say how many hundreds of years. What is now but a mass of shapeless stones and earthen mounds, may have been adored in tradition as the bulwark of a nation's independence, or bemoaned as the trophy of conquest; and to a like condition the triumphs of later military art are slowly moving onwards.

Of very ancient military works there is a sufficiency to present us with great variety, indicating a like restless shifting in the means of attack and defence. There are long ramparts to stop an army's march or the inroads of barbarians, such as the Wall of China, or the Roman Wall between Solway and Tyne. In thorough contrast to such remnants of skilled masonry are the rude hill-forts, such as Caer Caradoc and the Caterthun,—astounding relics of labour, but revealing nothing except the general belief that from their remote mountain-position, and from their vast compass, they must have been not merely the protecting-works for garrisons of soldiers, but places of refuge for communities of people. The relics of another class of for-



trusses, though more artificial and apparently less ancient, are still more reticent and tantalising in their revelations. They desert the natural strength of rocky mountain-ranges, and seek smaller eminences of sand or earth, artificially raised, or scarpd out of natural elevations; and of these the obvious explanation is, that they were adapted for staking, and were occupied by works built of wood, like the abode of Cedric the Saxon. Fire was the great enemy and destroyer of such structures, and hence it is that in the tenth and eleventh centuries we hear of the burning down of fortresses as a frequent crisis in the tenor of a contest.

Come down into the periods of written European history, and we have a new and distinct object in the castle. We can trace it from its infancy in the simple block, down to the mighty maze, but not without a plan, of modern engineering; and its social changes and relations are equally distinct and emphatic. In fact, as we know the age of a tree by its rings, we can trace the history of the fortress by its outworks. Its origin belonged to the Norman race, and only where that race prevailed is it to be found in all the stages of its growth. It was not like the rampart of the Roman, guarding the marches of an empire; nor was it like the hill-fort, the place of refuge to which the community fled in time of danger. It was the dwelling-place of the new lord of the soil. As he was a hard and unpopular lord, it behoved that his house should be strong enough to protect him from violence. He administered justice—or the reverse—in his feudal court, and hence this house of his was also a place of punishment; and so, as it has been aptly said, the castle of the feudal baron was at once a mansion, a fortress, and a prison.

Of all the specimens, at whatever age they appeared, and on however great a scale, the primary feature is the simple square block, with scarcely a vestige of flanking-work, as we may see it in such noble specimens as Newcastle and the White Tower of London. As time and skill and wealth advance, so do flanking-works stretch out around. Thus we have the simple round towers at the corners, then the towered walls and protections of the bailey, as we see them at Carnarvon and Aberconway; and so on until we come to redoubts, bastions, glacis, ravelins, and all the complex evolutions of the Vauban system.

While all this transmutation goes on, there are other essential changes besides those of mere structure. It was a good policy, where it was practicable, to perch the strong square tower on a rock the most inaccessible to the enemy that was consistent with the convenience of its inhabitants. But when artillery made progress, height became less and less effective for war. It made the fortress difficult to take, but less worth taking, since it was not the artillery that pitched its metal from on high, but that which swept the surface of the earth, that was terrible to the enemy. An ingenious Artillery officer, indeed, wrote some years ago a pamphlet to show that a hollow might be preferable to a plain or an eminence as the site of a fortification. The parabola is the curve taken by a projectile; and were the hollow surrounded by elevations in the strict parabolic curve, each ball would take during its whole course the most desirable uniform distance from the earth, which is marked off at a few inches below the average stature of man. But nice calculations of this kind are apt to be thwarted by others equally precise and minute; and the parabola is

equally applicable to shells and other instruments of destruction sent on their mission by vertical forces.

We here touch the standing difficulty meeting all systems of fortification. The assailing elements are ever varying, while the assailed are apt to remain as they were adjusted in time past. From the latest achievements in engineering, the assailants reap the whole, the besieged but a portion only. They may have the benefit of all new projectile inventions in paying back what they receive, but a part of their strength is in the passive resistance of their structural works; and these cannot easily be taken to pieces and rebuilt to adapt them to the latest theories and inventions. Action and reaction are equal and contrary, as we are taught at school. If action sends forth the bullet, reaction makes the barrel rebut. From this rebutting force comes the idea of the rocket. Instead of the barrel sending up its ball, this is the barrel by its explosion carrying itself off with its rear in advance. Then again, instead of loading our pieces by long reaches from the muzzle downwards, we open something like a snuff-box at the near end, and drop in our thunder. We cannot make such topsy-turvy work with great ranges of masonry and earthworks. If all the wide ramifications that serve to make a fortress ever since the Vauban day are to be superseded, as a great authority tells us they must, by simple round towers with abundant ordnance—a return, by the way, to the primitive simplicity of the hill-fort—it will be the cheaper way to abandon the old works and build new; and when these are finished, engineering invention may have found a fresh career.

It may be of some consequence to note the estimate set on the

effective value of places of strength among communities experienced in warfare. The Romans were the greatest of conquerors, if we reckon both by extent of territory acquired and duration of possession. Yet they do not seem to have trusted much to fortifications. No doubt the great wall they left as a relic of their dominion here is a wonderful specimen of engineering skill and costly industry. But it is rather a line of work to assist an army in the field than a string of fortresses, each intended to resist until it falls before a besieging force. In this it may be compared to a great and successful engineering work of modern times—the fortified line run up by Wellington on the heights of Torres Vedras. There is engineering skill in the several structures connected with the wall sufficient to show that the Romans could, if they thought fit, have dotted their conquered provinces with strong castles. But it was the genius of that people to place their main reliance on the trained legionary. The skill, bravery, and endurance of the soldier were preferred to any aid that material objects could offer. There was much vigilance in the temporary safeguards of the encampment. The whole were arranged—banks, ditches, and streets—before the army took repose. The camps were more or less strong as they were casual or permanent; but they gave little more material assistance than in preserving the compactness and systematic organisation of the army, and protecting it from sudden surprise.

Few races have borne so much hard protracted fighting as our own Scots. We speak of the Seven Years' War, of the Thirty Years' War, and the contests with the English in France have been called the Hundred Years' War. The struggle for independence in Scotland has with

equal propriety been called the "Three Hundred Years' War." The Scots swarmed in the armies of foreign Powers, and were esteemed not only as hardy, but as skilful soldiers. Yet all traces of engineering in Scotland show, that while the art of assailing and defending fortified places grew rapidly in the countries where the Scots gained military experience, it was stagnant at home. There was little beyond the gaunt old square tower of feudal ages, when Italy, France, and the Low Countries abounded in fortresses laid out on those scientific principles of covering and flanking which are associated with the name of Vauban. When the Italian Strozzi came to the siege of St Andrews, after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, he laughed at the clumsy impotence of the assailants, and astonished them with his own rapid and effective operations. The finest old castles in Scotland, those built in the style called Edwardian Gothic, are now believed to have been built by the English invaders to preserve their conquest—not by the native Scots for the protection of the soil.

Indeed, their experience in fortresses led them to the knowledge of the radical defect in this branch of warlike science—that when the work is completed, it may serve the enemy instead of its constructors. They found it dangerous to have strong places within reach of their powerful and oppressive neighbours. The English side of the Border abounds in the remains of grand old castles—Carlisle, Werk, Norham, Newcastle, Bamborough, and finally Berwick—after repeated fluctuations, taken permanently from the Scots and enlarged and strengthened, so as to defy any power that its old owners could bring against it. After Berwick, the greatest of the Scots Border fortresses was Roxburgh. All that now remains of it is the

outline that may be traced in some low mounds of rubbish. Neither the sieges it endured, nor the decaying effect of time, could have caused so complete an obliteration of a great fortress. In fact, when it was taken by the Scots, after their king, James II., had been killed before it by the bursting of a gun, it was obliterated—better so than that it should be a second Berwick, giving "the auld enemies" of England a hold on the north side of the Tweed. The same policy suggested the abandoning of two other fortresses—one at Eyemouth, the other on the island of Inchkeith. Each of these had a French governor; and although it had been a greater calamity to see them in the hands of England, yet this even was an alternative distasteful to the proud Scots. The spirit in which they conducted the strife was that of self-reliance—they were their own best defenders, distrusting the material forces that might change sides and be available to the enemy.

They followed their own practical instincts rather than any general theory; but if they had been constrained to compress their policy in a general proposition, it might have been to the effect that whoever builds the fortresses, their fate in any contest is to be at the service of the strongest. There are few creations of man's hands so apt to exemplify the Virgilian *sic vos non vobis*. It is by no means an absolute lasting blessing to a state that it has built unto itself a strong house of defence. It was under no propitious star that Andalusia fortified the European Pillar of Hercules. Gibraltar in our hands has withstood more hard pounding than any fortress in existence. We are accustomed to deem it as much an integral part of the Empire as Spithead is; and looking to all the warlike conditions that seem possible, and the nature of the

forces they may render available, Gibraltar will remain ours so long as we have absolute command of the sea. Malta is in the same category. It was no gain, but a dead loss, to France when Napoleon, in his grand unscrupulous way, taking it from that Order of traditional and time-honoured renown who had held it for Christendom at large, made it one of the prizes for the European Powers to fight for. The end of his rapacity was to put into the hands of the chief Power at sea a strength that can hold in check all preponderance on land bearing eastward on our distant Oriental empire. England held Calais for centuries by the same tenure. When it was lost in the reign of Mary Tudor, there was the wildest excitement in the country, and all manner of accusations were discharged, from negligence up to treason. It was the belief of the day that England could by proper care and vigilance have rendered its capture impossible. When Cromwell took Dunkirk from the Spaniards, who claimed it as a frontier force of the Netherlands, there was again exultation at the prospect of setting a foot on the other side of the Channel. When it was known that the English claims on this desirable acquisition had been sold to France, the public wrath was roused again. There was no appeasing it by pointing to Tangier, the dowry of the Queen Catherine of Braganza—as well offer compensation for an estate in Middlesex by offering a location in Arkansas. About this and other signs of the times the wrath of the London rabble uttered itself in rhyme,—

“Three things to be seen—  
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren queen.”

Burnet records the opinion of a man well able to judge, and not likely to be blinded by nationality,

that Dunkirk might have been a permanent possession of the British empire—of Scotland as well as England, for the commander who took it was a Scotchman, Sir William Lockhart :—

“To make the business go the easier, the king promised that he would lay up all the money in the Tower, and that it should not be touched but upon extraordinary occasions. Schonberg advised that in opposition to all this the king should keep it; for, considering the naval power of England, it could not be taken. He knew that though France spoke big, as if they would break with England unless that was delivered up, yet they were far from the thoughts of it. He had considered the place well, and he was sure it could never be taken as long as England was master of the sea. The holding it would keep both France and Spain in a dependence upon the king: but he was singular in that opinion, so it was sold; and all the money paid for it was immediately squandered away among the mistress's creatures.”\*

Ought we to regret that these two prizes have dropped from our hands? Perhaps not. They would have been an arrow in the side of a sensitive, powerful, and quarrelsome neighbour, and their purpose has been better effected by the Channel Islands—those thoroughly legitimate possessions of the wearer of the British crown, since they are a remnant of the old Norman dominions of the Plantagenets. No doubt this made them no less attractive as an acquisition to France; and the easy security in which they have outlived all our wars, with not even a serious menace, is a testimony to the influence of a sea armament in the protection of maritime forts. In fact, with the vast works recently accumulated upon them, the fortifications on the islands and rocks of the Channel have come to be a superfluity of strength, looking to the condition of the Power whose fleets and arsenals they were raised to menace. It is of more moment

\* *Own Times*, b. ii. 1662.

to us to possess more distant strengths—as, for instance, in the words of M. Thiers, “the Cape of Good Hope, which is the Gibraltar of the Indian Ocean, as the Mauritius is its Malta.”\*

It has been the destiny of France, as of some other nations, to be from time to time stimulated by some ardent, ambitious, and accomplished ruler, who has lifted her institutions up to a position which their own innate strength and steadiness have been insufficient to keep. With the great Colbert for his right-hand man, Louis XIV. raised many great fortresses to adorn and strengthen his territories. They not only spread over France, but penetrated far into the interior of the great French colonial empire, whose outline covered so much of the map of North America. The capture of the greatest of them—Quebec—settled the ownership of them all. The fortresses could not create an enterprising race fitted to subdue the wilderness and fill it with industry, traffic, and men. To those who were destined really to hold the territory, the forts were of little use. In the far northern districts great remnants of these works are found waste and useless, like the vestiges of some mighty people of old who have disappeared from the world, so that the works have been superfluous to a population ten times as numerous as those for whose needs they were built. These are not the only fortresses that have alighted on waste places where no enemy was likely to come near them. The number of fortresses that have been found to be out of the way and useless when the hour of trial comes, might be a valuable inquiry at a time when many bustling people are showing us the exact track that an invading army is some day to take, are fixing the precise points where

it should be met, and are designing the proper fortresses that should be raised on each for the protection of the empire.

The fundamental maxim on which the science of fortification rests is, that it is an economy of troops; it makes small forces as formidable as large. But in this perhaps it resembles those economical arrangements which, depending on abundant ready money, are only available to the rich. It is almost a rule of warfare, that in any great contest the stronger Power sweeps away all the fortresses from the weaker. This is a still more emphatic law in naval warfare. A land force may be heavily cumbered by disaster after disaster, and yet have life in it capable of springing up into new and strengthened vitality, like Prussia in 1813; but a beaten navy is blown out of the water, and not a stitch of canvas belonging to the territory that owned it can keep the sea. The Prince of Joinville, when, some twenty-five years ago, he wrote that amiable pamphlet to show that it was only by piracy and unexpected descents on unfortified spots that France could strike England from the sea, described the inexhaustible resources of his country for land war, and the appearance of new armies after all seemed to be drained off; and contrasted this with the speedy extirpation of the French navy, warlike as well as mercantile, in the great war. It was one of Voltaire's clever sayings, that when his countrymen built a new ship the English took it from them, and complimented them on the superiority of their naval architecture.

The law that all goes to the stronger, is for many reasons not so absolute as to fortresses; but it is the prevailing rule. A great conquering army, such as Marlborough

\* Consulate and Empire, vii. 126.

commanded, sweeps all before it. Fortresses are merely impediments to its march, giving compensation to some extent by the prisoners and the munitions of war taken along with them, and sometimes by the possession of the fortresses themselves as available against their builders. It was the peculiar boast, indeed, of the eulogists of Marlborough, that he never "sat down," as it is termed, before a fortified place, without taking or destroying it. In his long list of triumphs of this kind, we have Kaiserworth, Venloo, Liege, Bonn, Ghent, Brouges, Antwerp, Oudenarde, Ostend, Menin, Dendermond, Ath, Lille, Tournay, Mons, Douai, Bethune, Bouchain: was ever mural crown so affluently decorated? The surviving garrison of each would go to enlarge the numbers taken from the enemy's forces; for though part of a beaten army may escape, it is otherwise with the garrison of a captured fortress. The instalments thus taken from the enemy would be small individually, no doubt; for it must be remembered that it was not then the practice for armies to cast in their lot with fortresses, so as to render up some sixty thousand men at a time, instead of a garrison of some two thousand. So many strong places transferred from those who relied on them for protection, and put into the hands of the enemies from whom they sought protection, might have suggested the consideration, how far, taking war in its larger issues, there is wisdom in reliance on mere physical impediments and the purely material elements of warfare. So far as they were valuable to their possessors at the beginning of the war, to the same or something like the same extent had they become valuable to the other side ere it was over.

The opening wars of the French Revolution swept over the most artis-

tically-fortified districts in Europe, including "the classic land of fortified defence." So easily and rapidly was it all done, that a great reaction against material defences laid hold on public opinion; and there was a doctrine that all fortifications should be swept off the face of the earth as pernicious impediments in time of peace, and useless encumbrances in time of war. When extreme opinions get currency, there follows, by a sort of natural law, a middle and practical policy which generally wins credit for true wisdom. In this instance it held that it was not the principle of fortification that had proved a fallacy, but the existing practice. There had been no improvements in the art of defence since the Seven Years' War, and France had suddenly become a new and terrible school in the art of attack. It was for France itself to find out how fortified places were to be kept, for she had now the strongest interest in their fate. The simple question was, how she was to keep the places she had taken; and from the great Carnot, who had organised her conquering armies, an answer was to come to this question also.

Carnot's studies on fortification sought their conclusion through mixed elements of politics and science. He uttered views on fortified towns which were of intense moment and interest to the revolutionists. The first idea of a fortified town was a mere wall to protect the industrious burghers from neighbours who were armed banditti rather than armies. When the burghers had to be defended against regular armies in the Thirty Years' War, the wall was found insufficient, and the citadel or fortress began to grow. But this work was more terrible to the citizens than a foreign army: it was an ever-present power of oppression. Whether held for some great sovereign, or by a local feudal lord

in his own right, the citadel domineered over the burghal community. Down, then, with all the citadels. When these were gone, the mere wall with its trifling defences became useless; and the city, long stifled by its fallacious defences, would enjoy the freedom of an open town. Fortresses were to be placed where they were most desirable for the strategy of war; and the siege, like the battle-field, was to be removed from the door of the peaceful citizen. The idea was in keeping with one of the most enlightened, generous, and ingenious spirits of the age. A great impulse was given to the science of fortification. But neither Carnot, nor the great master who superseded him, found the way to raise with the hand of man that bulwark which the hand of man is incapable of destroying. Indeed, Carnot, after he had seen through the war, and the fate of its several forces, published a proposal to desert the whole scheme of fortification, and revert to the old circular embankment.

Early in that drama of the humiliation of Germany, the retributive act of which has just been played out, came the memorable and instructive event of the capitulation of Ulm. Thirty thousand men capitulating, and marching forth from a fortress without striking a blow! Europe was astounded. If General Mack was not an utter imbecile, with none but imbeciles to counsel and assist him, there must have been treachery. But in these days the capacity for capitulation has made the Ulm affair a trifle. Before it had sunk into insignificance under the more recent achievements, it was examined by one to whom the modern instances became a matter of deep personal interest. Thiers was in a position to do justice to the memory of General Mack. To hold him to

have blundered like an imbecile, made no fitting contribution to that "glory" which was the guiding-star or the *ignis fatuus* of the 'History of the Consulate and Empire.' He found that there had been many German accounts of the affair, "the writers of which have made a point of abusing General Mack and extolling the Archduke Ferdinand, in order to account, by the silliness of a single individual, for the disasters of the Austrian army, and to diminish at the same time the glory of the French. These works are all inaccurate and unjust, and are grounded, for the most part, on false circumstances, the impossibility even of which is demonstrated." Thiers has the true historical spirit of wresting the truth out of facts and details, however intricate or discouraging; and having got at the truth, he tells it when it does not tend to dim the "glory" of France. He is fond, too, of upsetting any favourite popular doctrine; and so he could enter on the vindication of the poor Austrian general with good heart, having "procured with great difficulty one of the scarce copies of the defence presented by General Mack to the council of war before which he was summoned to appear." Originally, and as part of the fundamental plan of the war, Mack had an army of seventy thousand men at Ulm. This army would have a tough contest with the powerful and victorious French had it remained whole. "The grand fault lay in dividing itself. It ought to have remained or gone forth together: remained to fight an obstinate battle with seventy thousand men; gone forth to rush with these seventy thousand men upon one of the points of the investment, and there to find either death or that success which fortune sometimes grants to despair."\* But the greater part of

\* Consulate and Empire, authorised translation, vi. 62.

the force had been removed by authority, which Mack, though he commanded in chief, could not control. The Archduke Charles, who earned praise at the expense of the superannuated soldier, carried away twenty thousand as an escort to himself. After other deductions, the thirty thousand men remaining were too small for an army, and too large for a garrison. The world, when it denounced Mack, did not know so well as it now knows that the working garrison of a fortress is its fundamental strength, and that the capacity for resistance does not increase with the increase of numbers beyond what is needful—nay, it is possible that the supernumeraries may be a source of weakness. The lesson taught at Ulm has been taken up in the old way—its fortifications have been changed and improved so as at least to make them less oppressive to the sojourner in the city. The bastioned *enceinte* has been replaced by detached forts. Whether the course of war shall ever sweep in such a direction as to try their strength, no one can tell; but the principle of surrounding a town by detached forts has been tried for our benefit on a grander scale.

That dynamic law of the disposal of fortresses was exemplified by a double phenomenon in the Peninsular War. The great citadels, so well known to every ordinary reader, were of course erected for the protection of Spain: they were taken by Napoleon and his assistants, Massena, Soult, and Junot. But ere long from their hands they passed into Wellington's. It was literally a strong man armed taking possession, but a stronger than he coming after. And even more instructive than the general outline of the event is the policy pursued by Wellington. He did not take the fortresses till he found that he was beyond doubt the strongest. In his

retreat on Portugal he left the French besieging Badajos. By all the proper pedantry of warfare he ought to have raised the siege. The Spanish earnestly besought him to come to the rescue in the usual way; but he had other designs. Retreating without a blow for the retention of a fortress that might have covered his march or his position, he seemed under the infatuation that precedes a fatal doom. It was clear both to enemies and allies that Massena would drive him into the sea. Then was it that he took up his permanent position on the heights of Torres Vedras. He was not in a fortress, yet he was impregnable. There was this significant difference between the two conditions, that a fortress is there where it is, and the general must accommodate himself to it. But Wellington accommodated his fortifications to his army, with its needs and objects. On one side he was open to the sea and the British fleet, increasing his army with recruits, and plentifully supplying the commissariat. On the other side were defences, found by the French to be hopelessly impregnable. For the health, spirits, and general condition of an army, the whole was infinitely above the condition of garrison life. In fact, it was virtually freedom with security, for the lines, running over a length of thirty miles, were too extensive to be invested, and with due precautions the troops could roam at their pleasure.

The powerful influence of this piece of strategy on the events of the period is not exhausted in the history of the Peninsular War. It was the model on which Russia was to be defended. It was part of Wellington's scheme to clear the ground as he went, and leave it barren to the invaders—the old policy, by the way, of the defence of Scotland in the War of Independence. How the Russians ex-



celled their teacher in this part of the example is known everywhere. They had found and occupied their Torres Vedras in the camp at Drissa; but it was abandoned, in a wise selection to trust the safety of the Russian army rather to the natural difficulties of the wide territory presently to receive its coat of snow, than to the military skill at the disposal of the empire. As it is briefly told by the historian, whose conduct on critical occasions will provoke the criticism of other historians—"Although General Pfuhl's ridiculous attempt to seek at Drissa what Lord Wellington had found at Torres Vedras was thus abandoned, Alexander by no means abandoned the essential part of his plan, which consisted in a retreat into the interior of the country, and which, indeed, was approved of by all persons of sagacity."\*

Let us look in as the curtain rises on another act of the great drama. The retreat from Russia is over, and its horrors have come side by side with the driving of the conqueror out of Spain. There is not a sail upon the sea belonging to France, and all the coasts are exposed to her enemies. Here, then, is an opening for Europe to pounce on the general enemy not to be lost. How strange the first step in the formidable coalition sounds,—the seduction and defection of Prussia! That Power has deserted the banners of Napoleon, and is treated by his eulogists with all the infamy due to a deserter. The ungrateful hound, who owed so much to the magnanimity of the master of the world! he might have been kicked from his throne; but there was only clipping of claws, drawing of teeth, and a little wholesome castigation, to remind him of his audacious folly and let him know his place. If he had been somewhat

humiliated by his haughty master, had he not a substantial compensation in Hanover? And now he had sneaked off and connived with the enemies of his benefactor. Such was the place in Napoleonic history of the father of the new Emperor.

Prussia had been playing a wily game in smuggling an army. At the Treaty of Tilsit, Prussia came under an obligation that her army should never exceed 42,000 men. She had, however, a clever statesman—Karl August Hardenberg—who invented a device for turning the restriction to account. The conscription was so adjusted that there should never be more than the prescribed number embodied at once. But individually each remained just long enough to be well drilled and fit for service, when a successor took his place. Thus in a few years Prussia had a trained reserve of 120,000 men, besides her ostensible army. The first effect of this policy was one of those things that seemed to show the hopelessness of contesting fates with the man of destiny. This treasure, hoarded up secretly by his humble ally, was exactly what he wanted, and Prussia must furnish a fitting contingent to the million of men that were to cross the Niemen. Even after the losses and the defection, Prussia had given a hint in the art of army-making. To meet the great coalition, France must draw forth her fighting-men at every pore. There was to be a great revolution in the French conscription, as told in 'The Consulate and the Empire.' "The appeal to arms in Germany had been made to all classes, but had been first made to the young nobility. In France the levies had been taken in general only from the middle or lower classes, the upper classes escaping

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\* Thiers, xiv. 59.

from service by finding substitutes, for whom, so horribly sanguinary had the war become, they were compelled to pay heavy premiums. They had hitherto only contributed to the voluntary gifts by their fortunes; Napoleon had long been desirous that they should do so with their persons also, and he thought the present occasion was a favourable opportunity for prevailing upon them to do so. In Germany the young *noblesse* consider it their duty to run to arms at the head of all the other classes of the people; and why should not this be the case also in France? In former times the French *noblesse* had allowed to none the honour of preceding them on the battle-field: arms were then their profession—their glory—the greatest passion of their life. And why should it not be so at the present time? The reason that kept their parents from the service—that they “loved the old dynasty, and disliked the new”—is disposed of with others, leaving the conclusion that the young nobles should be tempted and pressed into the service. And it may now be said that it might have been better for France at this day had her conscription—since a conscription there was to be—possessed that element of the Prussian system.

We are in “the campaign of the Elbe.” Lützen and Bautzen have been fought, and Napoleon holds his court in Dresden. Again relentless facts seem to proclaim that these painful efforts of continental Europe to throw off her destined master are hopeless. But then comes Leipsic to turn the tide of fortune at last. The French army, far from home and from reinforcements, is gradually lessening, while the hosts of the Allies increase both in numbers and in spirit. They are forming that “iron ring,” as it was called, that is to press closer

and closer. Is it thus that the Imperial arms are to suffer the degradation of carrying the frontier of the Empire back, not to the France before the Revolution—that is not yet in men’s dreams—but back to the boundary of the Rhine? At all events, it was necessary to retreat. At Brienne and Rothière the French had faced, and struck boldly, but it was only the hunted wild beast that turns and gores the foremost hounds. It was fifty thousand men retreating before an army of two hundred thousand, with the prospect of indefinite enlargement. But the strange and significant feature of the crisis was this: Napoleon possessed as large a force as the Coalition—two hundred thousand men in arms served under his command; but three-fourths of them were garrisoned in fortresses, and were no more at his disposal in the immediate crisis than if they had been in so many Prussian or British prisons. No doubt each of the isolated bands that could not be brought to the front, where they were so sorely needed, would give its own amount of trouble. It was due to his allegiance, to the dictates of heroism, and to the traditions of the soldier, that the commander of each fortress should hold out to the last; and thus there were so many isolated centres, where the destruction of human life made busy progress without leading to any effective result. There was Davoust in Hamburg, and Carnot in Antwerp—the one among the most ferocious, the other among the gentlest, spirits of the day, but both chained down to work with equal zeal at the same bloody task.

So came the abdication of Fontainebleau and the first occupation of Paris in 1814. When disasters come, breaking through all efforts to resist them, we human beings have a rooted propensity to think that it is from too little, not too much,

of the kind of resistance offered that the calamity has occurred. We have great difficulty in convincing ourselves, even in suspecting, that we are in a wrong groove. If a little persecution fails to make people orthodox, give them more of it. If much restraining and scolding has not made people virtuous, restrain the harder and scold the louder. If the whip and the dungeon fail in reducing crime, try a good deal of the gallows. So the evil done by the fortresses was to be conquered by more of the same; and, indeed, there are many people in this country who consider that late events in Paris loudly call to us to fortify London, taking care that our fortifications be more thorough and effective than those of our flighty neighbours.

The remedy was to add to the fortresses on the frontiers and the approaches; and, lastly, to fortify Paris. We find Thiers looking back to the poor availabilities for protection in periods "before a patriot King had covered these positions with impregnable fortifications."\* Sitting within these impregnable fortifications, he seems to utter his eloquent narrative in that sense of relief tinged with awe which is apt to inspire our thoughts when we look back out of conditions of supreme security into times of peril and disaster. "More than once, even in the heyday of his prosperity, had Napoleon, by a kind of prescience which revealed to him the consequence of his errors, without teaching him to avoid them—more than once, even then, had he in fancy seen the armies of Europe at the foot of Montmartre; and after each dark-boding vision had he resolved to fortify Paris. But again carried away by the torrent of his thoughts and his passions, he had

lavished millions on Alessandria, Messina, Venice, Palma-Nuova, Flushing, Texel, Hamburg, and Dantzic, and had neglected the capital of France. If he had commenced to fortify Paris in the days of his prosperity, the Parisians might have smiled, and there would have been no harm done. In January 1814 such a proceeding would have made them tremble, and would have augmented the disaffection of some. However, in Napoleon's opinion, were Paris beyond the possibility of danger, the success of the approaching campaign would be secure; for if, in manœuvring between the Aisne, the Marne, the Aube, and the Seine, which flow concentrically towards Paris, he had been certain of a common focus where they all unite, he would have acquired a liberty of action which would have given him, with his genius, with his perfect knowledge of the locality, and holding possession of all the passages, an immense advantage over enemies embarrassed in their progress, always ready to repent of having advanced too far, and whom he might probably have surprised in some false position, where he would have overpowered them. On this account he was continually thinking of fortifying Paris, but he feared the moral effect of such a precaution. He had ordered a committee of Engineer officers, appointed especially for the inspection of fortresses, to draw up a plan for the defence of Paris, with instructions to keep the matter a profound secret. As the plan they proposed required immediate and conspicuous labours, he had abandoned them, and had contented himself with selecting quietly and unostentatiously sites where redoubts could be erected." †

But we are not done yet with the

\* Authorised translation, xvii. 314.—"Avant qu'un Roi patriote eût couvert ces positions de fortifications invincibles."—Hist. du Consulat et de l'Empire, xvii. 588.

† Ibid., p. 108.

influence of the existing fortresses on the great crisis. The garrisons were locked up in distant fortresses, and unavailable for their master's army, but they were not always to be at a distance; and though many were killed, enough survived to make an element of some consideration in the resources of the time. These men dispersed among the citizens were children of the camp, to whom the prospect of a peaceful reign was far worse than the bitterness of death. It was not only the annihilation of all that made life dear to them and worth keeping, but it was starvation. Of the instalments of military power that thus fell back on France, one alone—the garrison of Hamburg—would have been a mighty accession to Napoleon in his struggle. "Marshal Davoust, by this memorable defence, procured for our negotiators a valuable object of compensation, saved for France 30,000 men, an immense war material, and the honour of the national standard."\*

Among the many causes that go to account for the wondrous reign of the Hundred Days, not the least was this emptying of the fortresses, and pouring their contents in among the French people. In fact, this created the force that was necessary for the accomplishment of Napoleon's feat. It made the new war practically a continuation of the old. The men could not come when they were wanted in 1814, so their master had to give in and hide himself in Elba. They reappeared again, and so did he, and that followed his reappearance which we all know.

Now comes the question—of what profit were these fortresses to the cause of France, or of Napoleon? Carnot had satisfied the Directory that all the fortresses that had been

built in France cost no more money than the support of the cavalry force of the monarchy had cost for a quarter of a century—but were they worth as much as the cavalry force? As to the fortresses that first locked up and then sent forth Napoleon's troops, it may be perhaps said that they did good, on the whole, to our side of the contest. They brought the break-up of the government of Napoleon in 1814; and as to the campaign of 1815, did it not extinguish the whole long contest in a blaze of glory round the British arms? This is a kind of reasoning that tells better on the other side of the Channel than here. We are a people slow to admit that glory, though a fine thing in itself, is full compensation for the casualties that leave widows and orphans. But if the fortresses were a benefit to us, so much the more did they diverge from the purpose of their architects, which was to benefit themselves; and so here there was a signal instance of the *vos non vobis*, which we have set down as the standing difficulty and defect in the systems of fortification from which the greatest triumphs have been expected. These masses stood stern and obdurate, unaccommodating to the shifting conditions around them, and the man who did most of all men in this age to bend both moral and material forces to his will, could no more influence these stubborn creations of human skill, than he could those elements which swept away his Moscow army.

On a minute examination there come out parallels between these events and those of recent times, curious and interesting. It has been again the *vos non vobis* with a vengeance, as the expressive common saying goes. Where are the prophecies about the fortification of Paris that

\* Thiers, xviii. 13.

made any approach to the reality? and yet this reality is, even as a contradiction of anticipations, like the fate of many a fortress. There was an odd prejudice against the works in this country. It was a hollow pretence to say that they were merely for the protection of Paris—they were to make France strong; and when France felt herself strong, she was the general bully of Europe. But, on the whole, people could only speak—it was preposterous to demand that Paris should abstain from protecting herself. The 'Quarterly Review' took up the question, devoting to it a discourse that was pronounced temperate and sagacious in its day; and the following passages taken from it may exemplify what becomes of such sagacity when applied to matters so endowed with a capacity for confounding the wisdom of the wise:—

"That the fortifications of Paris give to the Executive Government the power of controlling with care the most formidable insurrectionary movement of its inhabitants, is beyond all doubt." That the method of accomplishing this will be by bombardment, is questioned in detail, until "some new power shall be introduced into the practice of artillery." But "though the threat of a bombardment would probably have due weight with the refractory populace, the fortifications afford other means of keeping them in subjection; and these so effective, that the necessity for openly employing force need hardly ever arise. On the first manifestation of discontent, the troops in the forts might be increased without making any show of preparation. As 4000 men would be but a moderate average for the garrison of the forts, of which there are sixteen, a force might thus be drawn round Paris of not less than 60,000. These troops, all removed from free intercourse with the citizens, would be little liable to the seductions which have, in fact, been the main cause of everything that has been called a victory of the people; and, what is not less important, a mutinous or rebellious concert among the military bodies themselves

would be hardly possible. All the avenues being commanded, the inhabitants might soon be made to feel that they were not only prisoners, but in absolute dependence for subsistence on their jailers. The pressure might be tightened or relaxed according to circumstances." \*

Of the capacity of the works to defend the capital from any force that united Europe could pour into France, there could be little doubt. That they would keep down the turbulence of the most turbulent population known to history, admitted of no doubt. Hence that turbulence resolved to look after its own interests, and denounced the project as a vile plot, under the plea of patriotism, to enslave the city and suppress free thought. So came the war-cries of *A bas les fortes détachés!* and *A bas les bastilles!* while a more cynical and witty spirit noted, that though the works professed to give a proper welcome to the foreign enemy, it was with an *arrière pensée* for dear Paris herself. Some ingenious critics showed that the ranges of the guns were such as to concentrate cross-fires in the Rue St Antoine and the Place de la Bastille—the old focuses of riot and revolution. It required much coaxing of the patriotic spirit, and all the aid that Thiers could take from the conduct of Britain in the bombardment of Acre, and the general attitude of Europe, to obtain a period of popular toleration for the work. There is no doubt that the Government of the day desired to further both purposes—the safety of the capital and its subjection to the law.

The paralysis that has overtaken both objects, the one immediately after the other, is surely the sternest and the greatest rebuke ever administered to human foresight. Yet there is no miracle in it, no wide divergence from old historical causes

\* Quarterly Review, September 1846, p. 274, 277.

and effects. We may find precedents for the events at every point. Ulm was a small rehearsal of Sedan, Metz, and Paris, showing that fortresses were things capable, under certain conditions, of handing over complete armies to an enemy. The protracted defence of Sebastopol fostered a reliance in the idea of armies assisted by strong works, instead of isolated fortifications defended only by garrisons. But there is the contingency that a fortress may hamper an army instead of protecting it. So it was the fortune of war, on this occasion, that Sedan, Metz, and lastly Paris itself, each locked up an army, to be preserved and handed over to the enemy. The world saw it most conspicuously in Paris. The cry ever was, to throw the whole army forth upon the Prussians, instead of petty sorties with heads of columns; but the army had no room to deploy.

And when their power for defence has been thus tested and doomed, what of their capacity for preserving internal order? For all the world it reminds us of two big babies getting themselves covered with the plate-armour of a knight of the middle ages, and trying to handle his weapons. They flounder about, perpetrating no end of clumsy mischief, but neither can give the *coup de grace* to the other, and they hammer away till the weaker is tired out.

That the two forts, Issy and Vanvres, fell into the hands of the ruffians ever prowling about Paris in search of opportunities for crime, was the immediate cause of the great closing calamities—not only of the death and ruin that they brought, but of that defacement of their darling Paris which will make them yet more odious to their countrymen. As a cause precedent to the forts falling into bad hands, was the existence of the forts at all. No one can at any time surely predict the course that events would have taken, had pre-

ceding events not been what they were. We cannot say that without her fortresses France would not have suffered other calamities heavy as those she has just endured, or heavier. But we must count the fortresses immediately responsible for what occurred.

Had Paris been an open city, she might have continued to be—in all probability she would have continued to be—the Paris she was a year ago. The Prussian troops would have respected her buildings and her unarmed population, as they were respected in 1814 and 1815. France would have suffered less moral degradation, for it is not the same victory and defeat to occupy an open town and to take one fortified. Whatever had been the fate of the military power of France, it would not have fallen into the hands of the enemy in three great complete armies, but for the fortifications that forbade retreat or dispersal. Armies pressed by superior numbers or better soldiers have often ere now moved off and rallied. How such a feat is to be effected, depends on many conditions, and especially on the skill of the leader. But for one form in which it was accomplished, and that thoroughly, we again recall Wellington and Torres Vedras. That exactly that tactic would have been the one to employ we must not pronounce; but if it had been, there might have been on some strong ground in France, open to the sea and the fleet, an army of half a million available against the invaders. The wider moral, however, to be taken from the two instances is, that communities should trust to heads and hands rather than to walls and ditches. The cause of Wellington's triumph was that his line of defence was made by himself on the occasion, and for the occasion. He had not to accommodate himself to works erected by men who could not forecast the events that were

to domineer over the employment and the fate of their works. It is among the noble traditions left by the career both of Marlborough and Wellington, that our reliance must be, not in the material, but the moral wealth, of our military force. It must be in the military capacity of the men, from the genius that can put to its use on an emergency all the complicated materials at his command, down to the calm resoluteness of the "file," who feels assured that the familiar motion, following the well-known voice of command, is the best thing that he can possibly do both for the success of his cause and his own safety. It is ever an evil thing when nations are induced to trust themselves to defences that are changeless and inanimate, and to forget that everything must depend on skill, courage, and living strength. If we have to look war in the face with a decreased navy and a demoralised army, the prospect would not be made comfortable by the fact that we had no fortresses; but the experience of France has shown that under such conditions a reliance on fortresses would be utterly fallacious.

It might seem selfish and cruel, from our secure isolation, needlessly to enlarge on the follies and crimes that have been so promptly and terribly punished on the spot; but peaceful Europe suffers at large from such moral storms. They spread a panic, create a feeling of insecurity, as if standing on the crust of a volcano, and give ready ears to the proclaimers of terrific prophecies. We are told that it came all along of a meeting in St Martin's Hall in 1866; and when the word of command comes from the "Internationale," the scenes of Montmartre and Belleville will be repeated in London, Edinburgh, or Liverpool. We have the satisfaction to believe that the clear and instructive history

of the Commune in our July Number must have been very effective in showing how entirely the whole long tragedy arose out of local conditions—the presence of a vast apparatus for attack and defence, and the letting loose of a band of spirits fitted for their use. Unfortunately it is true that our trades-unionist cannot be trusted to abstain from any crime that will further his objects. But these objects ever point to the enlargement of wages in the current coin of the realm; and many as are the follies he has committed, he will scarcely be idiot enough to believe that half-crowns will come of affiliation with brother proletaires in Austria and Spain to substitute the Positivism of Auguste Comte for the religion of the Gospel. Moreover, however enlightened and ambitious be his designs, he would find heavy difficulties in their practical realisation. It does not always happen that the dry grinder of Sheffield, the shingler and puddler of the Black Country, or the tailor of Tooley Street, has a familiar acquaintance with all the languages of Europe; and he might be somewhat puzzled, when sitting in committee on a report from the sub-affiliation branch in Madrid, Stockholm, or Moscow.

To look to experiences for home use of a more instructive kind—we see what the military engineer has made of it in France, and may in wisdom cautiously beware of placing ourselves too absolutely in his hands. His science is an exact one, dealing in angles, diameters, segments, and parabolic curves. But he cannot bring its exactness to bear upon prescience. He cannot be sure that any enemy will ever come in the path of his works to try their strength; and if it be destined that one shall come, the conditions of warfare may have revolutionised the kind of attack against which he has made his preparations.

Your enthusiastic engineer, like other men of specialties, is partial to the practice and exhibition of his attainments. The soldier, when he surveys a tract of country, is apt to have little sympathy with the farmer, who looks to rotations and tile-draining; or even with the geologist, whose higher speculations deal with eruptive primitive rocks and sedimentary strata: his eye instinctively finds the slope for a cavalry charge, or the depression through which the heights may be flanked. There is more of this spirit still in the military engineer; for his whole science deals with the availability of physical conditions. A subtle philosophy lurks under that story about Brindley, the great master of inland navigation, how, when under examination by a Parliamentary committee, he seemed to treat all natural means of water-transit as unworthy of a great engineer's notice; and being asked if there was anything to be made of the great rivers, said they were useful for feeding navigable canals. Arago, who had a great respect for the engineer's science, and was in some measure the Archimedes of the fortifications of Paris, gives us a lively sketch of the traces left upon the face of nature by the too busy military engineer:—

“On en a vu, qui ne parcourent pas une vallée, qui ne gravissent pas une colline, qui ne franchissent pas un pli de terrain, sans former le projet d'y établir une grande fortification, un château crénelé, ou une simple redoute. La pensée qu'avec la facilité actuelle des communications, chaque point du territoire peut devenir un champ de bataille les obsède sans cesse; c'est pour cela qu'ils s'opposent à l'ouverture des routes, à la construction des ponts, au défrichement des bois, au dessèchement des marais. Les places de guerre ne leurs paraissent jamais

complètes; chaque année, ils ajoutent de nouvelles et dispendieuses constructions à celles que les siècles y avaient déjà entassées; l'ennemi aurait, sans aucun doute, beaucoup à faire pour franchir tous les fossés, tous les défilés étroits et sinueux, toutes les portes crénelées, tous les ponts-levis, toutes les palissades, toutes les écluses destinées aux manœuvres d'eau, tous les remparts, toutes les demi-lunes que réunissent les fortresses modernes; mais en attendant un ennemi qui ne se présentera peut-être jamais, les habitants d'une cinquantaine de grandes villes sont privés de génération en génération, de certains agréments, de certaines commodités qui rendent la vie douce et dont on jouit librement dans le plus obscur village.” —Arago: *Biographie de Carnot, Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences*, xii. 85.

But recent experiences, if they have been unpropitious to vast processes of fortification, may perhaps suggest new directions for the skill of the engineer, in the small works that do not profess to interrupt invading armies, but to protect certain valuable positions, and cannot be turned to very mischievous account in the hands of an enemy. It is an instructive feature in the last war, that though France was the stronger power at sea, she was not able to touch the German shore with her fleet. Hamburg would have been a fine prize; but it was inaccessible when the buoys and beacons were removed. But it is certain that had Britain been at war in the same conditions—that is to say, the weaker on the sea—either with France or any other Power, many of our towns would have been wrecked, and, along with much human life, many millions' worth of property lost to the country; and even with the mastery at sea, Continental nations know that they can



easily, as opportunity offers, inflict desperate wounds on us, by running into our harbours and attacking the merchant shipping and the seaport towns.

The physical geography of the two sides of the Channel at once exhibits the cause of this special danger. The great rivers of the northern part of the Continent have their sources in the central mountain-ranges—chiefly in the Alps—and bring down to the shore heaps of material for depositing deltas of mud and sand. The rivers of Britain—those especially of Scotland, and of the south and west coast of England—generally enter the sea through rocky inlets, with deep water. On our side of the Channel there are thus many available harbours of refuge, and just so many openings for penetrating the country on mischievous expeditions. At the time of the Paris fortifications, when it was the policy of the Orleanists to show us as much hostility as could be laid out without an actual quarrel, the Prince de Joinville uttered the pamphlet that became for a time the leading excitement of the day on both sides of the Channel. Its title, as printed in England, is, ‘On the State of the Naval Strength of France compared with that of England.’ It showed, with a sort of stern candour, that any attempt by France to wrest from us the permanent supremacy of the sea must be counted among fallacious projects. But if she could not rule, she could be very mischievous. There is hope in finding that “it is an incontestable fact, that although during twenty years the war of squadron against squadron was almost always against us, the exertions of our privateers were almost ever crowned with success.” For the benefit of these privateers and their coadjutors in the small craft of the navy, there is a war-

like sermon on the text that “Sir Sidney Smith only required a few hours to occasion an irreparable injury to us at Toulon.” The conclusion is a precept to go and do likewise. There are great riches in Britain—riches that can be taken; or, if that is not the fortunate conclusion, can at any rate be destroyed by furtive incursions on her unguarded coast.

The war policy so announced is not noble or dignified. It is equivalent to pointing out a great rich man who is too strong to be openly attacked, but his riches are widely dispersed, and he is careless of their security—here are opportunities for the prowling thief and the house-breaker. The counter-policy resembles the domestic changes that have been made since the days of internal warfare, when each man’s house literally required to be his castle. Instead of ramparts, turrets, and men-at-arms, we have the door-chain and bolt, the iron safe, the chubb lock, and the police. Works constructed to aid our navy in the protection of our harbours, coasts, and maritime towns from such attacks, might be small affairs individually, but as large in the aggregate as our liberality or our apprehensions might direct. Each having its own special treasure to protect, and all looking towards an enemy from the sea, we may safely believe that such works would give little if any aid to an invading army on a scale to try the issue of conquest. As to the great inland fortresses, the lesson is, that when an enemy is in a position to besiege them the question of supremacy is settled, and their capture is mere matter of detail.

There is an expressive question, of ancient use in England—“A penny for your thoughts.” The penny is symbolical of value, like the “Jenny’s bawbee” of the Scottish heiress,

or the "pretty penny" that sometimes makes a dowry in England. The meaning is, that there are the tokens of absorbing thoughts on some matter of deep interest. Now then—a penny for the thoughts of Louis Adolphe Thiers on the whole affair from the beginning. No doubt he can balance the last transactions in a very neat and satisfactory way. He opposed the war, and did his best to save his country from the calamities it was inflicting. But who was the trumpeter who for twenty years blew the war-trumpet? Look at 'The History of the Consulate and the Empire.' If there is any one who has not read this book, he is in one sense to be envied—a great intellectual luxury awaits him. It is among the most delightful narratives in all literature. It is the work of a practical statesman who knows what he speaks about. It is the fruit of long, patient, laborious investigation, often through hidden recesses open to the author alone; and the whole is poured forth in a fresh, full, transparent narrative, that never stagnates or runs turbid.

This book has aptly been called a historical epic, and the predominant spirit of its stirring song is, that the policy by which France can become a great nation is the policy of war, victory, and domination. If asked whether the pursuit of such a policy would be beneficial for mankind at large, M. Thiers would perhaps make answer, that he is a Frenchman—that the elevation of France is the object of his life—and, that accomplished, he leaves the rest of the world to take care of itself. It is thus that he deifies all the steps of that hero who in his better days accomplished the desired triumph. He is found inspiring his proud triumphal spirit into the meanest of his followers; and it is with swelling pride that the historian describes how, after the Peace of Tilsit, the

Frenchman might be recognised all over the world by his proud, triumphant deportment. It was transferring to his own distinct and emphatic prose the idea of our poet,—  
 "Pride in each port, defiance in each eye,  
 I see the lords of humankind pass by."

But then throughout he tells, in minute but interesting detail, the precautions taken by the presiding genius to obviate all possibility of the failure of his grand designs. That his successor and imitator failed arose from an obvious reason—France was unprepared. But he—Thiers—had he been at the head, would have left a different story to posterity. It is curious that, buried in an English blue-book, there should be a little morsel of Thiersian autobiography on this point. He had some conversation with an English friend on his preparations for war in 1840, when Britain interfered in the question between Turkey and Egypt. That English friend thought his statements would afford a worthy example to be studied by the Government departments in this country, and so it was printed. It opens with a poor account of subordinate officiality in France: "When I was Minister I used constantly to find my orders forgotten, or neglected, or misinterpreted." Then, as an instance of the calamities that may be incurred by the imbecility of subordinates when there is no commanding genius to cover them, "Buonaparte nearly lost the battle of Marengo by supposing that the Austrians had no bridge over the Bormida. Three generals had assured him that they had carefully examined the river, and that there was none. It turned out that there were two, and our army was surprised." Then for himself, and the lesson taught by such precedents: "When I was preparing for war in 1840, I sat every day for eight hours with the Ministers of War, of

Marine, and of the Interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of execution of the previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances, if better evidence could be produced. If I was told that letters had been despatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received, I required their production. I punished inexorably every negligence and every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureau at work all day and almost all night. We were all of us half killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders, and placed me in bed." As it happened, the war did not follow, so all this heroism remained unsung; even "the sailors at Toulon did not know that it was owing to me that their ships were well stored and victualled."\*

On the supposition that it had been otherwise—had there been a great successful war to send forth the secrets of the bureau to fill the ears of fame—it would be one of our pennyworth of thoughts to know in what terms the hero anticipated that the next generation of historians would record his feat. This special curiosity arises from a practice of his own in telling the same thing in different ways. Thus, when minute and rigorous precautions for the future are taken by Napoleon, they are set down as the instincts of genius; but when the same thing is done, and better done, by Wellington, we are called to see how much can be accomplished by plain common-sense. On the whole, the moral of Thiers's doctrines, as interpreted by recent facts, is, that the national policy is not a sound one which requires always to have a Napoleon or a Thiers at the helm.

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\* Papers relating to the Reorganisation of the Public Service, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, 1855, p. 192.

## MORE ROBA DI ROMA.\*

## THE MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN, OR THE CASTLE ST ANGELO.—PART III.

## CHAPTER VI.

ROME was now in a state of complete desolation — fire and war, famine and pestilence, tempest and inundation, had ruined and depopulated it. The once splendid and crowded city had shrunken to a village with a handful of inhabitants. The herdsman drove his flock on the Capitol, which had now become the Monte Caprino, the Hill of Goats ; or pastured his cattle in the Forum, which had degenerated into the Campo Vaccino, the Field of Cows. There was no pavement anywhere. Cattle and beasts of every kind roamed at will through the dismal and deserted streets. From San Silvestro to the Porta del Popolo, all was either marsh, haunted by flocks of wild duck and overgrown with rustling canes, or garden given over to the rearing of vegetables. The ancient tombs alone were alive, for they were fortresses for the oppression of the people. The stars alone lighted the streets.

Such was the condition of Rome when Nicholas V. succeeded Eugenius IV. in 1447. As soon as he was elected, he set his hand to the restoration and embellishment of the city. He cleared out the old and ruined houses, and built new ones ; opened the Piazza de S. Celso ; erected the Church of S. Teodoro, and the palaces of the Conservatori and of Sta Maria Novella ; founded the Vatican library ; and devoted himself with energy and goodwill to repair the ravages of the preceding years.

But he did not overlook the dangers of war and the necessities of defence. He restored the city walls and gates, erected towers for their defence, and completely fortified Castle St Angelo, enlarging the tower begun by Boniface VIII., planting two new towers on the bridge, and four new ones on the Castle, strengthening it with solid bastions, and adding various rooms to the interior. His reign was short, but it was devoted rather to the arts of peace than of war.

During the interregnum before his election, each of the Roman nobles had sought to impose his rights upon the Roman people ; while, in opposition to their claims, the Roman people, convening a council at Ara Coeli, asserted their privilege to govern themselves. Then it was that Stephano Porcari, a noble Roman, but a friend of the people, urged upon them to establish their liberty, exhorting them to profit by the occasion, and reclaim their rights with energy. But the life had gone out of the people. They would not listen to him. At a later period, on the occasion of a tumult, he again urged similar counsels, and again failed. He was then exiled. But returning to Rome, and animated by the same spirit, he concerted with his nephew, Battista Sciarra, and together they formed a conspiracy to restore the Republic and the liberty of Rome, in conjunction with a number of able men who shared his views. The Government, however, got wind of it, and

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\* Continued from our March Number.

the Senator Giacomo dei Cavagnoli, accompanied by a band of soldiers, went to his house to arrest him. They found the doors closed and barred with iron. Porcari was not there; but the house was filled with conspirators, who refused to yield. Thereupon a fierce attack was commenced in front, in which the assailants got the best of it. A portion of the defenders, led by Battista Sciarra, then endeavoured to escape by the back-door. Backed by the wall, they here made a stout defence, and finally all escaped but one, who in fighting unfortunately cut the string of his trunk-hose, which falling down entangled his legs so that he was taken. The rest of the conspirators in the house were made prisoners, as well as Porcari himself, who was found hidden in a chest in his sister's house. On the 9th of January 1453, Porcari was hanged on the Castle St Angelo, from the tower on the right; and "I myself," says Infessura, "saw him dressed in black, in a giubetto and black stockings. His body was then thrown into the Tiber, or, as some think, was buried in Sta Maria Traspontina. On the same day nine others were hanged at the Capitol, confession and communion being denied to them; and among these was Angelo di Mascio and his young son Chiumento, who prayed that they would draw down his cap over his eyes, so that he might not see his father hanged before him."

In 1455, Alfonso Borgia, the first of his family who came to the Papal chair, was made Pope under the name of Callixtus III. He confided the Castle to the custody of Catalani, who refused to surrender it; and the Sacred College then bought it for several thousand scudi. But they do not seem to have held it long, for on the death of Pius II. (Piccolomini) in 1464,

his nephew, Antonio Duke of Amalfi, held possession of it; and the cardinals were so intimidated that they did not dare to hold their conclave in the Vatican. Paul II., his successor, obtained possession of it, and was the first Pontiff who intrusted it to the custody and governorship of prelates and ecclesiastics.

To Paul II. succeeded Sixtus IV., who, when he came to the throne, took possession of it without opposition. The appearance of the Castle at this period is clearly shown in the drawing by Sangallo, the architect, made about 1465, in which it bears little resemblance to what it is now. The upper part is crowned by the high square towers and turreted additions made by Nicholas V. The whole fortress is girdled by a cincture of bastions and massive round towers, and flanking the extremity of the bridge rise two square-built bulwarks, which have now entirely disappeared.

In a curious and interesting painting by Vittore Carpaccio in the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice, the Pope Ciriaco is represented as coming forth with his train of cardinals from Castle St Angelo to receive Saint Orsola (daughter of King Mauro) and her virgins, accompanied by the son of the King of England, who was betrothed to her. It is one of a series of remarkable pictures by this artist, rich in colour, and full of character and expression. The special interest, however, it has in this connection is, that in the background it gives a careful representation of the Castle St Angelo as it was at this period. Above the circle of the ancient tomb rises a high machicolated square tower occupying almost its entire diameter, and again above this is a second and smaller tower, also machicolated, on the top of which is the figure of the winged angel,—the

whole surrounded by massive walls, with round towers at each corner. Along the bastions soldiers are blowing trumpets, and flags are flying from the towers. Behind the Castle is seen a tall spiral column, on the summit of which stands a naked figure, with a spear and shield, and near it is an octagonal church, surmounted by a narrow dome, both of which, if they ever had an existence out of the mind of the artist, have since utterly disappeared. Ships are also seen lying beyond in the Tiber, from which, apparently, the train of St Orsola and her bridegroom have just landed. It is marching from them in procession to the broad terrace in front, where the noble couple are kneeling to receive the benediction of the Pope, who stands in the foreground under his Baldacchino, his robes held up behind by his acolytes, and his train of cardinals and bishops, in white mitres, stretching behind him, the last of them just issuing from a tall turreted gateway in the walls.

Sixtus IV. intrusted the Castle to Girolamo Riario, his so-called nephew, though by many he is supposed to have been his son by an incestuous connection. The Pope and Riario pursued the Colonne with relentless fury, and during the whole of his reign Rome was in a disastrous state. There were constant massacres in the streets; the families of all who were suspected of being partisans of Colonna were persecuted and attacked, and the houses of many were burned. Among others, the palace of Luigi Colonna was assaulted and set on fire; and Colonna, hard pressed, at last surrendered on faith of a promise of safety given by Virginio Orsini. But the Pope no sooner had him in his hands than he put him at once to the torture, which was so atrocious that it was impossible he could

have survived it more than a few hours; but an end was put to his suffering by decapitation.

Sixtus IV. was as vicious as he was cruel, and under his Papacy the College of Cardinals was debased by the appointment of men without piety or decency of character. Among them were Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI., who afterwards so stained the history of the Church by their crimes and debaucheries. Another, to whom he gave the cardinal's hat and the bishopric of Parma, was a young man, who had formerly been valet to Riario. The Pope, taken by his beauty, advanced him in honours and benefices, and before creating him cardinal made him, as Infessura tells us, "*Cubicularius Castellani sancti Angeli.*" Sixtus himself was treacherous and debauched. His word was not to be trusted in anything, says Infessura; and he adds—"It is well known to us how many men perished in war and battle during his life; and how many women and virgins, during the war against the Florentines, driven by the pangs of hunger, were forced to yield up their honour and virtue." Among other anecdotes illustrating his cruelty, he relates that twice during the latter part of his life, two of his soldiers having challenged each other *à outrance* (*a steccato chiuso*, as it was called), the Pope insisted on being present at both combats; ordered them to take place before his very doors in the Piazza S. Pietro; and prohibited the combatants from beginning until he should make his appearance at his window. When all was ready, he appeared, gave them his benediction, made the sign of the cross, and ordered them to set to. In one of these duels, one of the combatants was killed on the spot; and in the other, both were so severely wounded that they could fight no longer, and they were borne away half dead. He

delighted to look on such encounters, says Infessura. His appearance conformed to his character. He was black, ill-formed, and had a swollen throat. So despised and hated was he, that even his apologist, Jacopo Volterrano, does not attempt to disguise his vices.

On the death of Sixtus the Castle was left in the hands of Riario, who refused at first to surrender it. But during the interregnum he was persuaded by the cardinals to give it up, on the payment by them of 4000 ducats; and it was then put in charge of one of their bishops, to be held by him for the benefit of the future Pope, when he should be elected, and meantime to be under the control of the cardinals. The wife of Riario still remained there, however; and in defiance of all promises, 150 armed men were introduced into it on the last days of the obsequies of Sixtus, to hold it against the new Pope. Matters, however, were finally settled without bloodshed, and the Countess Riario left the Castle, carrying with her the 150 soldiers.

On the 29th of August 1484, the new Pope (Giovanni Battista Cibo) was elected, and took the title of Innocent VIII. Nothing could be less indicative of his true character than his name. His life was scandalous. He had seven illegitimate children by different women, all of whom he had the impudence publicly to acknowledge and honour. He was weak of purpose, indolent, venal, and given to debauchery; but he was neither cruel nor ambitious. During his

life, though he did little wrong himself to the people, he did nothing to shield them and protect them from wrongs, and was content to be let alone, and to leave others alone. Even more, he seems formally to have abandoned to the people of Rome many most important powers, rights, and privileges, among which were all the offices and benefices of the city, priories, abbeys, &c., "to be held by them solely, and against the claims of all persons."\*

The condition of Rome continued to be dreadful. There were daily tumults; the soldiers now entering the city by night, and carrying off with violence the most respectable maidens and young married women,—taking the latter from the side of their husbands in bed—at which the Pope only smiled and winked; now pouring in and attacking Castle St Angelo, plundering it, killing the defenders, and carrying off bodies of labourers employed upon it; now soldiers issuing from the Castle to battle, and returning with prisoners taken in fight, or prisoners seized on suspicion, and tortured then and there. There is no crime with which the annals of the time do not abound. The record is of perpetual violence, murder, rape, battle. "The whole city," says Infessura, "is filled with villains, who, after committing homicide, betake themselves for refuge to the houses of the cardinals, and do not issue therefrom; and the homicides of which they are guilty are considered as nothing (*pro nihil æstimantur*)." On the Tor di Nona, close by the Castle, bodies of per-

\* The passage is curious, as showing the formal surrender by Pope and cardinals to the Roman people of rights now utterly denied. "I myself have seen," says Infessura, p. 1191, in the palace of the Conservators of Rome, "certa capitula, &c., inter quæ erat verbum hujus tenoris vel substantiæ. Prometto et juro, ego, Innocentius Papa octavus in præsentia omnium Dominorum Cardinalium, me daturum et concessurum civibus Romanis omnia officia et Beneficia urbis, prioratus abbatias et alia, et nos consentire neque auctoritatem præstare alicui alteri personæ, ut præmissa officia vel Beneficia alteri contribuantur, nisi solum et duntaxat ipsis civibus Romanis idoneis."

sons are constantly found suspended, of whom nobody knows the names, or cares to know. Executions within the Castle are of constant occurrence, and they occasion neither surprise nor remark. "*In urbe continuo vulnera, occisiones, rapinæ et alia similia impune fiebant.*" Every now and then an arm, a hand, a foot, a head, a leg, or some part of a corpse, is nailed up on the wall of the Castle, to *affiche* an execution performed; but this is so common that nobody pays attention to it, unless, indeed, it relate to a person of importance, or of some one engaged in a popular crime,—as was the case of Macrino di Castagno, who agreed with Bajazet to poison his brother Zemi in Rome, and, having been discovered, was executed, quartered, and nailed outside the wall.

Any one who committed an ordinary crime, such as murder, rape, or parricide, had only to pay and go free; and one case is related by Infessura, at which he was present, where a man was brought before the vice-chamberlain accused of having killed his two daughters and a servant, and the vice-chamberlain set him free, saying, "*Deus non vult mortem peccatoris, sed magis ut solvat et vivat*"—that is, that he should pay and go free. If this seem exaggerated, the simple statistics show that it is not; for it is recorded that no less than 220 Roman citizens were assassinated between the death of Innocent, on the 25th of July, and the coronation of Alexander VI., his successor, on the 26th of August. The condition and character of the priests may also be imagined from the edict issued by the Pope, prohibiting them from keeping shambles, inns, gaming-houses, bawdy-houses, and from accepting money to play the part of panders and agents of courtesans.\*

Finally, death came to Innocent in 1492. During his last illness, the Jewish physician by whom he was attended recommended a transfusion of blood; and the blood of three young boys of ten years of age was accordingly transfused into the veins of the debauched old Pope, all three dying in the process.

But things had not even now come to their worst. On Aug. 11, 1492, Rodrigo Borgia, nephew of Callixtus III., was elected Pope, and rendered his name infamous to all generations as Alexander VI. He had two strong rivals for the Papal chair,—Ascanio Sforza, son of Francesco Sforza, the famous Duke of Milan; and Juliano della Rovere, a nephew of Sixtus IV. But powerful as was their influence, it yielded to that of Borgia. His wealth was immense, and he bribed the whole college of cardinals, with the exception of five, who refused to sell their votes; and even Ascanio sold himself at last to his rival, finding that there was no chance of his own election. The scandalous life of Alexander is only too well known. He was weak, irresolute, and cowardly in character, and destitute of morals and decency; and the condition of Rome, far from improving under his guidance, sank, if possible, into more complete degradation. There was no safety anywhere from assassination and debauchery, and the State was tormented by constant war. Over the battlements of the Castle are seen the faces of prisoners led forth to be beheaded or quartered, and its prisons and halls of examination echo to the shrieks of those who are there tortured, strangled, or poisoned. It is the scene of treachery and wickedness within; and without it the clamour of battle rages at intervals.

\* Constitutio apud Raynaldum, Ann. Eccl. 1488, f. 21, p. 392.



The contemporary accounts of the condition of the Papal Court at this period showed a baseness and corruption not to be exceeded in the worst period of the Roman Empire. One contemporary writer, in a letter to Sylvius di Labillis in 1502, gives a description of its shameful crimes and abominations, which can scarcely be transferred to these pages, so disgusting a record does it show. "There is nothing so wicked or so criminal," he says, "as not to be publicly done at Rome, and in the house of the Pope. The Scythians are surpassed in their robberies, the Carthaginians in their perfidiés, the Neros and Caligulas in their savageries and cruelties. It would be impossible to relate all the murders, rapines, lusts, and incests here committed, or to repeat the numbers of those who have been killed, or wounded, or thrown alive into the Tiber, or slain by poison."

In political affairs Alexander had no policy but vacillation and treachery. First he called in the aid of Charles VIII. to strengthen his power in Italy; then he formed a league against him; and then, as the King approached the gates of Rome, he again changed his purpose, and sought to negotiate with him. Ascanio Sforza and Prospero Colonna were accordingly sent to Rome by Charles, to confer with the Pope on some terms of conciliation. But while the conferences were going on Alexander again changed face, and, strengthened by the presence of the Neapolitan army, he treacherously seized upon Prospero and Ascanio, and threw them into the prisons of the Castle St Angelo. As the French advanced, carrying all before them, the Pope again fell into a state of complete irresolution, vacillating between two plans: one, to defend Rome with the aid of Naples; the other, to betray his allies and receive Charles. Finally, he determined

upon the latter course when the King began to approach the city; and as Charles entered at one gate, the Duke of Calabria and his soldiers fled by another. The entry of the King, on the 31st of October 1494, was of the most pompous and splendid character; and Paolo Giovio, who was present on the occasion, gives us an elaborate account of it. At three o'clock in the afternoon the advanced-guard entered the Porta del Popolo, but it was not until nine o'clock that the rear-guard passed in by the light of torches. The flower of the French nobility was there, in silken mantles, gilt helmets, and flashing necklaces of gold and precious stones. First came the close ranks of Swiss and Germans, marching by battalions, with their lances, short swords, and halberds. Then came 5000 Gascons, armed with the cross-bow. Then 2500 cuirassiers, with their tall lances gleaming in the sun, and accompanied by pages in rich costumes. After these came 1000 light-horse, with long bows, glittering helmets, and breastplates, their arms embroidered on their mantles in silver, and followed by 200 French chevaliers clad in purple and gold, and mounted on magnificently-caparisoned horses. Finally, the rear was brought up with 36 bronze cannon, 8 feet long, and culverines.

Meantime the Pope, trembling for his life, fled to the Castle St Angelo with the Cardinals Orsini and Caraffa, and there shut himself up. The party of the cardinals opposed to him, at the head of which were Ascanio Sforza and Juliano della Rovere, then waited upon the King, and strenuously urged him to dethrone the Pope, who scandalised the office he held by his shameful vices and crimes. But the King could not be persuaded to do this. He summoned the Pope, however,

to surrender the Castle, as a gage of his good faith in performing his promises. But Alexander, doubting what the King might do if once he was in his power, refused to give up the Castle; and twice the cannon of the French were brought up from the palace of St Mark's, where the King had his residence, and planted against it, with a threat to attack it if it was not surrendered. The people, in the mean time, excited by these events, and expecting Rome to be put to sack, broke into tumult and battle between themselves in the streets, and many persons were slain. At last, however, the Pope yielded, and conditions of peace were agreed upon on January 11, 1495. The King went to the Vatican and kissed the Pope's hand; and Zemi or Gem, the son of Mahomet II., who had long been held a captive by the Pope, was let out of prison in Castle St Angelo, and surrendered to the King. But though Alexander released Zemi, he took care that his freedom should not avail him. The Pope had some time before been solicited by Mahomet to make away with his brother by poison, in which Alexander was an adept, or in any other way, promising as a reward for this treacherous murder a large sum of money, the precious relic of the tunic of Christ, and a promise never to take arms against the Christians. Before the Pope consigned Zemi to the King, he caused to be administered to him a white powder mixed with sugar, agreeable to the taste, not sudden in its effect, but entailing in the end certain death without convulsions. This poison Alexander was perfectly familiar with, having repeatedly employed it when he had occasion quietly to get rid of certain cardinals and persons of importance who were in his way; and it was the same to which he afterwards fell a victim by mistake.

The effect on Zemi was all that was expected. He died at Naples on the 26th of February, having gone thither with the French army.

In a similar way, after the taking of Senegalia by Cæsare Borgia, the Pope's son, Cardinal Orsini, having gone to the Pope to congratulate him on the success of his arms, the Pope ordered him to be arrested and transported to the Castle St Angelo, and there he was quietly disposed of by poison. On the same day that this crime was committed, Cæsare Borgia cruelly murdered several persons of rank and importance who had unfortunately fallen into his hands.

Shortly after this, on the 29th of October 1497, a flash of lightning struck into one of the magazines of the Castle where powder had been stored, and it instantly exploded, shattering to fragments the upper part of the fortress, blowing into the air the great marble angel on the top, and flinging pieces of it to a considerable distance, into the Borgo, and on to the church of S. Celso. Sixty persons were wounded by this explosion, but no one was killed.

It became again necessary, therefore, to repair the Castle; and to this work Alexander put his hand with readiness, knowing how much it had stood him in stead during his negotiations with Charles. He completely restored, if he did not entirely rebuild, the rotunda of the keep, upon its ancient masonry; and on the summit he erected a square tower, which still remains, though much hidden. Besides these restorations, he completed the long passage, about 3000 feet in length, leading to the Vatican, which had been begun many years before by John XXIII. in 1411, and left unfinished. He also strengthened the fortifications of the Castle in other ways, adding bulwarks of travertine between it and the bridge, cutting

ditches, and making it stronger than before the explosion.

Much as the State suffered under the Pope, it suffered still more under the yoke of his son, Cæsare Borgia, the famous Duke of Valentino. Brave, handsome, powerful of person, an amusing companion, a capable leader, one of the first swordsmen of his day, determined in character and full of resources, he was also cruel, treacherous, vicious, hypocritical, and totally unprincipled. The crimes he committed, the friends he betrayed, the women he sacrificed to his passions, the murders he did by steel and poison, form a terrible catalogue. He was as immoral as his father, but he was not, like him, a coward, and he was a far abler man. His power was great, and he used it infamously; but there was something attractive about him, which nobody seemed to be able to resist. It was the fascination of a demon. If the portrait of him in the Borghese Gallery at Rome be authentic, his evil traits of character were concealed under a calm and quiet mask. His face was as a sheathed sword. At last, however, his treachery recoiled upon himself and on the Pope, and they were both caught in a snare laid for another. It happened in this way.

The Pope and the Duke went by agreement to take supper at a Vigna near the Vatican, belonging to Cardinal Adriano of Spoleto, with the intention, while partaking of the hospitality of the Cardinal, to poison him. The Duke having prepared several bottles of poisoned wine, put them into the hands of an attendant, with orders to carry them to the Vigna, but to allow nobody to drink any of them until he came, or without his order. The attendant accordingly took them to the place, and there awaited his master. The Pope arrived before the appointed time, and, being over-

come by heat and thirst, asked for some wine. The attendant, supposing that the wine intrusted to his keeping by the Duke was of exquisite quality, and intended solely for the special use of the Pope and the Duke, immediately gave some of it to the Pope. He drank freely, and while in the act of so doing, the Duke himself arrived, and without asking any questions, he also drank it without suspicion. The poison soon began to produce its effect. The Pope, overcome by it, was hurriedly carried to the Vatican, and there died. The Duke also was prostrated by it, but either through the strength of his constitution, or because he had taken less, he recovered after a severe illness.

Great was the rejoicing of the people at the death of the Pope, and equally great the rage of the Duke. He who had prepared everything, as he declared to Macchiavelli, to secure the reins of power to himself, and to govern the election of the new Pope by force of arms, now, at this critical moment, found himself disabled from all action and confined to his bed. His enemies took advantage of his illness, and made league against him while he lay tortured and impotent in his chamber. But as soon as he could rise he attempted to carry out his plans. He besieged the Vatican with 12,000 men, and endeavoured to impose on the Sacred College the nomination of his friend, Cardinal de Rohan. The cardinals then withdrew, and, assembling again at Sta Maria Sopra Minerva, were there besieged by Micheletto Careglia, a captain of Valentino. At last the Duke—who in the mean time had formed a reconciliation with the Colonna, and restored to them their fortresses at Nettuno, Gennezano, and Rocca di Papa—was persuaded by them to withdraw to Nepi, and the conclave then elected Pius III. (Piccolomini). Twenty-

five days after his election the Pope died, as it was said, of poison.

The Duke of Valentino meantime had received a safe-conduct, and returned to Rome with his army. Here, despite all his wishes, he found himself obliged to lend his aid to the election of Julius II. But fortune did not smile on him. Rome was filled with tumult, and he was fiercely attacked by the Orsini, who sought to revenge themselves for the murder of their relations and the destruction of their palaces. So hard was he pressed at last, that he was forced to seek the protection of the Pope. Julius, grateful for the aid afforded by the Duke in his election, gave him shelter in the Castle St Angelo. But soon after he had left it he was arrested by the Pope, and conducted back to it as a prisoner. There he was kept for nearly a year, and, though treated with external consideration, only obtained at last his freedom on surrendering all his fortresses. But though he gained his freedom, the star of his fortune had paled. He was a victim soon after of the same treachery that he had practised on others, and was thrown into the fortress of Medina del Campo by Gonzalvo di Cordova, in whose hands he had put himself as a friend. Valentino was finally killed in a brawl, on the 12th of March 1507.

In 1517 a conspiracy was discovered, or suspected, at least, against the life of Leo X., though apparently without much reason. Cardinal Alfonso Petrucci, as it would seem, offended with the Pope for his ingratitude towards his father, Pandolfo Petrucci, who had so faithfully served him, was accused of having spoken openly of vengeance, and of using threats against the life of Leo. He was also accused of having endeavoured to induce the surgeon of the Pope, Battista di Vercelli, to poison an ulcer which

he was daily obliged to dress. However this may be, there were not sufficient grounds for a criminal process; and had there been, Petrucci was not in Rome. The Pope pretended to believe none of these accusations, and, affecting kindness to the Cardinal, recalled him to Rome by a letter full of affectionate protestations and promises, and transmitted with it a safe-conduct, giving his word to the Spanish ambassador that he should incur no danger by returning. Petrucci accepted the invitation and returned, accompanied by his friend, Cardinal Bandinello Sauli. As soon, however, as they presented themselves at the pontifical palace they were immediately arrested and thrown into the dungeons of St Angelo. Vain were the protestations of the ambassador of Spain. Both cardinals were subjected to torture. Others, who were suspected of being concerned in the conspiracy, were also imprisoned and tortured. A form of trial was gone through, but a mystery was thrown round all the proceedings. The end of it was, that Petrucci was strangled in the prison on the 20th of June, the day after the judgment; while Sauli, who was condemned by the same sentence, purchased his freedom by paying a large sum of money. But though Sauli was set free, the report was that the Pope had administered to him a slow poison.

Only two years later a similar fate befel Giovanni Paolo Baglioni, Lord of Perugia. The Pope, suspecting him of a secret understanding with the Duke of Urbino, and for other reasons wishing to get rid of him, summoned him to appear at Rome and answer to the complaints of Gentile, by whom he was accused. Baglioni, doubting the good faith of the Pope, sent his son, feigning to be himself unable to go on account of illness. The Pope received him with great

kindness, but declared that his father must personally appear to plead his own cause; and as a pledge of his complete security in so doing, he sent him a safe-conduct, written in his own hand. At the same time he pledged his word to Camillo Orsini and other friends of Baglioni that he should incur no danger. Baglioni accordingly came to Rome, and proceeded at once to the Castle St Angelo, whither the Pope, on pretence of recreation, had gone a day or two before. Once within the walls of the Castle, he was delivered over to torture, and under the horrors of the rack he confessed to numerous debaucheries and crimes. He was then thrown into a dungeon, and two months after was decapitated by order of the Pope.

Very much the same trick was also played at this time on various persons, who, under promise of safety, were lured into the Castle, tortured to confession, and then executed. At last Leo himself died — not without suspicion of being poisoned — and was succeeded by Adrian VI. in 1522. Adrian lived but a few months; but during his reign he effaced one scandal which had long disgraced Rome. From the time of the Emperors, the Jews who resided in the city had been subjected to constant humiliations and cruelties. When the Popes succeeded the Emperors their lot was little improved, and homage was as sternly exacted as in the earlier days. Upon the installation of any Pope, a deputation of Romish Jews were obliged to present themselves to his Holiness on the public way of his triumphal procession, singing songs in his praise, and carrying on their shoulders a copy of the Pentateuch written on parchment, bound in gold, and covered with a veil, which on bended knees they offered to him, beseeching his

protection. The successor of Peter took the book, read a few words from it, and then putting it behind him said, “We affirm the law, but we curse the Hebrew people and their exposition of it.” Having thus graciously accepted their homage, he proceeded on his way; and the deputation, full of fears for the future, retired to their humble quarters in the Ghetto, saluted on all sides by the cries and scoffs of the populace.

It was Callixtus II. who revived the old usage, and re-created it in this form in the year 1119; and his successors were so much pleased with it that they continued it thenceforward for nearly four centuries.

The spot on which this homage was generally offered was at the Bridge of Hadrian, the second destroyer of Jerusalem, but sometimes it was performed on Monte Giordano. The ill-treatment to which the Jews were subjected by the mob in these public places at last became so excessive, that in 1484, Innocent VIII., taking compassion on them, received them in the enclosure of the Castle St Angelo. Burkhardt, the master of ceremonies of the Pope, gives us the address of the Jews, and the response of the Holy Father, in these words. Extending the copy of the Pentateuch, the chief of the deputation said, in Hebrew,—“Most Holy Father, we Israelites beseech you, in the name of our synagogue, that the Mosaic law given by Almighty God to Moses, our priest, on Mount Sinai, may be conceded and allowed to us as by other eminent Popes, the predecessors of your Holiness, it has been conceded and allowed.” To which the Pope replied,—“We concede to you the law, but we curse your creed and your interpretation; for He of whom you said, ‘He will come,’ has already come, our Lord

Jesus Christ, as is taught and professed by our Church."

On one occasion Pius III., in the year 1503, being ill, received this deputation in a hall of the Vatican. But Julius II. immediately remanded the ceremony to the Bridge of Hadrian, where he made a long sermon on the occasion; and his physician, the Spaniard Rabbi Samuel, also spoke with eloquence. His successor, Leo X., received this homage with still greater pomp and circumstance, as is evident from the description of the occasion by his great master of ceremonies, Paris de Grassis. This worthy person tells us that the Jews stood before the door of the Castle St Angelo on a wooden scaffold covered with gold brocade and silken carpets, and bearing eight burning wax-candles. There they held up the tables of the law, and while the Pope rode by on his white horse, fat, sensual, and repulsive (for surely, if the portrait Raffaelle has left us of this voluptuary be faithful, nothing could have been less spiritual than his appearance), the Jews made their customary humble appeal; and this holy figure, differing somewhat from that of the chief of the apostles, made the usual response. What a picture it must have been! Perhaps Adrian saw it with a satirical eye, thinking little better of the Pope than Mosheim, who places him in the list of atheists; or than the Venetian ambassadors, who give accounts of his gross excesses and vices of a nature to scandalise the lowest rake of this century. However this may have been, certain it is that the ceremony was discontinued by honest, pious, and ascetic Adrian, and was not again renewed.

To Adrian succeeded Giulio de Medici, who was elected Pope on November 18, 1523, and assumed

the throne under the title of Clement II.

Under his pontificate some improvements were made in the Castle, not so much for the sake of fortification as of embellishment. To replace the angel which had been blown to pieces in the great explosion of gunpowder, another statue of marble was made by Raffaelle, son of Baccio da Montelupo, representing the archangel Michael. This statue, which was five braccia in height, was placed on the summit of the square tower where the pontifical standards were spread. The same artist also arranged and decorated a number of rooms in the Castle with intaglie of stonework and scagliola or other similar composition, set into the chimney-pieces, doors, and windows. Under the angel, Clement proposed also at one time to place a series of statues, representing the seven capital vices; and in accordance with this project, designs for them were made by Baccio Bandinelli; but subsequently the plan was abandoned. The statue by Montelupo still exists, and is placed in a niche at the top of the great stairs in the Castle.

In 1526, the Emperor Charles V., irritated by the league made by the Pope with various of the Italian princes to oppose his power in Italy, declared war against the Pope. His army, led by Hugo de Moncada, and strengthened by the troops of Pompeo Colonna, now marched upon the city. At their approach the Pope called on the people to assist him in its defence. But they laughed the summons to scorn, adorned their windows with tapestry, and flocked to see the troops of the Emperor as they entered. When the Pope heard that his enemies had entered the Borgo, he obstinately remained at the Vatican; and, seated on the pontifical throne,

and dressed in the pontifical robes, he proposed to await his foes, thinking by his bravery to overawe them, as Boniface VIII. had vainly attempted to do at Anagni. At last, and not a moment too soon, he was prevailed upon to flee along the corridor, and take refuge in the Castle St Angelo. Lucky it was for him that he did so. The soldiery, pouring in, could not be restrained, but overran the whole Borgo, sacking the houses of the cardinals and courtiers, pillaging the Vatican and St Peter's of every

article of value that they could lay hands on, stopping only when they came under the cannon of St Angelo, and retiring at night laden with booty.

The next day a deputation waited on the Pope, and a conference was held in the Castle. After three days, terms were agreed upon, the feud was arranged, and Hugo then restored to the Pope the pontifical mitre and the silver pastorale, which had been stolen by the soldiers during the sack.

#### CHAPTER VII.

The peace concluded between the Emperor and the Pope was of short duration. In 1527 the Constable of Bourbon marched upon Rome with 40,000 soldiers. He arrived before the city on the 6th of May, in the evening, and on the following morning commenced his attack on the walls of the Borgo. He himself in person led his soldiers, and perceiving that the German troops feebly seconded him, in order to animate them, with his own hands he seized a ladder, and, planting it against the walls, began to mount. But scarcely was he above the heads of his soldiers when a musket-ball shot from above penetrated his right thigh and flank, and he fell to the ground. He at once perceived that the wound was mortal, but for fear of discouraging his troops if they heard of his fall, he ordered the soldiers near him to cover him with a cloak, so as to conceal his fate from them; and before he could be moved he expired under the walls.

Benvenuto Cellini, in his description of this battle, declares that it was he who killed the Constable Bourbon, firing from the walls with

his arquebuse; and as his account completely tallies with the statements of other historians of the period as to the manner of the Constable's death, there seems to be no reason to discredit this fact. The day was cloudy, and a low fog enveloped the earth, through which it was difficult clearly to distinguish any one at a distance. But the Constable was rather conspicuous from being dressed in white; and at the moment when Cellini discharged his arquebuse, it was very evident, from the tumult that arose around the person struck down, that some one of consequence had been killed or wounded.

The death of the Constable had an effect quite different from what he had anticipated. It roused his soldiers to vengeance, and they sprang forward to the attack with renewed fury. Under the cover of the fog they succeeded in passing the trenches, and then, swarming over the walls, they stormed the ramparts, hemming in on both sides the Romans, and pouring upon them a fire so deadly, that after losing great numbers of men, they threw down their arms, and, falling on their

knees, besought their enemies to spare their lives.

When the assault first commenced, Clement was at his prayers in the chapel of the Vatican; but as soon as the loud cries of the soldiers announced that the walls had been stormed and taken, he fled precipitately along the corridor leading from the Vatican to the Castle St Angelo. Paolo Giovio, who accompanied him in his flight, gives us a vivid picture of the scene. As he rushed along *a grandi passi* through the open and exposed corridor, Paolo, fearing that he might be recognised by the white rochetto in which he was dressed, and shot by some one, pulled up the "gheron" of the long vest to enable him to run more easily, and threw over his shoulders his own vest, and put on his head his own "paonazzo" hat. The scene that met his eyes below was frightful. Tumult and wild cries of rage and terror rent the air. The Roman soldiers in confused masses were fleeing for their lives before the infuriated Spaniards and Germans, who plunged their halberds and pikes into them as they fled, and massacred them ruthlessly. Through all these horrors the Pope hurried in terror and dismay, and reaching the Castle at last in safety, there shut himself up with his prelates and cardinals.

Then followed a horrible night of sacking, pillage, and blood. "Nothing," says Giovio, "was ever seen more fearful or more full of weeping." Old men and boys were cruelly tortured and murdered everywhere. Matrons and virgins were wantonly and publicly violated. The shrieks of women, the shouts of soldiers, and the groans of the dying, were heard on all sides. The palaces of the nobles were thronged with savage armed mobs who destroyed everything. All the houses

of the Borgo and the Trastevere were pillaged. The streets were piled with the furniture of the churches, and the relics and sacred ornaments of the altar. Such were the ravages of that night, that Pompeo Colonna, who came to Rome two days after, could not restrain his tears at the spectacle that even then met his eyes.

Meanwhile the Pope and cardinals were safe in the Castle St Angelo; and this was strong enough to afford them a refuge from the fury of all parties for a time. But it was ill provisioned, and incapable of sustaining a long siege; and their only hope of relief was from the advance of some of their Italian allies.

As soon as the Spaniards could be gathered together and formed into some order, after their wild orgies of blood and pillage, a regular siege was laid to the Castle. But it was carried on with little energy, the spirit of the besiegers having been apparently glutted with the events of the previous days. Of the force in the Castle, Benvenuto Cellini seems to have been one of the leaders. He had specially in charge some of the artillery on one of the chief batteries, and from these he did good service. His guns were levelled with skill, and they were kept in constant fire. He was fertile in resources, and constantly on the watch. At one time observing the Prince of Orange moving about in the trenches, he aimed his gun at him and wounded him severely in the face, killing the mule upon which he was mounted. The duties of soldier he varied with those of jeweller; and when he was not at his post at the battery, he was engaged in removing the Papal pearls from their setting, and sewing them into the body-clothes of the Pope.

For a time the Pope had strong



hopes of relief from the army of the league commanded by the Duke of Urbino, and beacon-fires were constantly kept burning on the Castle to indicate that it still held out. At one time relief seemed near at hand, and the banners of Guido Rangoni were seen in the distance on Monte Mario, but they soon disappeared, and with them the hopes of rescue. The Pope now fell into a condition of abject fear, and began to intrigue with the enemy. He was ready to accept any terms, however humiliating, provided his life was saved. He showed neither courage nor dignity; and weeping, he cried out, that since fortune had brought him to such a pass he would attempt no longer resistance, but would surrender himself and all his cardinals into the Emperor's hands. When things had come to this pass resistance was vain, and on the 5th of June a capitulation was made on the hardest of terms.

The Pope agreed,—1st, to pay 100,000 ducats on the spot, 50,000 more in twenty days, and 250,000 more in two months; 2d, to surrender the Castle itself, as well as the castles in Civita Castellana and Civita Vecchia; 3d, to remain a prisoner until the entire payment; and, 4th, to surrender the cities of Parma and Modena. Clement was, however, in no condition to pay such a sum, and in consequence he was placed in a most sad and painful position. The cities and fortresses rejected the terms of capitulation, and refused to open their gates. Vainly the church-plate was melted and cardinals' hats were sold to raise money. The sum still fell short of the agreed ransom, and he was forced to remain in the Castle as prisoner under the charge of Don Fernando de Alarcon, with three Spanish and three German companies.

Colonna, who was a particular friend of Alarcon, endeavoured to prevail upon him, by the bribe of two cardinals' hats for his family, and of 30,000 crowns for himself, to permit the Pope to make his escape. But he refused all offers, and, though courteous to the Pope, increased his vigilance over him. Despite the hostages which Clement had been obliged to give, little faith was placed in his pledges, and he and his cardinals were strictly watched. It was also rigorously prohibited to supply him with any provisions; and a woman who let down to him some lettuces, being caught in the act, was summarily hanged by the Spanish commandant in sight of the Pope. On his urgent prayers, he was, however, allowed to go to the Belvidere of the Vatican on the 13th of August, guarded by a thousand Spaniards. But he was soon removed back to the Castle.

While he was here as prisoner, to add to all other misfortunes, the plague broke out in Rome, and terrible were its ravages. Out of the 40,000 soldiers who entered the city with the Constable Bourbon, there soon remained but 10,000, and they were anxious to depart.

It was not, however, until the 9th of October, when Don Hugo de Moncada came to Rome, that an arrangement was finally concluded for the liberation of the Pope. Some of the hardest terms of the capitulation were waived, and the final settlement was concluded on the 9th of October. He delivered over all the fortresses in his possession, and having raised the sum agreed upon by the sale of twenty-seven cardinals' hats, and in other ways, he paid that over. On the evening of the 8th October, weary of the whole proceedings, and even then doubting the good faith of his enemies, he disguised himself

as a pedlar, threw a sack over his back, shrouded himself in a great cloak, pulled down his hat upon his brows, and slipped out of the Castle. Those who met him feigned not to recognise him. He went on foot through the city gates, and at a garden-gate beyond, he found a Spanish mule which had been sent by the Cardinal Colonna; on this he mounted, and rode alone to Orvieto.

The Bourbons did not, however, quit Rome until the spring of 1528, having occupied the city for ten months; and on the 6th of October, weary, dejected, the shadow of himself, the Pope again returned. But his own sufferings had taught him no pity or clemency for others, as was clearly shown by his treatment of Benedetto da Fojano, one of the most learned and eloquent monks of his time. When the Medici were in conflict with the city of Florence, Fojano had taken the part of the people, and publicly exhorted them to the defence of their rights. Clement, who was of the Medici family, never forgave him for the part he then played, and he prevailed upon Malatesta treacherously to deliver him up and send him to Rome. The Pope then threw him into a dark and dismal dungeon in Castle St Angelo, where, despite all the remonstrances of the Castellano—who was moved by his sufferings, and sought to mitigate the anger of Clement—he was deprived of the actual necessities of life, and restricted to the minimum of bread and water; and at last, poisoned by the filth of the disgusting dungeon, and exhausted by the craving pains of hunger and thirst, he perished miserably. Vainly he offered to make every amend in his power, and, among other things, promised to dedicate his life to writing a work in refuta-

tion of the heretical doctrines of Luther. The Pope was inexorable; nothing would satisfy him but the death of his victim.

A short time after Benvenuto Cellini had served the artillery on the Castle, and when he was thirty-seven years of age, he was arrested on the charge of being in possession of a number of jewels belonging to the Church, and stolen by him from the Castle at the time of the sack under the Constable. On examination the charge was entirely refuted, and he was declared innocent; but on various frivolous pretences he was still denied his liberty. At last Benvenuto made his escape by night. Letting himself down from the tower by a long rope made of strips of his sheets, he reached the ground of the interior area in safety. Then by the aid of a long pole he managed to climb over one of the walls surrounding it. Beyond it lay another wall. The top of this he reached in safety, and the free country lay before him. But in descending he fell to the ground and broke his leg. The shock and the pain were so great that he fainted, and lay there in the dark for an hour and a half. But when day began to break, his senses and his courage came back, and he dragged himself slowly and painfully along, despite his broken leg, until he got under the gate. As he lay here in the early morning, a fellow passed with an ass, and Benvenuto hired him to put him on to the ass and carry him to the steps of St Peter's. Thence he crawled along to the house of the Duca Ottavio, where his friend the Cardinal Cornaro lived. The Cardinal received him kindly, hid him in his rooms, had his leg set, and himself obtained his release from the Pope.

But new attacks were made upon him, and new calumnies invented

by his enemies ; and in November 1538 he was again seized by Paul III. (Farnese), and thrown into the prison of St Angelo on an accusation by Pier Luigi. His cell was a dark one, but by reflection there came a little light at times through a narrow hole. It was wet, often covered with water, and filled with tarantulas and other vermin. He had a coarse mattress on the floor ; and besides the disgusting nature of his prison, he suffered from a broken leg. He ordinarily bore his sufferings, however, with courage, and spent his time in reading the Bible and the 'Chronicles of Villani' whenever the light reflected through the narrow slit would permit him, and at other times in praying and composing verses. At times, however, despair came over him, and he attempted his life. The Pope was deaf to all his prayers, and determined, as Benvenuto thought, on his death. In the dark, and excited by want of food as well as by physical pain and nervous irritability, extraordinary visions appeared before him, which he describes in his 'Memoirs,' and in all of which he had entire faith. An angel led him forth one day, and showed him Christ and the Madonna in the sun. And St Peter also appeared to him. Years after, while he was writing his 'Memoirs,' he says, "That from the time when he saw Christ and the Madonna, a glory always rested about his head, which was visible to any person to whom he wished to show it; though these," he adds, "were very few in number. This light," he says, "is seen over my shadow in the morning, from the rising of the sun until it is two hours up—and also in the evening, at the setting of the sun, and is best seen when there is dampness or fog." Other dreams and visions he had, all of which he took to be

facts. Angels appeared to him, directed him as to what he should do, comforted him, and cured his leg ; and at one time, when, in his despair, he had determined to commit suicide, an angel prevented him from so doing. After this mad act he wrote the following lines :—

"Affitti spirti miei !  
 Ohimè ! crudei, che vi rincresce vita !  
 Se contra il ciel tu sei  
 Chi fia per noi, chi ne porgerà aita ?  
 Lassa, lassaci, andare a miglior vita !  
 Deh ! non partite ancora  
 Che piu felici e lieti  
 Promette il ciel, che voi fusse già mai—  
 Noi resteremo qualche ora  
 Purchè dal Magno Iddio concesso siète  
 Grazia, che non si torni a maggior guai."

From this dungeon he was removed, after nine months' imprisonment, into that occupied by Fojano ; but here he was only kept two days, and then was carried up into a better one. The Pope, who had been so stern, would seem at last to have been moved to kinder feelings by some of his verses, and more indulgences were granted ; and finally, after a year's imprisonment, he was liberated, in November 1539, at the instance of Cardinal d'Este.

Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese) himself seems to have been imprisoned in the Castle, some years previously, on an accusation of having falsified a "Breve," when he held the office "abbreviatore de Parco Majoris" (a position of much importance in the Curia Romana), and came very near losing his life. Cellini says that Pope Alexander, by whom he was imprisoned, had determined to cut off Farnese's head, and only postponed his execution until the feast of "Corpus Domini" should be over. But in the mean time the guards were bribed, and on the day of Corpus Domini, while the Pope was celebrating high mass at St Peter's, Farnese was let down the walls in

a basket attached to a long rope, and thus made his escape. Fortunately for him, the outer wall over which Cellini fell did not then exist, so that his escape was comparatively easy.

In 1550, Julius III. surrounded the Castle with solid walls, and restored and embellished it in many ways. And on the 24th of June in this year he took solemn possession of the Lateran Church; then with a long cavalcade, accompanied by the cardinals and all the Pontifical Court, he went to the Castle St Angelo, where a banquet was given, and remained there a day and a night.

Paul III. made many interior improvements and additions to the Castle. The great hall, which is still in good preservation, was made by him, as well as the suite of rooms opening from it, which once formed the Papal apartments. The great hall, which was used as a council-chamber, was adorned with fresco-paintings, which still remain, by Pierino del Vaga, or his pupils, representing the history of Alexander, with allegorical figures between them. At one end is a colossal portrait of Hadrian, and opposite to it a coloured fresco of the archangel Michael with his wings spread, from which the bronze angel on the summit is copied. The Square Hall, which Paul also added above, is decorated by Julio Romano with stucco *bassi-relievi*. Over these is a graceful and spirited frieze painted in fresco, and representing sea-nymphs, Tritons, and Nereids sporting in the sea. At last the peaceful arts enter the Castle, give us a moment's interval of quiet, and seem to promise calmer days to come.

But the days of crime and calamity were not yet over, and the very hall which Julio Romano decorated, was

destined shortly after to be the scene of a terrible tragedy.

On the 7th of June 1560, the apparently clement Pope, Pius IV., surprised the world about him by the sudden arrest and imprisonment in the Castle of Carlo and Alfonso Caraffa, nephews of the previous Pope, Paul IV., both cardinals of the Church, as well as Giovanni Caraffa, Duke of Palliano, Count Alife, and Leonardo di Cardine, on accusation of being concerned in the murder of the Duke's wife. Rigorous processes were commenced against all, not only for this murder, but for various other crimes, said to have been committed with their knowledge and sanction. The criminal procedure lasted until the 3d of March of the next year (1561), and then the Cardinal Carlo Caraffa was brought into court, and the process read against him. The reading alone occupied three hours, and the proceedings terminated with a sentence of death. All the cardinals interposed to save him, but in vain. He was strangled the following night in the Square Hall. At the same time, in the prison of the Tor di Nona, within a stone's-throw of the Castle across the river, the Duke of Palliano, Count Alife, and Leonardo di Cardine were decapitated. The young Cardinal Alfonso Caraffa was, however, set free, but condemned to pay 100,000 scudi, which sum was afterwards diminished. But Pius V., who in 1566 became Pope, revised the process and sentence of the Caraffa family. It was pronounced unjust, and contrary to the evidence. The judge, Alessandro Pallentiere, was decapitated, and the remaining members of the family were restored to all their honours and possessions.

Just before the election of Pius IV., and while his predecessor Paul IV. was on his deathbed, in 1560,

there was again an outbreak in Rome. The people, stimulated by some of the nobles, who thought themselves injured by the Papal sway, rose, broke open the prisons, and set free four hundred prisoners. They then attacked the Palace of the Inquisition, liberating also the prisoners confined there, a great number of whom had been long shut up without having been ever examined (*moltissimi ve n'erano da lunghissimotempo ne pure esaminati*), and burned all the processes, as well as a portion of the Palace itself. Ghislieri, the Chief of the Inquisition, and afterwards Pope, narrowly escaped with his life. From here they rushed to the Capitol, overthrew the statue of the Pope, broke off its head, and dragged it through the streets. They then proceeded to the Convent of the Dominicans at the Minerva, threatening also to destroy that; but through the efforts of Marc Antonio Colonna and Giuliano Cesarini they were finally restrained from carrying their threats into effect, and quiet was again restored. On the election of Cardi-

nal de Medicis (Pius IV.), which occurred within a few days, he issued a pardon to all who were concerned in these proceedings.

Alarmed, however, at the temper of the people, he now determined to remodel and rearrange the Leonine City, so that the Pope as well as the prelates and Papal Court should, in case of necessity, have some other refuge of safety besides the Castle St Angelo. He accordingly refortified the whole of the Borgo, including within his fortifications the Castle St Angelo, the Vatican, and St Peter's, and a space sufficient to form squadrons of soldiers for their defence.

If we may trust Marlianus, the appearance of the Castle in 1588 must have been considerably changed from what it was in 1465, when it was drawn by San Gallo. He describes it as having "a double cincture of fortifications—a large round tower at the inner extremity of the bridge—two towers with high pinnacles surmounted by the cross—and surrounded by the river."

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## FRENCH HOME LIFE.

## NO. I.—SERVANTS.

SERVANTS constitute one of those awkward topics of which nobody likes to talk: which are alluded to because they force themselves obstinately upon our attention, but from which we all run away as fast as we can, without attempting to find a solution for the difficulties they present. Such cowardice does not help us, however, for servants and the worries they cause pursue us all over the world, unaffected by changes of latitude or of government. They are not imposed upon us by nature, we voluntarily subject ourselves to them, and of all the tyrannies to which civilisation and vanity have made us bow our heads, there is not one from which we suffer more, or which we are less able to resist. Even habit, that soother of discomforts—even time, that curer of sorrows—even reason, that guide which we consider so infallible in religion and politics, fail to reconcile us to servants: we continue to impatiently support them—we live side by side with them as with hereditary enemies; and the more advanced amongst us complain of the slow progress of mechanical invention, which has not yet discovered the secret of the automata who make the beds and wait at dinner in that privileged country, *Vril-ya*.

But, irritating as the topic may be—humiliating as it is to recognise that we are not masters in our own houses, and that one of the most evident results of the progress achieved during the nineteenth century is that, in fact, we have grown to be abject subjects where, in theory, we are supposed to be despotic rulers—surely there is no

wisdom in evading discussion on the matter. The evil has become wellnigh intolerable to most of us; it has assumed a development which encircles us day and night. We writhe, we moan, in a suffocated whisper, to our dearest friend; but, with all our energy, we dare not speak out, and we let the monster go on, growing bigger, crushing us under his nightmare-weight. And yet we have social science congresses, and we live in a country of public meetings and individual initiative, and we are a free people—at least we say so—and we are surrounded by reformers of all kinds, and we sing and conscientiously believe that “Britons never shall be slaves.” The clearest fact which results from all this is, that the patriot who wrote “Rule Britannia” was a short-sighted man, who in no way foresaw the future destiny of the nation. Slaves we have become, and, to judge from present appearances, we seem likely to continue so. We clink our chains, and mourn, and own that they are cruelly heavy, and that they eat into our flesh, but there is not a man or a woman amongst us who has raised the cry of liberty. If ever the odious question is alluded to, it is only for an instant; no one dares to seriously take it up; and if, at any peculiarly bitter moment, the provocation should become insupportable, and some desperate sufferer writes wildly to the newspapers to say that he is going mad or dying from domestic difficulties, the only answer he gets is a wise and prudent leader, proving, by commanding logic, that the whole affair is one of proportion between

demand and supply. He is told that, in consequence of the general increase of wealth, more people are able to pay for servants on the one hand, while fewer people are willing to become servants on the other; that our wants are growing, while the means of supplying them are diminishing; and that, some day or other, there will be no more servants to be found—just as we are assured that in 1934 there will be no more coal. Of a possible solution of the difficulty, in part at least, not one word will be said; to a possible modification of the existing relations between masters and servants not an allusion will be made; and to the experience of foreign countries in the matter, in order to consider whether it offers any teaching to ourselves, not a reference will be suggested; the latter notice, indeed, would be beneath the dignity of a true-born Englishman, who knows, of course, that however bad things may be in his own land, they are necessarily worse abroad. Let us, however, sacrifice our dignity for a few minutes, and see what we can discover across the Channel: if, after all, we should learn something there, perhaps we may decide to condescend to see what use we can make of it at home. Our malady is so grave that it really is worth while to inquire if it exists elsewhere; if so, what are its symptoms, its causes, and its consequences, and what are the remedies prescribed for it in other cases than our own.

We all of us remember our first impression of French servants: it was that both men and women wear white aprons which cover up their bodies, and that the sexes are mainly distinguished by pumps and white stockings which come out under the apron in the case of a man, and by the crispest of white caps which comes out above it in

the case of a woman; we further recollect that both men and women seemed to chatter with prodigious rapidity, and that they laughed most disrespectfully while they were talking to us. It must be owned that a good many British travellers never get beyond this first impression, and that their view of the domestics of France is limited to the details just indicated. It may be said without exaggeration that this view is superficial and incomplete, and that the subject includes something more than aprons, pumps, caps, volubility, and hilarity. Furthermore, the ordinary voyager, however far he may attempt to carry his investigations of the inner nature of hotel and *café* servants, has no opportunity of extending his studies into private houses, where the true interest of the matter lies; he is forcedly restricted to a narrow and inferior range of observation, which offers the special disadvantage of including only individuals who, by constant contact with the public, have acquired the special habits and the special manners which belong to their particular class, and which are very different from those of their colleagues in private service. The natural result is, that the traveller who has no other means of judging, arrives at an opinion which, even if it be correct in itself, refers only to a limited and exceptional category of domestics. That opinion generally is that French servants, of both sexes, are clean, active, cheery, and willing; but that they are utterly disrespectful, and are generally of doubtful honesty, and of still more doubtful morality. This description is approximately exact. There are, of course, numerous exceptions to it in all its elements, and it allows no margin for the infinite varieties and shades of character which are so abundantly developed

amongst waiters and chambermaids by the mere effect of the life they lead; but, with these reserves, the opinion may be said to be, on the whole, a true one. It represents the maximum of experience acquired on the subject by the infinite majority of our countrymen; and it may perhaps be fair to own at once that in itself it is not of a nature to dispose them to recognise any superiority of French servants over English. It must, however, be observed, that English people unconsciously compare the hotel waiters they meet with across the Channel to their own servants at home; and that if the decision is, not unnaturally, in favour of the latter, it is because they have at all events the merit of knowing the delicate details of their trade better than the dish-carriers and floor-scrubbers who cumulate so many varied functions in most French inns. But if, instead of putting the latter into scale against British butlers, we honestly weigh them out with their parallels in England—with the greasy-coated, dough-faced, perspiringly important, pretentious “parties” who serve us in the hotels of the United Kingdom—we must acknowledge, if we tell the truth, that the advantage lies with the supple Gaul, who has no pride, is rarely out of temper, is everywhere at once, can do thirteen things at the same time, and looks clean even if he is not so. Solemn respectability, massive inactivity, and grubby dirt, cannot be said to really constitute a smart servant; ubiquity, indefatigable zeal, and a cheery laugh, are higher qualities, even if they be accompanied by the sauciness and familiarity which Englishmen so ruthlessly resent.

Here, however, arises a second difficulty in the way of our just appreciation of French servants. We are so accustomed to sham in this

island-realm, that we insist upon it in every detail of our existence. We do not permit our servitors to manifest an opinion before us; we extort from them simulated respect; we impose upon them the obligation of utter silence in our redoubtable presence; we forbid them to be men or women with hearts and feelings, and only accept them as machines because we are too superb to do anything whatever for ourselves. It never occurs to us that we may perchance be rousing bitter hate in the minds we crush; that we may be piling up unpardoning enmities against ourselves and our class; that we may, each of us in our sphere of action, be fomenting social divisions which will some day bring about the revolution which all Europe says we shall have to support in our turn. We laugh contemptuously at Europe—of course we know our own affairs better than ignorant foreigners—and we go on sternly keeping up our dignity and grinding down our servants. It is useless to argue from exceptions, and to talk about “faithful retainers who have been in the family for forty years.” Faithful retainers no longer constitute the mass of English households, though there are still many of them in Scotland; and we are so thoroughly accustomed, south of the Tweed, to treat our men and maids as our inferiors before God and man, and to the prostrate servility which we wring from them, that the audacious freedom of the French seems to us to be contrary to the highest and noblest laws of nature. Of course this is not true of every one of us; there are kind masters and gentle mistresses in England: but who will deny that the rule is the other way, and that nearly all of us are necessarily influenced in our judgment of foreign servants by the habits which we have formed for



ourselves at home? Still we are a tolerably well-intentioned race; some of us really want to be fair and honest, and, despite our prejudices and our ignorance, we do not always refuse to give our attention to new arguments, because the facts on which they are based shock our sentiments of propriety. It may not, therefore, be altogether useless to attempt to show, that possibly the Frenchman may be right and the Englishman wrong in this grave question; that a certain liberty of attitude, a certain sincerity of speech, a certain recognition of mutual equality, may not only induce a higher moral tone in the relations between masters and servants, but may, incredible as it sounds to English ears, actually improve the value and utility of the servant.

And there is another reason for considering this element of the question. It is difficult to critically appreciate the French servant in his various aspects, without first defining the political conditions under which he lives. Since 1789 he has legally been the equal of his master; since 1830 he has slowly grown to a distinct consciousness of the theoretical equality which exists between himself and the family he serves; since 1851 he has become an elector like his master and his master's son, and has as much action as they have on the destinies of France. In the consequences they produce, these conditions apply as thoroughly to women-servants as to men; and though the greater subtleness and tact of the female mind render their manifestation more difficult to seize with precision, the sentiment of non-inferiority to her mistress is as really embedded in the heart of a cook or a *femme de chambre*, as in the brain of a Radical footman or a Communist groom. The difference is, that the woman feels it and the

man thinks it; with one it is an instinct, with the other it is a conviction; but in both cases it lifts up the level of personal dignity, it generally softens manners, and renders the heart more capable of good feeling towards a master whose superiority is only admitted as an accident, and in no way as an inherent right. This, however, is but the ideal view of the case; this is the aspect which it ought to present if everybody were good—the aspect which it really does offer in a great many cases, but not in all. There are numerous examples of a diametrically opposite result, where the sentiment of equality raises hatred instead of sympathy in the servant's mind, on the ground that it is but a name and a delusion, and that the rights and duties which equality is supposed to imply are realised on neither side. Still, looking at the question as a whole, throughout all France, it is incontestable, allowing largely for exceptions, that the levelling of classes has done vast good; it has helped to raise the moral and political value of each individual affected by it, and has certainly contributed to the consolidation of the conservative principles which are now so widely spread amongst French servants. The material effect of the idea of equality—that is to say, its influence on the personal relations between master and servant—naturally varies with character and temperament; but there is no exaggeration in saying that, as a rule, it makes home-life more agreeable.

At first sight it is difficult for an Englishman even to conceive that a servant can, in any shape or way, be on a par with his master; the mere fact that one serves the other is, according to the prejudices in which we are brought up, an ab-

solute bar to equality of any kind. The consequence is, that we regard the idea as a democratic dream, or, at best, as a legal fiction which is not realised in the practical working out of life. In this we are wrong, as in many other of our appreciations of foreign existence. Equality between master and man is a reality in France, but it is an equality of a special character, which evidences itself in a peculiar manner. It in no way involves a shade of doubt as to the temporary superiority of the employer over the employed; it in no way diminishes the habitual deference and respect of manner which is expected from a servant; it in no way affects the privilege of the master to command, or the duty of the servant to obey; but it maintains intact between the two the pre-existing abstract truth that in morals and in law one is as good as the other; it preserves unweakened and undisputed an anterior privilege which is above all momentary relations; it covers the dignity of the server towards the served, and keeps them both assured that directly they separate their relative positions will once more become identical—not, of course in the passing accident of social rank, but in the universal bond of common humanity. Hence it is that we see French masters so often friendly with their servants; hence it is that we hear them talk together about the affairs of the family; hence it is that service in France so frequently assumes almost the form of affectionate intimacy. In England we should fear, if we consulted a servant's opinion, that we should thereby destroy the barrier which we think it necessary to maintain between him and us; in France there is no barrier to destroy—there is only a tacit recognition of a momentary connection, which, while it lasts, suspends

equality. The master sacrifices nothing in chatting and laughing with his servant, for he feels that behind the servant lies the man: the servant gains nothing by the act, for he considers it to result from a fundamental right of which the exercise is temporarily regulated by the obedience which he voluntarily incurred when he accepted his place. Surely this is a far higher standard than the one we employ; surely there is here the indication of a possible remedy for the ills we suffer from; surely an appeal to mutual dignity would help us in our own households.

But this definition of the nature of the equality in question would be far too absolute if it were left without restrictions. It is fair and true enough in principle, but human weaknesses terribly modify it in practice. It is not everybody who possesses tact or sense enough to apply with skill and moderation the admitted truth that differences of station are but the results of hazard, and involve no difference in reality. Bad tempers are not unfrequent across the Channel, and bad tempers are bad guides to obedience, where obedience is only a temporary duty, which can be cast aside at any moment. Sudden ruptures are therefore not unfrequent in France; a dispute may grow out of nothing, and in five minutes your servant may tell you that he packs up his box and goes. Such precipitate separations are not possible in England, where a month's notice must be given, and where servants are absolutely dependent on their "character from their last place;" but in France, where the notice is reduced to eight days, with the option on either side of paying eight days' wages instead of notice, and where servants generally get places almost without any references at all, they

have little to fear from an instantaneous abandonment of a situation. This part of the subject will be again referred to presently; but this allusion to it shows that the sentiment of equality, coupled with the liberty of action which the law allows, may produce very disagreeable commotions in a well-organised house, and that it is quite possible that all your servants may leave you without warning on the very day you have selected for a large dinner-party. Such an extreme case as this may possibly never have occurred; but if ever it did, it may be asserted with certainty that it was the master's fault; for in the largest experience no example can be found of an entire household leaguering and quitting together without good reason. But in almost every family isolated instances of sudden departure have occurred, where the cook has flung her saucepans into the air, or the *valet de chambre* has thrown down his broom, or the lady's-maid has sworn she will sew no more. Such facts prove that the French system is not perfect, and that French servants are not always pleasant; but they are exceptions—the rule is the other way; and those individual cases cannot be urged as serious arguments against the theory of equality, or the practices which derive from it. They only show that we are not all of us worthy of the advantages we possess; but as we knew that already, we could dispense with this additional evidence, especially as it is only supplied at the cost of considerable inconvenience to French masters and mistresses, who, from better education and more command of temper, are generally less to blame than their servants for any violent scene which may take place between them.

The merits of the equality theory are more numerous than its defects.

Not only does it permit and encourage, as has been already observed, a sympathetic and friendly nature of relations between the two parties to it, but, as a consequence of those relations, it provokes in the servant a real interest in the people with whom he lives; it disposes him to serve cheerily and well; it takes out of his heart the sting of paid inferiority; it encourages him to view his work more as a service which is thankfully recognised, than as menial labour performed for wages; it lifts him to Conservatism. Such feelings as these really do exist amongst many French servants: not that they see them clearly enough in their own heads to be able to define and analyse them; no, they take the simpler form of half-unconscious impulses, of which one sees the result rather than the cause; but the result is so unmistakable and so general that it authorises the spectator to conclude that the cause exists. If general conclusions do not satisfy us, and we seek to confirm them by individual proofs, we find them in abundance around us; curious developments of character offer themselves for investigation; the better qualities seem to have grown to the surface; we learn that old defects have diminished or disappeared; and all this seems natural and unimportant to the people directly interested. But to the philosophical observer it furnishes a glimpse into the only probable solution of the social difficulties of our time; it shows what can be effected by mutual esteem and a mutual recognition of rights. While nearly all France is agitated by the aspirations of the producing classes, while the workmen in the cities are openly avowing their intention of suppressing everything above them, and while the peasants are as openly proclaiming that the land should solely belong

to those who till it, we find in the one class of domestic servants absolutely opposite opinions and desires. They are educated upwards, not only by the daily contact of masters who treat them well, but by the effective application, in their case, of the theory of equality: they have learnt by experience that they have nothing to gain by revolutions; they offer us the only example which yet exists in France of the possibility of practically settling the war of classes. It is true that they are utterly unconscious that they have done anything of the sort. A Parisian *femme de chambre* would smilingly reply, "Monsieur mocks at me," if you were to tell her that she is a great political fact, that her affection for the family she serves is a social argument, and that if she hates Communism as much as her mistress does, it is because she has been in a position which has enabled her to grow through Communism into the safer ground beyond. And yet all this is true,—none the less true because the white-capped maiden does not comprehend a word of it. All she knows is that Madame is kind to her, and that she likes Madame.

It certainly cannot be fairly said that the "I'm-as-good-as-you-are" feeling is demonstrated in an offensive form by French servants. They do laugh sometimes, that is true; but why should they not? Laughing is one of the highest privileges of humanity. If, resolutely discarding early prejudice, we try to get to the bottom of the question, can we honestly pretend that, with the exception of the habit which our will and pride have imposed upon him, there is any reason whatever why a servant should not laugh? There would be considerable inconvenience and impropriety in his joining in all our conversations, and laughing at

all our stories; but in the measure which our relative positions permit (which the French servant generally has discrimination enough to exactly detect), what possible logic can we use against his right to smile? In France it is one of the manifestations of his equality with you; and the masters who forbid their servants to laugh in their presence (there are some) are abhorred in return, and will stand a bad chance if ever they should need protection from them. But if he laughs, it is not familiarly; he is even grateful to you for permitting him to do it: for it should be observed that, after all, however much he may be convinced that he is your equal, he always has a lurking doubt about it, so strong is the influence of first education. He laughs courteously, slightly bowing to you as if to somewhat excuse himself, and the instant you cease to laugh he stops too. The master who cannot stand that must have an over-sensitive, ill-conditioned mind. And even if the French servant does a little shock you by the total absence in his manner of the icy servility to which you have become accustomed at home, surely he makes up for that shortcoming by the peculiar deference which is indicated by his invariably speaking to you in the third person. To those who have learnt to really appreciate this form of speech, it constitutes the profoundest manifestation of modern respect; and the French, in their turn, are infinitely astonished to hear an English butler call his master "you." The suppression of "*vous*" and the substitution of "Monsieur" is not a very easy habit to acquire; but in no decent house in France would a servant of either sex be allowed to stay ten minutes, if he or she ventured to use the second person in speaking

to master, mistress, or visitors. This form of speech is one of the temporary concessions of his personal dignity which the servant consents to make while he is in your house ; but he must be a very good fellow indeed, and have retained very considerable regard for you, if he continues to do it for one instant after he has left your service. At that moment the servant vanishes ; the man and the elector reappear ; away goes "Monsieur," and back comes "you ;" and most disagreeable it is to listen to.

So far we have been thinking only of general principles, and of the main forms in which they are manifested. So far it has been easy enough to lay down definitions and draw deductions. But when we begin to go into details and study individuals, we almost fancy at first that all our definitions and all our deductions are bottomless and valueless. We find such an incredible variety of types and sub-types, such countless shades of character, such an infinity of differing results from apparently similar causes, that we are almost tempted to exclaim that the developments of human nature amongst French servants follow no law whatever, and that it is nonsense to pretend to determine their origin or their object. But the mere fact that these developments exist at all is in itself a proof that they are brought about by some action peculiar to France ; for we see nothing in any way resembling them in England, where servants, like all other orders of society, are made on one remorseless pattern, from which no one is allowed to deviate one inch. The striking individuality of the French servant is simply another consequence of the equality of classes : he is not bound to copy a rigorous model—he is permitted to be himself ; he pro-

fits by the permission, and so produces the bewildering contradictions which we observe in him. When this explanation is once admitted, it enables us to reconcile our preconceived theories with the varying facts which we successively discover ; indeed it confirms and strengthens those theories, by showing how intense is the effect of the equality system, and how specially it favours the growth of idiosyncrasies which any other atmosphere would stifle. We find all the qualities and all the defects, many of them coexisting in the same person ; and we see them all the more distinctly, because, as a rule, they are evident on the surface, for there is no repression sufficient to keep them down. The fact is, that French servants are natural human beings not made to rule, and we detect their peculiarities with singular ease, for the double reason that they have not received education enough to voluntarily hide them, and that the observer who lives side by side with them all day has better opportunities of examining them than are offered to him by other classes with which he is in less intimate connection. Perhaps the strangest of the many odd peculiarities which come to light during an investigation of the nature of indoor servants across the Channel, is the facility with which most of them are able to suit themselves to the tone of the family in which they are for the moment placed. They seem to possess a special grace of adaptation, which doubtless is but an expansion of the imitative power which the entire nation possesses in so marked a degree. They fit themselves everywhere and to everybody ; they get the measure of a new situation in a couple of days, and either give it up or take kindly to it ac-

ording to their mental disposition ; but if they do take to it, they accept the life of the house with thoroughness, however different it may be from that which they may have been leading elsewhere. This is particularly true of Paris servants, who form a class by themselves, far less worthy but far more interesting than that formed by the mass of steadier men and women who do the country work. In Paris the servants change their places with an ease which would be impossible if families would but join together to adopt the English system of "characters." So long as masters seeking servants are content with written certificates (which French law obliges you to give to a departing servant, and which contain no kind of real information), the present wretched system will go on flourishing, and thieves and drunkards will go on shifting from house to house, getting kicked out everywhere, but getting taken on somewhere else directly. On this point the whole organisation in Paris is totally rotten ; and though it is always possible to learn all about a candidate by asking him where he comes from, and going there to inquire, the trouble is rarely taken. In the provinces, on the contrary, servants have much difficulty in getting places, unless they can supply full and satisfactory information as to their antecedents. The natural result is, that whereas in the country you may find plenty of old servants, there are few such to be discovered inside the walls of Paris. The rule there is, that "servants change places as if they were gloves ;" and though there are admirable exceptions, those exceptions only prove the rule. The country servant is content with the life of the house she lives in ; the Paris servant, man or woman, frequently leads two separate lives, the second

of which begins at night when work is over. The organisation of servants' bedrooms, which are always placed together on the top floor of the Paris houses, facilitates all sorts of illicit practices. The thirty servants, male and female, of the different tenants of a large house, are all packed on the sixth story in thirty numbered rooms ; each one has his key, and can either receive, by the *escalier de service*, all the visits which he or she may please, or may go out to visit other sixth floors. The liberty is absolute after bedtime ; the master and the mistress can exercise no control, even if they wished to do so ; and servants must be good indeed if they do not utilise the freedom which is thus flung at their feet. No sight in Paris more astonishes our Englishwomen than to be taken up to one of those huge attics, and to be led along the wandering corridors, past endless yellow doors, all exactly alike, and only distinguished by the number on them. It is a saddening spectacle ; the place looks almost like a prison, but it is the very opposite ; grooms and *femmes de chambre*, footmen and kitchen-maids, cooks and coachmen, English housemaids and foreign visitors, are turned loose there every night, to sleep, or to divert themselves as they may best please. This is mournful and degrading, but habit seems to make the Parisians blind to it. If they are spoken to seriously on it, they say, "O yes, it really is very wrong, but it is the system ; and what can we do to change it?" Of course this is not the case in private "hotels ;" but it is the universal rule in houses let out in apartments, where the only servants who ever sleep down-stairs in the apartment itself are the nurses who have charge of young children, or perhaps a maid who remains near her

mistress in case she should be wanted during the night. With such liberty as this, it is wonderful that Paris servants should be so good as they are. There are scamps enough amongst them, but there are a great many excellent creatures too, and quantities of brave girls who stick to their religious duties, and get up in the early morning to go to mass, and who walk to their beds down those foul corridors with their eyes straight before them, and their ears resolutely closed, like little saints that no temptation can touch. Those are the people who counter-balance the cooks that rob you, and the valets who smash your glasses, and the coachmen who provide for their children by selling your oats. And amongst the men there are good fellows too; cheery, handy, honest, willing, and clean, ready and able to do everything: men who can prepare a dessert, flowers included, for a dinner of forty covers; can cook a breakfast on an emergency; can varnish boots so as to shame the brightness of the sun; can darn your socks on a journey; can clean rooms better than a British housemaid; can nurse you when you are ill; and can often give you wise advice. With men of this class liberty does not constitute a danger; they do not abuse it: they are generally indifferent to it, because they have it—as pastry-cooks' girls and grocers' boys are indifferent to the tarts and sugar which surround them.

It seems probable that Paris servants can be taught by wise masters to respect their freedom, and to make an honest use of it; at least this opinion certainly results from an examination of the totally different effects produced in different houses. In some establishments the servants are always changing,

and are always out at night; in others the self-same people stop for years, and go regularly to bed at ten o'clock. How can this seeming contradiction be explained otherwise than by the influence of the master, and by the degree of contentment which he instils into the mind of his man? "Le maître fait le valet." Singularly enough, the mistress does not always seem to exercise the same improving power over the women-servants, for when the latter have once got into the swing of bad habits it is almost impossible to cure them. This may or may not prove that when women have grown vicious they are more radically so than men are; and, anyhow, that is outside our present subject: but it is a partial explanation of the fact that the class of servants which it is most difficult to keep is that of *femmes de chambre*. Men of all kinds usually hesitate a little before they give warning, for changing is a nuisance to them as well as to their masters; but Paris ladies'-maids shift about as easily as butterflies in a garden. And yet these very women, with all their capriciousness, do not go in for vanity or its satisfactions; they never wear their mistress's dresses, or set up for sham ladies, as do English women of their class. The spectacle which is so abundant at the West End of London on a Sunday afternoon, when the streets are filled with ridiculous creatures out for half a day, who imagine that they disguise their position in life by the flashy clothes they wear, but who simply make themselves thereby vulgar and contemptible, is unknown in Paris or in any part of France. The French maid is ceasing to wear caps in the street, and is adopting bonnets—that, unhappily, is true; but she dresses like what she is,

respectably; and however we may deplore the gradual disappearance out of doors of the type of twenty years ago, we still find it inside the houses, where the maid's white apron and the bright cap with its starched strings continue to exist in all their merit. The French maid goes after love, not vanity; but even love does not render her less thrifty; and, like all other servants of her race, she lays by regularly: at two-and-twenty she has a small account at the savings bank; and at thirty she possesses five railway debentures or a little *rente*; and if she does not marry, she has stored up, by the time she is an old woman, a few hundred pounds, and can go back to her village to end her days in peace. The men do just the same, and the economising prudent spirit of the nation is almost as evident in them as in the miserly peasants who live on nothing but black bread, but who have a long stocking full of gold hidden away under a tile in the floor.

The general characteristics of French private servants may be said to be activity, cleanly aspect, cheery temper, simplicity, and economy; but, as has been already explained, they present the most varied types and forms, and it is useless to attempt to bring them all within the terms of any absolute description. It is true that the distinctions between the various provinces, which were real enough a quarter of a century ago, are fast disappearing under the leveling influence of railways. The external differences which may still be observed amongst servants, from Dunkerque to Bayonne, and thence to Nice, are now almost solely physical and linguistic. There are still discrepancies in *patois* and in physiognomy, but all the rest has grown pretty much alike; we must go far into Brittany to discover even

a relic of special costume. The equalisation of the wants of masters all over the country has outwardly brought about a corresponding equalisation in the appearance and in the knowledge and capacity of the servants who minister to these wants; the spread of education and the constantly-growing facilities of communication will still further develop this tendency, and local peculiarities will soon have entirely disappeared. There will still, however, remain the radical distinction which exists between the town and country servant; and however much the influences now at work may unify the aspect of the nation, they will never entirely destroy the individuality of each member of it. For these two reasons it is improbable that it will ever be possible to write a complete monography of French servants; the subject is too large, too infinitely varied, and too delicately shaded, for any observer to be able to seize it in all its parts: all he can do is to look at it as a whole, and to note the particular details which may happen to come before his eye: no experience, however large, will enable him to effect more. And as, unfortunately, the exaggerations of the object he is studying are far more evident than its finer and more hidden elements, he will be unconsciously led to describe exceptions (all exaggerations are exceptions), instead of limiting himself to the far more difficult task of delineating the subtle differences which compose the average whole. This is particularly true of Paris servants, whose eccentricities are more conspicuous than their virtues, and whose defects are more striking than their merits. It is rare enough to hear a Parisian say that his servant is a good fellow; on the contrary, he is generally ready to tell



stories against him. This is not only ingratitude but folly. It is only explainable by the unceasing disposition of the French to discover something to laugh at, even though it be on a matter of keen interest to themselves. It is true that servants, particularly men, do often act in a way which is curious even in the land of equality, fraternity, and free opinions, and that the temptation to publish their sayings and doings is sometimes irresistible. A few examples may not be out of place here.

A rich tradesman, who lived in a great house, and spent tons of money, was concluding before the siege a negotiation with a servant who had just left the Duc de la Rochefoucauld - Bisaccia. Everything was agreed on, and the master was on the point of saying, "Very well, then, come on Monday," when the man interrupted him with this communication: "There is one thing that I must observe to Monsieur;—having lived with Monsieur le Duc, I am accustomed to high society; and though I have now consented to take the direction of the house of Monsieur, I must warn Monsieur that I can announce no visitor without a title; consequently, Monsieur will have the goodness to understand that I shall usher in everybody as a Count or a Marquis, even though it be the bootmaker or the father-in-law of Monsieur."

Another man, who had been for some months in his place, came to his master one morning and informed him that "the difference of political opinions which existed between them rendered it impossible for him to continue his service."

A third had a mania for directing all the acts of his mistress. If she were going to give a ball, he would come privately to her and say,

"Madame would do well not to give that ball; Madame is not rich, and Madame knows that balls are very expensive, and that she may ruin herself." If, on the contrary, she were going to a ball elsewhere, the argument would be: "Is it prudent for Madame to go to a ball? Madame is not accustomed to wear low dresses: Madame might catch a cold, and the cold might become bronchitis; and Madame might die, to the grief of everybody, for everybody loves Madame." Another time Madame will say to him, "Who rang the bell just now?" He answers, "It was Madame's mother, who had something very pressing to say to Madame; but as I was sure it would tire Madame, I told Madame's mother that Madame was not at home."

A cook comes for orders for the dinner, and is told to provide, amongst other things, a leg of mutton: she replies, "A leg of mutton! Madame appears to entirely forget that Pierre" (the footman) "does not at all like mutton."

Such impudence as these examples indicate, is, however, singularly rare. The respect which they have for themselves generally induces French servants to respect their masters; and a thousand absurd stories, however historically true they may be, would not affect the general fact that courtesy, not impertinence, is the distinctive sign of the class which we are examining. Sobriety is another of its real qualities, not only in drinking, but in eating also. Intoxication has never been a Gallic vice: it appeared temporarily in Paris during the siege and the Commune, but since the peace, all public symptoms of it have vanished. Servants scarcely ever drink, and they mainly feed on dishes which would be thrown into the dust-hole by the occupants

of an English kitchen. White haricots and lentils, vegetable soups, and the most elementary forms of beef and mutton, are very nourishing, but they are scarcely tempting. The argument that such articles are cheap, and that servants ought not to be so expensively fed as their masters are, would scarcely go down in a British servants'-hall, but it is admitted and applied all over France, where the economy of the kitchen is partly based on the simplicity of the servants' dinners, and where, as a rule, there is no complaining on the subject.

Adaptability is another great merit of both men and women. They are able and willing to do each other's work: none of them would ever dream of saying, "It's not my place to do it." If there be any reason for it, a cook will clean the drawing-room, a footman will cook the dinner, a lady's-maid will black the boots, without any growling, and rather as fun than otherwise. English servants seem to entertain a sort of contempt for each other's functions, and to look upon any momentary exchange of them as being degrading to their dignity. They contemn the notion of learning anything they don't know, particularly cookery; altogether forgetting that, if they marry, they will have to prepare their own food, and that it might be useful to learn a little about it beforehand. The French, on the contrary, are so versatile, so imitative, so eager to pick up scraps of knowledge, that they are always ready to try their hand at a new occupation. A good man-servant always knows a little of carpentry and upholstery, can mend a broken lock, can sew, can fry and stew, can bottle wine, and make beds, and dust rooms, as if he had been born for nothing else. The women—most of them, at least—can do all

the sorts of women's work, have some small idea of doctoring and of the use of medicines, can wash and iron, and wait at table. Never was the notion of being "generally useful" more clearly understood or more gaily practised than by the better part of the Paris servants, and by country servants almost without exception. And when your household is an old one; when you have had the luck to get together a group which does not quarrel; when the duration of service in your house begins to count by years; when the heart has grown interested on both sides,—then you find out what French servants are capable of being. Then, when sorrow comes, when sickness and death are inside your walls—then you get the measure of the devotion which equality alone can produce. Then come long nights spent together watching by feverish bedsides, in mutual anguish and with mutual care; then come tears that are shed together over the common loss, and hands that wring yours with the earnestness of true affection; and afterwards, when you are calm enough to think, you recognise that those servants are indeed your friends. Such cases are unfrequent in Paris, though even there they are sometimes found; but in the country they are ordinary enough.

One more distinctive feature of the French servant is that you are his master; he is not yours. The understanding on which he comes to you is, that though he is abstractly your equal, he suspends all pretension to real equality while he is in your service. The fact that he can put an end to this suspension when he likes, encourages him to support it while it lasts. The English servant is always struggling to maintain his imaginary dignity by sticking out for the infinitely small

privileges which by degrees, and under the pressure of necessity, have been conferred upon him. The Frenchman, feeling that his rights as a man are absolutely on a par with those of his master, attaches vastly less importance to his rights as a servant, and is consequently ready to do whatever you ask, provided only you ask in a way which pleases him. The result is, that though servants are considered in France quite as much as they are in England, the consideration takes a different form. In England, no mistress would venture to disturb her servant at his dinner: in France, she would unceremoniously send him out, if necessary, on an errand of two hours between his soup and his meat, and the man would go cheerily and without a growl. He does this because he knows that, if he fell ill, that same mistress would tend him with her own hands; that her children would come and read to him; and that he would receive the signs of sympathy which indicate mutual regard. Of course none of these descriptions have any universal application; France contains plenty of bad masters and plenty of bad servants; but what is absolutely true is, that, as a rule, the French servant is capable not only of rendering the highest class of service in all its details, and in the most varied forms, but also of rendering that service with a natural simplicity and matter-of-course interest which doubles its value. His conduct depends partly on his own temper, but still more on the attitude of his master towards him. The secret of the French servant lies in the way he is handled. He is susceptible of a good deal of education; he may be developed to a high standard of ability in his trade, and to sincere devotion to his master. If he becomes a scamp, it

is ordinarily because he has been entirely neglected by the people he serves. It may, however, be said, to the honour of many French families, that their system of action at home is to try to make the best of the material at their disposal. They recognise that the science of living is worthy of study and close pursuit; that it is, like happiness, an object which needs tender nursing and constant watchfulness; that there is no error greater than to suppose that it will necessarily go on by itself like a clock that is just wound up; and that to maintain it in its best form it is essential to keep it incessantly in view, and to modify its treatment as its conditions change. This is the true philosophy of home-life; this is an act in which the French excel, and in which they are singularly aided by the supple plasticity of their servants.

Beyond the general definitions which have already been expressed here, no *résumé* of the subject can be safely attempted; indeed, it may be that, in seeking to approach precision, these definitions are too absolute. Still, though inapplicable as a law, they are certainly fairly exact, and they correctly express general tendencies even if they do not correctly express facts. Nothing more can be attempted; the matter is too vast, and its elements are too infinitely varied.

And now that we have looked through the nature and the conduct of French servants—now that we have recognised their situation in society and their relations towards their masters—let us come back to our starting-point, and ask ourselves what lesson we can learn, what teaching we can apply, from the experience we have gained. If we are honest, we shall surely recognise that the moral position of servants

is higher in France than it is in England, that no abandonment of dignity is required from them, that mutual respect is the general basis of the connection between them and their employers. We shall further acknowledge that the Frenchman, from his sobriety, his gay temper, his willingness, and his usually extensive capabilities, is, on the whole, a pleasanter and more useful servitor than the average of Englishmen. It can scarcely be said that all these differences spring solely from peculiarities of national temperament, and that the Frenchman is what he is solely because he is a Frenchman. That, of course, supplies a partial explanation of the question; but there are other far more potent causes at work. If it were possible to sum up those causes in one word, we should have no alternative but to say that the principal defects of English servants, and the grave difficulties which their exigencies have created during the last thirty years, are due to the vanity of their masters. Surrounded on all sides by the aspirations and the discontent of the lower classes, the English persist in regulating their servants by rules of vanity. They screw them down, they keep them at a haughty distance, they remind them many times a-day that they are absolute inferiors. The natural result is, that the English servant gives what he is bound to give, but no more; he offers nothing of his own accord, for he has engaged his body, not his heart. He lives in a state of permanent secret resentment. He does not rebel, because the moment has not come for that; but if ever he should get a chance hereafter, he will fix his own conditions, which, apparently, will be very different from those under which he now exists. The master is not more satisfied than the man, but he makes

no attempt to change the odious double tyranny which each exercises towards the other. Vanity, the curse of modern England, prompts them both. Neither of them has yet conceived that he would be happier if he were natural—if he ceased to indignantly stand up for little rights and little privileges, which, regarded either morally or philosophically, are simply contemptible. In France, where all rights are equal, no one has rights to defend; and though that solution of the difficulty is inapplicable publicly in England—in our time at least—surely it would not be impossible to try it privately in a few houses, with chosen servants, in order to see whether English natures cannot be raised to the French level. It can scarcely be seriously urged that an English servant cannot be cured of his special vanity—that he cannot be raised, by example and with teaching, above the sham dignity he affects—that he cannot be induced to regard service as a state of life implying a general obligation to aid whenever aid is wanted, and not as a duty strictly limited to laying the cloth and drawing corks in one case, or to pure house-keeping in another. An English “general servant,” like the maid-of-all-work, is incapable of doing any one thing well; it will therefore naturally be argued that if a butler or a lady’s-maid were to sometimes discharge other functions than their own, they would cease to do their own work well. But really it would be degrading to England to admit such a thing as that. Why should not an Englishman do anything as well as a Frenchman? The answer, in this special case, is, Because he won’t. But if he were encouraged to try, by kind words and clear reasons, and rewarded in the event of success, is it certain that

he would persist in his refusal? If English masters could attain sufficient wisdom—could sufficiently shake off the bonds of conventional pride in which they have been brought up—to call their servants together and discuss the whole thing with them calmly and without prejudice, who can pretend that the whole system might not be modified, without a shock, to the infinite advantage of all concerned? Try it. Say to your household, “My friends, in France masters and servants do not regard each other as enemies, and do not each stand out for every inch of what we call ‘rights.’ They give and take. The servant looks upon his master as a friend, and does all he can to be of use to him without haggling over the conditions of his ‘place.’ The master treats his servants kindly, and chats and laughs with them; and it really ap-

pears that they get on over there vastly better than we do—that the work is better done, that housekeeping is less expensive, all because everybody has the same end in view—that end being mutual satisfaction. Now, my friends, let us see if we can imitate the French. I shall begin, for it is my duty to set the example, and to show you how to vanquish old habits and old prejudices.” What do you suppose your servants would say and do? They might be a little puzzled at first; but if you acted with tact and sense, you would soon guide them to the right road, weeding out the incorrigibles whom you might discover to be unworthy of your guidance.

If such an end as this were attained even in half-a-dozen houses, this glimpse at French servants will have served a useful object.

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## THE MAID OF SKER.—PART IV.

## CHAPTER XXI.—CROSS-EXAMINATION.

THOSE justices of the peace, although appointed by his Majesty, have never been a comfort to me, saving only Colonel Lougher. They never seem to understand me, or to make out my desires, or to take me at my word, as much as I take them at theirs. My desire has always been to live in a painfully loyal manner, to put up with petty insults from customers who know no better, leaving them to self-reflection, and if possible to repentance, while I go my peaceful way, nor let them hear their money jingle, or even spend it in their sight. To be pleased and trustful also with the folk who trust in me, and rather to abandon much, and give back twopence in a shilling, than cause any purchaser self-reproach for having sworn falsely before the bench,—now if all this would not do, to keep me out of the session-books, can any man point out a clearer proof of the vicious administration of what they call “justice” around our parts? And when any trumpery case was got up, on purpose to worry and plague me, the only chance left me, of any fair-play, was to throw up my day’s work, and wear out my shoes in trudging to Candleston Court, to implore that good Colonel Lougher to happen to sit on the bench that day.

When those two gentlemen alighted from that rickety old coach, and ordered that very low constable to pace to and fro at the door of my house, boldly I came out to meet them, having injured no man, nor done harm of any sort that I could think of, lately. Stew came first, a man of no lineage, but pushed on by impudence; “Anthony Stew can

look you through,” an English poacher said of him; and this he tried always to do with me, and thoroughly welcome he was to succeed.

I will not say that my inner movements may not have been uneasy, in spite of all my rectitude; however I showed their two worships inside, in the very best style of the quarter-deck, such as I had gathered from that coroneted captain, my proud connection with whom, perhaps, I may have spoken of ere this, or at any rate ought to have done so, for I had the honour of swabbing his pumps for him almost every morning; and he was kind enough to call me “Davy.”

Every Briton, in his own house, is bound to do his utmost; so I touched my grey forelock, and made two good bows, and set a chair for each of them, happening to have no more just now, though with plenty of money to buy them. Self-controlled as I always am, many things had tried me, of late, almost to the verge of patience; such imputations as fall most tenderly on a sorrowful widower; and my pure admiration of Bardie, and certainty of her lofty birth, had made me the more despise such foulness. So it came to pass that two scandalous men were given over by the doctors (for the pole I had cut was a trifle too thick), nevertheless they recovered bravely, and showed no more gratitude towards God, than to take out warrants against me! But their low devices were frustrated by the charge being taken before Colonel Lougher. And what did that excellent magistrate do? He felt himself compelled to do something. Therefore

he fined me a shilling per head, for the two heads broken, with 10s. costs (which he paid, as usual), and gave me a very severe reprimand.

“Llewellyn,” he said, “the time is come for you to leave off this course of action. I do not wonder that you felt provoked; but you must seek for satisfaction in the legal channels. Suppose these men had possessed thin heads, why you might have been guilty of murder! Make out his commitment to Cardiff Gaol, in default of immediate payment.”

All this was good, and sustained one’s faith in the efficacy of British law; and trusting that nothing might now be amiss in the minds of these two magistrates, I fetched the block of sycamore, whereupon my fish were in the habit of having their fins and tails chopped off; and there I sate down, and presented myself both ready and respectful. On the other hand, my visitors looked very grave and silent; whether it were to prolong my doubts, or as having doubts of their own, perhaps.

“Your worships,” I began at last, in fear of growing timorous, with any longer waiting—“your worships must have driven far.”

“To see you, Llewellyn,” Squire Stew said, with a nasty snap, hopping the more to frighten me.

“Not only a pleasure to me, your worships, but a very great honour to my poor house. What will your worships be pleased to eat? Butcher’s meat I would have had, if only I had known of it. But one thing I can truly say, my cottage has the best of fish.”

“That I can believe,” said Stew; “because you sell all the worst to me. Another such a trick, Llewellyn, and I have you in the stocks.”

This astonished me so much—for his fish had never died over four

days—that nothing but my countenance could express my feelings.

“I crave your pardon, Justice Stew,” said the tall grey gentleman with the velvet coat, as he rose in a manner that overawed me, for he stood a good foot over Anthony Stew, and a couple of inches over me; “may we not enter upon the matter which has led us to this place?”

“Certainly, Sir Philip, certainly,” Stew replied, with a style which proved that Sir Philip must be of no small position; “all I meant, Sir Philip, was just to let you see the sort of fellow we have to deal with.”

“My integrity is well known,” I answered, turning from him to the gentleman; “not only in this parish, but for miles and miles round. It is not my habit to praise myself; and in truth I find no necessity. Even a famous newspaper, so far away as Bristol, the celebrated ‘Felix Farley’s Journal’——”

“Just so,” said the elder gentleman; “it is that which has brought us here; although, as I fear, on a hopeless errand.”

With these words he leaned away, as if he had been long accustomed to be disappointed. To me it was no small relief to find their business peaceable, and that neither a hare which had rushed at me like a lion through a gate by moonlight, nor a stupid covey of partridges (nineteen in number, which gave me no peace while excluded from my dripping-pan), nor even a pheasant cock whose crowing was of the most insulting tone,—that none of these had been complaining to the bench emboldened me, and renewed my sense of reason. But I felt that Justice Stew could not be trusted for a moment to take this point in a proper light. Therefore I kept my wits in the chains, taking soundings of them both.

"Now, Llewellyn, no nonsense, mind!" began Squire Stew, with his face like a hatchet, and scollops over his eyebrows: "what we are come for is very simple, and need not unsettle your conscience, as you have allowed it to do, I fear. Keep your aspect of innocent wonder for the next time you are brought before me. I only wish your fish were as bright and slippery as you are."

"May I humbly ask what matter it pleases your worship to be thinking of?"

"Oh, of course, you cannot imagine, Davy. But let that pass, as you were acquitted, by virtue of your innocent face, in the teeth of all the evidence. If you had only dropped your eyes, instead of wondering so much—but never mind, stare as you may, some day we shall be sure to have you."

Now, I will put it to anybody whether this was not too bad, in my own house, and with the Bench seated on my own best chairs! However, knowing what a man he was, and how people do attribute to me things I never dreamed of, and what little chance a poor man has if he takes to contradiction, all I did was to look my feelings, which were truly virtuous. Nor were they lost upon Sir Philip.

"You will forgive me, good sir, I hope," he said to Squire Anthony; "but unless we are come with any charge against this—Mr Llewellyn, it is hardly fair to reopen any awkward questions of which he has been acquitted. In his own house, moreover, and when he has offered kind hospitality to us—in a word, I will say no more."

Here he stopped, for fear perhaps of vexing the other magistrate; and I touched my grizzled curl and said, "Sir, I thank you for a gentleman." This was the way to get on with me, instead of driving and bullying; for a gentleman or a lady

can lead me to any extremes of truth; but not a lawyer, much less a justice. And Anthony Stew had no faith in truth, unless she came out to his own corkscrew.

"British tar," he exclaimed, with his nasty sneer; "now for some more of your heroism! You look as if you were up for doing something very glorious. I have seen that colour in your cheeks when you sold me a sewin that shone in the dark. A glorious exploit; wasn't it now?"

"That it was, your worship, to such a customer as you."

While Anthony Stew was digesting this, which seemed a puzzle to him, the tall grey gentleman, feeling but little interest in my commerce, again desired to hurry matters. "Forgive me again, I beseech you, good sir; but ere long it will be dark, and as yet we have learned nothing."

"Leave it all to me, Sir Philip; your wisest plan is to leave it to me. I know all the people around these parts, and especially this fine fellow. I have made a sort of study of him, because I consider him what I may call a thoroughly typical character."

"I am not a typical character," I answered, over-hastily, for I found out afterwards what he meant. "I never tittle; but when I drink, my rule is to go through with it."

Squire Stew laughed loud at my mistake, as if he had been a great scholar himself; and even Sir Philip smiled a little in his sweet and lofty manner. No doubt but I was vexed for a moment, scenting (though I could not see) error on my own part. But now I might defy them both, ever to write such a book as this. For vanity has always been so foreign to my nature, that I am sure to do my best, and, after all, think nothing of it, so long as people praise me. And now, in spite of all rude speeches, if Sir Philip had only come without that Squire An-



thony, not a thing of all that happened would I have retained from him. It is hopeless for people to say that my boat crippled speech on my part. Tush! I would have pulled her plug out on the tail of the Tuskar rather than one moment stand against the light for Bardie.

Squire Stew asked me all sorts of questions having no more substance in them than the blowing-hole at the end of an egg, or the bladder of a skate-fish. All of these I answered boldly, finding his foot outside my shoes. And so he came back again, as they do after trying foolish excursions, to the very point he started with.

“Am I to understand, my good fellow, that the ship, which at least you allow to be wrecked, may have been or might have been something like a foreigner?”

“Therein lies the point whereon your worship cannot follow me, any more than could the coroner. Neither he, nor his clerk, nor the rest of the jury, would listen to common-sense about it. That ship no more came from Appledore than a whale was hatched from a herring’s egg.”

“I knew it, I knew it,” broke in Sir Philip. “They have only small coasters at Appledore. I said that the newspaper must be wrong. However, for the sake of my two poor sons, I am bound to leave no clue unfollowed. There is nothing more to be done, Mr Stew, except to express my many and great obligations for your kindness.” Herewith he made a most stately bow, and gave even me a corner of it.

“Stay, Sir Philip; one moment more. This fellow is such a crafty file. Certain I am that he never would look so unnaturally frank and candid unless he were in his most slippery mood. You know the old proverb, I daresay, ‘Put a Taffy on

his mettle, he’ll boil Old Nick in his own fish-kettle.’ Dyo, where did your boat come from?”

This question he put in a very sudden, and I might well say vicious, manner, darting a glance at me like the snake’s tongues in the island of Das Cobras. I felt such contempt that I turned my back, and gave him a view of the “boofely buckens” admired so much by Bardie.

“Well done!” he cried. “Your resources, Dyo, are an infinite credit to you. And, do you know, when I see your back, I can almost place some faith in you. It is broad and flat and sturdy, Dyo. Ah! many a fine hare has swung there head downwards. Nevertheless, we must see this boat.”

Nothing irritates me more than what low Englishmen call “chaff.” I like to be pleasant and jocular upon other people; but I don’t like that sort of thing tried upon me when I am not in the humour for it. Therefore I answered crustily,

“Your worship is welcome to see my boat, and go to sea in her if you please, with the plug out of her bottom. Under Porthcawl Point she lies; and all the people there know all about her. Only, I will beg your worship to excuse my presence, lest you should have low suspicions that I came to twist their testimony.”

“Well said, David! well said, my fine fellow! Almost I begin to believe thee, in spite of all experience. Now, Sir Philip.”

“Your pardon, good sir; I follow you into the carriage.”

So off they set to examine my boat; and I hoped to see no more of them, for one thing was certain—to wit, that their coachman never would face the sandhills, and no road ever is, or ever can be, to Porthcawl; so that these two worthy gentlemen needs must exert their noble legs for at least one-half of the distance.

And knowing that Squire Stew's soles were soft, I thought it a blessing for him to improve the only soft part about him.

CHAPTER XXII.—ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

Highly pleased with these reflections, what did I do but take a pipe, and sit like a lord at my own doorway, having sent poor Bunny with a smack to bed, because she had shown curiosity: for this leading vice of the female race cannot be too soon discouraged. But now I began to fear almost that it would be growing too dark very soon for me to see what became of the carriage returning with those two worshippers. Moreover, I felt that I had no right to let them go so easily, without even knowing Sir Philip's surname, or what might be the especial craze which had led them to honour me so. And sundry other considerations slowly prevailed over me; until it would have gone sore with my mind, to be kept in the dark concerning them. So, when heavy dusk of autumn drove in over the notch of sandhills from the far-away of sea, and the green of grass was gone, and you hardly could tell a boy from a girl among the children playing, unless you knew their mothers; I, rejoicing in their pleasures, quite forgot the justices. For all our children have a way of letting out their liveliness, such as makes old people feel a longing to be in with them. Not like Bardie, of course; but still a satisfactory feeling. And the better my tobacco grew, the sweeter were my memories.

Before I had courted my wife and my sweethearts (a dozen and a-half perhaps, or at the outside say two dozen) anything more than twice a-piece, in the gentle cud of memory; and with very quiet sighs indeed, for echoes of great thumping ones; and just as I wondered what execution a beautiful child, with magni-

ficent legs, would do, when I lay in the churchyard—all of a heap I was fetched out of dreaming into common-sense again. There was the great yellow coach at the corner of the old grey wall that stopped the sand; and all the village children left their "hide-and-peek" to whisper. Having fallen into a different mood from that of curiosity, and longing only for peace just now, or tender styles of going, back went I into my own cottage, hoping to hear them smack whip and away. Even my hand was on the bolt—for a bolt I had now on account of the cats, who understand every manner of latch, wherever any fish be—and perhaps it is a pity that I did not shoot it.

But there came three heavy knocks; and I scarcely had time to unbutton my coat, in proof of their great intrusion, before I was forced to show my face, and beg to know their business.

"Now, Dyo, Dyo," said that damned Stew [saving your presence, I can't call him else]; "this is a little too bad of you! Retiring ere dusk! Aha! aha! And how many hours after midnight will you keep your hornpipes up, among the 'jolly sailors!' Great Davy, I admire you."

I saw that it was not in his power to enter into my state of mind: nor could I find any wit in his jokes, supposing them to be meant for such.

"Well, what did your worshippers think of Porthcawl?" I asked, after setting the chairs again, while I hustled about for my tinder-box: "did you happen to come across the man whose evil deeds are always being saddled upon me?"

“We found a respectable worthy Scotchman, whose name is Alexander Macraw; and who told us more in about five minutes than we got out of you in an hour or more. He has given us stronger reason to hope that we may be on the right track at last to explain a most painful mystery, and relieve Sir Philip from the most cruel suspense and anxiety.”

At these words of Squire Anthony, the tall grey gentleman with the velvet coat bowed, and would fain have spoken, but feared perhaps that his voice would tremble.

“Macraw thinks it highly probable,” Justice Stew continued, “that the ship, though doubtless a foreigner, may have touched on the opposite coast for supplies, after a long ocean voyage: and though Sir Philip has seen your boat, and considers it quite a stranger, that proves nothing either way, as the boat of course would belong to the ship. But one very simple and speedy way there is of settling the question. You thought proper to conceal the fact that the Coroner had committed to your charge as foreman of the jury—and a precious jury it must have been,—so as to preserve near the spot, in case of any inquiry, the dress of the poor child washed ashore. This will save us the journey to Sker, which in the dusk would be dangerous. David Llewellyn, produce that dress, under my authority.”

“That I will, your worship, with the greatest pleasure. I am sure I would have told you all about it, if I had only thought of it.”

“Ahem!” was all Squire Stew’s reply, for a horribly suspicious man hates such downright honesty. But without taking further notice of him, I went to my locker of old black oak, and thence I brought that upper garment something like a pinafore, the sight of which had

produced so strong an effect upon the Coroner. It was made of the very finest linen, and perhaps had been meant for the child to wear in lieu of a frock in some hot climate. As I brought this carefully up to the table, Squire Stew cried, “Light another candle,” just as if I kept the village shop! This I might have done at one time, if it had only happened to me, at the proper period, to marry the niece of the man that lived next door to the chapel, where they dried the tea-leaves. She took a serious liking to me, with my navy trousers on; but I was fool enough to find fault with a little kink in her starboard eye. I could have carried on such a trade, with my knowledge of what people are, and description of foreign climates—however it was not to be, and I had to buy my candles.

As soon as we made a fine strong light, both the gentlemen came nigh, and Sir Philip, who had said so little, even now forbore to speak. I held the poor dress, tattered by much beating on the points of rocks; and as I unrolled it slowly, he withdrew his long white hands, lest we should remark their quivering.

“You are not such fools as I thought,” said Stew; “it is a coronet beyond doubt. I can trace the lines and crossings, though the threads are frayed a little. And here in the corner, a moneygrum—ah! you never saw that, you stupes—do you know the mark, sir?”

“I do not,” Sir Philip answered, and seemed unable to fetch more words; and then like a strong man turned away, to hide all disappointment. Even Anthony Stew had the manners to feel that here was a sorrow beyond his depth, and he covered his sense of it, like a gentleman, by some petty talk with me. And it made me almost respect him to find that he dropped all his banter, as out of season.

But presently the tall grey gentleman recovered from his loss of hope, and with a fine brave face regarded us. And his voice was firm and very sweet.

“It is not right for me to cause you pain by my anxieties; and I fear that you will condemn me for dwelling upon them overmuch. But you, Mr Stew, already know, and you my friend have a right to know, after your kind and ready help, that it is not only the piteous loss of two little innocent children, very dear ones both of them, but also the loss of fair repute to an honourable family, and the cruel suspicion cast upon a fine brave fellow, who would scorn, sir, who would scorn, for the wealth of all this kingdom, to hurt the hair of a baby’s head.”

Here Sir Philip’s voice was choked with indignation more than sorrow, and he sate down quickly, and waved his hand, as much as to say, “I am an old fool, I had much better not pretend to talk.” And much as I longed to know all about it, of course it was not my place to ask.

“Exactly, my dear sir, exactly,” Squire Anthony went on, for the sake of saying something; “I understand you, my dear sir, and feel for you, and respect you greatly for your manly fortitude under this sad calamity. Trust in Providence, my dear sir; as indeed I need not tell you.”

“I will do my best; but this is now the seventh disappointment we have had. It would have been a heavy blow, of course, to have found the poor little fellow dead. But even that, with the recovery of the other, would have been better than this dark mystery, and, above all, would have freed the living from these maddening suspicions. But as it is, we must try to bear it, and to say, ‘God’s will be done.’ But I am thinking too much about ourselves. Mr Stew, I am very ungrate-

ful not to think more of your convenience. You must be longing to be at home.”

“At your service, Sir Philip—quite at your service. My time is entirely my own.”

This was simply a bit of brag; and I saw that he was beginning to fidget; for, bold as his worship was on the bench, we knew that he was but a coward at board, where Mrs Stew ruled with a rod of iron: and now it was long past dinner-time, even in the finest houses.

“One thing more, then, before we go,” answered Sir Philip, rising; “according to the newspaper, and as I hear, one young maiden was really saved from that disastrous shipwreck. I wish we could have gone on to see her; but I must return to-morrow morning, having left many anxious hearts behind. And to cross the sands in the dark, they say, is utterly impossible.”

“Not at all, Sir Philip,” said I, very firmly, for I honestly wished to go through with it; “although the sand is very deep, there is no fear at all, if one knows the track. It is only the cowardice of these people ever since the sand-storm. I would answer to take you in the darkest night, if only I had ever learned to drive.” But Anthony Stew broke in with a smile,

“It would grieve me to sit behind you, Dyo, and I trow that Sir Philip would never behold Appledore again. There is nothing these sailors will not attempt.”

Although I could sit the bowthwart of a cart very well, with a boy to drive me, and had often advised the hand at the tiller, and sometimes as much as held the whip, all this, to my diffidence, seemed too little to warrant me in navigating a craft that carried two horses.

Sir Philip looked at me, and perhaps he thought that I had not the

cut of a coachman. However, all he said was this :

“In spite of your kindness, Mr Stew, and your offer, my good sir”—this was to me, with much dignity —“I perceive that we must not think of it. And of what use could it be except to add new troubles to old ones? Sir, I have trespassed too much on your kindness ; in a minute I will follow you.” Anthony Stew, being thus addressed, was only too glad to skip into the carriage. “By, by, Dyo,” he cried ; “mend your ways, if you can, my man. I think you have told fewer lies than usual ; knock off one every time of speaking, and in ten years you will speak the truth.”

Of this low rubbish I took no heed any more than any one would who knows me, especially as I beheld Sir Philip signalling with his purse to me, so that Stew might not be privy to it. Entering into the spirit of this, I had some pleasant memories of gentlemanly actions done by the superior classes towards me, but longer ago than I could have desired. And now being out of the habit of it, I showed some natural reluctance to begin again, unless it were really worth my while. Sir Philip understood my feelings, and I rose in his esteem, so that half-guineas went back to his pocket, and guineas took the place of them.

“Mr Llewellyn, I know,” he said, “that you have served your country well ; and it grieves me to think that on my account you have met with some harsh words to-day.”

“If your worship only knew how little a thing of that sort moves me when I think of the great injustice. But I suppose it must be expected by a poor man such as I am. Justice Stew is spoiled by having so many rogues to deal with. I always make allowance for him ; and of course I know that he likes to play

with the lofty character I bear. If I had his house and his rich estate—but it does not matter—after all, what are we?”

“Ah, you may well say that, Llewellyn. Two months ago I could not have believed—but who are we to find fault with the doings of our Maker? All will be right if we trust in Him, although it is devilish hard to do. But that poor maid at that wretched place—what is to become of her?”

“She has me to look after her, your worship, and she shall not starve while I have a penny.”

“Bravely said, Llewellyn ! My son is a sailor, and I understand them. I know that I can trust you fully to take charge of a trifle for her.”

“I love the maid,” I answered truly ; “I would sooner rob myself than her.”

“Of course you would, after saving her life. I have not time to say much to you, only take this trifle for the benefit of that poor thing.”

From a red leathern bag he took out ten guineas, and hastily plunged them into my hand, not wishing Stew to have knowledge of it. But I was desirous that everybody should have the chance to be witness of it, and so I held my hand quite open. And just at that moment our Bunny snored.

“What ! have you children yourself, Llewellyn? I thought that you were an old bachelor.”

“An ancient widower, your worship, with a little grandchild ; and how to keep her to the mark, with father none and mother none, quite takes me off my head sometimes. Let me light your honour to your carriage.”

“Not for a moment, if you please ; I wish I had known all this before. Mr Stew never told me a word of this.”

“It would have been strange if

he had," said I; "he is always so bitter against me, because he can never prove anything."

"Then, Llewellyn, you must oblige me. Spend this trifle in clothes and things for that little snorer."

He gave me a little crisp affair,

feeling like a child's caul dried, and I thought it was no more than that. However, I touched my brow and thanked him as he went to the carriage-steps; and after consulting all the village, I found it a stanch pledge from the Government for no less than five pounds sterling.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—INTO GOOD SOCIETY.

In spite of all that poor landmen say about equinoctial gales and so on, we often have the loveliest weather of all the year in September. If this sets in, it lasts sometimes for three weeks or a month together. Then the sky is bright and fair, with a firm and tranquil blue, not so deep of tint or gentle as the blue of springtide, but more truly staid and placid, and far more trustworthy. The sun, both when he rises over the rounded hills behind the cliffs, and when he sinks into the level of the width of waters, shines with ripe and quiet lustre, to complete a year of labour. As the eastern in the morning, so at sunset the western heaven glows with an even flush of light through the entire depth pervading, and unbroken by any cloud. Then at dusk the dew fog wavers in white stripes over the meadow-land, or in winding combs benighted pillows down, and leaves its impress a sparkling path for the sun's return. To my mind no other part of the year is pleasanter than this end of harvest, with golden stubble, and orchards gleaming, and the hedgerows turning red. Then fish are in season, and fruit is wholesome, and the smell of sweet brewing is rich on the air.

This beautiful weather it was that tempted Colonel Lougher and Lady Bluett to take a trip for the day to Sker. The distance from Candleston Court must be at least two good leagues of sandy road, or rather of

sand without any road, for a great part of the journey. Therefore, instead of their heavy coach, they took a light two-wheeled car, and a steady-going pony, which was very much wiser of them. Also, which was wiser still, they had a good basket of provisions, intending to make a long sea-side day, and expecting a lively appetite. I saw them pass through Newton, as I chanced to be mending my nets by the well; and I touched my hat to the Colonel of course, and took it off to the lady. The Colonel was driving himself, so as not to be cumbered with any servant; and happening to see such a basket of food, I felt pretty sure there would be some over, for the quality never eat like us. Then it came into my memory that they could not bear Evan Thomas, and it struck me all of a sudden that it might be well worth my while to happen to meet them upon their return, before they passed any poor houses, as well as to happen to be swinging an empty basket conspicuously. It was a provident thought of mine, and turned out as well as its foresight deserved.

They passed a very pleasant day at Sker (as I was told that evening), pushing about among rocks and stones, and routing out this, that, and the other, of shells and seaweed and star-fish, and all the rest of the rubbish, such as amuses great gentry, because they have nothing to do for their living. And though

money is nothing to them, they always seem to reckon what they find by money-value. Not Colonel Lougher, of course, I mean, and even less Lady Bluett. I only speak of some grand people who come raking along our beach. And of all of these there was nobody with the greediness Anthony Stew had. A crab that had died in changing his shell would hardly come amiss to him. Let that pass—who cares about him? I wish to speak of better people. The Colonel, though he could not keep ill-will against any one on earth, did not choose to be indebted to Sker-grange for even so much as a bite of hay for his pony. Partly, perhaps, that he might not appear to play false to his own tenantry; for the Nottage farmers, who held of the Colonel, were always at feud with Evan Thomas. Therefore he baited the pony himself, after easing off some of the tackle, and moored him to an ancient post in a little sheltered hollow. Their rations also he left in the car, for even if any one did come by, none would ever think of touching this good magistrate's property.

Quite early in the afternoon, their appetites grew very brisk by reason of the crisp sea-breeze and sparkling freshness of the waves. Accordingly, after consultation, they agreed that the time was come to see what Crumpy, their honest old butler, had put into the basket. The Colonel held his sister's hand to help her up rough places, and breasting a little crest of rushes, they broke upon a pretty sight, which made them both say "hush," and wonder.

In a hollow place of sand, spread with dry white bones, skates' pouches, blades of cuttle-fish, sea-snail shells, and all the other things that storm and sea drive into and out of the sands, a very tiny maid was sitting, holding audience all alone. She seemed to have no sense at all

of loneliness or of earthly trouble in the importance of the moment and the gravity of play. Before her sat three little dolls, arranged according to their rank, cleverly posted in chairs of sand. The one in the middle was "Patty Green," the other two strange imitations fashioned by young Watkin's knife. Each was urging her claim to shells, which the mistress was dispensing fairly, and with good advice to each, then laughing at herself and them, and trying to teach them a nursery-song, which broke down from forgetfulness. And all the while her quick bright face, and the crisp grain of her attitudes, and the jerk of her thick short curls, were enough to make any one say, "What a queer little soul!" Therefore it is not to be surprised at that Colonel Lougher could not make her out, or that while he was feeling about for his eyeglass of best crystal, his sister was (as behoves a female) rasher to express opinion. For she had lost a little girl, and sometimes grieved about it still.

"What a queer little, dear little thing, Henry! I never saw such a child. Where can she have dropped from? Did you see any carriage come after us? It is useless to tell me that she can belong to any of the people about here. Look at her forehead, and look at her manners, and how she touches everything! Now did you see that? What a wonderful child! Every movement is grace and delicacy. Oh you pretty darling!"

Her ladyship could wait no longer for the Colonel's opinion (which he was inclined to think of ere he should come out with it), and she ran down the sand-hill almost faster than became her dignity. But if she had been surprised before, how was she astonished now at Bardie's reception of her?

"Don'e tush. Knee tushy paw,

see voo pay. All 'e dollies is yae good; just going to dinny, and 'e mustn't 'poil their appeties."

And the little atom arose and moved Lady Bluett's skirt out of her magic circle. And then, having saved her children, she stood scarcely up to the lady's knee, and looked at her as much as to ask, "Are you of the quality?" And being well satisfied on that point, she made what the lady declared to be the most elegant curtsy she ever had seen.

Meanwhile the Colonel was coming up, in a dignified manner, and leisurely, perceiving no cause to rush through rushes, and knowing that his sister was often too quick. This had happened several times in the matter of beggars and people on crutches, and skin-collectors, and suchlike, who cannot always be kept out of the way of ladies; and his worship the Colonel had been compelled to endeavour to put a stop to it. Therefore (as the best man in the world cannot in reason be expected to be in a moment abreast with the sallies of even the best womankind, but likes to see to the bottom of it) the Colonel came up crustily.

"Eleanor, can you not see that the child does not wish for your interference? Her brothers and sisters are sure to be here from Kenfig most likely, or at any rate some of her relations, and busy perhaps with our basket."

"No," said the child, looking up at him, "I'se got no 'lations now; all gone ayae; but all come back de-morrow day."

"Why, Henry, what are we thinking of? This must be the poor little girl that was wrecked. And I wanted you so to come down and see her; but you refused on account of her being under the care of Farmer Thomas."

"No, my dear, not exactly that, but on account of the trouble in the

house I did not like to appear to meddle."

"Whatever your reason was," answered the lady, "no doubt you were quite right; but now I must know more of this poor little thing. Come and have some dinner with us, my darling; I am sure you must be hungry. Don't be afraid of the Colonel. He loves little children when they are good."

But poor Bardie hung down her head and was shy, which never happened to her with me or any of the common people; she seemed to know, as if by instinct, that she was now in the company of her equals. Lady Bluett, however, was used to children, and very soon set her quite at ease by inviting her dolls, and coaxing them, and listening to their histories, and all the other little turns that unlock the hearts of innocence. So it came to pass that the castaway dined in good society for the first time since her great misfortune. Here she behaved so prettily, and I might say elegantly, that Colonel Lougher (who was of all men the most thoroughly just and upright) felt himself bound to confess his error in taking her for a Kenfig nobody. Now, as it happened to be his birthday, the lady had ordered Mr Crumpy, the butler, to get a bottle of the choicest wine, and put it into the hamper without saying anything to the Colonel, so that she might drink his health, and persuade him to do himself the like good turn. Having done this, she gave the child a drop in the bottom of her own wine-glass, which the little one tossed off most fluently, and with a sigh of contentment said—

"I'se not had a dop of that yiney-piney ever since—sompfin."

"Why what wine do you call it, my little dear?" the Colonel asked, being much amused with her air of understanding it.



“Doesn't a know?” she replied, with some pity; “nat's hot I calls a dop of good Sam Paine.”

“Give her some more,” said the Colonel; “upon my word she deserves it. Eleanor, you were right about her; she is a wonderful little thing.”

All the afternoon they kept her with them, being more and more delighted with her, as she began to explain her opinions; and Watty, who came to look after her, was sent home with a shilling in his pocket. And some of the above I learned from him, and some from Mr Crumphy (who was a very great friend of mine), and a part from little Bardie, and the rest even from her good ladyship, except what trifles I add myself, being gifted with power of seeing things that happen in my absence.

This power has been in my family for upwards of a thousand years, coming out and forming great bards sometimes, and at other times great story-tellers. Therefore let no one find any fault or doubt any single thing I tell them concerning some people who happen just now to be five or six shelves in the world above me, for I have seen a great deal of the very highest society when I cleaned my Earl's pumps and epaulettes, and waited upon him at breakfast; and I know well how those great people talk, not from observation only, but by aid of my own fellow-feeling for them, which, perhaps, owes its power of insight not to my own sagacity only, but to my ancestors' lofty positions, as poets to royal families. Now although I may have mentioned this to the man of the Press—whose hat appeared to have undergone Press experience—I have otherwise kept it quite out of sight, because every writer should hold himself entirely round the corner, and discover his hand, but not

his face, to as many as kindly encourage him. Of late, however, it has been said—not by people of our own parish, who have seen and heard me at the well and elsewhere, but by persons with no more right than power to form opinions—that I cannot fail of breaking down when I come to describe great people. To these my answer is quite conclusive. From my long connection with royalty, lasting over a thousand years, I need not hesitate to describe the Prince of Wales himself; and inasmuch as His Royal Highness is not of pure ancient British descent, I verily doubt whether he could manage to better my humble style to my liking.

Enough of that. I felt doubts at beginning, but I find myself stronger as I get on. You may rely upon me now to leave the question to your own intelligence. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; and if any one fears that I cannot cook it, I only beg him to wait and see.

Lady Bluett was taken so much with my Bardie, and the Colonel the same—though he tried at first to keep it under—that nothing except their own warm kindness stopped them from making off with her. The lady had vowed that she would do so, for it would be so much for the little soul's good; and of course, so far as legality went, the Chief-Justice of the neighbourhood had more right to her than a common rough farmer. But Watty came down, being sent by Moxy, after he went home with that shilling, and must needs make show of it. He came down shyly, from habit of nature, to the black eyebrows of the tide, where the Colonel and Bardie were holding grand play, with the top of the spring running up to them. She was flying at the wink of every wave, and trying to push him back into it; and he was laughing with all his heart at her spry ways and

audacity, and the quickness of her smiles and frowns, and the whole of her nature one whirl of play, till he thought nothing more of his coat-tails.

“What do you want here, boy?” the Colonel asked, being not best pleased that a man of his standing should be caught in the middle of such antics.

Watkin opened his great blue eyes, and opened his mouth as well, but could not get steerage-way on his tongue, being a boy of great reverence.

“Little fellow, what are you come for?” with these words he smiled on the boy, and was vexed with himself for frightening him.

“Oh sir, oh sir, if you please, sir, mother says as Miss Delushy must come home to bed, sir.”

“E go ayay now, 'e bad Yatkin! I 'ants more pay with my dear Colonel Yucca.”

“I am not at all sure,” said the Colonel, laughing, “that I shall not put her into my car, and drive away with her, Watkin.”

“You may go home, my good boy, and tell your mother that we have taken this poor little dear to Candleston.” This, of course, was Lady Bluett.

You should have seen Watkin's face, they told me, when I came to hear of it. Betwixt his terror of giving offence, and his ignorance how to express his meaning, and the sorrow he felt on his mother's account, and perhaps his own pain also, not a word had he to say, but made a grope after the baby's hands. Then the little child ran up to him, and flung both arms around his leg, and showed the stanchness of her breed. Could any one, even of six years old, better enter into it?

“I yoves Yatkin. Yatkin is aye good and kind. And I yoves poor Moky. I 'ont go ayay till my dear papa and my dear mamma comes for me.”

Lady Bluett, being quick and soft, could not keep her tears from starting; and the Colonel said, “It must be so. We might have done a great wrong, my dear. Consider all”—and here he whispered out of Watkin's hearing, and the lady nodded sadly, having known what trouble is. But the last words he spoke bravely, “God has sent her for a comfort where He saw that it was needed. We must not give way to a passing fancy against a deep affliction; only we will keep our eyes upon this little orphan darling.”

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—SOUND INVESTMENTS.

The spring-tides led me to Sker the next day, and being full early for the ebb, I went in to see what the Colonel had done. For if he should happen to take up the child, she would pass out of my hands altogether, which might of course be a serious injury, as well as a very great hardship. For of Moxy's claim I had little fear, if it came to a question of title, inasmuch as I had made her sign a document prepared and copied by myself, clearly declaring my prior right in

virtue of rescue and providential ordinance. But as against Colonel Lougher I durst not think of asserting my claims, even if the law were with me; and not only so; but I felt all along that the matter was not one for money to heal, but a question of the deepest feelings.

And now the way in which Moxy came out, while Bardie was making much of me (who always saw everything first, of course), and the style of her meddling in between us, led me to know that a man has no

chance to be up to the tricks of a female. For the dialogue going on between us was of the very simplest nature, as you may judge by the following:—

“Hy’s e been so long, old Davy, afore ’a come to see poor Bardie?”

“Because, my pretty dear, I have been forced to work, all day long almost.”

“Hasn’t ’a had no time to pay?”

“No, my dear, not a moment to play. Work, work, work! Money, money, money! Till old Davy is quite worn out.”

I may have put horns to the truth in this. But at any rate not very long ones. And the child began to ponder it.

“I tell ’a, old Davy, ’hot to do. Susan say to me one day, kite yell, I amember, ickle Bardie made of money! Does ’a sink so?”

“I think you are made of gold, you beauty; and of diamonds, and the Revelations.”

“Aye yell! Then I tell ’a ’hot to do. Take poor Bardie to markiss, old Davy; and e’ get a great big money for her.”

She must have seen some famous market; for acting everything as she did (by means of working face, arms, and legs), she put herself up like a fowl in a basket, and spread herself, making the most of her breast, and limping her neck, as the dead chickens do. Before I could begin to laugh, Moxy was upon us.

“Dyo! Why for you come again? Never you used to come like this. Put down Delushy, directly moment. No fish she is for you to catch. When you might have had her, here you left her through the face of everything. And now, because great Evan’s staff is cloven, by the will of God, who takes not advantage of him? I thought you would have known better, Dyo. And this little one, that he dotes upon—”

“It is enough,” I answered, with a dignity which is natural to me, when females wound my feelings; “Madame Thomas, it is enough. I will quit your premises.” With these words, I turned away, and never looked over my shoulder even, though the little one screamed after me; until I felt Watty hard under my stern, and like a kedge-anchor dragging. Therefore, I let them apologise; till my desire was to forgive them. And after they brought forth proper things, I denied all evil will, and did my best to accomplish it.

Mrs Thomas returning slowly to her ancient style with me, as I relaxed my dignity, said that now the little maid was getting more at home with them. Mr Thomas, after what had happened in the neighbourhood—this was the death of her five sons—felt naturally low of spirit; and it was good for him to have a lively child around him. He did not seem quite what he was. And nothing brought him to himself so much as to watch this shadow of life; although she was still afraid of him.

Every word of this was clear to me. It meant ten times what it expressed. Because our common people have a “height of kindness,” some would say, and some a “depth of superstition,” such as leads them delicately to slope off their meaning. But in my blunt and sailor fashion, I said that black Evan must, I feared, be growing rather shaky. I had better have kept this opinion quiet; for Moxy bestowed on me such a gaze of pity mingled with contempt, that knowing what sort of a man he had been, I felt all abroad about everything. All I could say to myself was this, that the only woman of superior mind I ever had the luck to come across, and carefully keep clear of, had taken good care not to have a

husband, supposing there had been the occasion. And I think I made mention of her before; because she had been thrice disappointed; and all she said was true almost.

However, Sker-house might say just what it pleased, while I had my written document, and "Delushy" herself (as they stupidly called her by corruption of Andalusia) was not inclined to abandon me. And now she made them as jealous as could be, for she clung to me fast with one hand, while she spread the beautiful tiny fingers of the other to Moxy, as much as to say, "Interrupt me not; I have such a lot of things to tell old Davy."

And so she had without any mistake: and the vast importance of each matter lost nothing for want of emphasis. Patty Green had passed through a multitude of most surprising adventures, some of them even transcending her larceny of my sugar. Watty had covered himself with glory, and above all little "Dutch," the sheep-dog, was now become a most benevolent and protecting power.

"'Hots 'a think, old Davy? Patty Geen been yecked, she has."

"'Yecked!' I don't know what that is, my dear."

"Ness, I said, 'yecked,' old Davy; yecked down nare, same as Bardie was."

It was clear that she now had taken up with the story which everybody told; and she seemed rather proud of having been wrecked.

"And Patty," she went on, quite out of breath; "Patty 'poiled all her boofely cothes: such a mess 'e never see a'most! And poor Patty go to 'e back pithole, till 'e boofely Dush yun all into 'e yater."

"Oh, and Dutch pulled her out again, did she?"

"Ness, and her head come kite out of her neck. But Yatty put 'e

guepot on, and make it much better than ever a'most."

"Now, Delushy, what a child you are!" cried Mrs Thomas, proudly; "you never told Mr Llewellyn that you ran into the sea yourself, to save your doll; and drowned you must have been, but for our Watkin."

"Bardie 'poil her cothes," she said, looking rather shy about it: "Bardie's cothes not boofely now, not same as they used to be."

But if she regretted her change of apparel, she had ceased by this time, Moxy said, to fret much for her father and mother. For Watkin, or some one, had inspired her with a most comforting idea—to wit, that her parents had placed her there for the purpose of growing faster; and that when she had done her best to meet their wishes in this respect, they would suddenly come to express their pride and pleasure at her magnitude. Little brother also would appear in state, and so would Susan, and find it needful to ascend the dairy-stool to measure her. As at present her curly head was scarcely up to the mark of that stool, the duty of making a timely start in this grand business of growing became at once self-evident. To be "a geat big gal" was her chief ambition; inasmuch as "'hen I'se a geat big gal, mama and papa be so peased, and say, 'hot a good gal 'e is, Bardie, to do as I tell 'a!"

Often when her heart was heavy in the loneliness of that house, and the loss of all she loved, and with dirty things around her, the smile would come back to her thoughtful eyes, and she would open her mouth again for the coarse but wholesome food, which was to make a "big gal" of her. Believing herself now well embarked toward this desired magnitude, she had long been making ready for the joy it would secure.

“E come and see, Old Davy. I sow ‘a sompfin,” she whispered to me, when she thought the others were not looking, so I gave a wink to Moxy Thomas, whose misbehaviour I had overlooked, and humouring the child, I let her lead me to her sacred spot.

This was in an unused passage, with the end door nailed to jambs, and black oak-panelling along it, and a floor of lias stone. None in the house durst enter it except this little creature; at least unless there were three or four to hearten one another, and a strong sun shining. The Abbot’s Walk was its proper name; because a certain Abbot of Neath, who had made too much stir among the monks, received (as we say) his quietus there during a winter excursion; and in spite of all the masses said, could not keep his soul at rest. Therefore his soul came up and down; and that is worse than a dozen spirits; for the soul can groan, but the spirit is silent.

Into this dark lonely passage I was led by a little body, too newly inhabited by spirit to be at all afraid of it. And she came to a cupboard door, and tugged, and made a face as usual, when the button was hard to move. But as for allowing me to help her,—not a bit of it, if you please. With many grunts and jerks of breath, at last she fetched it outward, having made me promise first not to touch, however grand and tempting might be the scene disclosed to me.

What do you think was there collected, and arranged in such a system that no bee could equal it? Why, every bit of everything that every one who loved her (which amounts to everybody) ever had bestowed upon her, for her own sweet use and pleasure, since ashore she came to us. Not a lollipop was sucked, not a bit of “taffy” tasted, not a plaything had been used, but

just enough to prove it; all were set in portions four, two of which were double-sized of what the other two were. Nearly half these things had come, I am almost sure, from Newton; and among the choicest treasures which were stored in scollop shells, I descried one of my own buttons which I had honestly given her, because two eyelets had run together; item, a bowl of an unsmoked pipe (which had snapped in my hand one evening); item, as sure as I am alive, every bit of the sugar which the Dolly had taken from out my locker.

Times there are when a hardy man, at sense of things (however childish), which have left their fibre in him, finds himself, or loses self, in a sudden softness. So it almost was with me (though the bait on my hooks all the time was drying), and for no better reason than the hopeless hopes of a very young child. I knew what all her storehouse meant before she began to tell me. And her excitement while she told me scarcely left her breath to speak.

“’Nat for papa, with ‘e kean pipe to ‘moke, and ‘nat for mamma with ‘e boofely bucken for her coke, and ‘nat for my dear ickle bother, because it just fit in between his teeth, and ‘nis with ‘e ‘ooking-gass for Susan, because she do her hair all day yong.”

She held up the little bit of tin, and mimicked Susan’s self-adornment, making such a comic face, and looking so conceited, that I felt as if I should know her Susan, anywhere in a hundred of women, if only she should turn up so. And I began to smile a little; and she took it up tenfold.

“’E make me yaff so, I do decare, ‘e silly old Davy; I doesn’t know ‘hat to do a’most. But ‘e mustn’t tell anybody.”

This I promised, and so went a-fishing, wondering what in the

world would become of the queerest fish I had ever caught, as well as the highest-flavoured one. It now seemed a toss-up whether or not something or other might turn up, in the course of one's life, about her. At any rate she was doing well, with her very bright spirits to help her, and even Black Evan, so broken down as not to be hard upon any one. And as things fell out to take me from her, without any warning, upon the whole it was for the best to find the last sight comfortable.

And a man of my power must not always be poking after babies, even the best that were ever born. Tush, what says King David, who was a great-grandfather of mine; less distant than Llewellyn Harper, but as much respected; in spite of his trying to contribute Jewish blood to the lot of us in some of his rasher moments? But ancestor though we acknowledge him (when our neighbourhood has a revival), I will not be carried away by his fame to copy, so much as to harken him.

The autumn now grew fast upon us, and the beach was shifting; and neither room nor time remained for preaching under the sandhills, even if any one could be found with courage to sit under them. And as the nights turned cold and damp, everybody grumbled much; which was just and right enough, in balance of their former grumbling at the summer drought and heat. And it was mainly this desire not to be behind my neighbours in the comfort and the company of grumbling and exchanging grumbles, which involved me in a course of action highly lowering to my rank and position in society, but without which I could never have been enabled to tell this story. And yet before entering on that subject, everybody will want to know how I discharged my important and even arduous duties as trustee through Sir

Philip's munificence for both those little children. In the first place, I felt that my position was strictly confidential, and that it would be a breach of trust to disclose to any person (especially in a loquacious village) a matter so purely of private discretion. Three parties there were to be considered, and only three, whatever point of view one chose to take of it. The first of these was Sir Philip, the second the two children, and the third of course myself. To the first my duty was gratitude (which I felt and emitted abundantly), to the second both zeal and integrity; and for myself there was one course only (to which I am naturally addicted), namely, a lofty self-denial. This duty to myself I discharged at once, by forming a stern resolution not to charge either of those children so much as a single farthing for taking care of her property until she was twenty-one years of age. Then as regards the second point, I displayed my zeal immediately, by falling upon Bunny soon after daylight, and giving her a small-tooth-combing to begin with, till the skin of her hair was as bright as a prawn; after which, without any heed whatever of roars, or even kicks, I took a piece of holy-stone, and after a rinsing of soda upon her, I cleaned down her planking to such a degree that our admiral might have inspected her. She was clean enough for a captain's daughter before, and dandy-trimmed more than need have been for a little craft built to be only a coaster. But now when her yelling had done her good, and her Sunday frock was shipped, and her black hair spanked with a rose-coloured ribbon, and the smiles flowed into her face again with the sense of all this smartness, Sir Philip himself would have thought her consistent with the owner of five pounds sterling.

And as touching the money itself,

and the honesty rightly expected from me, although the sum now in my hands was larger than it ever yet had pleased the Lord to send me, for out and out my own, nevertheless there was no such thing as leading me astray about it. And this was the more to my credit, because that power of evil, who has more eyes than all the angels put together, or, at any rate, keeps them wider open, he came aft, seeing how the wind was, and planted his hoof within half a plank of the tiller of my conscience. But I heaved him overboard at once, and laid my course with this cargo of gold, exactly as if it were shipper's freight, under bond and covenant. Although, in downright common-sense, having Bunny for my grandchild, I also possessed beyond any doubt whatever belonged to Bunny; just as the owner of a boat owns the oars and rudder also. And the same held true, as most people would think, concerning Bardie's property; for if I had not saved her life, how could she have owned any?

So far, however, from dealing thus, I not only kept all their money for them, but invested it in the manner which seemed to be most for their interest. To this intent I procured a book for three halfpence (paid out of mine own pocket), wherein I declared a partnership, and established a fishing association, under the name, style, and description of "Bardie, Bunny, Llewellyn, & Co." To this firm I contributed not only my industry and skill, but also nets, tackle, rods and poles, hooks and corks, and two kettles for bait, and a gridiron fit to land and cook with; also several well-proven pipes, and a perfectly sound tobacco-box. Every one of these items, and many others, I entered in the ledger of partnership; and

Mother Jones, being strange to much writing, recorded her mark at the bottom of it (one stroke with one hand and one with the other), believing it to be my testament, with an Amen coming after it.

But knowing what the tricks of fortune are, and creditors so unreasonable, I thought it much better to keep my boat outside of the association. If the firm liked, they might hire it, and have credit until distribution-day, which I fixed for the first day of every three months. My partners had nothing to provide, except just an anchor, a mast, and a lug-sail, a new net or two, because mine were wearing, and one or two other trifles perhaps, scarcely worth describing. For after all, who could be hard upon them, when all they contributed to the firm was fifteen pounds and ten shillings?

It was now in the power of both my partners to advance towards fortune; to permit very little delay before they insisted on trebling their capital; and so reinvest it in the firm; and hence at the age of twenty-one, be fit to marry magistrates. And I made every preparation to carry their shares of the profits over. Nevertheless, things do not always follow the line of the very best and soundest calculations. The fish that were running up from the Mumbles, fast enough to wear their fins out, all of a sudden left off altogether, as if they had heard of the association. Not even a twopenny glass of grog did I ever take out of our capital, nor a night of the week did I lie a-bed, when the lines required attendance. However, when fish are entirely absent, the very best fishermen in the world cannot manage to create them; and therefore our partnership saw the wisdom of declaring no dividends for the first quarter.

## CHAPTER XXV.—A LONG GOOD-BYE.

It is an irksome task for a man who has always stood upon his position, and justified the universal esteem and respect of the neighbourhood, to have to recount his own falling off, and loss of proper station, without being able to render for it any cause or reason, except indeed his own great folly, with fortune too ready to second it. However, as every downfall has a slope which leads towards it, so in my case small downhill led treacherously to the precipice. In the first place, the dog-fish and the sting-rays (which alone came into the nets of our new association) set me swearing very hard; which, of course, was a trifling thing, and must have befallen St Peter himself, whose character I can well understand. But what was wrong in me was this, that after it went on for a fortnight, and not even a conger turned up, I became proud of my swearing with practice, instead of praying to be forgiven, which I always feel done to me, if desired. For my power of words began to please me—which was a bait of the devil, no doubt—as every tide I felt more and more that married life had not deprived me of my gift of language; or, at any rate, that widowership had restored my vigour promptly.

After this, being a little exhausted, for two days and two nights I smoked pipes. Not in any mood soever unfit for a Christian; quite the contrary, and quite ready to submit to any discipline; being ordered also to lay by, and expect a sign from heaven. And at this time came several preachers; although I had very little for them, and was grieved to disappoint their remembrance of the ham that my wife used to keep in cut. And in so many words I said that now I was

bound to the Church by a contract of a shilling a-week, and if they waited long enough, they might hear the clock strike—something. This, combined with a crab whose substance had relapsed to water, and the sign of nothing in my locker except a pint of peppermint, induced these excellent pastors to go; and if they shook off (as they declared) the dirt of their feet at me, it must have been much to their benefit. This trifle, however, heaped up my grievance, although I thought scorn to think of it; and on the back of it there came another wrong far more serious. Tidings, to wit, of a wretched warrant being likely to issue against me from that low tyrant Anthony Stew, on a thoroughly lying information by one of his own gamekeepers. It was true enough that I went through his wood, with a couple of sailors from Porthcawl; by no means with any desire to harm, but to see if his game was healthy. Few things occur that exalt the mind more than natural history; and if a man dare not go into a wood, how can he be expected to improve his knowledge? The other men perhaps employed their means to obtain a more intimate acquaintance with the structure and methods of various creatures, going on two legs, or going on four; but as for myself, not so much as a gun did any one see in my hands that day.

At first I thought of standing it out on the strength of all my glory; but knowing what testimony is, when it gets into the mouths of gamekeepers, and feeling my honour concerned, to say nothing of the other fellows (who were off to sea), also cherishing much experience of the way Stew handled me, upon the whole I had half a mind to let the neigh-



bourhood and the county learn to feel the want of me.

Also what Joe Jenkins said perhaps had some effect on me. This was a young fellow of great zeal, newly appointed to Zoar Chapel, instead of the steady Nathaniel Edwards, who had been caught sheep-stealing; and inasmuch as the chapel stood at the western end of the village, next door to the "Welcome to Town, my Lads," all the maids of Newton ran mightily to his doctrine. For he happened to be a smart young fellow, and it was largely put abroad that an uncle of his had a butter-shop, without any children, and bringing in four pounds a-week, at Chepstow.

There is scarcely a day of my life on which I do not receive a lesson: and the difference betwixt me and a fool is that I receive, and he scorns it. And a finer lesson I have rarely had than for letting Joe Jenkins into my well-conducted cottage, for no better reason than that the "Welcome to Town" was out of beer. I ought to have known much better, of course, with a fellow too young to shave himself, and myself a good hearty despiser of schism, and above all having such a fine connection with the Church of England. But that fellow had such a tongue—they said it must have come out of the butter. I gave him a glass of my choicest rum, when all he deserved was a larruping. And I nearly lost the church-clock through it.

When I heard of this serious consequence, I began to call to mind, too late, what the chaplain of the Spitfire—32-gun razy—always used to say to us; and a finer fellow to stand to his guns, whenever it came to close quarters, I never saw before or since. "Go down, parson, go down," we said; "sir, this is no place for your cloth." "Sneaking schismatics may skulk," he answered, with the powder-mop in his hand;

for we had impressed a Methody, who bolted below at exceeding long range; "but if my cloth is out of its place, I'll fight the devil naked." This won over to the side of the Church every man of our crew that was gifted with any perception of reasoning.

However, I never shall get on if I tell all the fine things I have seen. Only I must set forth how I came to disgrace myself so deeply that I could not hope for years and years to enjoy the luxury of despising so much as a lighterman again. The folk of our parish could hardly believe it; and were it to be done in any way consistent with my story, I would not put it on paper now. But here it is. Make the worst of it. You will find me redeem it afterwards. The famous David Llewellyn, of His Majesty's Royal Navy, took a berth in a trading-schooner, called the "Rose of Devon!"

After such a fall as this, if I happen to speak below my mark, or not describe the gentry well, everybody must excuse me: for I went so low in my own esteem, that I could not have knocked even Anthony Stew's under-keeper down! I was making notes, here and there, already, concerning the matters at Sker House, and the delicate sayings of Bardie, not with any view to a story perfect and clear as this is, but for my own satisfaction in case of anything worth going on with. And but for this forethought, you could not have learned both her sayings and doings so bright as above. And now being taken away from it, I tried to find some one with wit enough to carry it on in my absence. In a populous neighbourhood this might have been; but the only man near us who had the conceit to try to carry it on a bit, fell into such a condition of mind that his own wife did not

know him. But in spite of the open state of his head, he held on very stoutly, trying to keep himself up to the mark with ale, and even hollands; until it pleased God that his second child should fall into the chicken-pox; and then all the neighbours spoke up so much—on account of his being a tailor—that it came to one thing or the other. Either he must give up his trade, and let his apprentice have it—to think of which was worse than gall and wormwood to his wife—or else he must give up all meddling with pen and ink and the patterns of chicken-pox. How could he hesitate, when he knew that the very worst tailor can make in a day as much as the best writer can in a month?

Upon the whole I was pleased with this; for I never could bear that rogue of a snip, any more than he could put up with me for making my own clothes and Bunny's. I challenged him once on a button-hole, for I was his master without a thimble. And for this ninth part of a man to think of taking up my pen!

The name of our schooner, or rather ketch—for she was no more than that (to tell truth), though I wished her to be called a "schooner"—was, as I said, the "Rose of Devon," and the name of her captain was "Fuzzy." Not a bad man, I do believe, but one who almost drove me wicked, because I never could make him out. A tender and compassionate interest in the affairs of everybody, whom it pleases Providence that we should even hear of, has been (since our ancestors baffled the Flood, without consulting Noah) one of the most distinct and noblest national traits of Welshmen. Pious also; for if the Lord had not meant us to inquire, He never would have sent us all those fellow-creatures to arouse

unallayed disquietude. But this man "Fuzzy," as every one called him, although his true name was "Bethel Jose," seemed to be sent from Devonshire for the mere purpose of distracting us. Concerning the other two "stone-captains" (as we call those skippers who come for limestone, and steal it from Colonel Lougher's rocks), we knew as much as would keep us going whenever their names were mentioned; but as to Fuzzy, though this was the third year of his trading over, there was not a woman in Newton who knew whether he had a wife or not! And the public eagerness over this subject grew as the question deepened; until there were seven of our best young women ready to marry him, at risk of bigamy, to find out the matter and to make it known.

Therefore, of course, he rose more and more in public esteem, voyage after voyage; and I became jealous, perhaps, of his fame, and resolved to expose its hollow basis, as compared with that of mine. Accordingly, when it came to pass that my glory, though still in its prime, was imperilled by that Irish Stew's proceedings—for he must have been Irish by origin—having my choice (as a matter of course) among the three stone-captains, I chose that very hard stone to crack; and every one all through the village rejoiced, though bitterly grieved to lose me, and dreading the price there would be for fish, with that extortionate Sandy Macraw left alone to create a monopoly. There was not a man in all Newton that feared to lay half-a-crown to a sixpence that I brought back the whole of old Fuzzy's concerns: but the women, having tried Skipper Jose with everything they could think of, and not understanding the odds of betting, were ready to lay a crooked sixpence on Fuzzy, whenever they had one.

To begin with, he caught me on the hop; at a moment of rumours and serious warnings, and thoroughly pure indignation on my part. At the moment, I said (and he made me sign) that I was prepared to ship with him. After which he held me fast, and frightened me with the land-crabs, and gave me no chance to get out of his jaws. I tried to make him laugh with some of the many jokes and stories, which everybody knows of mine, and likes them for long acquaintance' sake. However, not one of them moved him so much as to fetch one squirt of tobacco-juice. This alone enabled him to take a strong lead over me. Every time that he was bound to laugh, according to human nature, and yet had neither a wag in his nose, nor a pucker upon his countenance, nor even so much as a gleam in his eye, so many times I felt in my heart that this man was the wise man, and that laughter is a folly. And I had to bottle down the laughs (which always rise inside of me, whenever my joke has the cream on it) until I could find some other fellow fit to understand me; because I knew that my jokes were good.

When I found no means of backing out from that degrading contract, my very first thought was to do strict justice to our association, and atone for the loss of my services to it. Therefore, in case of anything undesirable befalling me—in short, if I should be ordered aloft with no leave to come down again—there I made my will, and left my property to establish credit, for a new start among them. Chairs and tables, knives and forks, iron spoons, brought into the family by my wife's grandfather, several pairs of duds of my own, and sundry poles, as before described, also nets to a good extent—though some had gone under usury—bait-kettles, I forget how

many, and even my character in a silk bag; item, a great many sundry things of almost equal value; the whole of which I bravely put into my will, and left them. And knowing that the proper thing is to subscribe a codicil, therein I placed a set of delf, and after that my blessing. Eighteenpence I was compelled to pay for this pious document to a man who had been turned out of the law because he charged too little. And a better shilling-and-sixpence worth of sense, with heads and tails to it, his lordship the Bishop of Llandaff will own that he never set seal upon; unless I make another one. Only I felt it just to leave my boat entire to Bardie.

Having done my duty thus, I found a bracing strength upon me to go through with everything. No man should know how much I felt my violent degradation from being captain of a gun, to have to tread mercantile boards! Things have changed since then so much, through the parsimony of Government, that our very best sailors now tail off into the Merchant service. But it was not so, when I was young; and even when I was turned of fifty, we despised the traders. Even the largest of their vessels, of four or as much as five hundred tons, we royal tars regarded always as so many dustbins with three of the clothes-props hoisted. And now, as I looked in the glass, I beheld no more than the mate of a fifty-ton ketch, for a thirty-mile voyage out of Newton bay!

However, I had lived long enough then to be taught one simple thing. Whatever happens, one may descry (merely by using manly aspect) dawning glimpses of that light which the will of God intended to be joy for all of us; but so scattered now and vapoured by our own misdoings, still it will come home some time, and then we call it "comfort."

Accordingly, though so deeply

fallen in my own regard, I did not find that people thought so very much the less of me. Nay, some of them even drove me wild, by talking of my "rise in life," as if I had been a pure nobody! But on the whole we learned my value, when I was going away from us. For all the village was stirred up with desire to see the last of me. My well-known narratives at the well would be missed all through the autumn; and those who had dared to call them "lies," were the foremost to feel the lack of them. Especially the children cried "Old Davy going to be drowned! No more stories at the well!" Until I vowed to be back almost before they could fill their pitchers.

These things having proved to me, in spite of inordinate modesty, that I had a certain value, I made the very best of it; and let everybody know how much I wished to say "Good-bye" to them, although so short of money. From "Felix Farley" I had received no less than seven-and-tenpence—for saving the drowned black people—under initials "D. L." at the office; accruing to a great extent from domestic female servants. Some of these craved my candid opinion as to accepting the humble addresses of coloured gentlemen in good livery, and whether it made so much difference. And now I thought that Newton might have a mark of esteem prepared for me.

But though they failed to think of that—purely from want of

experience—everything else was done that could be done for a man who had no money, by his neighbours who had less; and sixpence never entered twice into the thoughts of any one. Richard Matthews, the pilot, promised to mind the church clock for me, without even handling my salary. As for Bunny, glorification is the shortest word I know. A young man, who had never paid his bill, put her into two-inch ribbon from the Baptist preacher's shop. Also a pair of shoes upon her, which had right and left to them, although not marked by nature. And upon the front of her bosom, lace that made me think of smuggling; and such as that young man never could have expected to get booked to him, if he had felt himself to be more than a month converted.

Moreover, instead of Mother Jones (who was very well in her way, to be sure), the foremost folk in all the village, and even Master Charles Morgan himself, carpenter and churchwarden, were beginning to vie, one with the other, in desire to entertain her, without any word of her five-pound note. In short, many kind things were said and done; enough to make any unashful man desire to represent them. But I, for my part, was quite over-comet, and delivered my speech with such power of doubt concerning my own worthiness, that they had to send back to the inn three times, before they could properly say "Good-bye."

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## THE MAID OF SKER.—PART V.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—BRAUNTON BURROWS.

THE weather was still as fair as could be, with a light wind from the east-north-east; and as our course lay west by south, and the ebb was running, we slipped along at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, though heavily laden with the Colonel's rocks; and after rounding Porthcawl Point we came abreast of the old Sker House a little after sunset. Skipper Jose would never have ventured inside the Sker-weathers, only that I held the tiller, and knew every vein of sand and rock. And I kept so close in-shore, because one of the things that vexed me most in all this sudden departure, was to run away without proper ceremony from Bardie. She was certain to feel it much, and too young to perceive the necessity; and fried pudding had been promised her at my table come the very next Sunday.

The windows of the old grey mansion gleamed in the fading western light, but we descried no smoke or movement, neither any life or

variance, only a dreary pile of loneliness in the middle of yellow sands. Then I rigged out my perspective glass, and levelled it on the cuddy chimney—for the ketch was a half-decker—to spy if the little one might so chance to be making her solitary play, as she was used to do all day, and most of all ere bedtime. And if she should so happen, I knew how wild her delight would be to discover a vessel so near the shore; because whenever a sail went by, even at two or three leagues of distance, there was no containing her. Out she would rush with her face on fire, and curly hair all jogging, and up would go two little hands, spread to the sky and the vast wide sea. "Mammy dear, I 'ants 'a so. Dear papa, I has yaited so yong. Ickle bother, such a lot of things Bardie's got to tell 'a." And thus she would run on the brink of the waves with hope and sadness fluctuating on her unformed countenance, until the sail became a speck. However, now

I saw no token of this little rover, unless it were some washed clothes flapping on the rushen tufts to dry; and Jose called me back to my spell at the helm before I had finished gazing. And in less than half an hour the landmark of the ancient house was fading in the dew-fog.

Our ship's company amounted to no less than four, all hands told—viz., Captain Bethel Jose, *alias* Fuzzy; Isaac Hutchings, the mate; my humble self (who found it my duty to supersede Ikey and appoint myself); and a boy of general incapacity, and of the name of "Bang."

Making fine weather as we did, and with myself at the helm all night, and taking command (as my skill required), we slanted across Channel very sweetly; and when the grey of morning broke, Lundy Isle was on our lee-bow. Hereupon I gave the helm to old Ike, for beyond this was unknown to me, and Providence had never led me over Barnstaple bar as yet. So I tumbled in, and turned up no more until we were close on the bar itself, about ten o'clock of the forenoon. This is a thoroughly dangerous place, a meeting of treacherous winds and waters, in amongst uncertain shoaling, and would be worse than our Sker-weathers if it lay open to south-west gales. We waited for the tide, and then slipped over very cleverly, with Hartland Point on our starboard beam; and presently we found ourselves in a fine broad open water, with plenty of grey stretch going along it, and green hills tufting away from it. Everything looked so mild and handsome, that I wondered whether these men of Devonshire might not be such fools for bragging after all, when tested.

Because, when I found no means to escape this degrading voyage to Devonshire, I had said to myself that at any rate it would enable me to peg down those people for the future.

Not that they boasted, so to speak, but that they held their tongues at our boasts; as much as to say, "You may talk if you please; it does you good; and our land is such that we never need contradict you."

But now when I saw these ins and outs, and ups and downs, and cornering places, and the wrinkles of the valleys, and the cheeks of the very rocks, set with green as bright and lively (after a burning summer) as our own country can show in May, I began to think—though I would not say it, through patriotic unwillingness—that the people who lived in such land as this could well afford to hold their tongues, and hearken our talk with pleasure.

Captain Fuzzy said no word, to show that he was home again; neither did he care to ask my opinion about the look of it. And old Ike treating me likewise, though he ought to have known much better, there I found myself compelled by my natural desire to know all about my fellow-creatures, to carry on what must have been a most highly flattering patronage towards the boy who did our slop-work, and whose name was "Bang," because everybody banged him.

This boy, forgetting the respect which is due to the mate of a ship of commerce—for I now assumed that position legally, over the head of old Ikey, who acknowledged my rank when announced to him—this ignorant boy had the insolence to give me a clumsy nudge, and inquire—

"Du 'e know thickey peart over yanner? Them down-plasses, and them zandy backs?"

"My boy," I replied, "I have not the honour of knowing anything about them. Very likely you think a good deal of them."

"Whai, thee must be a born vule. Them be Braunton Burrusses!"

"Be them indeed? Take this,

my boy, for such valuable information." And I gave him a cuff of an earnest nature, such as he rarely obtained, perhaps, and well calculated to be of timely service to him. He howled a good bit, and attempted to kick; whereupon I raised him from his natural level, and made his head acquainted with the nature of the foremast, preserving my temper quite admirably, but bearing in mind the great importance of impressing discipline at an early age. And I reaped a well-deserved reward in his lifelong gratitude and respect.

While Bang went below to complete his weeping, and to find some plaster, I began to take accurate observation of these Braunton Burrows, of which I had often heard before from the Devonshire men, who frequent our coast for the purpose of stealing coal or limestone. An up-and-down sort of a place it appeared, as I made it out with my spy-glass; and I could not perceive that it beat our sands, as those good people declared of it. Only I noticed that these sand-hills were of a different hue from ours. Not so bare and yellow-faced, not so swept by western winds, neither with their tops thrown up like the peak of a new volcano. Rushes, spurge, and goose-foot grasses, and the rib-leafed iris, and in hollow places cat's-mint, loose-strife, and low eye-bright—these and a thousand other plants seemed to hold the flaky surface so as not to fly like ours. Ike broke silence, which to him was worse than breaking his own windows, and said that all for leagues around was full of giants and great spectres. Moreover, that all of it long had been found an unkind and unholy place, bad for a man to walk in, and swarming with great creatures, striped the contrary way to all good-luck, and having eight legs every side, and a great horn crawling after them. And their food all night was known to be

travellers' skulls and sailors' bones. Having seen a good deal of land-crabs, I scarcely dared to deny the story, and yet I could hardly make it out. Therefore, without giving vent to opinions of things which might turn out otherwise, I levelled my spy-glass again at the region of which I had heard such a strange account. And suddenly here I beheld a man of no common appearance wandering in and out the hollows, as if he never meant to stop; a tall man with a long grey beard, and wearing a cocked-hat like a colonel. There was something about him that startled me, and drew my whole attention. Therefore, with my perspective glass not long ago cleaned, and set ship-shape by a man who understood the bearings—after that rogue of a Hezekiah had done his best to spoil it—with this honest magnifier (the only one that tells no lies) I carefully followed up and down the figure, some three cables-lengths away, of this strange walker among the sand-hills. We were in smooth water now, gliding gently up the river, with the mainsail paying over just enough for steerage-way; and so I got my level truly, and could follow every step.

It was a fine old-fashioned man, tall and very upright, with a broad ribbon upon his breast, and something of metal shining; and his Hessian boots flashed now and then as he passed along with a stately stride. His beard was like a streak of silver, and his forehead broad and white; but all the rest of his face was dark, as if from foreign service. His dress seemed to be of a rich black velvet, very choice and costly, and a long sword hung at his side, although so many gentlemen now have ceased to carry even a rapier. I like to see them carry their swords—it shows that they can command themselves; but what touched me most with feeling was his manner of

going on. He seemed to be searching, ever searching, up the hills and down the hollows, through the troughs and on the breastlands, in the shadow and the sunlight, seeking for some precious loss.

After watching this figure some little time, it was natural that I should grow desirous to know something more about him; especially as I obtained an idea, in spite of the distance and different dress, that I had seen some one like this gentleman not such a very long time ago. But I could not recall to my mind who it was that was hovering on the skirts of it; therefore I looked around for help. Ike Hutchings, my under-mate, was at the tiller, but I durst not lend him my glass, because he knew not one end from the other; so I shouted aloud for Captain Jose, and begged him to take a good look, and tell me everything that he knew or thought. He just set his eye, and then shut up the glass, and handed it to me without a word and walked off, as if I were nobody! This vexed me, so that I hollaoed out: "Are all of you gone downright mad on this side of the Channel? Can't a man ask a civil question, and get a civil answer?"

"When he axeth what consarneth him," was the only answer Captain Fuzzy vouchsafed me over his shoulder.

I could not find it worth my while to quarrel with this ignorant man for the sake of a foolish word or two, considering how morose he was, and kept the keys of everything. For the moment, I could not help regretting my wholesome chastisement of the boy Bang; for he would have told me at least all he knew, if I could have taught him to take a good look. And as for Ike, when I went and tried him, whether it was that he failed of my meaning, or that he chose to pretend to do so (on account of my having deposed

him), or that he truly knew nothing at all—at any rate, I got nothing from him. This was, indeed, a heavy trial. It is acknowledged that we have such hearts, and strength of goodwill to the universe, and power of entering into things, that not a Welshman of us is there but yearns to know all that can be said about every one he has ever seen, or heard, or even thought of. And this kind will, instead of being at all repressed by discouragement, increases tenfold in proportion as others manifest any unkind desire to keep themselves out of the way of it. My certy, no low curiosity is this, but lofty sympathy.

My grandfather nine generations back, Yorath the celebrated bard, begins perhaps his most immortal ode to a gentleman who had given him a quart of beer with this noble moral precept: "Lift up your eyes to the castle gates, and behold on how small a hinge they move! The iron is an inch and a quarter thick, the gates are an hundred and fifty feet wide!" And though the gates of my history are not quite so wide as that, they often move on a hinge even less than an inch and a quarter in thickness; though I must not be too sure, of course, as to the substance of Bang's head. However, allow even two inches for it, and it seems but a very trifling matter to tell as it did upon great adventures. The boy was as sound as a boy need be in a couple of hours afterwards, except that he had, or pretended to have, a kind of a buzzing in one ear; and I found him so grateful for my correction, that I could not bear to urge his head with inquiries for the moment.

To Captain Fuzzy I said no more. If he could not see the advantage of attending to his own business, but must needs go out of his way to administer public reproof to me, I could only be sorry for him. To



Ikey, however, I put some questions of a general tendency; but from his barbarous broken English—if this jargon could be called English at all—the only thing I could gather was, that none but true Devonshire folk had a right to ask about Devonshire families. This might be true to a certain extent, though I never have seen such a law laid down. The answer, however, is perfectly simple. If these people carry on in a manner that cannot fail to draw public attention, they attack us at once on our tenderest point, and tenfold so if they are our betters; for what man of common-sense could admit the idea of anybody setting up to be nobody? Therefore I felt myself quite ready to give a week's pay and victuals, in that state of life to which God alone could have seen fit to call me—as mate of that Devonshire ketch, or hoy, or tub, or whatever it might be—four shillings and a bag of suet-dumplings, twice a-day, I would have given, to understand upon the spot all about that elderly gentleman.

It helped me very little, indeed, that I kept on saying to myself, "This matters not; 'tis a few hours only. The moment we get to Barnstaple, I shall find some women;—the women can never help telling everything, and for the most part ten times that. Only contradict them bravely, and they have no silence left." However, it helped me not a little when Captain Fuzzy, with a duck of his head, tumbled up from the cuddy, brimful, as we saw, of the dinner-time. A man of my experience, who has lived for six weeks on the horns of sea-snails, which the officers found too hard for them, that time we were wrecked in the *Palamede*—what can a man of this kind feel when a trumpety coaster dares to pipe all hands to dinner?

However, it so happened for the

moment that what I felt was appetite; and Fuzzy, who was a first-rate cook, and knew seasoning without counting, had brought an iron ladle up, so as to save his words, and yet to give us some idea. Soup it was of a sort, that set us thinking of all the meat under it. I blew upon it, and tasted a drop, and found that other people's business would keep till at least after dinner. In the midst of dinner we came to the meeting of two fine rivers, called Tawe and Torridge, and with the tide still making strong we slanted up the former. The channel was given to twists and turns, but the fine open valley made up for it, and the wealth of land on either side, sloping with green meadows gently, and winding in and out with trees. Here were cattle, as red as chesnuts, running about with tails like spankers, such as I never saw before; but Ikey gave me to understand that the colour of the earth was the cause of it, and that if I lived long upon corned beef made of them (whose quality no other land could create), I should be turned to that hue myself. At this I laughed, as a sailor's yarn; but after regarding him steadfastly, and then gazing again at the bullocks, I thought there might be some truth in it.

One thing I will say of these sons of Devon: rough they may be, and short of grain, and fond of their own opinions, and not well up in points of law—which is our very nature—queer, moreover, in thought and word, and obstinate as hedgehogs,—yet they show, and truly have, a kind desire to feed one well. Money they have no great love of spending round the corner, neither will they go surety freely for any man who is free to run; but "vittels," as they call them, "vittels!"—before you have been in a house two minutes out come these, and eat you must! Happily, upon this point I was able

to afford them large and increasing satisfaction, having rarely enjoyed so fine a means of pleasing myself

and others also. For the things are good, and the people too; and it takes a bad man to gainsay either.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A FINE SPECTACLE.

We brought the *Rose of Devon* to her moorings on the south side of the river, about two miles short of Barnstaple, where a little bend and creek is, and a place for barges, and "*Deadman's Pill*" was the name of it. What could a dead man want with a pill, was the very first thing I asked them; but they said that was no concern of theirs; there were pills up and down the river for miles, as well as a town called *Pill-town*. The cleverest man that I came across said that it must be by reason of piles driven in where the corners were to prevent the washing, and he showed me some piles, or their stumps, to prove it, and defied all further argument. For the time I was beaten, until of a sudden, and too late to let him know, I saw like a stupid that it must be no other than our own word "*Pwyl*," which differs much from an English "*pool*," because it may be either dry or wet, so long as it lies in a hollow. And with that I fell a-thinking of poor *Bardie* and *Pwyl Tavan*. To be quit of remorse, and to see the world, I accepted old *Ikey's* invitation to *Barnstaple fair* for the very next day. We could not begin to discharge our limestone, as even that obstinate *Fuzzy* confessed, upon a sacred day like that. *Fuzzy* himself had a mind for going, as we half suspected, although he held his tongue about it; and my under-mate told me to let him alone, and see what would come of it.

The town is a pleasant and pretty one, and has always been famous for thinking itself more noble than any other; also the fair was a fine thing to see, full of people, and full

of noise, and most outrageous dialect; everybody in fine broad humour, and no fighting worth even looking at. This disappointed me; for in *Wales* we consider the off-day market a poor one, unless at least some of the women pull caps. I tried, however, not to miss it, having seen in foreign countries people meeting peaceably. Of this I could have had no intention to complain to poor *Ikey Hutchings*. However, he took it as if I had, and offered to find me a man from *Bratton*, or himself, to have a square with me, and stake half-a-crown upon it. He must have found early cause for repentance, if I had taken him at his word; but every one would have cried shame upon me against such a poor little fellow. And so we pushed on, and the people pushed us.

After a little more of this, and *Ikey* bragging all the time, though I saw nothing very wonderful, we turned the corner of a narrow street, and opened into a broader one. Here there seemed to be no bullocks, such as had made us keep springs on our cables, but a very amazing lot of horses, trotting about, and parading, and rushing, most of them with their tails uphoisted, as if by discharging tackle. Among them stood men, making much of their virtues, and sinking their faults (if they had any), and cracking a whip every now and then, with a style of applause toward them.

Now I have a natural love of the horse, though I never served long on board of one; and I regularly feel, at sight of them, a desire to mount the rigging. Many a time I have reasoned to my own convic-

tion and my neighbours', that a man who can stand on the mizzen-top-gallant yard in a heavy gale of wind, must find it a ridiculously easy thing to hold on by a horse with the tackle to help him, and very likely a dead calm all round. Nevertheless, somehow or other, the result seems always otherwise.

I had just hailed a man with a colt to show off, and commodore's pendants all over his tail, and was keeping clear of his counter to catch the rise of the wave for boarding him, when a hush came over all hands as if the street had been raked with chain-shot. And on both sides of the street all people fell back and backed their horses, so that all the roadway stood as clear as if the fair had turned into a Sunday morning.

Up the centre, and heeding the people no more than they would two rows of trees, came two grave gentlemen, daintily walking arm in arm, and dressed in black. They had broad-flapped hats, long coats of broadcloth, black silk tunics, and buckled breeches, and black polish-ed boots reaching up to the buckles.

Meanwhile, all the people stood huddled together upon the pitched stones on either side, touching their hats, and scarce whispering, and even the showing off of the horses went into the side-streets.

After all the bowing and legging that I had beheld in the Royal Navy, the double file, the noble salutes, the manning of the sides and yards, the drums, the oars all upon the catch, and all the other glorious things that fit us to thrash the Frenchmen so, there was nothing else left for me to suppose but that here were two mighty admirals, gone into mourning very likely for the loss of the Royal George, or come on the sly perhaps to enjoy the rollicking of the fair, and sinking the uniform for variety. How could I tell, and least of all would I think of inter-

fering with the pleasure of my betters; therefore I stopped in my throat the cheer (which naturally seemed to rise the moment I took my hat off), for fear of letting the common people know that I understood their Honours. But after looking again so long as one might without being inquisitive, I saw that neither of these great men could walk the deck in a rolling sea.

I had been so bold in the thick of the horses that Ikey had found it too much for him always to keep close to me; but now, as the nearest horse must have drifted the length of two jolly-boats away, this little sailor came up and spoke.

"Can 'e show the laikes of they two, in Taffy-land, old Taffy now?"

"Plenty, I should hope," said I (though proud in the end to say "not one"); "but what a fuss you make! Who are they?"

"As if thee didn't know!" cried Ikey, staring with indignation at me.

"How should I know when I never clapped eyes on either of them till this moment?"

"Thou hast crossed the water for something then, Davy. Them be the two Passons!"

"Two Passons!" I could not say it exactly as he sounded it. "I never heard of two Passons."

"'A wants to draive me mad, 'a dooth," said Ikey, in self-commune: "Did 'e never hear tell of Passon Chowne, and Passon Jack, man alive now?"

It was hopeless to try any more with him, for I could not ding into his stupid head the possibility of such ignorance. He could only believe that I feigned it for the purpose of driving him out of his senses, or making little of his native land. So I felt that the best thing I could do was to look at these two great gentlemen accurately and impartially, and thus form my own

opinion. Hence there was prospect of further pleasure, in coming to know more about them.

Verily they were goodly men, so far as the outer frame goes; the one for size, and strength, and stature—and the other for face, form, and quickness. I felt as surely as men do feel, who have dealt much among other men, that I was gazing upon two faces not of the common order. And they walked as if they knew themselves to be ever so far from the average. Not so much with pride, or conceit, or any sort of arrogance, but with a manner of going distinct from the going of fellow-creatures. Whether this may have been so, because they were both going straight to the devil, is a question that never crossed my mind, until I knew more about them. For our parsons in Wales, take them all in all, can hardly be called gentlemen; except, of course, our own, who was Colonel Lougher's brother, also the one at Merthyr Mawr, and St Brides, and one or two other places where they were customers of mine; but most of the rest were small farmers' sons, or shopkeepers' boys, and so on. These may do very well for a parish, or even a congregation that never sees a gentleman (except when they are summoned—and not always then); however, this sort will not do for a man who has served, ay, and been in battle, under two baronets and an earl.

Therefore I looked with some misgiving at these two great parsons; but it did not take me long to perceive that each of them was of good birth at least, whatever his manners afterwards,—men who must feel themselves out of their rank when buttoned into a pulpit for reasoning with Devonshire plough-tail Bobs, if indeed they ever did so; and as for their flocks, they kept dogs enough at any rate to look after

them. For they both kept hounds; and both served their Churches in true hunting fashion—that is to say, with a steeplechase, taking the country at full gallop over hedges and ditches, and stabling the horse in the vestry. All this I did not know as yet, or I must have thought even more than I did concerning those two gentlemen. The taller of the two was as fair and ruddy, and as free of countenance, as a June rose in the sunshine; a man of commanding build and figure, but with no other command about him, and least of all, that of his own self. The other it was that took my gaze, and held it, having caught mine eyes, until I forgot myself, and dropped them under some superior strength. For the time, I knew not how I felt, or what it was that vanquished me; only that my spirit owned this man's to be its master. Whether from excess of goodness, or from depth of desperate evil, at the time I knew not.

It was the most wondrous unfathomable face that ever fellow-man fixed gaze upon; lost to mankindliness, lost to mercy, lost to all memory of God. As handsome a face as need be seen, with a very strong forehead and coal-black eyes, a straight white nose, and a sharp-cut mouth, and the chin like a marble sculpture. Disdain was the first thing it gave one to think of; and after that, cold relentless humour; and after that, anything dark and bad.

Meanwhile this was a very handsome man, as women reckon beauty; and his age not over forty, perhaps; also of good average stature, active and elegant form, and so on. Neither years nor cubits make much odds to a man of that sort; and the ladies pronounce him perfect.

When these two were gone by, I was able to gaze again at the taller

one. Truly a goodly man he was, though spared from being a good one. He seemed to stand over me, like Sir Philip; although I was measured for six feet and one inch, before I got into rheumatic ways. And as for size and compass, my parents never could give me food to fetch out my girth, as this parson's was. He looked a good yard and a half round the chest, and his arms were like oak-saplings. However, he proved to be a man void of some pride and some evil desires, unless anybody bore hard on him; and as for reading the collects, or lessons, or even the burial service, I was told that no man in the British realm was fit to say "Amen" to him. This had something to do with the size of his chest, and perhaps might have helped to increase it. His sermons also were done in a style that women would come many miles to enjoy; beginning very soft and sweet, so as to melt the milder ones; and then of a sudden roaring greatly with all the contents of enormous lungs, so as to ring all round the sides of the strongest weaker vessels. And as for the men, what could they think, when the preacher could drub any six of them?

This was "Parson Jack," if you please, his surname being "Rambone," as I need not say, unless I write for unborn generations. His business in Boutport Street that day was to see if any man would challenge him. He had held the belt seven years, they said, for wrestling, as well as for bruising; the condition whereof was to walk the street both at Barnstaple fair and at Bodmin revels, and watch whether any man laid foot across him.

This he did purely as a layman might. But the boxing and bruising were part of his office, so that he hung up his cassock always for a challenge to make rent in it. There had been some talk of a Cornish-

man interfering about the wrestling; and bad people hoped that he might so attempt, and never know the way home again; but as for the fighting, the cassock might hang till the beard of Parson Jack was grey, before any one made a hole in it. Also the Cornish wrestler found, after looking at Parson Jack, that the wisest plan before him was to challenge the other Cornishmen, and leave the belt in Devonshire.

All this I found out at a little gathering which was held round the corner, in Bear Street, to reflect upon the business done at the fair, and compare opinions. And although I had never beheld till then any of our good company, neither expected to see them again, there were no two opinions about my being the most agreeable man in the room. I showed them how to make punch to begin with, as had been done by his Royal Highness, with me to declare proportions; and as many of the farmers had turned some money, they bade me think twice about no ingredient that would figure on the bill, even half-a-crown.

By right of superior knowledge, and also as principal guest of the evening, I became voted the chairman, upon the clear understanding that I would do them the honour of paying nothing; and therein I found not a man that would think of evading his duty towards the chair. I entreated them all to be frank, and regard me as if I were born in Barnstaple, which they might look upon as being done otherwise, as the mere turn of a shaving; for my father had been there twice, and my mother more than once thought of trying it. Everybody saw the force of this; and after a very fine supper we grew as genial as could be. And leading them all with a delicate knowledge of the ins and outs of these natives (many of which I had

learned at the fair), and especially by encouraging their bent for contradiction, I heard a good deal of the leading people in the town or out of it. I listened, of course, to a very great deal, which might be of use to me or might not; but my object was, when I could gather in their many-elbowed stories, to be thoroughly up to the mark on three points.

First, about Fuzzy, and most important. Who was he? What was he? Where did he live? Had he got a wife? And if so, why? And if not, more especially, why again? Also, how much money had he, and what in the world did he do with it; and could he have, under the rose, any reason for keeping our women so distant? Particularly, I had orders to know whether he was considered handsome by the Devonshire women. For our women could not make up their minds, and feared to give way to the high opinion engendered by his contempt of them. Only they liked his general hairi-

ness, if it could be warranted not to come off.

Upon this point I learned nothing at all. No man even knew Bethel Jose, or, at any rate, none would own to it, perhaps because Ikey was there to hearken; so I left that until I should get with the women. My next matter was about Braunton Burrows, and the gentleman of high rank who wandered up and down without telling us why. And I might hereupon have won some knowledge, and was beginning to do so, when a square stout man came in and said, "Hush!" and I would gladly have thrown a jug at him. Nevertheless I did learn something which I mean to tell next to directly.

But as concerned the third question before me (and to myself the most itching of any), satisfaction, to at least half-measure, was by proper skill and fortune brought within my reach almost. And this I must set down at leisure, soberly thinking over it.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—SOMETHING ABOUT HIM.

It was of course not Parson Rambone but the Parson Chowne who aroused my desire of knowledge so strongly. And even here I was met at first by failure and disappointment. The men would only shake their hands and say, "Ah, he is a queer one!" or, "Well, well, we can't expect all folk to be alike, you know;" or even some of the ruder spirits, "You had better go yourself and ask him"—a most absurd suggestion, for never yet had I seen a man less fit to encourage impertinence. Far more ready would I have been to displease even his great comrade, the Reverend John Rambone; and no one who saw them together could doubt which of the two was the master. My true course

was clearly to bide my time, and, as chairman, to enhance the goodwill and geniality of the evening. And this I was ready enough to do—ay, and in the vein for it—bearing in mind the wisdom of enjoying to the utmost such favourable circumstances, to be on the free boot, and well received in a place entirely new to me, where I found myself so much ahead of everybody in matter of mind, and some of them glad to acknowledge it; also where no customer could be waiting to reproach me, nor even a justice of the peace well versed in my countenance; moreover, blessed as I was with a sense of pity for these natives, and a largeness of goodwill to them, such a chance had never

crossed me since the day my wife did.

Ikey and I had a good laugh also at that surly Bethel Jose, who had shown himself so much above the fair in mind, yet was there in body. None but Bang, the boy, had been left for captain and crew of the *Rose of Devon*, and before it was dark we had found Bang shooting, at four shots a-penny, for cocoa-nut slices, with ginger-beer poured over them.

Now fortune stood my friend that night, for before we began to find ourselves in a condition at all uproarious, I managed to loosen the tongues of these natives by means of some excellent stories. Recalling the fame of my grandfather (that long David Llewellyn, who made on his harp three unconquered ballads, and won the first prize at all the Eistedfods held during his life for Englynnions), I could not accept it as my business to play second fiddle. Therefore, being in a happy mood, I was enabled to recount such stories as made these Devonshire folk open their mouths like a man at a great rock-oyster, while their experience was in contention with faith and perhaps good manners. And as their nature is obstinate and most unwilling to be outdone, they found themselves driven down at last to tell the most wonderful things they knew, or else to be almost nobodies. And putting aside what their grandfathers might have seen or heard or even done—which is a mistake to dwell upon—all their stories worth curve of the ear were of Parson Chowne, and no other.

For this man was a man, as we say. No other man must have a will that stood across the path of his. If he heard of any one unwilling to give way to him, he would not go to bed until he had taken that arrogance out of him. Many

people, and even some of ten times his own fortune, had done their best, one after the other, not to be beaten by him. All of them found that they could not do it, and that their only chance of comfort was to knock under to Parson Chowne. And even after that had been done, he was not always satisfied, but let them know from time to time their folly in offending him. And most of all, he made a point (as was natural perhaps) of keeping the Lord Bishop of the country under him. Some of these had done their best (before they understood him) to make his habits hold themselves within some stretch of discipline; or, if that could not be hoped, at any rate to keep silent. When he heard of these ideas he was not a little pleased, because he desried a rare chance of sport, and he followed it up with their lordships. The law he knew to its lowest tittle, and while he broke it every day himself, woe to any man who dared to break it against him. And gradually these bishops came (one after the other growing a little alive to what the parsons were) not so much to let him alone as to desire his acquaintance—out of school, if so I may put it, in my ignorance of the bench of bishops. For well as I know a fish called “the Pope,” and also a pear said to be “Bishop’s thumb,” not to mention a grass called “Timothy,” it has not been my luck thus far to rise above the bench of magistrates.

“Let be” is the wisest thing one can say; and so everybody said of him, so soon as ever it was acknowledged that he could never be put down. And thus he might have done well enough if he would have been content with this. Only it never was his nature to be content with anything, which is the only true way to get on; if any one cares for that sort of thing, who knows

mankind's great randomness. Because the one who shoves and swears without being too particular, has the best chance to hoist himself upon the backs of the humble. By dint of this, and to keep him quiet, Parson Chowne himself, they said, might have been bishop if so he had chosen. For this he had some fine qualifications, for his very choicest pleasure was found in tormenting his fellow-parsons: and a man of so bold a mind he was, that he believed in nothing except himself.

Even his own servants never knew how to come nigh him. One at the stables would touch his hat, and he would kick him for reply; then another would come without ceremony, and he knocked him down to learn it. Also in the house, the maidens had the same account to give. However much they might think of themselves, and adorn themselves to that estimate, he never was known to do so much as to chuck any one of them under the chin, as they had been at all other places much in the habit of feeling; neither did he make a joke to excuse himself for omitting it. As to that, they would scorn themselves ever to think of permitting it, being young women of high respect, and quite aware how to conduct themselves. But they might have liked to stop him, and they got no chance of doing it.

All this small-talk almost vexed me more than the content it gave. Every now and then I could see the man in these little corner views, but they did not show me round him so as to get his girth and substance. "Think of the devil," is an old saying; and while I thought of him, in he walked.

At the very first glance of him, all those people who had been talking so freely about him shrank away, and said, "Servant, sir!" and looked so foolish more than usual,

that he read them with one eye. He had his riding-clothes on now, and it made him look still sharper.

"Talking of me, good people, eh? I hope the subject pleases you. Open your ranks, if you please, and show me whether my groom is behind you." He cracked a great hunting-whip as he spoke, and it seemed a poor prospect for the groom, wherever he might be loitering.

"Plaize your honour, your honour's groom have not been here all day a'most; and if her coom'th, us 'ont keep un."

"In that resolution you are wise. What! you here, Welshman! I marked you to-day. You will come to me by noon to-morrow. Here is for your charges."

He threw on the table two crown-pieces, and was gone before I knew what answer I was bound to make to him. The men, recovering from his presence, ran to the window to watch him as far as the flaring lights of the fair, now spluttering low, displayed him. Without being able to see so much as I strongly desired to see of him, I could not help admiring now his look, and his manner, and strong steady gait, and the general style of his outward man. His free way of going along made clear the excellence of his clothing; and he swung his right elbow, as I was told, from his constant desire to lash a horse. He was the devil himself to ride, so everybody said of him; and Parson Chowne's horse was now become a by-word for any one thoroughly thrashed. And yet no other man must ever dare to touch his horses. If any one did, no deadlier outrage could be put upon him.

Hearing these things from fourteen customers able to express their thoughts, I was sorry when the corner turned upon Parson Chowne, so walking in the light of long deal



tables, set with finely-guttering candles, and with goods not quite sold out. And he left upon my memory a vision of a great commander, having a hat of controlling movements, and a riding-coat so shaped that a horse appeared to be under it; and lower down, buff leathern breeches, and boots well over the hinge of his legs, and silver heels, and silver spurs, and nothing to obscure him. No top-coat or outer style of means to fend the weather, because he could keep it in order always.

"I wish I was like him, then," said I; "and what does he mean by insulting me? I know a hundred bigger fellows. Am I at his beck and call?"

"I warr'n thou wilt be, zoon enough," answered, with a heavy grin, a lout of a fellow, who had shown no more sense than to leave the room at the very crash and crown of one of my best stories; "hast heered what Passon have now a dooed?" He was come in primed with some rubbishing tale, and wanted the room to make much of him. Nevertheless the men of perception had not done with me yet.

"Wuttever be un? wuttever be un? Spak up, Oasler Jan!" cried some of the altogether younger men, who never know good work from bad, but seek some new astonishment. Goodness knows how hard it was, and how wholly undeserved, for me to withdraw and let them talk, only because their news was newer, and about a favourite man to talk of. However, I pressed down my feelings, not being certain about my bill, if I offended any one. For mercy's sake I spare their brogue, and tell their story decently. And Ostler John's tale was as follows, so far as I could make it out, by means of good luck, and by watching his face.

A certain justice of the peace, whose name was Captain Vellacott,

a gentleman of spirit who lived in one of the parishes belonging to this Parson Chowne (who happened to have two churches), this gentleman had contrived to give, as almost every one managed to do, deadly offence to Parson Chowne. It was expected that the Parson would be content to have him down and horsewhip him (as his manner was), and burn his house down afterwards. But the people who thought this were too hasty, and understood not his reverence. Whether from dislike of sitting upon the bench with him afterwards, or whether because Mrs Vellacott also had dared to shake hands with her gauntlet on, or because the baby cried when offered up to kiss the Parson—at anyrate, Captain Vellacott must have more than a simple chastisement. The Captain, being a quick sharp man, who said a hot word and forgot it, laughed at every one who told him to see to himself; and so on. "The Parson," said he, "is a man of his cloth; so am I of mine; and I will not insult him by expecting insult." So it came to pass that he made the mistake of measuring another man by his own measure. After a few months this gentleman felt that the Parson had quite forgiven him, no evil having befallen him yet, except that his rickyard had twice been fired, and his wife insulted by the naked people whom Chowne maintained upon Nympton Moor. And so, when they met in the fair this day, the Captain bowed to the Parson, and meant to go on and see to his business. But the other would not have it so. He offered his hand most cordially, and asked how Mrs Vellacott was, and all the five children, according to ages, using the Christian name of each. Captain Vellacott was so pleased by the kindness of his memory, and the nobility shown in dropping whatever had been between them, that what did

he do but invite Master Chowne to dine with him up at the Fortescue Arms Hotel, and see a young horse he had bought in the fair, giving his own for it and five guineas; for he was not a rich man at all, and was come to make a moderate bargain.

Everything might have gone on well, and perhaps the Parson really meant to forgive him at the moment for having dared, in the bygone matter, to have a will of his own almost. But, as bad luck would have it, this very horse that the Captain had bought turned out to be one which the Parson had eye upon ever since last year's hunting season. However, not to paint the devil too black, it was confessed that he offered Vellacott five pounds for his bargain. This ought to have satisfied any man who knew what Parson Chowne was, and that fifty times five pounds would be saved by keeping out of his black books. Nevertheless the Captain stuck to his bargain and ruined himself.

The two gentlemen parted very good friends, shaking hands warmly, and having their joke, and hoping to dine again soon together; for Parson Chowne could beat all the world at after-dinner stories; and the Captain was the best man to laugh anywhere round the neighbourhood. And so he started rather early, on purpose to show his new horse to his wife.

But the ostler, who was a very old codger, and had seen a little of Parson's ways, shook his head after the Captain's shilling, and spat upon it to prevent bad luck, and laid it on the shelf where he kept his blacking. He was too clever to say one word; but every one remembered how he had behaved, and the sigh he gave—when he reminded them.

It may have been half an hour afterwards, or it may have been an hour and a half (so much these people differed), when Captain Vellacott on a hurdle came to Surgeon Cutcliffe's door, and the horse was led to Farrier Gould, who sent him to the mayor for opinions, and his worship sent him on to Pilch of the knacker's yard. Poor Justice Vellacott's collar-bone was snapped in two places, and his left thigh broken, also three of his ribs stoven in, and a good deal of breakage abroad in his head. However, they hoped that he might come round; and being a Devonshire man, he did, as I found out afterwards.

This tale, which Ostler John delivered at ten times the length of the above, caused a very great stir and excitement and comparison of opinions. And when these wise-aces had almost exhausted their powers of wonder, I desired to know in the name of goodness why the poor parson must be saddled with every man who fell off his horse. In the first place, he must have been far away from the scene of the misfortune, inasmuch as no more than an hour ago he was seeking his groom amongst us. And, again, what could be more likely than that Captain Vellacott might have taken, with a view to good luck for his purchase, a bottle or two of wine beyond what otherwise would have contented him? And even if not—why, a horse might fall, much more a man (who has only two legs), without anybody having designed it.

This reasoning of mine made no impression, because everybody's opinion was set. "Passon Chowne had adooed it;" they scratched their heads and went into side questions, but on the main point all agreed—"twor ayther the Passon or the devil himzell."

## CHAPTER XXIX.—A VISIT TO A PARSON.

My opinion of Devonshire now grew fast that most of the people are mad there. Honest, respectable, very kind-hearted, shrewd at a bargain, yet trustful, simple, manly, and outspoken, nevertheless they must be mad to keep Parson Chowne among them. But here, as in one or two other matters, I found myself wrong ere I finished with it. If a man visits a strange country, he ought to take time to think about it, and not judge the natives by first appearance, however superior he may be. This I felt even then, and tried my very best to act up to it: nevertheless it came back on me always that in the large county of Devon there were only two sound people; Parson Chowne for the one—and, of course, for the other, Davy Llewellyn.

So I resolved to see this thing out, especially as (when I came to think) nothing could be clearer than that the Parson himself had descried and taken me (with his wonderful quickness) for the only intelligent man to be found. How he knew me to be a Welshman, I could not tell then, and am not sure now. It must have been because I looked so superior to the rest of them. I gazed at the two crown-pieces, when I came to be active again the next day; and finding them both very good, I determined to keep them, and go to see after some more. But if I thought to have got the right side of the bargain, so far as the money went, I reckoned amiss considerably; for I found that the Parson lived so far away, that I could not walk thither and back again without being footsore for a week; and Captain Fuzzy would not allow it, especially as he had bound me to help in discharging cargo. And being quite ignorant as to the road,

to hire a horse would not avail me, even supposing I could stay on board of him, which was against all experience. And by the time I had hired a cart to take me to Nympton on the Moors, as well as a hand to pilot her, behold I was on the wrong side of my two crowns, without any allowance for rations. They told me that everybody always charged double price for going up to the Parson's, and even so did not care for the job much. Because, though it was possible to come back safe, there was a poor chance of doing so without some damage to man or beast, and perhaps to the vehicle also.

Hereupon I had a great mind not to go; but being assured upon all sides that this would be a most dangerous thing, as well as supported, perhaps, by my native resolution and habits of inquiry, I nailed my colours to the mast, and mounted the cart by the larboard slings. It was a long and tiresome journey, quite up into a wilderness; and, for the latter part of it, the track could not have been found, except by means of a rough stone flung down here and there. But the driver told me that Parson Chowne took the whole of it three times a-week at a gallop, not being able to live without more harm than this lonely place afforded. Finding this fellow more ahead of his wits than most of those Devonshire yokels are, I beguiled the long journey by letting him talk, and now and then putting a question to him. He was full, of course, like all the town, of poor Captain Vellacott's misadventure, and the terrible spell put upon his new horse, which had seemed in the morning so quiet and docile. This he pretended at first to explain as the result of a compact formed some

years back between his reverence and the devil. For Parson Chowne had thoroughly startled and robbed the latter of all self-esteem, until he had given in, and contracted to be at his beck and call (like a good servant) until it should come to the settlement. And poor Parson Jack was to be thrown in, though not such a very bad man sometimes; it being thoroughly understood, though not expressed between them, that Parson Chowne was to lead him on, step by step, with his own pilgrimage.

All this I listened to very quietly, scarce knowing what to say about it. However, I asked the driver, as a man having intimate knowledge of horses, whether he really did believe that they (like the swine of the Gadarenes) were laid open to infection from even a man with seven devils in him; and the more so as these had been never cast out, according to all that appeared of him. At this he cracked his whip and thought, not being much at theology; and not having met, it may be, until now, a man so thoroughly versed in it. I gave him his time to consider it out; but the trouble seemed only to grow on him, until he laid down his whip, and said, not being able to do any more, "Horses is horses, and pigs is pigs, every bit the same as men be men. If the Lord made 'em both, the devil was sure to claim his right to take 'em both."

This was so sound in point of reasoning, as well as of what we do hear in church, that never another word had I to say, being taken in my own shallowness. And this is the only thing that can happen to a fellow too fond of objections. However, the driver, perceiving now that he had been too much for me, was pleased with me, and became disposed to make it up by a freedom of further information. If I were

to put this in his own words, who could make head or tail of it? And indeed I could not stoop my pen to write such outlandish language. He said that his cousin was the very same knacker who had slaughtered that poor horse last night, to put it out of misery. Having an order from the mayor, "Putt thiss here hannimall to deth," he did it, and thought no more about it, until he got up in the morning. Then, as no boiling was yet on hand, he went to look at this fine young horse, whose time had been so hastened. And the brains being always so valuable for mixing with fresh—but I will not tell for the sake of honour—it was natural that he should look at the head of this poor creature. Finding the eyes in a strange condition, he examined them carefully, and, lifting the lids and probing round, in each he found a berry. My coachman said that his cousin took these two berries out of a new horn-box, in which he had placed them for certainty, and asked him to make out what they were. The knacker, for his part, believed that they came from a creeping plant called the "Bitter-sweet nightshade," or sometimes the "Lady's necklace." But his cousin, my coachman, thought otherwise. He had wandered a good deal about in the fields before he married his young woman; and there he had seen, in autumnal days, the very same things as had killed the poor horse. A red thing that sticks in a cloven pod, much harder than berries of nightshade, and likely to keep in its poison until the moisture and warmth should dissolve its skin. I knew what he meant after thinking a while, because when a child I had gathered them. It is the seed of a nasty flag, which some call the "Roast-beef plant," and others the "Stinking Iris." These poisonous things in the eyes of a

horse, cleverly pushed in under the lids, heating and melting, according as the heating and working of muscles crushed them; then shooting their red fire over the agonised tissues of eyeballs,—what horse would not have gone mad with it?

Also finding so rare a chance of a Devonshire man who was not dumb, I took opportunity of going into the matter of that fine old gentleman, whose strange and unreasonable habit of seeking among those Brauntun Burrows (as if for somebody buried there) had almost broken my rest ever since, till I stumbled on yet greater wonders. Coachman, however, knew nothing about it, or else was not going to tell too much, and took a sudden turn of beginning to think that I asked too many questions, without even an inn to stand treat at. And perhaps he found out, with the jerks of the cart, that I had a very small phial of rum, not enough for two people to think of.

He may have been bidding for that, with his news; if so, he made a great mistake. Not that I ever grudge anything; only that there was not half enough for myself under the trying circumstances, and the man should have shown better manners than ever to cast even half an eye on it.

At last we were forced, on the brow of a hill, to come to a mooring in a fine old ditch, not having even a wall, or a tree, or a rick of peat to shelter us. And half a mile away round the corner might be found (as the driver said) the rectory-house of Parson Chowne. Neither horse nor man would budge so much as a yard more in that direction, and it took a great deal to make them promise to wait there till two of the clock for me. But I had sense enough to pay nothing until they should carry me home again. Still I could not feel quite sure how far their courage

would hold out in a lonely place, and so unkind.

And even with all that I feel within me of royal blood from royal bards—which must be the highest form of it—I did not feel myself so wholly comfortable and relishing as my duty is towards dinner-time. Nevertheless I plucked up courage, and went round the corner. Here I found a sort of a road with fir-trees on each side of it, all blown one way by strong storms, and unable to get back again. The road lay not in a hollow exactly, but in a shallow trough of the hills, which these fir-trees were meant to fill up, if the wind would allow them occasion. And going between them I felt the want of the pole I had left behind me. And if I had happened to own a gold watch, or anything fit to breed enemies, the knowledge of my price would have kept me from such temptation of Providence.

A tremendous roaring of dogs broke upon me the moment I got the first glimpse of the house; and this obliged me to go on carefully, because of that race I have had too much, and never found them mannersome. One huge fellow rushed up to me, and disturbed my mind to so great a degree that I was unable to take heed of anything about the place except his savage eyes and highly alarming expression and manner. For he kept on showing his horrible tusks, and growling a deep growl broken with snarls, and sidling to and fro, so as to get the better chance of a dash at me; and I durst not take my eyes from his, or his fangs would have been in my throat at a spring. I called him every endearing name that I could lay my tongue to, and lavished upon him such admiration as might have melted the sternest heart; but he placed no faith in a word of it, and nothing except my determined gaze kept him at bay for a moment.

Therefore I felt for my sailor's knife, which luckily hung by a string from my belt; and if he had leaped at me he would have had it, as sure as my name is Llewellyn; and few men, I think, would find fault with me for doing my best to defend myself. However, one man did, for a stern voice cried—

"Shut your knife, you scoundrel! Poor Sammy, did the villain threaten you?"

Sammy crouched, and fawned, and whimpered, and went on his belly to lick his master, while I wiped the perspiration of my fright beneath my hat.

"This is a nice way to begin," said Chowne, after giving his dog a kick, "to come here and draw a knife on my very best dog. Go down on your knees, sir, and beg Sammy's pardon."

"May it please your reverence," I replied, in spite of his eyes, which lay fiercer upon me than even those of the dog had done, "I would have cut his throat; and I will, if he dares to touch me."

"That would grieve me, my good Welshman, because I should then let loose the pack, and we might have to bury you. However, no more of this trifle. Go in to my housekeeper, and recover your nerves a little, and in half an hour come to my study."

I touched my hat and obeyed his order, following the track which he pointed out, but keeping still ready for action if any more dogs should bear down on me. However, I met no creature worse than a very morose old woman, who merely grunted in reply to the very best flourish I could contrive, and led me into a long low kitchen. Dinner-time for the common people being now at maturity, I expected to see all the servants of course, and to smell something decent and gratifying. However, there was no such luck,

only, without even asking my taste, she gave me a small jug of sour ale, and the bottom of a loaf, and a bit of Dutch cheese. Of course this was good enough for me; and having an appetite after the ride, I felt truly grateful. However, I could not help feeling also that in the cupboard just over my elbow there lay a fillet of fine spiced beef, to which I have always been partial. And after the perils I had encountered, the least she could do was to offer it down. Anywhere else I might have taken the liberty of suggesting this, but in that house I durst not, further than to ask very delicately—

"Madam, it is early for great people; but has his reverence been pleased to dine?"

"Did he give you leave to ask, sir?"

"No, I cannot say that he did. I meant no offence; but only——"

"I mean no offence; but only, you must be a stranger to think of asking a question in this house without his leave."

Nothing could have been said to me more thoroughly grievous and oppressive. And she offered no line or opening for me to begin again, as cross women generally do, by not being satisfied with their sting. So I made the best of my bread-and-cheese, and thought that Sker House was a paradise compared to Nympton Rectory.

"It is time for you now to go to my master," she broke in with her cold harsh voice, before I had scraped all the rind of my cheese, and when I was looking for more sour beer.

"Very well," I replied; "there is no temptation of any sort, madam, to linger here."

She smiled, for the first time, a very tart smile, even worse than the flavour of that shrewd ale, but without its weakness. And then she pointed up some steps, and along a stone passage, and said, exactly as

if she took me for no more than a common tramp—

“At the end of that passage turn to the left, and knock at the third door round the corner. You dare not lay hands on anything. My master will know it if you do.”

This was a little too much for me, after all the insults I had now put up with. I turned and gazed full on her strange square face, and into the depth of her narrow black eyes, with a glimpse of the window showing them.

“Your master !” I said. “Your son, you mean ! And much there is to choose between you !”

She did not betray any signs of surprise at this hap-hazard shot of mine, but coldly answered my gaze, and said—

“You are very insolent. Let me give you a warning. You seem to be a powerful man : in the hands of my master you would be a babe, although you are so much larger. And were I to tell him what you have said, there would not be a sound piece of skin on you. Now, let me hear no more of you.”

“With the greatest pleasure, madam. I am sure I can’t understand whatever could bring me here.”

“But I can ;” she answered, more to her own thoughts than to mine, as she shut the door quite on my heels, and left me to my own devices. I felt almost as much amiss as if I were in an evil dream of being chased through caves of rock by some of my very best customers, all bearing red-hot toasting-forks, and pelting me with my own good fish. It is the very worst dream I have, and it never comes after a common supper ; which proves how clear my conscience is. And even now I might have escaped, because there were side passages ; and for a minute I stood in doubt, until there came into my mind the tales of the pack of hounds he kept, and two or three people

torn to pieces, and nobody daring to interfere. Also, I wanted to see him again, for he beat everybody I had ever seen ; and I longed to be able to describe him to a civilised audience at the “Jolly Sailors.” Therefore I knocked at the door of his room, approaching it very carefully, and thanking the Lord for His last great mercy in having put my knife into my head.

“You may come in,” was the answer I got at last ; and so in I went ; and a queerer room I never did go into. But wonderful as the room was surely, and leaving on memory a shade of half-seen wonders afterwards, for the time I had no power to look at anything but the man.

People may laugh (and they always do until they gain experience) at the idea of one man binding other men prisoners to his will. For all their laughing, there stands the truth ; and the men who resist such influence best are those who do not laugh at it. I have seen too much of the tricks of the world, to believe in anythingsupernatural ; but the granting of this power is most strictly within nature’s scope ; and somebody must have it. One man has the gift of love, that everybody loves him ; another has the gift of hate, that nobody comes near him ; the third, and far the rarest gift, combines the two others (one more, one less), and adds to them both the gift of fear. I felt, as I tried to meet his gaze and found my eyes quiver away from it, that the further I kept from this man’s sight, the better it would be for me.

He sat in a high-backed chair, and pointed to a three-legged stool, as much as to say, “You may even sit down.” This I did, and waited for him.

“Your name is David Llewellyn,” he said, caring no more to look at me ; “you came from the coast of

Glamorgan, three days ago, in the *Rose of Devon* schooner."

"Ketch, your reverence, if you please. The difference is in the mizzen-mast."

"Well, Jack Ketch, if you like, sir. No more interrupting me. Now you will answer a few questions; and if you tell me one word of falsehood——"

He did not finish his sentence, but he frightened me far more than if he had. I promised to do my best to tell the truth, so far as lies in me.

"Do you know what child that was that came ashore drowned upon your coast, when the coroner made such a fool of himself?"

"And the jury as well, your reverence. About the child I know nothing at all."

"Describe that child to the best of your power: for you are not altogether a fool."

I told him what the poor babe was like, so far as I could remember it. But something holy and harmless kept me from saying one word about Bardie. And to the last day of my life I shall rejoice that I so behaved. He saw that I was speaking truth; but he showed no signs of joy or sorrow, until I ventured to put in——

"May I ask why your reverence wishes to know, and what you think of this matter, and how——"

"Certainly you may ask, Llewellyn; it is a woman's and a Welshman's privilege; but certainly you shall have no reply. What inquiry has been made along your coast about this affair?"

I longed to answer him in my humour, even as he had answered me. With any one else I could have done it, but I durst not so with him. Therefore I told him all the truth, to the utmost of my knowledge,—making no secret of Hezekiah, and his low curiosity;

also the man of the press, with the hat; and then I could not quite leave out the visit of Anthony Stew and Sir Philip.

This more than anything else aroused Parson Chowne's attention. For the papers he cared not a damn, he said; for two of them lived by abusing him; but as he swore not (except that once), it appeared to me that he did care. However, he pressed me most close and hard about Anthony Stew and Sir Philip.

When he had got from me all that I knew—except that he never once hit upon Bardie (the heart and the jewel of everything), he asked me, without any warning——

"Do you know who that Sir Philip is?"

"No, your reverence; I have not even heard so much as his surname, although, no doubt, I shall find out."

"You fool! Is that all the wit you have? Three days in and out of Barnstaple! It is Sir Philip Bampfylde of Narnton Court, close by you."

"There is no Narnton Court, that I know of, your reverence, anywhere round our neighbourhood. There is Candleston Court, and Court Ysha, and Court——"

"Tush, I mean near where your ship is lying. And that is chiefly what I want with you. I know men well; and I know that you are a man that will do anything for money."

My breath was taken away at this: so far was it from my true character. I like money well enough, in its way; but as for a single disgraceful action——

"Your reverence never made such a mistake. For coming up here I have even paid more than you were pleased to give me. If that is your point, I will go straight back. Do anything, indeed, for money!"



"Pooh! This is excellent indignation. What man is there but will do so? I mean, of course, anything you consider to be right and virtuous."

"Anything which is undeniably right, and upright, and virtuous. Ah! now your reverence understands me. Such has always been my character."

"In your own opinion. Well, self-respect is a real blessing: I will not ask you to forego it. Your business will be of a nature congenial as well as interesting to you. Your ship lies just in the right position for the service I require; and as she is known to have come from Wales, no Revenue-men will trouble you. You will have to keep watch, both day and night, upon Sir Philip and Narnton Court."

"Nothing in the nature of spying, your reverence, or sneaking after servants, or underhand work——"

"Nothing at all of that sort. You have nothing to do but to use your eyes upon the river-front of the building, especially the landing-place. You will come and tell me as soon as ever you see any kind of boat or vessel either come to or leave the landing-place. Also, if any man with a trumpet hails either boat or vessel. In short, any kind of communication betwixt Narnton Court and the river. You need not take any trouble, except when the tide is up the river."

"Am I to do this against Sir Philip, who has been so kind and good to me? If so, I will hear no more of it."

"Not so; it is for Sir Philip's good. He is in danger, and very obstinate. He stupidly meddles with politics. My object is to save him."

"I see what your reverence means," I answered, being greatly relieved by this; for then (and even to this day, I believe) many of the an-

cient families were not content with his gracious Majesty, but hankered after ungracious Stuarts, mainly because they could not get them. "I will do my best to oblige you, sir." I finished, and made a bow to him.

"To obey me, you mean. Of course you will. But remember one thing—you are not to dare to ask a single word about this family, or even mention Sir Philip's name to anybody except myself. I have good reason for this order. If you break it I shall know it, and turn you to stone immediately. You are aware that I possess that power."

"Please your reverence, I have heard so; and I would gladly see it done—not to myself as yet, but rather to that old woman in the kitchen. It could not make much difference to her."

"Keep your position, sir," he answered, in a tone which frightened me; it was not violent, but so deep. "And now for your scale of wages. Of course, being opposite that old house, you would watch it without any orders. The only trouble I give you is this—when the tide runs up after dark, and smooth water lets vessels over the bar, you will have to loosen your boat or dingy, punt, or whatever you call her, and pull across the river, and lie in a shaded corner which you will find below Narnton Court, and commanding a view of it. Have you firearms? Then take this. The stock is hollow, and contains six charges. You can shoot; I am sure of that. I know a poacher by his eyelids."

He gave me a heavy two-barrelled pistol, long enough for a gun almost, and meant to be fired from the shoulder. Then pressing a spring in the stock, he laid bare a chamber containing some ammunition, as well as a couple of spare flints. He was going to teach me how to load it, till I told him that

I had been captain of cannon, and perhaps the best shot in the royal navy.

"Then don't shoot yourself," he said, "as most of the old sailors have reason to do. But now you will earn your living well, what with your wages on board the schooner, and the crown a-week I shall give you."

"A crown a-week, your reverence!" My countenance must have fallen sadly; for I looked to a guinea a-week at least. "And to have to stay out of my bed like that!"

"It is a large sum, I know, Llewellyn. But you must do your best to earn it, by diligence and alacrity. I could have sent one of my fine naked fellows, and of course not have paid him anything. But the fools near the towns are so fidgety now that they stare at these honest Adamites, and talk of them—which would defeat my purpose. Be off with you! I must go and see them. Nothing else refreshes me after talking so long to a fellow like you. Here are two guineas for you—one in advance for your first month's wage; the other you will keep until I have done with you, and then return it to me."

"A month, your honour!" I cried in dismay. "I never could stop in this country a month. Why, a week of it would be enough to drive me out of my mind almost."

"You will stay as long as I please, Llewellyn. That second

guinea, which you pouched so promptly, is to enable you to come to me, by day or by night, on the very moment you see anything worth reporting. You are afraid of the dogs? Yes, all rogues are. Here, take this whistle. They are trained to obey it—they will crouch and fawn to you when you blow it." He gave me a few more minute instructions, and then showed me out by a little side-door; and all the way back such a weight was upon me, and continual presence of strange black eyes, and dread of some hovering danger, that I answered the driver to never a word, nor cared for any of his wondrous stories about the naked people (whose huts we beheld in a valley below us); nay, not even—though truly needing it, and to my own great amazement—could I manage a drop of my pittance of rum. So the driver got it after all, or at least whatever remained of it, while I wished myself back at old Newton Nottage, and seemed to be wrapped in an evil dream. Both horse and driver, however, found themselves not only thankful, but light-hearted, at getting away from Nympton Moor. Jack even sang a song when five miles off, and in his clumsy way rallied me. But finding this useless, he said that it was no more than he had expected; because it was known that it always befell every man who forgot his baptism, and got into dealings with Parson Chowne.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—ON DUTY.

There are many people who cannot enter into my meaning altogether. This I have felt so often that now I may have given utterance to it once or possibly twice before. If so, you will find me consistent wholly, and quite prepared to abide

by it. In all substantial things I am clearer than the noonday sun itself; and, to the very utmost farthing, righteous and unimpeachable. Money I look at, now and then, when it comes across me; and I like it well enough for the sake of

the things it goes for. But as for committing an action below the honour of my family and ancestors (who never tuned their harps for less than a mark a-night), also, and best of all, my own conscience—a power that thumps all night like a ghost if I have not strictly humoured it,—for me to talk of such things seems almost to degrade the whole of them.

Therefore, if any one dreams, in his folly, that I would play the spy upon that great house over the river, I have no more to say, except that he is not worthy to read my tale. I regard him with contempt, and loathe him for his vile insinuations. Such a man is only fit to take the place of a spy himself, and earn perhaps something worth talking of, if his interest let him talk of it. For taking friendly observation of Narnton Court, for its inmates' sake, I was to have just five shillings a-week!

It became my duty now to attend to the getting out of the limestone; and I fetched it up with a swing that shook every leaf of the Rose of Devon. Fuzzy attempted to govern me; but I let him know that I would not have it, and never knocked under to any man. And if Parson Chowne had come alongside, I would have said the same to him.

Nevertheless, as an honest man, I took good care to earn my money, though less than the value of one good sewin, or at any rate of a fine turbot, each week. No craft of any sort went up or down that blessed river without my laying perspective on her, if there chanced to be light enough; or if she slipped along after dark—which is not worth while to do, on account of the shoals and windings—there was I, in our little dingy, not so far off as they might imagine. And I could answer for it, even with disdainful

Chowne looking down through me, that nothing larger than a row-boat could have made for Narnton Court. But I have not said much of the river as yet; and who can understand me?

This river bends in graceful courtesies to the sweet land it is leaving, and the hills that hold its birth. Also with a vein of terror at the unknown sea before it, back it comes, when you grieve to think that it must have said “good-bye” for ever. Such a lovely winding river, with so many wilful ways, silvery shallows, and deep, rich shadows, where the trees come down to drink; also, beautiful bright-green meadows, sloping to have a taste of it, and the pleaches of bright sand offered to satisfy the tide, and the dark points jutting out on purpose to protect it! Many rivers have I seen, nobler, grander, more determined, yet among them all not one that took and led my heart so.

Had I been born on its banks, or among the hills that gaze down over it, what a song I would have made to it!—although the Bardic inspiration seems to have dropped out of my generation, yet will it return with fourfold vigour, probably in Bunny's children, if she ever has any, that is to say, of the proper gender; for the thumb of a woman is weak on the harp. And Bunny's only aspiration is for ribbons and lollipops, which must be beaten out of her.

However, my principal business now was not to admire this river, but watch it; and sometimes I found it uncommonly cold, and would gladly have had quite an ugly river, if less attractive to white frosts. And what with the clearing of our cargo, and the grumbling afterwards, and the waiting for sailing-orders, and never getting any, and the setting-in of a sudden gale

(which, but for me, must have cap-sized us when her hold was empty), as well as some more delays which now I cannot stop to think of—the middle of October found us still made fast, by stem and stern, in Barnstaple river, at Deadman's Pill.

Parson Chowne (who never happened to neglect a single thing that did concern his interests, any more than he ever happened to forget an injury), twice or thrice a-week he came, mounted on his coal-black mare, to know what was going on with us. I saw—for I am pretty sharp, though not pretending to vie with him, as no man might who had not dealt in a wholesale mode with the devil—I saw (though the clumsy understrappers meant me not to notice it) that Bethel Jose, our captain, was no more than a slave of the Parson's. This made clear to me quite a lump of what had seemed hopeless mysteries. Touching my poor self, to begin with, Chowne knew all about me, of course, by means of this dirty Fuzzy. Also Fuzzy's silence now, and the difficulty of working him (with any number of sheets in the wind), which had puzzled both Newton and Nottage and the two public-houses at Porthcawl, and might have enabled him to marry even a farmer's widow with a rabbit-warren, and £350 to dispose of, and a reputation for sheep's-milk cheese, and herself not bad-looking, in spite of a beard.

I could see, and could carry home the truth, having thoroughly got to the bottom of it; and might have a chance myself to settle, if I dealt my secret well, with some of the women who had sworn to be single, until that Fuzzy provoked them so. This consideration added, more than can be now described, to my desire to get home before any one got in front of me. But Fuzzy, from day to day, pretended that the ketch

was not victualled to sail, any more than she was even ballasted. She must load with hay, or with bricks, or pottery, or with something to fill her hold and pay freight, or what was to fill our bellies all the way back? And so on, and so on; until I was sure that he had some dark reason for lingering there.

Of course I had not been such a pure fool—in spite of short reasons for going from home—as to forget my desire and need to come home, after proper interval. The whole of the parish would yearn for me, and so would Ewenny and Llaleston, long ere the Christmas cod comes in; and I made a point in my promises to be back before Gunpowder Treason and Plot. As a thoroughly ancient hand at the cannon, I always led the fireworks; and the Pope having done something violent lately, they were to be very grand this year. What is a man when outside his own country—a prophet, a magistrate, even a sailor, who has kept well in with his relations? All his old friends are there, longing to praise him, when they hear of good affairs; and as to his enemies—a man of my breadth of nature has none.

This made it dreadfully grievous for me not to be getting home again; and my heart was like a sprouted onion when I thought of Bardie. Bunny would fight on, I knew, and get converted to the Church in the house of our churchwarden, and perhaps be baptised after all, which my wife never would have done to her. However, I did not care for that, because no great harm could come of it; and if the Primitives gave her ribbons, the Church would be bound to grant Honiton lace.

Thinking of all my engagements, and compacts, and serious trusteeships, and the many yearnings after me, I told Bethel Jose, in so many

words, that I was not a black man, but a white man, unable to be trampled on, and prepared (unless they could show me better) to place my matter in the hands of his worship, no less than the Mayor of Barnstaple. Fuzzy grinned, and so did Ike; and finding the mayor sitting handsomely upon the very next market-day, I laid my case before him. His worship (as keeping a grocer's shop, at which I had bought three pounds of onions, and a quarter of a pound of speckled cheese, and half an ounce of tobacco) was much inclined to do me justice; and, indeed, began to do so in a loud and powerful voice, and eager for people to hearken him. But somebody whispered something to him, containing, no doubt, the great Parson's name, and he shrank back into his hole, and discharged my summons, like a worm with lime laid on his tail.

Such things are painful; yet no man must insist upon them hardly, because our ancestors got on among far greater hardships. And it would prove us a bad low age if we turned sour about them. We are the finest fellows to fight that were ever according to Providence; we ought to be thankful for this great privilege (as I mean to show by-and-by), and I would not shake hands with any man, who, for trumpery stuff, would dare to make such a terrible force internal.

This grand soundness of my nature led me to go under orders, though acquit of legal contract, only seeking to do the right while receiving the money beforehand. Now this created a position of trust, for it involved a strong confidence in one's honour. Any man paying me beforehand places me at a disadvantage, which is hardly fair of him. I do not like to refuse him, because it would seem so ungraceful; and yet I can never be

sure but that I ought to take consideration.

Not to dwell too much upon scruples which scarcely any one else might feel, and no other man can enter into, be it enough that my honour now was bound to do what was expected. But what a hardship it was, to be sure, to find myself debarred entirely from forming acquaintance, or asking questions, or going into the matter in my own style! especially now that my anxiety was quickened beyond bearing to get to the bottom of all these wonders about Sir Philip Bampfylde. What had led him to visit me? What was he seeking on Branton Burrows—for now I knew that it must be he? Why did Parson Chowne desire to keep such watch on the visitors to Narnton Court by water, while all the world might pass into or out of the house by land? Or did the Parson keep other people watching the other side of the house, and prevent me from going near them, lest we should league together to cheat him? This last thing seemed to be very likely, and it proved to be more than that.

Revolving all this much at leisure in the quiet churn of mind, I pushed off with my little dingy from the side of the *Rose of Devon*, when the evening dusk was falling, somewhere at October's end. This little boat now seemed to be placed at my disposal always, although there used to be such a fuss, and turn for turn, in taking her. Now the glance of light on water, and the flowing shadows, keeping humour with the quiet play of evening breezes, here a hill and there a tree or rock to be regarded, while the strong influx of sea with white wisps traced the middle channel, and the little nooks withdrawn under gentle promontories took no heed of anything; when the moon came over these, dis-

sipating clouds and moving sullen mists aside her track, I found it uncommonly difficult to be sure what I was up to. The full moon, lately risen, gazed directly down the river; but memory of daylight still was coming from the westward, feeble, and inclined to yield. What business was all this of mine? God makes all things to have turn; and I doubt if He ever meant mankind to be always spying into it. Ever so much better go these things without our bother; and our parson said, being a noble preacher, and fit any day for the navy, that the people who conquered the world, according to the prophet Joel—20th after Trinity—never noticed nature, never did consult the Lord of Hosts, and yet must have contented him.

Difficult questions of this colour must be left to parsons (who beat all lawyers, out and out, in the matter of pure cleverness; because the latter never can anyhow, but the former, somehow, with the greatest ease, reconcile all difficulties). The only business I have to deal with is what I bodily see, feel, and hear, and have mind to go through with, and work out to perfect satisfaction. And this night I found more than ever broke upon my wits before, except when muzzle gapes at muzzle, and to blow or be blown up depends upon a single spark.

Because now, in my quiet manner (growing to be customary, under Parson Chowne's regard) dipping oars, I crossed the river, making slant for running tide. That man, knowing everybody who might suit his purpose, had employed me rather than old Ikey, or even Fuzzy, partly because I could row so well, and make no sound in doing it; while either of them, with muffled rowlocks, would splash and grunt, to be heard across river, and half-way to Barnstaple Bridge almost. As silently as an owl I skimmed across

the silent river, not with the smallest desire to spy, but because the poetry of my nature came out strongly. And having this upon me still, I rowed my boat into a drooping tree, overhanging a quiet nook. Here I commanded the river-front of all that great house, Narnton Court, which stands on the north side of the water over against our Deadman's Pill. After several voyages under sundry states of light and weather, this was now approved to me as the very best point of observation. For all the long and straggling house (quite big enough for any three of the magistrates' houses on our side) could have been taken and raked (as it were) like a great ship with her stern to me, from the spot where I lay hidden. Such a length it stretched along, with little except the west end to me, and a show of front-windows dark and void; and all along the river-terrace, and the narrow spread of it, overlooking the bright water, pagan gods, or wicked things just as bad, all standing. However, that was not my business; if the gentry will forego the whole of their Christianity, they must answer for themselves, when the proper time appears. Only we would let them know that we hold aloof from any breach of their commandments.

A flight of ten wild ducks had been seen coming up the river, every now and then, as well as fourteen red-caps, and three or four good wisps of teal. Having to see to my victualling now, as well as for the sport of it, I loaded the Parson's two-foot pistol, which was as good as a gun almost, with three tobacco pipes full of powder poured into each barrel, and then a piece of an ancient hat (which Ikey had worn so long that no man could distinguish it from wadding), and upon the top of the hat three ounces of leaden pellets, and all kept tight with a

good dollop of oakum. It must kill a wild duck at forty yards, or a red-cap up to fifty, if I hit the rogues in the head at all.

The tide must have been pretty nigh the flood, and the moon was rising hazily, and all the river was pale and lonely, for the brown-sailed lighters (which they call the "Tawton fleet") had long passed by, when I heard that silvery sound of swiftness cleaving solitude—the flight of a wedge of wild ducks. I knelt in the very smallest form that nature would allow of, and with one hand held a branch to keep the boat from surging. Plash they came down, after two short turns (as sudden as forked lightning), heads down for a moment, then heads up, and wings flapping, sousing and subsiding. Quacks began, from the old drake first, and then from the rest of the company, and a racing after one another, and a rapid gambolling. Under and between them all, the river lost its smoothness, beaten into ups and downs that sloped away in ridge and furrow.

These fine fellows, as fat as butter after the barley-stubble time, carried on such joy and glory within twenty yards of me, that I could not bring my gun to bear for quiet shot, so as to settle four. Like an ancient gunner I bided my time, being up to the tricks of most of them. When their wild delight of

water should begin to sate itself, what would they do? Why, gather in round the father of the family, and bob their heads together. This is the time to be sure of them, especially with two barrels fired at once, as I could easily manage. I never felt surer of birds in my life; I smelt them in the dripping-pan, and beheld myself quite basting them; but all of a sudden, up they flew, when I had got three in a line, and waited for two more to come into it, just as the muzzle was true upon them—up and away, and left me nothing except to rub my eyes and swear. I might have shot as they rose, but something told me not to do so. Therefore I crept back in my little punt, and waited. In another moment I heard the swing of stout oars pulled with time and power, such as I had not heard for years, nor since myself was stroke of it. Of course I knew that this must be a boat of the British navy, probably the captain's gig, and choice young fellows rowing her; and the tears sprang into my eyes at thought of all the times and things between, and all the heavy falls of life, since thus I clove the waters. All my heart went out towards her, and I held my breath with longing (as I looked between the branches of the dark and fluttering tree), just to let them know that here was one who understood them.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—TWO LOVERS.

The boat came round the corner swiftly of the wooded stretch of rock, within whose creek I lay concealed; and the officer in the stern-sheets cried, in the short sharp tone of custom, "Easy, stroke; hold all!" I heard him jerk the rudder-lines, as they passed within biscuit-toss of me, and with a heavy sheer he sent her, as if he knew

every inch of water, to the steps of Narnton Court: not the handsome balustrade, only a landing of narrow stone-way, nearer to me than the western end, and where the river-side terrace stopped. Two men sprang ashore and made the boat fast at the landing, and then some others lifted out what seemed to be a heavy chest, and placed it on the topmost step,

until the officer, having landed, signed to them to bear it further to a corner of the parapet. I could see the whole of these doings, and distinguish him by his uniform, because the boat and the group of sailors were not more than fifty yards from me, and almost in the track of the moon from the place where I was hiding. In a minute or two all returned to the boat, with the exception of the officer, and I heard him give orders from the shore—

“Round the point, men! Keep close, and wait for me under the Yellow Hook I showed you.”

The coxswain jumped into the stern-sheets, in a second or two they had put about, and the light gig pulling six good oars shot by me, on the first of the ebb, as swiftly almost as the wild ducks flew. Meanwhile the officer stood and gazed until they had rounded the western point, from which they had spoiled my shot so; and knowing the vigilant keenness of a British captain's eyes, I feared that he might espy my punt, which would have disgraced me dreadfully. And even without this I felt how much I would rather be far away. There could have been no man more against my taste to keep a watch upon, than a captain in the royal navy, whose father might have been over me. And vigorously as I called to mind that all I was doing must be for his good, as well as for that of his relatives, I could not find that satisfaction which ought to flow from such benevolence. However, it now was too late to back out, even if my desire to know the end of this matter allowed of it.

The officer stood for a minute or two, as if in brown thoughts and deep melancholy, and turned to the house once or twice, and seemed to hesitate as to approaching it. The long great house, with the broad river-front, looked all dark and desolate;

not a servant, a horse, or even a dog was moving, and the only sign of life I could see was a dull light in a little window over a narrow doorway. While I was wondering at all this, and the captain standing gloomily, a little dark figure crossed the moonlight from the shadowy doorway, and the officer made a step or two, and held out his arms and received it. They seemed to stay pretty well satisfied thus, the figure being wholly female, until, with a sudden change of thought, there seemed to be some sobbing. This led the captain to try again some soft modes of persuasion, such as I could not see into, even if I would have deigned to do a thing against my grain so, because I have been in that way myself, and did not want to be looked at. However, not to be too long over what every man almost goes through (some honestly, and some anyhow, but all tending to experience), my only desire was, finding them at it, to get out of the way very quickly. For, poor as I am, there were several women of Newton, and Llaleston, and Ewenny, and even of Bridgend, our market-town, setting their caps, like springles, at me! Whereas I laboured at nothing else but to pay respect to my poor wife's memory, and never have a poor woman after her. And now all these romantic doings made me feel uneasy, and ready to be infected, so as to settle with nothing more than had been offered me thrice, and three times refused—a 7-foot-and-6-inch mangle; and (if she proved a tiger) have to work it myself perhaps!

Be that either way, these two unhappy lovers came along, while I was wondering at them, yet able to make allowance so, until they must have seen me, if they had a corner of an eye for anything less than one another. They stood on a plank that crossed the narrow creek or



slot (wherein I lay, under a willow full of brown leaves), and scarcely ten yards from me. Here there was a rail across, about as big as a kidney-bean stick, whereupon they leaned, and looked into the water under them. Then they sighed, and made such sorrow (streaked somehow with happiness) that I got myself ready to leap overboard if either or both of them should jump in. However, they had more sense than that; though they went on very tenderly, and with a soft strain quite unfit to belong to a British officer. Being, from ancient though humble birth, gifted with a deal of delicacy, I pulled out two plugs of tobacco, which happened to be in my mouth just now, and I spared them both to stop my ears, though striking inwards painfully. I tried to hear nothing for ever so long; but I found myself forced to ease out the plugs, they did smart so confoundedly. And this pair wanted some one now to take a judicious view of them, for which few men, perhaps, could be found better qualified than I was. For they carried on in so high a manner, that it seemed as if they could be cured by nothing short of married life, of which I had so much experience. And the principal principle of that state is, that neither party must begin to make too much of the other side. But having got over all that sort of thing, I found myself snug in a corner, and able to regard them with interest and much candour.

“Is there no hope of it then, after all; after all you have done and suffered, and the prayers of everybody?” This was the maiden, of course having right to the first word, and the last of it.

“There is hope enough, my darling; but nothing ever comes of it. And how can I search out this strange matter, while I am on service always?”

“Throw it up, Drake; my dear heart, for my sake, throw it up, and throw over all ambition, until you are cleared of this foul shame.”

“My ambition is slender now,” he answered, “and would be content with one slender lady.” Here he gave her a squeeze, that threatened not only to make her slenderer, but also to make the rail need more stoutness, and me to keep ready for plunging. “Nevertheless, you know,” he went on, when the plank and the rail put up with it, “I cannot think of myself for a moment, while I am thus on duty. We expect orders for America.”

“So you said; and it frightens me. If that should be so, what ever, ever can become of us?”

“My own dear, you are a child; almost a child for a man like me, knocked about the world so much, and ever so unfortunate.”

The rest of his speech was broken into, much to my dissatisfaction, by a soft caressing comfort, such as women’s pity yields without any consideration. Only they made all sorts of foolish promises, and eternal pledges, touched up with confidence, and hope, and mutual praise, and faith, and doubt, and the other ins and outs of love.

“I won’t cry any more,” she said, with several sobs between it; “I ought not to be so with you, who are so strong, and good, and kind. Your honour is cruelly wronged at home: you never shall say that your own, own love wished you to peril it also abroad.”

He took her quietly into his arms; and they seemed to strengthen one another. And to my eyes came old tears, or at any rate such as had come long ago. These two people stood a great time, silent, full of one another, keeping close with reverent longing, gazing yet not looking at the moonlight and the water. Then the delicate young maiden (for such

her voice and outline showed her, though I could not judge her face) shivered in the curling fog which the climbing moon had brought. Hereupon the captain felt that her lungs must be attended to, as well as her lips, and her waist, and heart; and he said in a soft way, like a shawl—

“Come away, my lovely darling, from the cold, and fog, and mist. Your little cloak is damp all through; and time it is for me to go. Discipline I will have always; and I must have the same with you, until you take command of me.”

“Many, many a weary year, ere I have the chance of it, Captain Drake.” The young thing sighed as she spoke, though perhaps without any sense of prophecy.

“Isabel, let us not talk like that, even if we think it. The luck must turn some day, my darling; even I cannot be always on the evil side of it. How often has my father said so! And what stronger proof can I have than you? As long as you are true to me—”

They were turning away, when this bright idea, which seems to occur to lovers always, under some great law of nature, to prolong their interviews;—this compelled them to repeat pretty much the same forms, and ceremonies, assurances, pledges, and suchlike, which had passed between them scarcely more than three or four minutes ago, I believe. And again I looked away, because I would have had others do so to me; and there was nothing new to learn by it.

“Only one thing more, my own,” said the lady, taking his arm again; “one more thing you must promise me. If you care for me at all, keep out of the way of that dreadful man.”

“Why, how can I meet him at sea, my Bell? Even if he dislikes

me, as you tell me perpetually, though I never gave him cause, that I know of.”

“He does not dislike you, Drake Bampfylde; he hates you with all the venomous, cold, black hatred, such as I fear to think of—oh my dear, oh my dear!”

“Now, Isabel, try not to be so foolish. I never could believe such a thing, and I never will, without clearest proof. I never could feel like that myself, even if any one wronged me deeply. And in spite of all my bad luck, Bell, I have never wronged any one. At least, more than you know of.”

“Then don’t wrong me, my own dear love, by taking no heed of yourself. Here, there, and everywhere seems to be his nature. You may be proud of your ship and people, and of course they are proud of you. You may be ordered to Gibraltar, where they have done so gloriously, or to America, or to India. But wherever you are, you never can be out of the reach of that terrible man. His ways are so crooked, and so dark, and so dreadfully cold-blooded.”

“Isabel, Isabel, now be quiet. What an imagination you have! A man in holy orders, a man of a good old family, who have been ancient friends of ours—”

“A bad old family, you mean—bad for generations. It does not matter, of course, what I say, because I am so young and stupid. But you are so frank, and good, and simple, and so very brave and careless, and I know that you will own some day—oh, it frightens me so to think of it!—that you were wrong in this matter, and your Isabel was right.”

What his answer was I cannot tell, because they passed beyond my hearing upon their way towards the house. The young lady, with her

long hair shining like woven gold in the moonlight, tried (so far as I could see) to persuade him to come in with her. This, however, he would not do, though grieving to refuse her; and she seemed to know the reason of it, and to cease to urge him. In and out of many things, which they seemed to have to talk of, he showed her the great chest in the dark corner; and perhaps she paid good heed to it. As to that, how can I tell, when they both were so far off, and river-fogs arising? Yet one thing I well could tell, or at any rate could have told it in the times when my blood ran fast, and my habit of life was romantic. Even though the light was foggy, and there was no time to waste, these two people seemed so to stay with a great dislike of severing.

However, they managed it at last; and growing so cold in my shoulders now, as well as my knees uncomfortable, right glad was I to hear what the maiden listened to with intense despair; that is to say, the captain's

footfall, a yard further off every time of the sound. He went along the Braunton road, to find his boat where the river bends. And much as I longed to know him better, and understand why he did such things, and what he meant by hankering so after this young lady, outside his own father's house, and refusing to go inside when invited, and speaking of his own bad luck so much, and having a chest put away from the moonlight, likewise his men in the distance so far, and compelled to keep round the corner, not to mention his manner of walking, and swinging his shoulders, almost as if the world was nothing to him; although I had never been perhaps so thoroughly pushed with desire of knowledge, and all my best feelings uppermost, there was nothing for me left except to ponder, and to chew my quid, rowing softly through the lanes and lines of misty moonlight, to my little cuddy-home across the tidal river.

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## MORE ROBA DI ROMA.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN, OR THE CASTLE ST ANGELO.—CONCLUSION.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ON the 24th of April 1585, Felice Peretti became Pope under the title of Sixtus V. This bold, imperious, and self-willed friar succeeded Gregory XIII. (Hugo Buonconpagni), a man of very different cast of character. Gregory's acquaintance with the civil and canon law was remarkable, but his government was so weak and inefficient that his name became afterwards proverbial to express disorder, tumult, and timidity. "*Corrono i tempi Gregoriani*" was, as we learn from Tempesti, the phrase by which in later days the Romans denoted any specially lawless and violent period. During his reign, brigandage, assassination, and crime of every kind convulsed the State. In Rome, the streets were the theatre of perpetual conflict between the partisans of the noble houses and families who were at feud with each other. Cardinals and Monsignori were attacked in their carriages, cut off from their houses, and forced to take refuge wherever they could, and only secured their return by strong guards of soldiers. The police on one occasion having arrested a criminal in the Orsini Palace, were assaulted, as they were bearing him away, by an armed band led by some of the chief of the young nobles, belonging to the houses of the Orsini, Rusticucci, and Capizucchi. The conflict lasted no less than three days, and spread through Rome. All the principal nobles joined in it. The streets were strewn with dead and wounded, the shops were closed, and everywhere reigned terror and confusion. At last the matter was

settled by the surrender of the Bargello, or chief of police, to the Orsini, by whom he was immediately put to death.

Outside the city things were even worse. Brigandage was rampant in the Campagna and in the provinces. The highest nobles did not disdain to become the chieftains of bands of bravoos and banditti, whom they kept in their pay, to whom they gave protection, and from whom in turn they received support. Among these may be instanced Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, the lover of the famous Vittoria Accoramboni, and the supposed murderer of her husband and his own wife. Surrounded by strong bands of unscrupulous followers, he established himself in his numerous castles, defied the power of Church and State, and carried on with impunity a lawless course of war and brigandage. Ludovico Orsini, the assassin of Vittoria, was also notorious for his violent and reckless character; and a still more striking example of the times was Giovanni Battista del Monte, who, in league with certain leaders of banditti, attacked in open day the town of Civita Castellana, and massacred his enemies who there opposed him. Piccolomini, Duke of Monte Marciano, and Lamberto Malatesta of the family of Rimini, were equally lawless; ravaging and plundering the country, assaulting castles and towns, and laying the people under contribution, with complete impunity.

Such was the state of things when Sixtus V. came to the throne. Before he was fairly seated in his chair,

it was felt that the reins of power were in new and strong hands. Determined to insure by the strictest measures the peace of the city and the State, on the very morning after his election he addressed the conservators of the city, ordering them on peril of their lives to see to it that justice was firmly and sternly administered. To the chief of the Orsini his bearing was such that this powerful noble thought it prudent to assure his safety by flight. Even before his coronation he issued an edict prohibiting the carrying of firearms; and this having been disobeyed by four young brothers of the band of Sforza, who were found in the streets armed with arquebuses, they were immediately arrested; and despite the earnest prayers of the cardinals, who came to the Pope at night, and, throwing themselves at his feet, besought him to remember that executions before a coronation were unknown in Rome, the sentence of death was ordered to be carried out. On the following morning they were all hung on the Bridge of St Angelo; and the ghastly spectacle of their dead bodies still hanging in the air met the eyes of the Pope as he passed the bridge with his procession to his coronation.

It was plain that Sixtus V. was in earnest, and Rome trembled. Great was the public indignation, but great also was the fear. Within four days after his election a great change was manifest, and the Pope sternly carried on the work he had begun. By a bull issued on the 30th of April, six days after his election, he summoned all his subjects to lend their aid to the pursuit and capture of brigands; and at the sound of the alarm-bell he ordered all to take arms and pursue them. Prices were set on the heads of the brigands, and rewards and full pardon were offered to any who would

either betray their accomplices, or even assassinate them. Some of the strongest of the banditti at first defied the Pope, and even dared to attack the city, but one by one they were forced to yield. The Castle St Angelo then saw many an execution. Malatesta, who during Gregory's reign had been the scourge of the Marches and the Romagna, was surrendered to Sixtus V. by the Duke of Tuscany, in whose territory he had sought refuge; and he was carried to Rome and publicly executed at St Angelo. Nor was the Pope contented with the punishment of new crimes, but crimes long ago committed were also expiated on the scaffold. Among others, Count Attilio Baschi, of Bologna, was then executed for a crime of parricide committed forty years before. Fossombrone, the accomplice of Ludovico Orsini in the assassination of Vincenzo Vitelli, was also torn by the pincers and hanged there. It was in allusion to this expiation of crimes long after they had been committed that a famous pasquinade was made, in which the statues of St Peter and St Paul, standing on the Bridge of St Angelo, hold the following dialogue:—"Why," says St Paul to St Peter, "do you carry that travelling-sack on your shoulders?" "Because," answered St Peter, "I am afraid of being condemned for having cut off the ear of Malchus."

The Church also felt the severe rule of Sixtus, and convent-walls were no longer a safe refuge for crime. A Franciscan friar was hung on the Bridge of St Angelo. Annibaldi Capello, a priest, who was accused of conveying information to England of what was occurring in Rome, was degraded from his office, had his tongue and hands cut off, and was then hanged on the same bridge. A friar who excited the people by falsely pretending that

miracles were wrought by an image in Sta Maria del Popolo, was scourged the whole length of the Corso. The Cardinal Guasta Villani was arrested for disobedience; and when the Cardinal de Medicis intervened in his favour, the Pope said, "Your language astonishes us. We intend to be obeyed here in Rome by our own people, as we hope to be obeyed by princes."

So determined was Sixtus to root out crime, that he often was guilty, in so doing, of injustice and of cruelty. On one occasion he hanged a woman because she had allowed her daughter to become the mistress of a noble; and the daughter, attired in a rich dress given her by her lover, was forced to be present at the execution of her mother. Niccolino Azzelino, a captain in the Pontifical guard, was also executed for having wounded an ensign in his company; and some young nobles, among whom were Virginio Orsini, Ascanio Sforza, and Marc Antonio Incoronati, having made light of the Pope's rigorous edicts by setting up a row of cats' heads on the points of pikes along the Bridge of St Angelo, were arrested, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Such, at last, was the fear of the Pope, that his very name was used by mothers to frighten their children to obedience—just as the Black Douglas's name was used in the early days of Scotland. "Zitto! ecco Sesto che passa."

For one pasquinade Sixtus exacted a savage punishment, altogether disproportioned to the offence, and in breach of honour and good faith. Marforio, alluding to the fact that the Pope's sister, Donna Camilla, was a washerwoman, asks Pasquin why he wears such dirty linen. To this Pasquin replies, "Because my washerwoman has been made a princess." On hearing this, the Pope proclaimed a reward of 500 crowns and safety of life to

the author if he would avow himself. But when he did avow himself, the Pope ordered his tongue and his hands to be cut off.

Mutilation was one of the commonest punishments of this time. The barbarities of the earlier ages still existed, and branding, burning, quartering, dragging by horses, lopping off limbs, and tearing out tongues, were of constant occurrence. The cruel nature of Sixtus was well typified by the fact, that, during the Carnival, at each end of the Corso was a gibbet, erected to inspire fear and to check crime.

One of the cruellest cases of this time is that of the aged Count Pepoli of Bologna. This nobleman had at one time given refuge to a bandit in one of his castles. The apostolic legate thereupon demanded that he should be surrendered; but Pepoli answered, that as his castle was a fief of the Empire he was not bound to give him up. The legate then sent a force to take him, but his soldiers were repulsed by the people of the Count. The Cardinal then arrested Pepoli, with the approbation of the Pope, and Pepoli was ordered to surrender the bandit, under pain, in case of refusal, of death and confiscation of all his property. Vainly the Duke of Ferrara and the Cardinal d'Este endeavoured to mitigate the Pope's severity. He was inexorable; so also was Pepoli, who, considering his honour engaged, absolutely refused to yield him up; and appealed to the Emperor to sustain him, by a letter which was intercepted, in which he expressed a hope that he should escape from the hands of this tyrant monk. He was then condemned to death, and strangled in his prison on the 27th of August 1585.

Under the severe rule of Sixtus, brigandage and public violence suffered a death-blow. His action was always bold and unrelenting, and

often cruel, but he brought Rome out of the chaos of tumult and violence into order and peace. The old days are over, and from this time forward the face of history changes in Rome. There is less public tumult, less violence, less brigandage, and more law and justice. The haughty and reckless power of the nobility is curbed, and the people enjoy more quiet and more safety, both of property and of limb. A year after the Pope had been seated on the throne, he complained that he had been able to destroy only 7000 out of 27,000 brigands who ravaged his dominions. But long ere he ceased to reign, his unrelenting rule had almost entirely rooted out brigandage.\*

In the year 1599 occurred the tragical story of Beatrice Cenci, so familiar to all the world, and so closely connected by tradition with the Castle St Angelo. Her father, Count Francesco Cenci of Rome, was the son of Monsignore Cenci, who, as treasurer under the Pontificate of Pius V., had amassed an enormous fortune, which he left to his only son, Francesco; and this fortune Francesco afterwards increased by marriage with Lucrezia Petroni, a lady of a noble Roman family. His life was infamous, and stained with every species of vice and crime, for all of which, in the then venal condition of the Church, he was enabled to purchase immunity by the payment of large sums of money. Towards the close of a life spent in debauchery and wickedness, and when he had become an old man, he conceived a hatred of his children, which seems to have possessed him like a sort of mania, and exhibited itself in various forms of violence and cruelty. Supplica-

tions were accordingly made to the Pope to defend them from their father, and to punish him for his crimes. But the Pope permitted Francesco to compound for his crimes by the payment of 100,000 crowns, although he listened to the prayers of the eldest daughter, and, withdrawing her from his violence, gave her in marriage to Carlo Gabrielli. By this act Francesco Cenci was so enraged that he imprisoned his youngest daughter Beatrice in his palace, allowing no one to approach her, carrying her food to her himself, and often inflicting blows upon her with a stick. Worse than this, he conceived an incestuous passion for her, and endeavoured, now by blandishment and now by violence, to frighten her into submission. But his effort was vain. She found means, however, to send to the Pope a supplication, imploring him to remove her from this horrible position; but the Pope turned a deaf ear to her entreaties. Maddened by this violence and cruelty, and incapable of defending themselves against him, the whole family then sought to free themselves from their tyrant by taking his life. With the assistance of Monsignor Guerra, a young ecclesiastic who was in love with Beatrice, they induced two of the vassals of Francesco Cenci, named Marzio and Olimpio, whom by his conduct he had made his enemies, to assassinate him. During the summer of 1598 he had gone to the Castle of Petrella, taking with him his family, and there the plan was carried into execution. After midnight, on the night of the 9th of September, the two assassins were introduced into his chamber, where he was sleeping profoundly, overcome by a potion mixed with opium, which had been

\* A full and interesting account of this period will be found in the able work of Baron Hübner on Sixtus V.

administered to him. But they returned after a short time, declaring that they could not, in cold blood, kill an old man while he was sleeping. Beatrice then exclaimed,—“Since you have not courage to murder a sleeping man, I will kill my father myself, but your lives shall not be long secure.” On hearing these words the assassins took courage, again entered the chamber, and killed Francesco, by driving a nail through his temples. They then departed, and the others wrapped the body in a sheet, carried it out to an open gallery overhanging the garden, and threw it down into an elder-tree beneath, so as to give the impression to those who might find him there, that while crossing this gallery in the dark, and leaning against the small rails that bounded it, they had given way, and he had been precipitated down to his death by accident.

So, indeed, it appeared the next day. There were no circumstances which seemed to indicate a violent death, and Lucrezia and Beatrice made feigned lamentations, so that no suspicion attached to them. He was then buried with all the customary rites, and the family returned to Rome.

Doubts afterwards grew up, founded upon several suspicious circumstances which came to light, information of which was sent to Rome. But no step was taken against the family for several months; and in the mean time the youngest son of Francesco died, leaving only two brothers, Giacomo and Bernardo. Monsignor Guerra, alarmed at the aspect matters were taking, and fearing that Marzio and Olimpio might be induced to confess, now hired assassins to murder them. But they succeeded only in assassinating Olimpio. Marzio, who escaped, soon afterwards was imprisoned in Naples for some mis-

deed, and then he confessed the crime and designated his accomplices. Giacomo and Bernardo were accordingly arrested and imprisoned in the Corte-Savella, while Lucrezia and Beatrice were confined to their own house under strict guard. Later they were conducted to the same prison with the brothers, and then an examination was held. All persistently denied the crime, particularly Beatrice. And such was her influence over Marzio that he formally retracted all that he had deposed at Naples, and died under torture, resolutely refusing to confess.

There not being proof enough to convict the Cenci family, they were now transferred to the Castle St Angelo, where some, at least, of them were put to the torture; but as they still denied their guilt, all proceedings were suspended, and they remained in the Castle for several months in tranquillity. But at last one of the murderers of Olimpio fell into the hands of justice, and confessed that he had been commissioned to assassinate him by Monsignor Guerra. This prelate, fortunately for himself, got wind of this fact at a very early period, and, disguising himself as a charcoal-man, blacking his fair face and light hair, and driving before him two asses, he had the luck to escape out of Rome to a place of safety.

His flight, however, was disastrous to the Cenci family, for it was looked upon as an admission of the truth of the murderer's accusation, and they were immediately transferred from the Castle to Corte-Savella, and put to the torture. The two sons, unable to bear this agony, confessed, and so did Lucrezia when put to the torture of the cord. But Beatrice endured her torture with firmness, and strenuously refused to confess that she was guilty. Ulisse Moscato, her examiner, was so im-



pressed by the spirit and character she displayed in her examination, that he would not convict her, but referred the whole question to the Pope. The Pope, thinking that her beauty and eloquence might have had its influence in softening the heart of her judge, committed her to another judge, and ordered the more strenuous torture of the hair. When she was already tried under this torture, he brought before her her brothers and her mother-in-law, who exhorted her to confess. For some time she resisted their entreaties, but at last she said, "So you all wish to die, and to disgrace and ruin our house! This is not right; but since it so pleases you, so let it be." Then, turning to the jailers, she told them to unbind her, and to bring all the examinations to her, saying, "What I ought to confess, that will I confess; that to which I ought to assent, to that will I assent; and that which I ought to deny, that will I deny." This was held to be sufficient, and she was convicted without having confessed; nor is there any indication that she ever did confess her guilt.

The Pope thereupon ordered that they should all be tied to the tails of horses and dragged through the streets, and afterwards beheaded. Many cardinals and princes interceded in their behalf, and entreated that they might be allowed to draw up their defence. This the Pope refused at first, but he afterwards allowed them twenty-five days' time. The most celebrated Roman advocates undertook their defence, and at the appointed time brought their writings to the Pope. The first speaker, Nicholas de Angelis, had made but little progress, when the Pope angrily interrupted him, saying that he greatly wondered that there existed in Rome children unnatural enough to kill their father,

and that there should be found advocates depraved enough to defend so horrible a crime. These words silenced all but Farinacci, who said, "Holy father, we have not fallen at your feet to defend the atrocity of the crime, but to save the life of the innocent, when your Holiness will deign to hear me." The Pope then yielded; and in a colloquy of four hours' duration, he set forth with such power and eloquence the crimes of Francesco Cenci, and the cruel wrongs his family had received at his hands, that the Pope was touched to pity, and, taking the writings of the advocates, dismissed them. Instead of retiring to rest, he spent the whole night in studying the cause with the Cardinal S. Marcello, and going over all the most exculpatory arguments of Farinacci; and, finally, his mind was so impressed that he suspended the course of justice, and gave hopes that he would pardon them all. Such, in all probability, would have been the result, but unfortunately at this moment there occurred a case of matricide in a noble family in Rome, by which he was so exasperated that he immediately gave over the cause, and ordered the sentence to be executed on them all.

Many nobles then hastened to the palace of the Pope, and besought him to mitigate the terms of the sentence, to allow at least Lucrezia and Beatrice to be executed in private, and to pardon the innocent Bernardo; and their prayers prevailed so far as that Bernardo was pardoned, with the condition that he should be present at the death of the others, and that their punishment was mitigated to simple decapitation. But so sudden was the order for the sentence, that the life of Bernardo was only saved by the delay of a few hours, necessitated by the building of the scaffold, and by the tardiness of the confraternity

of mercy who were to accompany the condemned to the scaffold ; and he was only informed of his reprieve after he had left his cell on the way to execution, and when he was already on the scaffold, which he was the first to mount.

On Saturday, the 11th of September 1599, the sentence was executed on a lofty scaffold erected over the Bridge of St Angelo, in front of the Castle. The order was carried to the prisoners at five o'clock on Friday evening, and communicated to them at six the next morning. Beatrice, on hearing it, broke into a piercing lamentation and passionate gesture, exclaiming, "How is it possible, O my God, that I must so suddenly die !" But Lucrezia received it with resignation, and by her exhortations calmed her daughter-in-law, and both proceeded at once to the chapel to pray. A notary was then summoned to make their wills. Beatrice left 15,000 crowns to the Sacre-Stimmate Fraternity, and ordered all her dowry to be distributed into marriage portions for fifty maidens. After reciting prayers, psalms, and litanies, they confessed at eight o'clock, heard mass, and received the holy communion. After this they dressed themselves in black, each assisting the other, and conducted themselves with simple courage, dignity, and resignation. "Mother," said Beatrice, "the hour of our departure is drawing near ; let us dress, therefore, in these clothes, and mutually aid each other in this last office."

The funeral procession began at the Bridge of St Angelo, and passed down the Via dell Orso, traversing the city to the Palazzo Cenci, and then turning to the Corte-Savella, where it was joined by Beatrice and Lucrezia, each dressed in black, and covered by a veil which reached to the girdle. They wore velvet slippers, with silk roses and gold

fastenings ; and instead of manacles, their wrists were bound by a silken cord fastened to their girdles, and allowing a free use of their hands, and each bore in her left hand the sign of benediction. On arriving at the Bridge of St Angelo, Bernardo was left on the scaffold, while the others were conducted to the chapel. During their absence, the poor youth, overcome by the horror of his position, and supposing that he was to be the first to suffer death, fell down in a deadly swoon, from which he was with difficulty recovered, and then he was seated opposite the block. Lucrezia was first brought forth alone, and finding it difficult to accommodate her head to the block, the executioner removed her handkerchief and uncovered her neck, which was still handsome, although she was fifty years of age. She blushed deeply as this was done, and, lifting her eyes, filled with tears, to heaven, exclaimed,—“Behold, dearest Jesus, this guilty soul about to appear before You, to give an account of its acts, mingled with so many crimes. When it shall appear before Thy Godhead, I pray Thee to look on it with an eye of mercy, and not of justice.” She then placed her head on the block, and began to recite the psalm, *Miserere mei, Deus*, and when she arrived at the words *et secundum multitudinem*, the axe fell. When the executioner lifted up the head, the face long retained its vivacity, until it was covered in a black cloth, and placed in a corner below the scaffold.

While the scaffold was being arranged for Beatrice, and the confraternity had gone to the chapel for her, the balcony of a shop, which was overcrowded with spectators, gave way, and four persons beneath it were wounded, of whom two died. On hearing this noise,

Beatrice asked if her mother had died well; and being assured that she had, she knelt before the crucifix, and said,—“Be Thou everlastingly thanked, O my most gracious Saviour, since, by the good death of my mother, Thou hast given me assurance of Thy mercy towards me.” Then rising, she courageously and devoutly walked towards the scaffold, repeating by the way several prayers with such fervour of spirit that all who heard her shed tears of compassion. Ascending the scaffold, she thus prayed: “Most beloved Jesus, who, relinquishing Thy divinity, becamest a man, and didst through love purge my sinful soul of its original sin with Thy precious blood; deign, I beseech Thee, to accept that which I am about to shed at Thy most merciful tribunal as a penalty which may cancel my many crimes, and spare me a part of that punishment justly due to me.” She then bent her head to the block, reciting the psalm, *De profundis*; and as she arrived at the words *fiant aures tue*, the axe fell, and the body gave a violent spasm, discomposing her dress. The executioner then lifted her head to the view of the spectators, and as he was lowering it with the body into the bier, the rope by which he held them slipped from his hold, and both fell to the ground, shedding a great deal of blood. At this many persons fainted among the crowd of spectators, and fell half dead. Bernardo, utterly overcome, again fell into a deadly swoon, and it was thought for a time that he was dead; but at last, after a quarter of an hour, he was brought back to life by the use of the most efficacious remedies.

Giacomo was now brought to the scaffold. He fixed his eyes on Bernardo, and then turning to the crowd he addressed them in a loud

voice: “Now that I am about to present myself before the tribunal of infallible truth, I swear that if my Saviour, pardoning me my faults, shall place me in the road to salvation, I will incessantly pray for the preservation of his Holiness, who has spared me the aggravation of the punishment but too much due to my enormous crime, and has granted life to my brother Bernardo, who is most innocent of the guilt of parricide, as I have constantly declared in all my examinations. It only afflicts me, in these last moments, that he should have been obliged to be present at so fatal a scene. But since, O my God, it has so pleased thee, *fiat voluntas tua*”—so speaking, he knelt down. The executioner blinded his eyes, tied his legs to the scaffold, and gave him a blow on the temples with a loaded hammer, cut off his head, and then cut him into four pieces, which were fixed on the hooks of the scaffolding.

The bodies of Lucrezia and Beatrice were left on the bridge until the evening, illuminated by two torches, and surrounded by such a concourse of people that it was impossible to cross the bridge. An hour after dark the body of Beatrice was placed in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall, richly adorned with gold. Garlands of flowers were placed, one at her head and another at her feet, and the body was strewn with flowers. It was then accompanied to the Church of St Pietro in Montorio by the confraternity of the Order of Mercy, and followed by many Franciscan monks, with great pomp and innumerable torches; and four hours after dark she was there buried before the high altar, after the customary ceremony had been performed. The body of Lucrezia, accompanied in like manner, was carried to the Church of St Gregorio,

and after the ceremony honourably buried.

Bernardo was reconducted to the prison of the Tor di Nona, where he was attacked by a burning fever, and was very ill for a long time. He remained here a prisoner until the month of September in the same year, when he obtained his liberty by paying 25,000 crowns to the Hospital of the Santissima Trinità dei Pellegrini. He afterwards married and had children, among whom was a son, Christophero.

It has been doubted by some persons whether Beatrice was ever tortured, or even imprisoned, in Castle St Angelo. In the narrative of these events, still preserved in the archives of the Cenci family, it is, however, distinctly stated that the children of Francesco Cenci were conducted to torture in "Castello"—the phrase in the original manuscript is "alla tortura furono condotti gli figli del Signor Francesco Cenci in Castello." The phrase "gli figli" may, indeed, mean either the sons or the children; but as the tradition is that Beatrice was tortured in the Castle, and the very dungeons where she and Lucrezia were confined and suffered are still shown, it would seem more probable that it means the children. She certainly was not afterwards exempted from the torture inflicted on her brothers, but was even more severely tried. It would seem equally certain that she was confined in the Castle St Angelo with her brothers; for in the paragraph subsequent to that just quoted, it is distinctly said that the Cenci were reconducted from Castle St Angelo to Corte-Savella,—"*gli Cenci furono da Castel St Angelo ricondotti a Corte-Savella*"—thus leaving no doubt that the "Castello" previously spoken of was the Castello St Angelo, which at that time was commonly called "Il Castello." Besides this, by her will she ordered to be paid to Ludovico, Andrea, As-

canio, and Carlo di Bastiano, soldiers in the Castle, a certain sum of money, in recompense for their services—showing plainly that she had been imprisoned there.

The translation of the narrative given by Mr Rossetti in his late edition of Shelley's Poems, and prefixed to the remarkable tragedy of "The Cenci," differs in many particulars from the manuscript copy of the narrative now in my possession, which was taken from the original manuscript written on the 25th of September, a fortnight after the execution. It is quite possible, however, that there may have been more than one narrative of these events preserved in the family.

Whether, therefore, Beatrice were tortured in Castle St Angelo or not, there can be little doubt, if this narrative be correct, that she was imprisoned there; and there is no reason to refuse credence to the tradition that their trial—or rather their examinations, for the process to which they were subjected can scarcely be called a trial—were in the Castle St Angelo. And the portrait of the celebrated Farinacci, who so greatly distinguished himself in this case, painted on one of the doors of the Great Hall as in the act of entering, would seem strongly to corroborate this fact, since otherwise there would seem to be little propriety in painting his portrait here in fresco.

Whether the portrait now in the Palazzo Barberini, and so familiar through the innumerable copies which are everywhere to be seen, really represent Beatrice Cenci, is a question open to much doubt. In the narrative of the story of Beatrice taken from the archives of the Cenci Palace, it is stated that "the most faithful portrait of Beatrice exists in the Palace of the Villa Pamphili, without the gates of San Pancrazio. If any other is to be found in the Palazzo Cenci, it is not shown to any one, so as not to

renew the memory of so horrible an event." If, however, a portrait of her by so celebrated an artist as Guido had then been in existence, it would certainly have been known; and the fact of it being painted by him would in all probability have been stated. The portrait supposed to represent her now in the Barberini Palace is a picture which belonged to the Colonna family, from whom it came into possession of the Barberini family some sixty years ago on a division of property, and had long previously existed there—so long that no record remains as to its history or origin. It is certainly in the highest degree improbable that this portrait of Beatrice Cenci should have been taken from her in such a head-dress and costume; and if it at all represent her, it is probably a reminiscence. There is, however, no proof that it is even this.

The description of Beatrice in the narrative of the Cenci archives does not correspond to this portrait in various respects. She is therein said to have been small and of a fair complexion, with a round face, two dimples in her cheeks, and golden curling hair, which, being extremely long, she used to tie up; and when afterwards she loosened it, the splendid ringlets dazzled the eyes of the spectator. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing, and full of fire; and her face was so smiling in character, that even after her death it seemed still to smile.\*

The eyes of the portrait are hazel; the hair is not curling nor long; and the face is longish, with thin and somewhat haggard cheeks, and without any dimple.

The infamous crime which finally determined the Pope to carry out the sentence of death against Beatrice Cenci, happened in the princely family of the Santacroce, and the facts

are these: Paolo Santacroce had for a long time endeavoured vainly to persuade his mother to make him her sole heir; and, irritated by her steady refusal to comply with his wishes, he determined to make away with her. For this purpose he invented an infamous plan, by which he hoped to cover his crime. He wrote to his brother Onofrio, accusing her of being with child, and so given over to debauchery as to stain the name of the family, and asking counsel of his brother as to what he ought to do. Onofrio answered that he should do what was becoming to a *cavaliere* (*che facesse quello ch'era dovuto ad un cavaliere*). The chief accusation against her was in itself absurd, as his mother was sixty years old; and the statements as to her dissoluteness of life were equally unfounded. However, on receiving the answer of his brother, he immediately killed her by stabbing her with a dagger. The indignation of all was so vehemently expressed, that Paolo, fearing for his life, fled, and had the fortune to escape. A *post-mortem* examination was made, and she was proved to be innocent of the charge he had made against her. Onofrio was then arrested, tried, sentenced, and decapitated on the Ponte St Angelo in 1600 or 1601.

In 1623, Urban VIII. (Barberini) was elected. He completed the fortifications of the Leonine City, and made considerable additions and improvements in the Castle, renewing its solid defences, adding the bastions, which still exist, extending out into the Tiber, and restricting the course of the river so as to prevent the inundations from which this part of the city had hitherto suffered. With a portion of the bronze which he stripped from the roof of the Pantheon, he also cast cannon and other imple-

\* "Di modo che ancora morta pareva ridesse," says the MSS. in my possession.

ments of war, to defend the Castle, as may be seen by the inscription on the portico of the Pantheon. "Yea, doubtless," says the Jesuit Donato, alluding to the bees which are the device on the arms of the Barberini, "bees not only make honey, but are also armed with stings for the battle, like those who, from their lofty station, have showered down upon the people the liquid sweetness of *Urbane* wisdom, but may also, by their steady valour, strike terror into those who vex them." By the Papal accounts, it appears that in casting these cannon he employed a weight of 448,286 pounds, valued at about 67,260 scudi; and of this he made 110 pieces of artillery, consisting of "colubrini, cannoni, falconetti, petardi ed altri stromenti." In the whole work done by him on the Castle, he expended, according to Burkhardt, the Master of the Pontifical Ceremonies, the sum of 300,000 scudi, or about £60,000. In making excavations in the ditches and on the grounds about the Castle for these additions

and repairs was found the celebrated Sleeping Faun, which was so long the ornament of the Barberini Palace, and is now in the Glyptothek at Munich.\* This statue, when unearthed, was without the legs and the left arm, which have since been restored.

Besides these improvements, Urban completed the corridor leading to the Vatican. The lower part was originally begun by John XXIII. in 1411, and finished by Alexander. Over this, arches had already been added by Pius IV. in 1559, and Urban now roofed the whole in.

The corridor, when finished, consisted of two stories, the lower being a long gallery lighted only by loopholes, to be used in case of great danger from without; and the upper being a sort of covered loggia of open arches. It was carried over the ancient wall built in the ninth century; and it still retains the same appearance as it did when Urban VIII. added the roof. The keys of the passages have always been intrusted to the keeping solely of the Pope.

#### CHAPTER IX.

After the close of the sixteenth century the history of the Castle becomes more peaceful. The storm of war passes by it. The Popes successively hold firm possession of it, from time to time strengthening and renewing its defences, but never driven from it. The seventeenth century is an epoch of political death in Italy. The turmoil, the battle, the contention of parties for power, the struggle between the people and the nobles, between despotism and the republic—is over.

A complete apathy has taken the place of those fierce passions which desolated Rome. The fire has burned out, and only the ashes remain. Beneath them smoulder some glowing coals; they are hidden, and blaze no more. History has little to record of interest, and nothing of excitement. The Popes have lost their influence over the politics of the world, and the people, weary of conflict, suffer in silence. Family interests have taken the place of public interests; man-

\* Carlo Fea, in his "Dissertazione sulle Rovine di Roma," vol. iii. of Winkelmann's 'History of Art,' Appendix, says: "Nello scavare per le fosse furono trovate delle statue e fra le altre, il celebre Fauno che il Papa diede alla sua famiglia Barberini—come v'è n'erano state trovate delle altre al tempo di Alessandro VII.;" but he does not tell us what these other statues were.

ners have grown effeminate. The soldier has become the *cavaliere*. Inveterate libertinage alone runs riot. Nepotism prevails in the Church. Each Pope seeks to found a family, and to enrich it by every means in his power.

From this time forward to the French Revolution there is nothing of special interest to record in the history of the Castle, save a few improvements. Clement X. (Altieri), in 1670, and Innocent X. (Odescalchi), in 1676, made some restorations; and Clement XII. (Corsini) introduced water into the Castle, and authorised the Duke of Palombara, Zenobio Savelli, then Castellano, to erect new habitations for himself. They were accordingly begun in his reign, and finished by Benedict XIV.; and they are still devoted to the same use.

The statue of the archangel having been ruined by time, and by a stroke of lightning, Benedict XIV. commissioned the Flemish sculptor, Pietro Wanschefeld, to make a colossal model, which was executed by him, and cast in bronze by Francesco Giardoni in 1752. The Pope was present at the casting, and blessed the statue, which was then placed on the summit of the Castle, and still stands there.

In 1790, the famous Cagliostro, after dazzling the world with his magical powers and supernatural claims, came to Rome. On a previous visit he had fallen in love with the beautiful Lorenza Feliciani, a Roman by birth, and married her. They then travelled together into various countries, where he exhibited his remarkable performances in most of the Courts of Europe, and was mixed up with many intrigues, and especially with the notorious affair of the Diamond Necklace. In his wife he had an able and willing ally, who lent herself to the building up of his fortune in the most shameful man-

ner. In 1790 they returned to Rome, where they took lodgings first in the Piazza di Spagna, and afterwards in a house near the Piazza Farnese. While here, despite the influence which his wife, by means of her beauty and want of morals, managed to exercise, he fell under the suspicion of the Church, and on the 27th of December he was arrested and thrown into the prison of St Angelo, on charge of practising the arts of freemasonry. His wife was also arrested, and seems at one time to have suffered imprisonment also at the Castle; but through the influence of the Monsignore Vicegerente she was afterwards removed to the monastery of Sta Apollonia. A process was then instituted against Cagliostro, and he was condemned to death; but his punishment was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life; and for a long time he was kept a prisoner in the Castle. The gloomy dungeon in which he was imprisoned is still shown to the visitor. It is on the left of the principal stairway, and lighted by a small iron-barred grating opening upon it.

At last the storm of the French Revolution broke over the world, and the Castle was destined again to be the scene of war. The French army entered Italy in 1796, reducing and taking in succession Bologna, Ferrara, and Faenza, and threatening Rome. To arrest their march upon Rome, Pius VI. then made an armistice, by which, among other conditions, he bound himself to the payment of thirteen millions of francs. To meet the payment of this sum he was forced to have recourse to the treasures deposited in the Castle by Sixtus V. for the urgent needs of the Government. Not content with this sacrifice, the French army still threatened further conquest and further claims; and the Pope, in alarm, removed all the remaining treasure to Terracina, and

sent forward his troops to the confines of the Romagna to endeavour to repel the threatened invasion. His efforts, however, were vain. The troops were defeated, and he was forced to sue for peace.

On the 27th of June 1797, the Vigil of St Peter and Paul, the quiet of the Castle was broken by a sudden explosion of powder stored in a subterranean vault, which accidentally took fire. One bastion was blown into the air, many of the houses in the vicinity were greatly shaken, some were thrown down, twenty persons were killed, and eighteen dangerously wounded.

Peace was of short duration. In January 1796, General Berthier entered the Papal States, and marched direct to Rome. The *avant-garde* entered on the 10th of February, and took possession of the city and the Castle St Angelo, the garrison of the Pope making no resistance, but betaking themselves at once to the convent of Saint Agostino. The sad story of Pius VI. which followed is well known, and here is not the place to tell it. He died at Valence on the 29th of August 1799, and on the following September the Castle was besieged by the Neapolitan army, who finally drove out the French garrison, and took possession of it on the 3d of July 1800. Pius VII. entered Rome, and the Castle was then surrendered to him. Again, in 1808, the French, under General Miollis, drove the Papal garrison from the Castle, planted eight pieces of cannon before the Quirinal, and took the Pope prisoner. In 1809, France formally annexed Rome, and General Miollis then lowered the standard of the Pope from the Castle, and threw out the French banner in its place. Cannon thundered from its battlements, trumpets sounded, and proclamation was made that Rome had become a por-

tion of France. To this the Pope responded by a bull of excommunication. Thereupon an armed force broke into the Vatican, forced their way to the Pope, and threatened, unless the excommunication were at once revoked, that they would carry him off as a prisoner to France. The Pope absolutely refused, and he was then hurried away and confined in a prison at Savona.

In 1814, shortly before the return of the Pope, Joachim Murat laid siege to the Castle, and planted his cannon before it. But before they opened upon it a capitulation was made, by which it was saved from the injury which must inevitably have followed a bombardment and siege with such effective weapons as were then at his command; not, however, without a flourish peculiarly Gallic on the part of the French officer in command, who declared that the angel on the top should sheath his sword before the garrison would capitulate. He held possession of it, however, but a few months; and on the 10th of May 1814, the Pontifical standard again floated over it.

It continued in the possession of the Popes until the Revolution of 1848 occurred, and the Pope fled from Rome. From the end of November 1848 to 3d July 1849, it was held, first by the Provisional Government, and then by the short-lived Republic, which was established under the triumvirate of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. Then came the attack of the French upon the walls of the Vatican. Again barricades were erected in the streets, and the people flew to arms. Students and tradesmen and men of all classes (save only the nobility, who had fled from Rome), many of whom had never handled a gun, rushed to the walls and to the gates to defend the city. Garibaldi was in the open field with his soldiers,



but the undisciplined Romans in the Vatican gardens there showed that the blood of the old heroic days still ran in their veins. The utmost efforts of the French were vain against their determined defence, and after many hours' fighting, the assailants, who had gaily marched up to the city, laughing at the Romans, and making appointments to meet in the evening at the various *cafés*, were in complete rout and confusion, fleeing to Palo, and leaving the ground strewn with their wounded. So entire was their defeat, so completely were they scattered and disorganised, that had not the troops in the field under Garibaldi been recalled by the absolute order of the triumvirs, they might have easily been taken prisoners, or utterly driven from the country. After fleeing for some twenty miles, finding they were not pursued, they again gathered together their scattered forces a few days after to renew the attack with scarcely more success, but they left their wounded to die on the field without assistance, sending forth no ambulances to relieve them; and the Republican hospitals were filled with wounded French taken from the field of battle by Roman ambulances—some of them found after three days' exposure and abandonment by their own army.

But behind these troops was the whole force of France, and, shortly after, Rome was regularly besieged. Nothing could exceed the heroic and undaunted resistance of the Romans against this overwhelming force. Though resistance was well known to be hopeless, yet every inch of ground was disputed; and when the French at last made their entry, the men still stood to their guns and fought it out to the last. The invading army found the Assembly convened at the Capitol, waiting their approach, as the an-

cient Senate awaited the ancient Gauls. They were ordered by force of arms to dissolve, but they only moved to adjourn.

The Pope was then brought back to Rome under the protecting arms of France. The city was garrisoned by French troops, and the Castle St Angelo was held by them in conjunction with the Papal soldiers. The tricolor of France and the tiara and keys of Rome floated side by side over it for years. At last, after twenty years' occupation, the French troops were withdrawn from the city, the French standard was lowered from Castle St Angelo, and the Pope resumed sole possession of it.

From an early period the Castle was made the depository of treasures of the Popes. There were kept their archives, their jewels and crowns, and their gold and silver coin. Sixtus V. was the first Pope who placed in it the money of the Church, making, in 1586, a deposit of a million of golden scudi, a sum equal, in the current coin of to-day, to 1,650,000. A second million he placed there in the succeeding year; and the year after still another million—making in all about five millions in current coin. The three great iron-bound chests in which this treasure was stored are still shown in one of the upper rooms of the Castle. The precious mitres and the triple crowns of the Popes were kept there until the end of the last century, and whenever they were required on occasions of importance, they were brought out with great solemnity by the jeweller of the apostolic chambers, and consigned to the "*Capellano segreto*," under an act by the notary of the chamber. The archives also remained there until the end of the last century, and especially the "*secret archives of the Castle St Angelo*," which were begun in 1592 by Clement VIII., at the suggestion

of Bartolomeo Cesi, afterwards Cardinal.\*

The first exhibition of fireworks in Rome of which we have any record, took place, as we learn from the Diario of Antonio di Pietro, on the election of John XXIII., on May 22, 1410. But the first fireworks at St Angelo were exhibited in honour of the coronation of Sixtus IV., in the year 1481. Since then, until within a few years, fireworks have been constantly exhibited from St Angelo on various festivals, such as the coronation of the Pope, the Vigil of St Peter, and the festival at Easter. The idea of the *girandola*, or sheaf of rockets let off at once, which is so peculiar a feature of the display at Easter in Rome, is said to have originated with Michel Angelo, and been perfected by Bernini, and to be intended to imitate a volcano, and specially that of Stromboli. Already in the sixteenth century the *girandola* of Castle St Angelo had become so celebrated that it was represented in a picture on the walls of an apartment built by Julius III., and also on a medal struck by Pius IV. Of late years, however, the *girandola* has not taken place from the Castle, but from the Pincio above the Piazza del Popolo.

Salvoes from the cannon of St Angelo are fired on certain festivals, and in honour of certain saints. The ordinary *salvi* are fourteen on the dawn of the following festivals: Circumcision, Epiphany, Annunciation, St Philip and James (protectors of the city), Pentecost, St Peter and Paul, Assumption, All Saints' Day, the anniversary of the apparition of St Michael the Archangel, Christmas, and the anniversary of the creation and coronation of the existing Pope. And on all these occasions the Pontifical standards are raised on the Castle.

Of the special *salvi*, 50 are given to Sta Barbara on her day; 40 for Holy Thursday; 50 for Resurrection-Day; and at all public benedictions by the Pope, except that on Resurrection-Day, 40; for the procession of Corpus Domini, 80; for St Biagio, 16; Stó Spirito, 8; Sta Maria, 4; Traspontina, 10; Sta Anna, 16; Vigil of St John the Baptist, 30, and 20 on the following day; on Holy Saturday, at the Gloria in Excelsis, when all the bells are set free, 30; on the Vigil of Christmas, 40; and in the Anno Santo all these *salvi* are increased by a quarter. Every time the Pope goes from the city or returns, 30; on the election of the Pope, 101; as many more the first time he passes the bridge, and as many more, in three *salvi*, when he takes possession of the Lateran. *Salvi* are also fired whenever a reigning sovereign dies in Rome.

Until the end of the last century there was a reunion of singers, called Soprastanti alla Musica di Castello. Cancellieri, describing, in his 'Possessi dei Papi,' their festivals, says that on the passage of the Pope over the bridge to take possession of the Lateran Basilica, choruses of musicians sang, accompanied by bands of instruments, while the prefect of the Castle and his officers, and the Vice-Castellano and soldiers of the garrison, were drawn up along the walls and parapets.

Christina of Sweden, who visited the Castle under Alexander VII., and died here in Rome in 1689, left funds to be expended in the performance of military symphonies on certain days appointed by her. She also fired off three times the great octangular cannon, weighing 2395 pounds, called La Spinosa, and taken from the army of the Constable Bourbon; and one of the shot then fired by her struck the

\* Memorie dei Tesorieri, p. 47. By Giuseppe Vitali.

iron gate of the Villa Medici on the Pincio, where it left its mark.

In the year 1825, important excavations were made in the interior of the Castle, which led to very interesting discoveries. For these we are indebted to the enterprise of Luigi Bavero, then major and adjutant in the Castle. The result of his labours was to expose the great sepulchral chamber in the centre of the Mausoleum, then choked up with rubbish, and also to bring to light the long spiral corridor leading thereto, the existence of which was not known. Letting himself down a drop-hole called a *trabocchetto* within the Castle, he discovered first a superb vault of travertine, the walls of which were covered with *giallo antico* marble. This proved to be the great entrance to the Mausoleum, into which opened a majestic door on one side, opposite to the Aelian Bridge. On the inner side was a lofty niche, wherein once probably stood the statue of Hadrian. The whole entrance was choked with rubbish and debris of every kind, to the height of about 20 palms, or 15 feet English. This, by his directions, was at once cleared away, and then was discovered on the right hand an ancient walled-up arch. Suspecting this to mask something of importance, he broke it down and came upon the ancient corridor, which was filled with refuse; and clearing it out before him gradually, he at last opened it through its entire extent. In so doing he came upon two hideous dungeons called the *Gemelli*, which occupied the centre of the building, both of which were destroyed. They only had an entrance from above, and into them the prisoners were apparently let down through *trombe* or funnels, four of which were found, which are now blocked up. Once within them, no person could hope for anything but death. On destroying these ghastly dun-

geons, which were in the buildings of Alexander VI., the magnificent sepulchral chamber of Hadrian was exposed to view, covered with *pavonazzo* marble. Continuing his explorations, he also discovered a second antique chamber of the same periphery as that below, and above these two others, vaulted, and of smaller periphery. Besides the *Gemelli*, other dungeons were found, and under the floors *oubliettes*, to the number of thirty, which can only be seen by lowering into them torches, and only two of them having entrances from below. What horrors were perpetrated here Heaven only knows.

Little more remains to be said of the Castle; but that it is still a prison, and still a fortress, and well worthy to be seen from within as well as from without, not only for the sake of its interesting historical associations, but for the magnificent view which it commands. There, standing under its porticoes, or leaning over the battlements that gird its lofty terrace, you may gaze along the broad and varied plains of the Campagna, stretching far away until they meet the purple mountains with their wandering shadows and opaline lights, or look down upon the yellow-tiled roofs of Rome that lie before you, picturesque with tower, and dome, and portico, and palace; or watch at your feet the yellow Tiber swiftly hurrying through the arches of the stuated bridge, and swerving to the right as it shakes on its flashing current the shadows of the houses on its margin—and muse over the past. In the piazza over the bridge at your feet the beautiful Beatrice Cenci was executed. The house at the corner of the bridge, with its triple-arched and graceful *loggia*, over the river, was the home of Bindo Altoviti, the friend of Raffaele, where Michel Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini and others, whose names are historic, once

used to meet and talk. Opposite is the opera, where rose the Tor di Nona, with its prison. On the south swells up against the sky the massive dome of St Peter's, with the wide embracing arms of Bernini's Colonnade, that enclose the vast piazza with its Egyptian obelisk and its waving fountains. Behind them rise the buildings of the Vatican Palace, with the storied *loggia* of Raffaele, where still live the marble population of ancient Rome; and beyond is Monte Mario, with its wooded slopes and villas. Opposite, on the north, lies the Pincian hill and the Villa Medici, with its gardens and terraces; then come the villa of Sallust, the Palazzo Barberini, and the Quirinal; and still further round you look into the ruined columns and arches of the Forum, the broken shell of the Colosseum, the giant walls of Caracalla's baths, the huge vertebræ of ancient aqueducts stretched along the Campagna. On a bright day, far off on the verge of the horizon, you will see the flashing band of the Mediterranean. As the eye sweeps round it meets the tumbling waters of the Aqua Paolo, pouring from their triple niches, and then the convent heights of San Onofio, where Tasso died. There is not a spot that meets the eye that is not historic.

Step back into the interior of the castle. There is the great Council Hall, with its frescoed walls, where many a judgment has been given; but more than all else in the room you will perhaps be struck by the portrait of Farinacci, the determined advocate of Beatrice Cenci, a full-length figure in a black-silk dress coming in at a half-open door. You pass out of this into a series of rooms, and then ascend the principal staircase. On one side is the old statue of the marble archangel, with its skeleton wings, standing in a niche. You turn an abrupt angle and the guide points to a little grat-

ed window and says, "That is the prison of Cagliostro." You look in; it is damp, and dark, and dismal. Then you go on again up the stairs, and cross an open court, and lean over the battlements again and muse. The guide plucks from the clefts in the wall some sprigs of *madreccaria* (motherwort), and presents them to you. It is a graceful attention, but you know not exactly why he has selected this plant until he answers your thanks by saying: "Eh! niente! e buono si sa, pel puzzo della pregione." It is good against the odour of the prisons that are to come. So you climb up some more stairs, and come upon another *cortile* with marble cannon-balls piled against the wall, and you wonder whether, as they say, these cannon-balls were made out of the statues that once adorned the Mausoleum. You express your wonder, and receive the satisfactory answer of "Chi lo sa," and a shrug. Then you find yourself on a covered *loggia* with arches overlooking the Campagna behind the city, with Monte Mario on the left, painted, you are told, by Julio Romano, with graceful designs, flowers and allegorical figures, and among them a representation of the Mausoleum as it is supposed to have been in its ancient days, but as it probably was not. Here you would willingly linger all the afternoon, it is so shady and pleasant, and the breeze is so cool and the prospect is so lovely. These, however, are not the views of your guide, who grudges you the moments you spend on the decorations and the landscape, and hurries you on, expectant of his final reward. Then you cross another court, and out of grated windows you see haggard faces looking at you with a sort of stupid curiosity. "Prigionieri," says the guide, with a nod. While you are thinking of them, he is lighting torches, and in a moment you find yourself creeping behind him down a dark, damp, slimy stairway, lighted

by these torches, and you begin to understand why the sprigs of motherwort were given to you. Slowly preceding you with his torch, along a chill, dark corridor, he suddenly dwarfs himself to half his height, and creeps through an arched hole, and you all creep in after him. There is a damp, noisome, fetid smell of dead air in it; the walls ooze with moisture. Here, says the guide, Beatrice Cenci was imprisoned, and through there, pointing to a hole in the vault above, her food was let down to her. Where is the use in not believing this? If not here, she was probably immured in some such a hole; for prisons were then dungeons, and not airy, ventilated chambers. Beyond this you pass into another dungeon, the fac-simile of the first—a filthy hole, about thirteen feet square—where you are told that Lucrezia, the mother-in-law of Beatrice, was confined; and still beyond you find a third, where Benvenuto Cellini was kept; and the guide, holding the torch to the wall, shows you a figure of Christ, still dimly visible, and drawn by Benvenuto during his imprisonment. Filthy and unpleasant enough are these dungeons now, but probably they were not so loathsome once; for originally there was a narrow window, the outline of which you still see, which let in from the Castle a dim light, answering to Benvenuto's description. Still, you are glad enough to get out into the fresh air again, and see the clear sky above you. Crossing the Castle once more, you now enter the hall painted by Giulio Romano, and look at the graceful frieze with its sea-nymphs and decaying stuccos, and think that the Pope was better off here than the prisoners in the cells you have just left. Opening out of this are other rooms, where the com-

mandant of the Castle lives, and from there, if you choose, you may go up to the secret prisons under the angel on the summit. From here you ascend to the upper terrace, where you look over the Campagna and Rome, and a more lovely view it would be difficult to find; and you learn that there is an arsenal here for the manufacture of gun-carriages and for the keeping of 2000 arms, and that it formerly contained 5000 arms, and among them was the famous gun of Constable Bourbon. After lingering on the terrace and looking up at the angel above and over the city below, you are carried down again into the massive sepulchral chamber where the ashes of the ancient emperors were plac'd, robbed of its casing of precious marbles, but solid in its masonry, as if the stones had just been laid. Passing through this, you come to the corridor which once conducted to this chamber, and down which you go by the dim light a little way, and find that there are fragments of the mosaic pavement still existing, and that the brickwork, from which the marble has all been stripped, is fresh and even and perfect as ever. Here you pause; it is getting damp and chill as you descend, and fever lurks below. The guide seizes a cannon-ball, and saying "Ascolti" (listen), rolls it down. You hear it rumble and leap with a low echoing thunder, down, and down, and down, sweeping the circle of the corridor and sounding far away till it reaches the vaulted chamber below which once was the hall of entrance. Then you are led back over moat, and drawbridge, and causeways, and court, until at last you pass by the main entrance, now closed up, and over which is now the head of Christ, and come forth out of the Past into the Present.

## THE TWO MRS SCUDAMORES.—PART I.

## CHAPTER I.

SCUDAMORE PARK is in Berkshire, in the heart of one of the leafiest and greenest of English counties. There is nothing very beautiful in the house itself. It is of the time of Queen Anne, with red brick gables and gleaming lines of windows straight and many. The centre of the *corps du logis* is crowned with a pediment, and the house stands upon a broad green terrace, broken by flights of white stone steps. The garden surrounding one wing has been kept up in the old-fashioned trim which belonged to the period in which it was made. There are clipped yews and formal parterres—parterres, however, which can scarcely be called more formal than the ribbon-beds of the modern flower-garden at the other end of the house. The park has always been kept up in the very best style; and the newest and most fashionable kind of gardening, as of everything else, is to be found there. Whatever the Scudamores may have sacrificed, however they may have wasted their goods, they have never been indifferent to their "place;" and on the summer day when this story begins it was in its full beauty. The lovely green lawn stretched from the foot of the terrace till it disappeared in the woodland greenery of the park. On the terrace great rustic baskets of flowers were standing, all ablaze with red and yellow. The windows were open, the white curtains moving softly in the breeze. The air was sweet with the delicate fragrance of the limes and with the sound of bees. Except that sound, everything was still in the languid afternoon. The prospect from those open windows was of nothing but greenness and luxuriance. The

lines of trees thickened and deepened from the feathery-footed limes close at hand, to the great oak standing with "knotted knees," "muffled deep in fern" in the distance. Afternoon was in all the languid sounds and sights, and it is in such a place that the languor of the afternoon is most sweet.

But the last novelty which had been erected at Scudamore was one which hung suspended on the front of the house—a doleful decoration—the hatchment which announced to all the world that the lord of the place had betaken himself to another; and the family in the great drawing-room were all in deep mourning. There were but three of them—the mother, a handsome woman about forty, a son of twenty, and a daughter of eighteen—all in mournful black, weighted with the still more sombre darkness of crape. The white cap which marked Mrs Scudamore's widowhood was the most cheerful article of toilette among them. They were very still, for the man whom they mourned had not been more than a fortnight in his grave, and Mrs Scudamore, who had been ill of exhaustion after his death, had resumed the old habits of her life only that day. She was seated with a book in her hand in a great chair; but the book was a pretence, and her looks wandered far away from it. With eyes which saw nothing, she gazed into the park among the great trees. In that still way she was going over her life.

But there was not much in this widow's look of the prostration and despondency common to most women when they face existence for the first time by themselves, after a

long life spent in conjunction with another. Mrs Scudamore had a vague sense of exhaustion hanging about her—the exhaustion of great and long-continued fatigue and endurance. Nobody quite knew how much she had borne during that last illness. The dead Scudamore had not been a good man, and he was not a good husband. During all the earlier years of her married life he had neglected her; more than this, he had outraged her in the way women feel most deeply. She had acted like a Stoic or a heroine throughout. Having once made up her mind that it was not for her children's advantage or her own that she should leave him, she had remained at Scudamore making no complaints, guarding her children from the contamination of his habits, and overawing him into decency. His extravagance and wickednesses after a while were confined to his expeditions to town, in which she did not accompany him; but at home, as he grew older and his son approached manhood, Mr Scudamore was understood to have sown his wild oats and to have become a respectable member of society. People even blamed his wife, when a passing rumour of his dissipations in London was brought down to the country, for not going with him and "keeping him straight." And nobody realised that *that* had happened to Mrs Scudamore which does happen much oftener than the world wots of—she had become disgusted with her husband. Love can support a great deal, but love in the mind of a woman can rarely support that vast contempt of love which lies at the bottom of systematic immorality. In this case the man had disgusted the woman, and he suspected it. This is the last offence of which a woman is capable towards a man. That she should find him otherwise than agreeable when-

ever he chooses to come back, from whatever scenes he comes, is a sin which the best-tempered of sinners could scarcely be expected to put up with. And Mr Scudamore was not good-tempered. His wife did all that a high-spirited woman could do to conceal the impression he had made upon her; but he divined it, and though not a word was said between them on the subject, it filled him with a secret fury. His temper, everybody said, grew worse and worse before he died, especially to her; yet he would not suffer her to be absent from him, and made incessant demands upon her with the most fretful irritability. He thus deprived her even of the softening impression which a long illness often brings. He would not allow her to forget the troubles he had brought her by his sick-bed, but carried on the struggle to the very edge of the grave. Her strength had been so strained that, when the necessity for exertion was over, she had fallen like one dead; and for days after had lain in a strange dreamy peacefulness, in which something that was not quite sorrow, but sufficiently like it to answer the requirements of her position, mingled. She was sad, not for his loss, but for him—profoundly sad to think that the man was over and ended for this world, and that nothing better had come of him; and self-reproachful, as every sensitive spirit is, wondering wistfully, could she have done more for him? had she fulfilled her duty?

But underneath this sadness was that sense of relief which breathed like balm over her, for which she blamed herself, and which she tried to ignore, but which was there notwithstanding, dwelling like peace itself. Her struggle was over: she had her life and her children's lives, as it were, in her hands to mould to better things. This was what she

was thinking, with a faint exquisite sense of deliverance as she sat gazing out dreamily over the park. Mrs Scudamore had been an heiress, and all through her married life had felt the additional pang of inability to perform the duties she owed to her own people. Now that was removed, and in some rare fit of better judgment, her husband had left all his disposable property to her, and made her guardian of the children, and his executrix. Her partner in this responsibility was the family lawyer, who had known her all his life, and who had never yet got over his astonishment that the girl whom he recollected so well should have grown so clever, and so able to understand business. In his hands she was very safe. She had real power for the first time in her life. True, as far as part of the Scudamore estate went, that could only last till Charlie was twenty-one, an event not much more than a year off. But even then she had the Park and some of the lands, besides her own property, to manage, and her younger children to care for. It would be hard to say that it was happiness that was stealing into her heart, as she sat there in her crape and widow's cap; and yet it was strangely like happiness, notwithstanding that the gravity of her face and the subdued stillness of her thoughts made it possible for her to receive condolences without any apparent breach of the ordinary proprieties. "Mrs Scudamore looks exactly as a person in her position ought to do," was what Mr Pilgrim, her fellow-executor, said. "We cannot expect her to be overwhelmed with grief." And yet in its heart the world objected to her that she was not overwhelmed by grief, and offered her scraps of consolation, such as it offers to the broken-hearted. They said to her, "It is sad for you; but oh, think what

a blessed change for him!" They adjured her to remember that such partings were not for ever (which made the poor woman shudder); and when they had left her they shook their heads, and said: "She is very composed; I don't think she feels it very much." "Feels it! She feels nothing. I always said she had not a bit of heart." "But then she always was a quiet sort of woman." This was what the world said, half condemning; and nobody, except old Miss Ridley in the village, who was eccentric, ventured to say, "What a blessed riddance for her, poor soul!"

While she sat thus dreamily looking out, with her new life floating as it were about her, Charlie and Amy went out without disturbing their mother. There were only these two, and two very small girls in the nursery. The long gap between meant much to Mrs Scudamore, but to no one else; for the little hillocks in the churchyard bore little meaning to the children. The brother and sister were great companions—more so than brothers and sisters usually are; and the delight of having Charlie home from Oxford had soon dried up the few facile youthful tears which Amy wept for her father. They strolled out arm in arm by the great open window upon the green terrace. Charlie had a book in his hand, the last new poem he had fallen into enthusiasm with, and Amy read it over his shoulder, with both her arms clasped through his. It would have been difficult to find a prettier picture. The boy was very slight and tall, not athletic as his father wished, but fond of poetry and full of enthusiasm, after a fashion which has almost died out—the fashion of a time before athletics had begun to reign. The girl was slim and straight too, as a girl ought to be, but more devel-



oped than her brother, though she was two years younger. Her hair was lighter than his, her complexion brighter. She was an out-door girl, and he had been an indoor young man, but yet the likeness was great between them. Amy leant half over him, hanging with all her weight upon his arm, her bright gaze bent upon the book, which he was reading aloud. "Is not that glorious—is not that fine?" he asked, his cheek flushing and his eye sparkling; while Amy, intent with her eyes upon the book, ran on with it while he stopped and rhapsodised. They were standing thus when they attracted the notice of some people in a carriage which was driving up the avenue. There was no door in the terrace-front of the house, but the avenue ran past it under the lime-trees, gaining a passing peep of the lawn. Two people were in the carriage—one a lady in deep mourning, the other a man with a keen sharp face. The sound of their passage did not disturb the young people; but the strangers looked out at them with deep interest. The lady was a pale little woman, between forty and fifty, wearing a widow's cap, like Mrs Scudamore. She was in a tearful condition, and leant half out of the window. "Ah, Tom, Tom! these are the children, you may be sure; and how can I do it?—how can I do it?" she cried with excitement. "Nobody wants you to do it. You must keep still, and keep your papers ready, and I'll look after the rest," said her companion. He was a man of about thirty, rather handsome than otherwise, but for the extreme sharpness of his profile. He too was in mourning, and in his hand he carried a little letter-case, which he gave to the lady as they alighted at the door. He had to give her his arm at the same time, to keep her from

falling, and he pulled down her crape veil, almost roughly, to conceal the tears which were falling fast. She was very much frightened, and quite dissolved in weeping. Her poor little dim eyes were red, and so was her nose, with crying. "Oh, please, don't make me: for the last time, Tom, dear, don't make me!" she said, as she stumbled out of the carriage. He seemed to give her a little shake as he drew her hand through his arm.

"Now, Auntie," he said in her ear, "if there is any more of this nonsense I shall just go right away and leave you here; how should you like that? You foolish woman, do you care nothing for your rights?"

"Oh, Tom!" was all the answer she made, weeping. This conversation was not audible to the servant, who stood amazed, watching their descent; but he could not help seeing the little conflict. It gave him time to recover his wits, which had been confused by the novelty of this unlooked-for arrival. When he had watched the two unknown visitors' descent from the queer vehicle, which was the only hackney-carriage of the neighbourhood, he made a step in advance, and said calmly—

"Missis receives no visitors at present. Not at home, sir," and held the door as with intention to close it in the new-comers' face.

"Your mistress will receive this lady," said the stranger, pushing unceremoniously into the hall. "There, there, I understand all about it. Go and tell her that a lady wishes to see her on very particular business—must see her, in short—on business connected with the late Mr ——"

"Oh, Tom, don't say that, please."

"Your late master," said the stranger; "now come, quick!—the

lady can't wait, do you understand? and if you keep her waiting, it will be the worse for you—— Tell your mistress— your present mistress—that we must see her at once.”

“ Oh, Tom, don't be so—— My good man, if you will be so good as to give the message, we can wait here.”

“ You shall not wait here,” said her companion; “ show us in somewhere. Your late master would never have forgiven you for leaving this lady in the hall; neither would your present mistress, you may be sure. Show us in to some room or other. Now, look sharp! do you think that we can be kept waiting like this?”

Jasper was a young footman not long entered upon his office, and he turned from the strange man to the weeping lady with absolute bewilderment; and probably if the butler had not at this time made his solemn appearance, he would still have been standing between the two, in consternation. But Woods, who was the butler, was a very serious and indeed alarming person; and I have always thought that the sharp stranger took him for the moment for a clergyman visiting at the house, which subdued him at once. Woods received their message very gravely, and then, without a word, with only a wave of his majestic hand, he put them into a little room off the hall, and shut the door upon them. His gesture and look were so serious that the lady shook

more than ever: she turned about in alarm when Woods shut the door, “ Oh,” she cried, with a start, “ he has locked us in, Tom! what are we to do?”

“ Hold your tongue,” said Tom, “ and take care of your papers, and keep up your courage. Well, I must say it's worth a little struggle to have such a place as this. What use you'll be able to be of to all your relations. Holla! there's the pictures of the two we saw on the lawn.”

The lady turned with an exclamation of interest to two small photographs which hung over the mantel-piece. As she gazed at them the tears came hopping down her pale cheeks. “ Oh, Tom!—and I never had any children—I never had any children!” she cried, looking appealingly into his face.

“ So much the more reason to be spiteful at this one,” said the man, roughly; “ she has everything she wants—money, comfort, good reputation, and the children besides, and no right to them. By Jove, Auntie, if it was me, I'd pluck up, and pluck a spirit from the sight!”

“ Oh, Tom, how little you understand!” said the poor lady; and she was standing thus, in spite of all his endeavours to seat her magisterially in a chair, gazing at the photographs with the tears upon her cheeks, when the door opened, and Mrs Scudamore, like a white ghost, enveloped in the blackness of her mourning, came into the room.

## CHAPTER II.

“ A lady and gentleman,” Mrs Scudamore had said, starting from her reverie. “ Who are they, Woods? did you say I saw no one?”

“ They were positive, ma'am, as you'd see *them*,” said Woods, solemnly. “ I think I would see them,

ma'am, if it wasn't too much. I was to tell you it was something about my master.”

“ Mr Scudamore, Woods?”

“ My late master, ma'am. I would see 'em, ma'am, if I might dare to give an advice. Master had to do

with a many things that had best be seen to by one of the family ; and Master Charlie's so young — not meaning no offence."

A momentary movement of irritation was in Mrs Scudamore's face, but it had passed away almost as quickly as it came. "I will see them," she said, "in a moment," waving him away with her hand. But when he had gone, she sat still in her chair, with a strange reluctance to move. In a moment a cloud seemed to have sprung up over all her firmament which looked so peaceful just now. What did she fear? She feared nothing — her thoughts took no shape. She only felt that some new and unforeseen calamity was coming. She had thought her troubles were over, and, with a bitterness which she could not put into words, she felt that she had been premature. This was something new, something he had left behind him for her to bear. After a while she gathered herself up painfully out of her chair; she put away the book carefully into the place it belonged to, and then she went to the window, she did not know why, and looked out upon her children. They were seated on the grass, both — Amy talking eagerly, with her animated face bent forward, her brother putting up his hands laughingly, as if to put her away; they were discussing the poem, which he held open: never was a prettier picture of the sweet idleness and fancifulness of youth. Mrs Scudamore looked at them a full minute, and then she turned and went to her visitors. When she entered the little room she was very dignified, very pale and still. She had not the least idea what she was going to meet there, but she felt that it was certainly pain and trouble; these as a matter of course; but what else she could not tell. She was tall, with a handsome colourless face, a

woman of no small resolution, as it was easy to see; and there was something even about the crispness of her crape, and the spotless purity of the long white snowy pendants of tarlatan from her cap, which imposed upon the little weeping-dishevelled woman to whom she addressed herself. This unhappy stranger turned with a start and a little cry from the contemplation of the photographs, wiped her tears with a crumpled handkerchief, and did her best, though she trembled, to meet the lady of the house with something like composure. But she shook so that her pretence was a very poor one indeed, and at sight of her humble little figure and deprecating looks, Mrs Scudamore revived her courage — nothing very tragical, she felt, could be involved. A faint smile came to her face.

"You wished to see me," she said, with grave politeness; "I do not receive any one at present except my old friends; but as I hear it is on business——"

"Business of the most important kind," said the man, of whom Mrs Scudamore had taken no notice. She turned now and looked at him, and somehow her very glance, the quiet grace with which she heard and accepted what he said, irritated him almost beyond bearing. He was the sort of man of whom people of Mrs Scudamore's breeding say, "He is not a gentleman." He might have been much poorer, less educated, lower in the social scale, and yet not have called forth that verdict; but he was himself so conscious of the fact, and so determined to cover it with audacity and pretension, that he saw the words on everybody's lips, and resented them, to begin with. When the lady turned from him, and with her own hand gave the insignificant little woman a chair before she herself sat down, he felt already that there

was some plot against him. "By Jove! she's begun her little game too soon; she thinks she can do anything with aunty," he said to himself. As for aunty herself, she looked more and more ready to drop as she received this simple courtesy. She sat down a very image of guilt and suffering—her eyes red, her nose red, her handkerchief, too damp to be graceful or even useful, in her hand—and from time to time lifted her weeping eyes with a deprecating glance to the stately Mrs Scudamore's face.

"Might I ask you to tell me what the business is?" said that lady, politely; "I need not say that at present—in my present circumstances—I refer to my lawyer everything that does not require my immediate attention——"

"I am quite willing to refer it to your lawyer," said the man—"perfectly willing—indeed he is the proper person. We don't come as beggars, ma'am, I assure you. Our rights are very clear indeed. It was solely, I believe, out of consideration for your feelings——"

"Oh don't, Tom—don't!"

"I must take my own way, if you please. We thought it best, and wisest, and kindest, to come to you first, feeling that there was some hardship in the circumstances, and that something might be done to soften the blow; but if you don't wish to be troubled, of course the simplest course is the solicitor—I am a solicitor myself."

Mrs Scudamore looked from him to his aunt, and then at him again. The cloud returned to her with a vague gloom, and yet it seemed impossible that any serious evil, any real harm, could come to her from the homely little personage sobbing under her breath in the chair beside her, or from this underbred man. The woman even, she felt sure, had no evil intention; and as for the

man, what power could he have? It was money, no doubt—some old debt—some liability, none the less disgraceful, but which might be disposed of. She said, "Go on, please, I am ready to hear," with the faintest little tone of weariness in her voice. But the weariness disappeared from her face as he went on. The man, with his underbred air, his pretension and audacity, became to her like one of the terrible Fates. After the first flash of instinctive rage and indignation with which she refused to believe, the certainty that, horrible as it was, it was the truth, sank into her very soul, and overpowered her. She preserved her immovable, resolute face, and heard him to an end, heard the documents which he read, saw these documents carefully collected and replaced in the lettercase, saw the miserable little woman, the wretched creature who was the cause of it all, weeping over that case which she held in her hand; and then rose majestic to reply. To them she seemed the very impersonation of indignant unbelief and scorn; but the passion that inspired her, that gave force to her voice and majesty to her figure, as she towered over them, was sheer and conscious despair.

"Is that all?" she said. "Now I have heard you to an end, may I ask what you have come here for, and what you mean to do?"

"What we have come here for?" said the man with an assumption of surprise.

"Yes," Mrs Scudamore said quietly, feeling that her sight and voice began to fail her—"what have you come here for? You must feel that we cannot remain under one roof if your story is true, not even for an hour. If your story is true—I need not say that I give it no credit—that I—refuse—to believe——"

She had got as far as this when sight and voice both failed—a hum as of a hundred rushing wheels came over her brain, and everything else died out of her consciousness. She dropped on the floor before the two who had been looking at her almost with awe, so proudly strong had she looked, up to the very moment when she fell. The woman gave a great cry and ran to her. The man sprang up with a loud exclamation. “Ring the bell, for God’s sake—get water—call some one!” cried she. He, half frightened, but resolute to do nothing that was suggested to him, stood still and gazed. “She’ll come round—never fear—she’ll come round,” he said. “By Jove, aunty, that proves she felt it more than she would allow——”

“Ring the bell—ring the bell!” cried the woman. The servants, however, outside, had heard the fall and the cry, and came rushing in without being called, Mrs Scudamore’s maid, hastily called by Jasper, following the butler into the room. They lifted her on to a sofa, the visitor taking command of the situation as if it had been natural to her. This little weeping woman had been at once elevated into a rational being by the emergency. “Lay her head down flat—take away the pillow—poor dear, poor dear!” she murmured, keeping her place beside the sufferer. “Give me the water—oh, gently, gently!—give it to me.”

“Aunt, come away, this is not your place, let her come to herself,” said the man. She turned round upon him with a certain momentary fury in her poor red tear-worn eyes. She stamped her foot at him as she stood with the eau-de-cologne in her hand. “Go away, sir, it’s all your doing,” she said in a sharp high-pitched voice—“go away.”

And he was so completely taken

by surprise that he went away. He had not known that it was possible for his poor little aunt, whom everybody snubbed and ordered about as they would, to turn upon any one so. She had been absent from her family most of her life, and now when she came back it had been in all the excitement of a great discovery. The man was so bewildered that he went out and strayed about in the hall with his hat on, looking furiously at everything. While he was thus occupied, Charles and Amy came in and gazed at him with wondering eyes. He returned their look with a stare; but either some tradition of good-breeding, or else Amy’s fresh young beauty, moved him. He took off his hat with a kind of sheepish instinct. The two young people, who did not know that anything was amiss, had a momentary consultation with each other. “Nothing of the sort,” said the brother, turning his back. “Then I will,” said the girl; and before either knew what she was about, she made a sudden step towards the stranger. “Did you want mamma?” she said, with her soft childlike smile, looking frankly into his face; “perhaps my brother or I would do instead? Mamma is not well—she has been very much tired and worn-out. Is it anything, please, that you could say to me?”

Anything that he could say to her! he was not sensitive, but a thrill went through the man, proving at least that he was human. Say it to her? He shrank back from her with an agitation which he could not account for. Amy’s utter ignorance of any reason for this, however, made her slow to perceive the effect of her words upon him; and before she could repeat her question Jasper rushed forward with that zeal to communicate evil tidings which belongs to the do-

ness mind. "If you please, miss, your mamma's took very bad, and swooned in the little library——"

"Mamma—taken ill!" cried Amy; and she rushed into the little room, forgetting all about the stranger, who, however, did not forget her. He stood half bewildered looking after. He was a young man, and the sight of the girl—her sweet courtesy to the enemy she did not know—the look she had given him—her innocent question—had moved him as he never had been moved before. He was vulgar, pretentious, and mercenary, but yet he had still blood left in his veins, and something that did duty for a heart. He stood looking after her till Charlie turned round upon him, a very different antagonist.

"May I ask if you are waiting for any one?" said Charlie, with some superciliousness. He had not heard Jasper's message about his mother.

"Yes, sir, I am," said the stranger, shortly.

"Oh, you are?" said Charlie, somewhat discomfited; and then, not knowing what better to do, angry and suspicious, he knew not why, he strutted into the great library, leaving the new-comer master of the field. He smiled as the lad went away. He was neither afraid of nor affected by Charlie, who was to him simply a representative of the wealth and rank which he envied, and which he hoped he was about to grasp; but the other—the girl! To say what he had to say to her—— For the first time Mr Tom Furness faintly realised what might be the effect upon others of a matter which he had regarded solely from his own side of the question. That girl! and then he drew a long breath, and the colour flushed up on his cheeks. It was a new thought which had gone through

him like an arrow, piercing his sharp commonplace brain, and the organ he supposed to be his heart.

Mrs Scudamore was recovering from her faint when Amy rushed in and ran to the side of the sofa, pushing away, without perceiving her, the little woman with the bottle of eau-de-cologne in her hand. "Oh, mamma, dear! Oh, Stevens, what is the matter?" cried Amy, appealing naturally to the maid; but to her astonishment a strange voice answered: "Don't ask any questions, my poor child; oh, my poor dear child!" said this unknown speaker; and to her wonder Amy saw a pair of unknown eyes gazing at her—poor dim eyes with a red margin round them, and tears rising, but full of kindness and pity. She had not recovered from the shock of seeing some one whom she never saw before at her mother's side at such a moment, when Mrs Scudamore herself, opening her eyes, stretched out a hand towards her. Amy tried to take her mother's hand and kiss it, but to her consternation her intended caress was rejected; the hand clutched at her dress and drew her close, turning her towards the strange woman. Looking at her mother's face, Amy saw, with inconceivable surprise, that she was not looking at her, but at the stranger, and that some dreadful meaning—a meaning which she could not divine—was in her mother's eyes. Mrs Scudamore held her, pointing her out, as it were, to this strange woman whose eyes were red with crying. Then she spoke with a voice that sounded terrible to the amazed girl: "Look at this child," she said, dragging Amy into a position to confront the stranger, who forthwith began to cry once more and wring her hands. Then Mrs Scudamore rose slowly from the sofa; she was ghastly pale, but

had perfect command of herself. She waved them all away. "Go—go," she said, imperiously; "leave me, I have some business; leave me, Amy; Stevens, go now, I have business to do."

"Let me stay with you, mamma; oh, let me stay with you!" cried

Amy; but even she was frightened by her mother's look.

"No, go—go—all of you," said Mrs Scudamore, peremptorily. She even raised herself with difficulty from the sofa, and, tottering across the room, softly locked the door.

### CHAPTER III.

What passed within that locked door nobody knew. Amy would have remained in the hall to wait for her mother but for the presence of the strange man outside, who gazed at her with eager and intent eyes. But for his presence I fear the servants would have listened, and but for their presence he would have listened, though in either case the attempt would have been in vain, for the two women within spoke low, and had no intention of betraying themselves. Amy joined her brother in the great library. She did not know what she was afraid of, but she trembled. "Mamma looked so strange," she said, "not like herself—and such an odd, funny woman—no, not funny. Charlie, don't laugh—quite the reverse of funny—but so strange—with red eyes, as if she had been crying. Oh, I don't know what to think——"

"Don't think at all," said Charlie, "that's the best thing for girls. My mother will tell you, I suppose—or at least she will tell me if it is anything of consequence," said the heir, with a sense of his own importance, which was beautiful to see. He was writing a letter, and he had not seen or heard anything to alarm him, so he pursued his course with much calm; but Amy stood by the windows, or roamed about the room from bookcase to bookcase with an agitation which she herself could not understand. Her mother's despair had

communicated itself to her in some wonderful inexplicable way. In the same mesmeric fashion a thrill of wonder and sharp curiosity had run through the entire house. Half the servants in it made furtive expeditions through the hall to see Mr Tom Furness marching about with his hat on his head and a scowl on his face, looking at the various ornaments,—the hunting trophy hung on one wall, the pictures on another, the bits of old armour which Charlie had furbished up and arranged with his best skill, and of which he was so proud. All these things Mr Furness scowled at; and then, to the horror and excitement of the household, he strode forward to the door of the little library and knocked loudly. There was no answer. He stood waiting for about five minutes, and then he knocked again. By this time Woods was moved to interfere. He came up with a look of solemnity which again for a moment impressed the stranger with the idea that he must be a dignified clergyman residing in the house—an impression unfortunately put to flight by his words. "Sir," said Woods, "begging pardon for the liberty, but Mrs Scudamore is in that room, and I can't have my missis disturbed——"

"Your missis!" said Mr Furness. It was perhaps just as well for him that the first word was quite inaudible, and he knocked again.

This time there was an immediate reply. The door was opened slowly, and Mrs Scudamore appeared. She had been pale before, but her former paleness was rosy in comparison with the ghastly white of her countenance now. The little woman with the red eyes was clinging to her arm.

"We have left you waiting," she said, with a calmness in which there was something terrible, "which I am sorry for, but I felt faint. Woods, send the dogcart and a man to the Three-mile Station for Mrs Scudamore's luggage, and tell the housekeeper to get ready the west room. As we have both been a good deal agitated with this meeting," she went on, turning to her strange companion, "perhaps you would like to rest before dinner? It would do you good to rest——"

"O yes, please," faltered the stranger, half hiding behind Mrs Scudamore's crape, and casting glances of terror at her neighbour's face.

Mr Tom Furness looked on confounded—he gazed from one to the other with a face of consternation. "Oh!" he said, "so you have made it all up between yourselves."

"Yes," said Mrs Scudamore. She looked him full in the face, not flinching, and he regarded her with rising wonder and anger. "Sold!" he said to himself, and then he laid his hand roughly upon his aunt's arm. "Look here, this won't do," he said. "You can't keep me out of it. I go for something in this. I can tell you, aunty, you had best not try to cast me off."

"Oh, Tom—Tom!"

"This lady is under my protection," said Mrs Scudamore. "Leave her, please; she is a member of this family."

"Under *your* protection!" said Furness, with a coarse laugh,

which brought the blood to the ghastly pale face of the woman he insulted. And then he added, with angry jocularly, "I should like to know, since you are so hasty to adopt her, whom you take her to be."

Mrs Scudamore made a momentary pause. It passed so instantaneously that perhaps nobody observed it except Amy, who had come to the door of the great library when she heard her mother's voice. Then she answered firmly, "She is Mrs Thomas Scudamore, my sister-in-law. I accept her on her own statement, which I have no doubt is true. We shall make all inquiries to substantiate it, of course, in which you, I am sure, can help us."

"Mrs — Thomas — Scudamore — her sister-in-law!" said the man, and then he rushed at the unhappy little woman who was his aunt and shook her violently before any one could interfere. "Do you mean to say it's a conspiracy," he cried; "or—you—have you made a mistake?"

"Oh, Tom," cried the poor woman—"oh, Tom, don't murder me. Oh, I beg your pardon. I beg you ten thousand pardons. I have made—a mistake."

"It's a lie!" he cried, with another oath.

Mrs Scudamore put out her hand imperiously and pushed him away. "You will touch her again at your peril," she cried. "There are men enough in the house to turn you out."

At this the man grew furious. "To turn you out, you mean," he said, "you impostor, you con——"

Here Amy appeared, pale and scared, with her hand held up as if to stop the words, whatever they might be. And he stopped short, struck silent as by magic. His eyes fell before the girl's bright, innocent,



indignant eyes. Say it before her ! how could he? for when all was said that could be said against him, he was still a man. He stopped short, and Mrs Scudamore took that moment to lead her faltering companion away.

“You have made a mistake,” she said, as she went—“what might have been a terrible mistake; but thank heaven we have found it out.”

The spectators stood speechless, and watched her as she turned along the long corridor to the great drawing-room. This passage was long, paved with tiles, and had a great window at the end. The two figures were clearly outlined against the light; the one tall, straight, and full of elastic strength, as upright as an arrow, and as unwavering; the other hanging upon her, a limp heap of drapery. As under a spell, the man who was left in the lurch, the girl whose heart was wrung with a novel sense of mystery, the gaping and wondering servants, stood silent, gazing after them till they disappeared, and then—

What Mr Tom Furness might have done, or said, had he been left to himself, it is impossible to say. Mrs Scudamore, it was clear, had made up her mind to leave him to himself; but chance had provided her with a quite unsuspected auxiliary. His eyes, as he withdrew them from following the two who moved like a procession against the light, encountered those of Amy. She turned to him almost appealingly. She seemed to ask, what is it?—what do you think of it? She, except in that one moment when she had put up her hand to stop his words, had looked at him in no hostile way. Now, there was nothing but wonder and uneasiness in her look. And that look seemed to appeal to him—to him who knew himself the enemy of the

house. He was vanquished, he could not tell how. He took off simply, with a muttered apology, the hat which all this while had been on his head.

“I suppose there is nothing left for me but to go away,” he said, bitterly, “and leave them to settle it their own way. By Jove! though—”

“Mamma can never mean you to—to feel that there has been no—courtesy, no—hospitality—at Scudamore,” said Amy. “I am sure that must be a mistake. She has been ill, and something has agitated her. Would you mind staying here one moment till I—to till I—call my brother?” said Amy, desperately. To call her brother was the last thing to do, she felt convinced; but it was the first thing that it occurred to her to say. She ran into the great library where Charlie was sitting, paying no attention to his languid “What’s the row, Amy?” and went out by the window which opened on the terrace. It took her but a moment to rush round to the drawing-room window, calling softly, “Mamma! mamma!”

Amy knew very well that something was wrong, and her heart was aching with anxiety and pain. But she had forgotten that she was rushing into the heart of the secret by thus following her mother. She was suddenly recalled to herself by hearing Mrs Scudamore’s voice, in such a tone as she had never heard before, say, low and passionate, almost too low to be audible, and yet with a force in it which would, it seemed to Amy, have carried the sound for miles:—

“I put myself out of the question. For myself, I can bear anything; but I have four children; and to save them from shame, look you, I will do anything—anything—lose my life, risk my soul!”

“Oh! don’t say so,” said the other voice.

“I would—I will. And you can save them.”

Amy crept away. She could not face her mother after hearing these words. What did they, what could they mean? She stole back again, dispirited, to the hall, in which *that* man still awaited her. He knew all about it. He could clear it up to her, whatever it was—if she dared ask. But Amy felt that the secret which was her mother’s, her mother only must reveal. She went up to him timidly, not knowing what excuses to make, and totally unaware that her pretty, embarrassed, troubled look was stealing to the man’s very heart.

“I am so sorry,” she said, “they are all so engaged. I can’t get hold of any of them. You are a friend of—of that lady who is with mamma, are you not?”

“Her nephew,” he said.

“And can you tell me—I have not had a chance of speaking to mamma—is she a relation of ours?”

He grinned at her with a look she did not understand. Then, catching once more her innocent, wondering gaze, grew confused and red, and faltered. Say it to her?—he could not for his life.

“Your mother says so,” he answered, gloomily.

He was a young man, though in Amy’s eyes he was a Methuselah. He was not bad-looking, and his natural air of audacity and assumption had vanished in her presence. He stood softened almost into a gentleman by her side. Amy looked at him doubtfully. She had thought she saw him resisting her mother. She had heard him begin to say words that he ought not to have said. But he had stopped short. And he was injured, or seemed so—had been left here alone and ne-

glected, and looked as if he wanted some notice to be taken of him. All the natural instincts of courtesy were strong in the girl. Even if he were an enemy, he could not be allowed to leave the house with a sense of having been neglected. And then he was quite middle-aged, she was sure—thirty at least—and the nephew of some one who was a relation. When all this course of thought had passed through her mind, Amy felt that it was time for her to act. She could not advise or help her mother, but she might do the duty she had no doubt her mother would have done had her mind been sufficiently at leisure to think of it. “Mamma is occupied,” she said, simply, “and so is my brother. There is only me; but if I could show you the park—or if you would take some luncheon—I will do the best I can in mamma’s absence. Since you are a relation of our relation, it does not matter,” she said, with her honest, sweet smile, “that we never saw each other before.”

It would be impossible to describe the effect of this little girlish speech; it went through and through the person to whom it was addressed. The very different passions which had been strong in him were somehow lulled to sleep in a moment. He did not understand himself. The very purpose with which he had come to the house went out of his mind. “I will be proud if you will show me the—the grounds, Miss Scudamore,” he said. In his soul he had fallen prostrate at Amy’s feet.

And she went with him in her simplicity, leading him about the gardens and the conservatories, and out to the park to see the best views. She took him even to the terrace. Everywhere she led him about, half pleased after a time with the interest

he showed in everything, and which was indeed no simple sentiment, as she thought, but a maze of indescribable feeling, which subdued and yet stirred him. The child did not know what she was doing. To her own consciousness she was but occupying a weary hour or two which otherwise would have hung heavy on this visitor's hands, and making up for something like rudeness which her mother had showed him. In reality she was winding about the man a whole magic network, the first dream of his life. When they had gone over everything and returned to the house, there was still nobody to be seen, and Amy's wits were at full stretch to know what to do further with her strange guest. Should she ask him to stay to dinner? What should she do? Perhaps her mother would not like it—perhaps Charlie—

“Look here, Miss Amy; you have been very kind and nice to

me,” he said, suddenly; “for your sake I'll go away. Tell your mother from me that I've gone away for your sake. I'll wait till I hear from her. If I don't hear from her I shall take my own way; but, in the mean time, I am not a worse man than other men, and I am going away for your sake.”

“Oh, that is very kind,” Amy said, unawares; and then she recollected that what she was saying sounded uncivil—“I mean it is very kind to say you will do anything for me; but I am sure mamma would never wish—”

“Tell her I'll wait to hear from her, or if not, I'll take my own way; and warn my old fool of an aunt that she'll be sorry for her treachery. I don't believe a word of it, and I'll prove my position,” he said, with growing warmth; but added, suddenly, dropping his voice, “at present I will go away for your sake.”

#### CHAPTER IV.

The family dinner was at seven o'clock, and the three met and sat down as usual alone. The day before this had been a cheerful meal. Mrs Scudamore, in her quiet and content, had encouraged her children's talk, and all their plans what they were to do. It had been sweet to her to hear them, to feel that they were no longer to be crossed and thwarted capriciously, and that, at the same time, her own will and wish were sovereign with them for the moment at least. It had been the pleasantest meal eaten at Scudamore for a long time. To-day, so far as Charlie knew at least, everything was unchanged. He had exclaimed at his mother's paleness when she came into the drawing-room; but she had come down only

at the last moment, when there was little time for remark. She was dressed as carefully as usual—studiously, Amy thought—to avoid the least trace of any difference; but she was ghastly pale. Every trace of colour had gone from her face; her very lips were blanched, as if the blood had rushed back to her heart far too fiercely to permit any return. A tremulous movement was in her fingers, and even now and then in her hand, as if her nerves had been jarred. Otherwise she showed no sign of what had passed. Amy had watched very anxiously for the appearance of the strange visitor, but Mrs Scudamore came down alone. Fortunately, Charlie's ignorance of what had occurred removed the restraint and

painful consciousness which Amy felt upon herself. They sat down as usual—the natural routine went on. And if the mother at the end of the table felt like a somnambulist walking in a dream, neither of the two divined it. Mrs Scudamore looked out of the frightful mist, which seemed to her own consciousness to envelop her, and saw Amy's wistful eyes watching her, but Charlie's face quite unconcerned, eating his soup as usual. This helped her to bear the awful weight that was upon her heart. And then the presence of the servants helped her in the story she had to tell. She began it, seizing the opportunity when Charlie paused for the third time to look at her across the flowers on the table, and ask what she had done to herself to be so pale.

"What I ought not to have done, I suppose," she answered, forcing something which did duty for a smile; "talking over—old affairs. I have not told you yet," she went on, clearing her voice, "of a visitor who arrived this afternoon—a—a relation—who will most likely stay—with us—for a long time——"

"Good heavens!" cried Charlie, "a relation! What a terrible bore!"

Amy, who was watching her mother closely, had it on her lips to check her brother's levity, but it was a help to Mrs Scudamore. She panted as if for breath as she went on, but once more that faint watery gleam of a smile covered her face.

"She is a lady, Charlie. I expect you to be very civil to her—she is—your aunt—the widow of your Uncle Tom, who—died in America. She has been there—most of her life."

"Worse luck," said the unconcerned Charlie. "My uncle Tom—my uncle Tom? who was he? I never heard of him, that I know of——"

"Don't worry your mamma, Master Charles," whispered Woods, under cover of an *entrée*. "It was your father's brother, your uncle as went to America when you was a baby—that's sure enough——"

"By Jove, Woods!" Charlie began with boyish resentment; and then a better instinct saved him, and Woods covered the exclamation by dropping a spoon, and picking it up with confusion, and begging pardon audibly. It was a pause for which Mrs Scudamore was grateful.

"I have invited Mrs—Thomas—Scudamore," she said, with a little shiver, which Amy alone perceived, "to stay—of course—— She only came home about—a month—ago—about the time—— I expect you to be very civil to her—— I don't think her own people are—perhaps—the kind of persons, but she herself—is——" then Mrs Scudamore made a pause, and then shivered again and said with a moaning sigh, "very good—oh, it is true—very good——"

"She may be as good as she pleases," said Charlie, "but, mamma, whatever you may say, such a visitor will be a dreadful bore——"

"She is a good woman," repeated Mrs Scudamore with a broken voice.

"A good woman is an appalling description," said Charlie. "One never falls back upon that, if there's anything more interesting to say. I've always noticed in my experience—— Mother, what's the matter?—you don't mean to say you are angry?"

"Another disrespectful word of—your aunt—and I will leave the table," cried Mrs Scudamore, passionately; "if I could imagine any child of mine treating her otherwise than as she deserves——"

"Good heavens!" said Charlie, under his breath; and he shot an inquiring glance at his sister. But Amy, trembling and miserable, kept

her eyes upon her plate. The girl had never seen her mother so. They seemed to have plunged back into the old days, when the fretful father put a curb on everything they said and did. Shame, distress, and terror filled Amy's heart; and silence fell upon the table—a silence which seemed to irritate Mrs Scudamore as nothing had ever irritated her before.

"You seem to have lost your tongues all at once," she said, bitterly: "if this is the consequence of so mild a claim upon your obedience, nothing more than asking you to be civil to a—near—connection—it is a bad omen for me. If you cannot accept my statement without proof——"

"Mother!" cried Charlie, "what can you mean? proof——"

"Yes, proof—— What does your grumbling mean, but an insinuation that you don't believe——"

"Mother! mother! what is the matter?— what do you take me for——"

"I take deeds, not words," she said, with feverish agitation; and then it seemed that she had nearly burst into convulsive tears; but she restrained herself. All this time the servants went softly about the table, with the stealthy deprecating consciousness of spectators at a domestic storm. They could not understand it any more than her children could. She was not herself, not like herself. They exchanged looks, as Amy and Charlie did. When dinner was over she gave orders peremptorily that the younger children were not to come down for dessert; and rose from the table almost before Woods had left the room. "I must go to my visitor," she said, sweeping out, with still that atmosphere of suppressed passion about her. She went away so hastily that Amy had not time to follow. The two

sat looking after their mother equally bewildered, but with very different feelings.

"What is the matter?" cried Charlie, with undisguised astonishment. "Is my mother ill? has she been doing too much? I never saw her like this before. Amy, you must know."

"I am afraid she is ill, Charlie. Oh! don't say anything—I cannot bear to see it!" cried Amy, with tears; "it is so unlike mamma."

"I wish the doctor would call," said Charlie; "you should get her to go to bed. Don't you know something that you could make her take?—women used to know all about doctoring. And I am sure you could save her a great deal of trouble, Amy, if you were to try. She has been doing too much."

"Perhaps I could," said Amy, doubtfully; "if you thought it was that——"

"Of course it is that—you have left everything upon her," cried the young man, glad to find some one to blame. "You have left her to write all her letters and things, and do the bills, and a hundred trifles you might have spared her. Of course it is that."

"I'll run now and see what I can do," cried Amy, following her mother hastily out of the room. Innocent and young as she was, she had already learnt the lesson women learn so soon—that a masculine conclusion of this kind is beyond the reach of argument. It satisfied Charlie. It comforted his mind to throw the blame upon her, and to persuade himself that his mother's strange aspect had an easily removable cause. Amy could not so delude herself; but she said in her mind, "What is the use of arguing?" and took the ready excuse thus offered her. Poor little Amy's heart was very heavy. No—it was not writ-

ing letters, nor reckoning up bills, that had done it. It was something far more mysterious—something which she could not divine. The words she had heard at the window came back to her, and made her shiver—"To save them from shame I would give my life. I would risk my soul——" "Oh! what, what could it mean?"

There was no one in the drawing-room, of course, and Amy made her way up-stairs, wondering where her new aunt was, wondering what sort of person she was, and what she had to do with it. She had red eyes, but that was with crying; and her nose was red, and her whole person limp; but then her voice and touch were kind. The door of the west room was closed when she approached, but Stevens just then came out with a tray."

"Is the lady, is—my aunt there?"

"La! bless us, Miss, is she your aunt?" said Stevens, and went down-stairs nodding her head, and refusing further comment.

Amy paused a long time at the door. Should she go in and make acquaintance with the stranger? Should she encounter her mother there, with that changed face? With a little timid reluctance to take any decisive step, she ran to her own room first to collect herself. Amy's room communicated with her mother's. Mrs Scudamore had been glad to have her child so near, to be able to call her at any hour; but the first thing Amy saw on entering the room was that the door of communication was closed. She gave a little sharp cry involuntarily. That separation hurt her, and appalled her. "Why should she shut me out?" Amy cried to herself—"me?" She felt the door, it was locked; she listened even in the great perturbation of her thoughts, but nothing was audible. It was more than Amy could bear.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried, beating on the door.

There was no answer. Amy had something of the Scudamore temper, too, and could be hasty, and even violent, when she was thwarted. She lost patience.

"I *will* come in," she cried; "I will not be shut out. Mamma, you have no right to shut me out; open the door—open the door!"

All at once the door opened wide, as if by magic, Amy thought, though it was solely the hurry of her own agitation, the tingling in her ears, the sound she was herself making, which prevented her from hearing the withdrawing of the bolt.

Her mother stood very severe and grave before her, reproving—"What is the meaning of this, Amy?" she said, coldly, and Amy's heart sank.

"Oh, mamma! don't go away; don't shut yourself up—at least don't shut *me* out—me, mamma! There may be things you cannot talk of to the rest, but, mamma, me!" cried Amy, in a transport of love and pain.

Mrs Scudamore made a violent effort of self-control. Her whole soul was full of passionate irritation. Her impulse was to thrust her daughter away from her—to shut out all the world; but that unreasoning cry went to her heart. Oh, if the child but knew! Tell it to *her*! The same thought that had moved her enemy came with a great swell and throb of pain over Mrs Scudamore's heart.

"Amy," she said, hoarsely, "child, go away. There is nothing the matter with me, or if there is anything, it is my own business alone. Go away, I cannot be disturbed now——"

Amy crept to her mother's feet and clasped her knees. "Only me," she said, laying her soft cheek against the harsh blackness of the crape.

"You can trust me, mother. Let me share the trouble, whatever it is. Oh, mamma, mamma! why should you have secrets from me?"

Mrs Scudamore trembled more than the child did, as she stooped over her. "Hush, hush," she said, "let there be an end of this. Listen, Amy. It is—papa's—secret—not yours nor mine. Now, ask me no more."

Amy shrank away with a strange look of awe. She looked wistfully into her mother's face; she acknowledged the difference. These words, which Mrs Scudamore loathed to speak, were absolutely effectual. She rose from the ground, and put her arms round her mother's neck, and clung to her, silently hiding her face. "Is it very bad?" she whispered softly, kissing her neck and her dress. Amy's whole soul was lost in pity.

"It is very bad," said the poor woman, with a groan; and she held her child close to her heart, which broke over her with a very tempest of love and anguish. Oh, if Amy but knew!—but she should never know—never, if it were at the

cost of the mother's life—the peril of her soul.

When Amy had been thus dismissed, calmed down, and composed in the most magical way—for, after all, the dead father's secrets, whatever they might be, were nothing in comparison to what the very lightest veil of mystery on the part of the mother would have been—Mrs Scudamore once more closed the door. She did it very softly, that no one might hear; she drew the curtain that no one might see; and then she gave way to a misery which was beyond control. Was there any sorrow like her sorrow?—she cried to herself in her anguish. She took her dead husband's miniature out of its frame, and threw it on the ground, and crushed it to fragments. She cursed him in her heart. He had done this wantonly, cruelly, like the coward he was: he had known it all along: he had died knowing it, with his children by his bedside. O God! reward him, since man could not—the coward and villain! These were the only prayers she could say in the bitterness of her heart.

## CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

## WHAT THE POPE MIGHT DO.

ALTHOUGH Louis Napoleon was not a thoroughgoing friend of the Pope, his downfall has been a serious blow to the Holy Father. The Italians had long waited for a moment of confusion in France to hurry down to Rome, and they took the opportunity when the world was thinking of anything rather than the Vatican. It is very hard to persuade priests of any sect that laymen are not more vitally interested about Church questions than any others that come before them. It is almost impossible to make them believe that the whole world of daily life does not revolve around dogmas and theologies.

In the mighty convulsion of Europe, in the enormous development of Germany, and in the downfall, almost the disruption, of France, the Cardinals had no thought for anything but how these changes were to react on Rome, what influence they were to exercise on the prospects of the Church, how they were to affect the power of the Holy See.

Antonelli long foresaw what amount of dependence might be placed on the Emperor. He knew well that Louis Napoleon's Popery was less a choice than a necessity; that a certain affectation of regard for the Church was the tie that bound the Legitimists to his cause, and served as the reason for such men as the Grammonts and the Latours and D'Auvergues for seeking office under him. No very brilliant accessions, it is true, in point of ability and capacity; but men used to high positions, and with the habits and manners of lofty station, cannot easily be re-

placed by others less conversant with the modes and ways of the polite world. The new Empire without the Legitimist element would have been totally destitute of these. The First Napoleon had none of them, but he did not want them; he had so revolutionised the whole of Europe, that the epaulette of a general sufficed for all prestige; and the vulgar manner, the rude speech, or the ungrammatical despatch, could not mar the diplomacy whose conquests had been carried by strong battalions. Our era, however, needed a different order of men; and, if possible, it required men who should, by their habits and manners, conceal the parvenu origin of the Court they represented, and, at least, look like the servants of a good house.

To the extent of employing these people the Emperor was a Papist, but not much further. There was a story of some special gratitude he owed Pio Nono for having once saved his life in a Carbonari conspiracy at Rome; but supposing it to be all true, there is reason to believe that his political line would not have been much under the sway of his gratitude. The Catholic religion was amongst the claims to the throne, and Louis Napoleon could not afford to omit one of them.

There is, however, much reason to believe that the cause of the Popedom in France was anything but a gainer by the adhesion of the Emperor to its interests;—so strongly are Frenchmen disposed to resist the dictation of the Throne, or resent opinions which they can persuade themselves to fancy are imposed upon them.



The little real regard the French people had for the Papacy did not prevent them feeling deeply offended by the Italian occupation of Rome. Sooner or later Rome must have fallen to them; it was, then, less the fact than the mode of acquisition that gave offence. It was done at an inopportune moment—a moment of extreme distress and confusion: it was as if a friend had put in his claim for gold when there was a run on the bank; and, to say the least, there was scant delicacy in the move.

The various Cabinets of Europe received the news with a certain satisfaction, for what had been done, had been done by a regular Government, without the fear of revolutionary excesses; all they asked was that the Quirinal should not be carried by the Garibaldians. Enough for them if his Holiness had been ejected by some process that assumed to be law—at least he had not been thrown out of the window.

It is this same fiction of legality that makes the Pope's cases so difficult. Had there been violence, it would have been better for *him*. Besides, all Ministries like the *fait accompli*, whatever it be. The thing really to be dreaded nowadays is the suit in litigation—the issue that may take different endings. Had the Pope been expelled by a revolution, it would only have been the beginning; and the beginning of what? Next to the Pope and the Cardinals, the people who are most dissatisfied with what has happened are the “rouge” and the Garibaldians. To them, it is a great subject of national appeal lost for ever—a grievance which they could always lay at the door of any regular Government, and an appeal which they could pretend, at least, specially demanded the answer from themselves. One of the favourite theories of this party was, that they alone could deal with

the Papacy; that they alone had taken a due measure of the iniquities, the treacheries, and the corruptions of the Church; and that, unless redressed by *them*, all the crimes of the priesthood would be dealt with inadequately, if not collusively.

It was exactly in this bond of enmity to the Church that the Prussian Alliance originally took its root. The very nearest thing in Italian estimation to a heretic was a Lutheran. The Prussian was this, and they made a brother of him. How far M. Bismark had traded on this sentiment before the war of '66 is well known to all conversant with Italian politics at that period, and what pressure he was able to exercise on the Florentine Cabinet by means of the leaders of the Liberal party in Italy. So far were the Garibaldians persuaded of his fidelity to them, that many actually believed Prussia would have aided them to overthrow the dynasty. Good, easy man, he took very little pains to prove how grossly he was misrepresented! Having carried his point by the intimidation of these “red shirts,” M. Bismark has no more occasion for them than has a man for his “roughs” or his “lambs” on the day after his election. Indeed he can now even affect some small sympathy for the Pope, and mildly tell his envoy at Rome that he hopes his jailers will treat him with regard to his former station.

There is a sort of good-breeding in politics as in society, which means little but does a great deal—a species of polite consideration for certain conditions in which revolutionists are totally wanting, and suffer very grave embarrassment in consequence. Prussia at this moment is thinking of anything more than a war for the Pope. The very least of M. Bismark's anxieties is what is to become of the Holy Father; but yet he understands

thoroughly how, without any sacrifice of his influence with the Italian Cabinet, he can insinuate a hope—a wish—a desire—for certain concessions; a sincere trust in some good intentions somewhere, which he is sure will meet the sanction and approval of the “wise intelligences that rule Italy.”

It is easier, however, to tell the Italian Government to treat the Pope with tenderness and consideration, than to say what that tenderness and consideration should be. That they have no intention whatever to restore to him any portion of what they have taken from him—that they mean to leave him as poor and powerless as we see him—is clear enough. As for the courtesy with which the spoliation is effected, possibly his Holiness cares very little.

Some one has well said, that the Italian Government, with reference to the Popedom, is like a man married to a woman with a most unsupportably hysterical temperament, who makes her vapours and her nerves do duty for arguments, and is so perversely unreasoning that it is impossible to deal with her. Her cries, however, are heard over the whole neighbourhood, and the world is convinced she must be most cruelly treated. But the Pope's case is by no means so hopeless as it appears. The very weapon—of constitutional government—by which he has been spoiled and deposed, may, one day, be used to restore him. The battle of the Popedom, as Peel said of the Constitution, is to be fought at the hustings. The only agents who never desert a cause, who never sleep at their post, who never go over to the enemy, are the Priests. The Pope has these in every parish of the kingdom. They are not present merely on the day of the election, and at the battle of the hustings, but throughout the entire year, watching, observing,

counselling, and suggesting, mingling enough with the people to understand their sympathies and their wishes, and standing enough apart to dictate to them from a position of superiority; knowing their inmost wishes as no other man knows them, and making their conduct in this world to be the test of their fate in the next. With these and the women to aid him, who is to say that the cause of the Pope is hopeless?

With the electoral system of Italy such as it is, and with such organisation as the party of the priests could introduce into its working, a most formidable opposition might be fashioned; and if one day universal suffrage should become law, the whole Left of the Chamber would be Papal; and I am by no means sure but that they might become powerful enough to sway the Chamber by their numbers, and seize the reins of government.

We have only to look at Ireland to see with what success priests can employ a mock Liberalism when the profession contributes to the benefit of the Church. Antonelli and his associates are not less crafty than Cardinal Cullen and his friends. When they have once subdued their natural reluctance to the use of this weapon, they will wield it with an address and a vigour that all our free States never attained to.

At all events, if not dominant in Italy, the party of the Pope, for its compactness, its unity, its cohesion, and its fidelity to its opinions, might become such a power in the State that no prudent Minister could afford to disregard it. We have but to see what an amount of power is wielded by the priests in Ireland over elections in which great wealth is often arrayed against them, to compute what they might do in Italy, where money is not used as an election agent, and territorial influence is almost *nil*.

All canvassing and solicitation at elections are forbidden by the law in Italy; but what law dares or could suppress the speech from the altar and the pulpit, or the still stronger incentive that is whispered in secret? Talk of bribery! There is one man who can promise more than honours, and titles, and crosses, and riches. There is one man who can so link the future with the present, that obedience to him is elevated to the rank of a religious duty.

Whenever Rome initiates a policy or propounds a new dogma, she is weak. Whenever the Papal power adopts the machinery of her opponents, and seizes on their organisation, she attains a success that cannot be rivalled. She employed the monarchical principle in the middle ages, and worked it well. Let her but condescend to the tools with which our modern Liberalism supplies her, and I am much mistaken if she will not find Parliamentary government on her side, and make the Gladstones of Victor Emanuel's Cabinet as submissive and as manageable as our own.

Ireland will show her what, against a far more compact and powerful Government, and by a much less influential agency, can be done by the priests. Cardinal Cullen is not the Holy Father, nor is the Lion of Judah Antonelli. These men are as inferior in intellect as in social position to their great Roman prototypes; and yet at the hour I write they hold more of the power over Ireland in their hands than the whole Cabinet of England. They dictate to a proverbially arrogant Minister what he may and what he may not do. At *their* instance and bidding he has unrooted a Church, the maintenance of which was the strongest link of connection with England. On *their* will it yet hangs dependent as to what sort

and character is to be the education of the Irish people. The representation of Ireland in the British House of Commons is to a large extent in the power of these men; and be it remembered they are confronted by wealth, territorial power, station, and intelligence—elements by no means abounding beyond the Alps, where, except in the towns and cities, such forces are not to be reckoned on. When the Pope, therefore, reflects on all these things, and sees the humble fashion in which a strong Cabinet and a popular Minister, with a powerful Parliamentary support, has to supplicate these men to name the conditions by which Ireland can be made governable, let his Holiness take heart; things are not so very bad as they might be! I remember the case of a certain burly curate of a Dublin parish—a very muscular Christian he was—who was stopped by footpads on the Rathmines road. A violent struggle ensued, and but for the chance appearance of a policeman, might have had a disastrous termination. The guardian of the law, on being asked what he had seen of the scuffle, declared that he knew very little of the event. "Indeed, your worship," said he, "I only came up in time to save the two men from his reverence."

This exactly expresses what I suspect will happen to the Liberal party; and the only doubtful part, to my mind, is—Who will save them from his reverence? I know it is not so pleasant to have to do by persuasion what you have hitherto done by command, and that a Bull or a Rescript are more summary modes of procedure than a motion and a debate. Let the Holy Father be consoled by the thought that he will see Tuscany as ungovernable as Tipperary, and Italy be as much under priestly rule as is Ireland at this hour.

## THE HEADS AND "THE HANDS."

When some pious Catholic was once reproved for inscribing upon a Protestant tombstone, Pray for the soul of Darby—such a one—he recanted his error by adding the word, "Don't!" If there should seem some casuistry in the mode of *amende*, it is precisely what certain newspapers are now doing with the name of some Conservative statesmen. They first of all, on very insufficient evidence, connect them with a project for amending the condition of the working classes. They assume to see in this union the artful scheme of politicians in search of popular support, and very eager for place; and they denounce the dishonesty of the proceeding in the strongest terms—their terrors for its success being, however, considerably relieved by reflecting on the native acuteness and intelligence of the working men it was intended to beguile.

Meanwhile the supposed inventors of the policy—the great leaders of the Conservative party—write very formal denials to the whole assertion. They declare, some that they never heard of, others that they could not approve, all that they had not appended their signatures to, the convention; when straightway the papers which have propagated the scandal at once turn round and say, Who ever suspected you of aiding the working man?—who ever credited you with any care for the craftsman or the labourer? Was it worth your while, my Lord Duke or Marquess, to write a letter to the 'Times' to say you are astonished your name should have ever been connected with a scheme of philanthropy and benevolence? or you cannot for the life of you understand by what ingenuity of malignity you have been discredited

with a project of utility and benevolence?

Now I must say that cultivation in calumny has long been raised almost to the eminence of a fine art. This is a development of the craft that far surpasses anything I have ever heard of; and if the originality were not questionable by the instance of the tombstone, I should call it unrivalled. This is "Don't pray for the soul" with a vengeance.

To get from these gentlemen a simple denial that they had not been partners to a compact, is reason enough to proclaim to the world that they had been knaves if they had signed it; and that being a scheme for the welfare of their fellow-men, it is difficult to suppose they could have had any share in it. The theorem of "Heads you lose—Tails I win," never had a happier illustration.

To be sure, in this dull season of the year, when M. Bismark has no new device to astonish, nor M. Benedetti any fresh explanation to offer us, it was a boon to have fallen upon this piece of startling intelligence; and it was a fine text for a sermon on Mr Disraeli's discoveries in politics, and how he had in one of his novels foretold that millennial period, when the peer should sit down with the mechanic, and the duke and the joiner dine off the same dish.

But it was more than this. It was a subtle mode—so far as these men could do it—to disqualify the leading members of this party from any active part in supporting the just demands of the working man. By exacting the published denial that they had been so occupied, it was ingeniously inferred that they repudiated the possibility of such an interest, and they obtained that sort of recantation "Don't pray for the

soul" conveys, and in this way exhibited these statesmen as absolutely indignant at being accused of any care for the working classes.

Nor did the ingenuity end here ; for they virtually exclude the Conservative leaders from any active share in measures for the benefit of the labouring classes, except at the peril of reviving their dead calumny against them, and crying out, "So the murder is out at last!" Here is the Derby and Salisbury scheme once more brought to light! Here is the great Tory dodge to catch working men's votes, and climb into power over cottages for the mechanic!

The Liberals, with the courtesy that distinguishes them, traded very successfully for a while in calling their opponents the Stupid Party. There is no more agreeable flattery than in thinking our adversary is an ass. The conviction strengthens our opinions and elevates our self-esteem, and it is astonishing to see how the Whigs thrive on this diet.

Some misgivings, however, that such men as the Duke of Richmond, Lords Salisbury and Derby, Carnarvon and Cairns, Messrs Disraeli, Hardy, Northcote, and others, might possibly affect the theory, have there-

fore demanded a change of tactics ; and as they are not to be called fools, the next best thing is to dub them knaves. And then we are ingeniously told, that as action and reaction are equal, and as disappointment is generally in proportion to the hope that preceded it, the baffled effort to meet will be followed by a sense of separation wider than ever ; in other words, to bring me into disrepute with any institution or individual for whom a charitable collection is made, it is only necessary to put my name down for a handsome donation, which I must take the earliest opportunity of contradicting, with the humiliating addition, that I do not mean to give sixpence. The 'Daily News' averment that the feeling that the upper and lower classes of society have nothing in common, and speak each in a different political language, will receive encouragement from the tone of the disclaimers of sympathy with the "seven resolutions." Here is "Don't pray for the soul," in strong tones ; and from what I have read of the assertion, and the comments on it, I am half disposed to think it would have been as wise to live on under the calumny as to bring one's self to deny it.

#### OUR QUACKS.

When Swift once rebuked some one who was angry with his servant by saying, "You cannot expect to have all the virtues under the sun for twenty pounds a-year," he uttered a truth that was capable of very wide application. It is in this pursuit of "all the virtues under the sun" that our modern reformers have launched us upon this ocean of boundless change ; it is under the notion that some fashion of government can be discovered in which there will be neither flaw nor fis-

sure ; where all the directing minds will be able, honest, and far-seeing ; all the subordinates faithful, trustworthy, and industrious ; and the whole remainder of the nation contented and prosperous.

There is no question about it whatever, that such a condition of perfection would be very delightful. A machinery so nicely adjusted that the working involved neither noise nor jar—where every wheel revolved freely, and every piston played smoothly—where there was power

for every possible requirement, and no strength wasted—and where, by some marvellous ingenuity of construction, even emergencies were provided for, and contingencies anticipated, in a way that piety alone prevents us from characterising as providential. But is all this attainable? is it within our reach? have we ever heard of it in any age, or seen it in any people?

Of all types of hopeless discontent, there is not one to compare with the hypochondriac. The man who insists on being dangerously ill while he eats heartily and sleeps soundly, and with every semblance of vigorous health about him, is familiar to us all; and I am not quite sure but that our real ills in life are borne with more patience from our contemplation of his mock sufferings and causeless complaints. Of one thing at least we are assured—there may by possibility be many things amiss with him, but they are not such as prevent him from occupying a very responsible position in life, and fulfilling its obligations with credit and ability.

Such for many a year back was England. With all those disabilities that our modern reformers have brought into such prominence; with all those flaws, defects, and shortcomings; with secret diplomacy, an uneducated army, a dominant House of Lords, and a sovereignty that made itself felt as a power in the State,—with all these ingredients of disparagement, this country held the first place in Europe. When one great man of an unbridled ambition and unscrupulous temperament overran the world, this country alone of all Europe refused all compromise with him. This country, sustained by a conviction of duty—it matters very little whether there was logic in that conviction or not—that *idée du droit* that the crafty diplomatist affected to have dis-

covered somewhat late in life,—that *idée du droit* was there. The Ministers of England proclaimed it, the people of England accepted it, the army of England fought for it, and the nation taxed itself to maintain it, and in doing so asserted traits of character, and developed resources of endurance, courage, and determination that placed England at the head of Europe.

There were abuses in that period. There were rotten boroughs, court favouritism, and a corrupt pension-list. There were scores of things that cannot be defended—nor do I want to defend them. I would only say that, even with these, such was the robust vigour of the nation, that, with flaws enough to have made any other country unsound and incapable, England was strong enough to fight the whole battle of Europe, and bring the conflict to a successful ending.

How much of that strong temperament yet remains to us? I would ask now. How much have we of the spirit and vigour of the early years of the present century? If one were to choose between the England of William Pitt and the England of William Gladstone, would he not be a very advanced Radical who would select the latter? To this condition of *Malade imaginaire* have our reformers reduced the country, that we are never satisfied except when taking physic. The men who brought in the first Reform Bill, at least, were statesmen. Errors there were in the measure, and defects, some of them very grave ones; but there was a serious malady to be treated, and heroic remedies might seem called for. The taste for doctoring, however, grew out of the success, and hence we have had a whole generation of Quacks, never content till they have discovered a peccant point, and suggested a remedy.

It is no uncommon case to find the sick man, whose digestive organs have been the subject of wrong treatment, whose liver has been stimulated, or whose spleen corrected, declare that although those organs may have been better, he himself is debilitated, and that in the conduct of his cure he has lost his vigour, and as regards activity and energy, he is far below what he had been.

Medicines, too, occasionally are found to be conflicting, and what is good for a man's stomach, may be bad for his brain, and what serves to stimulate appetite may unhappily also incline to congestion. The same disabilities attach to political measures; and the wise statesman, like the intelligent physician, is much guided by what he has learned to see as "the best possible health" of the individual before him. He knows that there are in every system certain accommodations,—compromises that grow up by time and tacit consent,—which reconcile discrepancies, and diminish the force of obstacles. He knows that though this organ may over-work, and that other remain dormant, the system has accommodated itself to these conditions, and a very reasonable amount of health has resulted, and he is slow to interfere with what works so well.

The taste for quackery is now such, however, that everything in the nation must be physicked.

I do not deny there are many things amiss. The tax on incomes might be more equitably adjusted, emigration facilitated to our over-abundant population, the health of different trades more carefully considered, and the licentious liberties of certain professed disturbers of the peace restricted—these and other things call for attention and redress; but what I should insist on is, that we should think more of the nation

itself, and less of the individual wrong—more of what the man will be after our remedies, than what the particular organ will be when we pronounce him cured.

Will England after a course of Gladstone—with ballot, an arrogant priesthood in Ireland, and a reformed peerage in England—will this England hold the same place in the world that the old England of fifty years ago held, not by virtue of the abuses that reform has dealt with, but before her constitution had been breached by incessant and often conflicting remedies, and all trust in her strength impaired by debilitating and lowering treatment?

John Bullism is not a very elevating creed, but it enabled us to beat Bonaparte! England was then a word to conjure by. The guarantee of England was a pledge on which great nations could hazard their destiny; and the perfect fidelity with which Great Britain would maintain her engagements was elevated to the rank of a religion on the Continent. Is this so now? and if not so, why not? It is not that our national wealth is impaired, our resources diminished, or our commerce lessened—far from it; we never possessed the same revenue, never owned the same amount of tonnage on the seas. We have not been worsted after some long and disastrous campaign, nor have we fallen in a great battle and are seeking to make conditions with our conqueror. We are at peace with all the world, and our most distinguished orator has assured us are likely to be so, strengthening the prediction by the evidence of that streak of silver sea that separates us from lands of trouble and contention. As regards the dangers to be apprehended from the spread of democratic opinion, and that peril of socialism now so rife in Europe, England is the only land where the highest and the

wealthiest have undertaken to address their minds to the difficult questions which concern labour and capital, and to inquire by what measures a more widespread contentment might be diffused through the working classes. How is it, then, that with all these known and admitted signs of prosperity and well-being, we have fallen to a condition in Europe in which our wishes count for nothing, our counsel is unsought, our alliance uncared for?

It is true we heard a few days ago at Greenwich the flattering and civil things foreign officers and generals had said of our army—speeches so redolent of praise, that the Premier's modesty could not repeat them; but it would be as well to ask, who were the witnesses thus called to character? were they not, some of them at least, taken from the armies who should be arrayed against us in the event of a Continental war? I do not know if Mr Gladstone be a whist-player—I should, on guess, say he is not; but if he were, and should invite a choice selection from "the Portland" to pronounce on his play, with the assurance that he meant to join that Club, and play five-pound points, is it not presumable that these gentlemen would see a great deal to admire in his skill at the game, and wonderfully little to reprehend; and "that the friendly critics would point out, as he knew they would, and he hoped they would point out, many things on which he might improve?" They would upon the whole declare, that a pleasanter assurance than that he had last given, as to his high stakes, coupled with what they had seen of his skill, they had not heard for many a year; and that when they returned to their Club, they would not fail to report a determination so certain to afford an unmixed satisfaction.

Whatever weakness or indiscretion there might have been in this sally is more than compensated for in another part of the same speech. The graceful allusion to Mr Bradlaugh has not, so far as I know, its counterpart in our political history.

I have passingly spoken of some of the features which distinguish the England of the past from our present-day England; but, strangely enough, there is not one of them so distinctive as the characteristics of mind, intellect, and acquirement which marked the agitators of the two periods. Mr Pitt's Bradlaugh was John Wilkes. But Wilkes was a scholar and a wit. Lord Mansfield calls him "the pleasantest companion and the politest gentleman" that he knew. Charles Butler found him "a delightful and instructive companion." These, it is true, were not the chief traits by which his popularity was acquired. He was an utter profligate, and the practised libeller of all that was decent or venerable in the land. Yet Mr Pitt never, to my knowledge, quoted the 'North Briton.' Mr Gladstone is more lucky; he is fortunate enough to live in an era when he can cite a tribune of the people, and tell a listening world what stores of noble sentiment and wise reflection will be found in his writings. If some member of the Ministry will not enliven the next Cabinet dinner by a Fenian song, I am prepared to say there is no justice for Ireland, and that the omission will be another argument for Home Rule.

Not wishing to be classed amongst those who propagate small-pox or the cattle-plague, I shrink from owning the alarm the present condition of Europe occasions me: or how strong my conviction is, that the annexation of Belgium is only a deferred cause; and that our "friendly



critics" who have just left us will have seen very little in Berkshire to induce them to stay their hands, out of any fear of Mr Cardwell or his colleagues.

The England of past days was strong, from the influence of two principles, Union and Assimilation; the England of our own day is weak, because the men who guide us base their hold on power on the divisions that separate class from class,

and trade on the disparities of wealth and condition.

The Liverpool Administration were not men of very exalted capacity—there was not a genius amongst them—but our country under their rule held a very different place in Europe from what she occupies at the hour I write.

*Non sum qualis eram* is a painful avowal, and a very ugly confession when a true one.

#### UNREFLECTING CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

It is, indeed, a little while  
 Since you were born, my happy pet,—  
 Your future beckons with a smile,  
 Your by-gones don't exist as yet.  
 Is all the world with pleasure rife?  
 Are you a little bird that sings  
 Her simple gratitude for life,  
 And lovely things?

The ocean, and the waning moons,  
 And starry skies, and starry dells,  
 And winter sport, and golden Junes,  
 And Art divine, and Beauty-spells:  
 Festa and song, and frolic wit,  
 And banter, and domestic mirth,—  
 They all are mine—ay, is not it  
 A pleasant earth!

And poet friends, and poesy,  
 And precious books, for any mood;  
 And then that best of company,—  
 Those graver thoughts in solitude,  
 That hold us fast, and never pall:  
 And then there's You, my own, my fair—  
 And I . . . I soon must leave it all—  
 And much you care!

FREDERICK LOCKER.

## GERTY'S NECKLACE.

As Gerty skipt from babe to girl,  
Her necklace lengthened, pearl by pearl ;  
Year after year it slowly grew,  
But every birthday gave her two.  
Her neck is lovely—soft and fair,  
And now her necklace glimmers there.

So cradled, let it sink and rise,  
And all her graces symbolise :  
Perchance this pearl, without a speck,  
Once was as warm on Sappho's neck ;  
And where are all the happy pearls  
That braided Cleopatra's curls ?

Is Gerty loved ?—Is Gerty loth ?  
Or, if she's either, is she both ?—  
She's fancy free, but sweeter far  
Than many plighted maidens are :  
Will Gerty smile us all away,  
And still be Gerty ? Who can say ?

But let her wear her precious toy,  
And I'll rejoice to see her joy :  
Her bauble's only one degree  
Less frail, less fugitive than we ;  
For time, ere long, will snap the skein,  
And scatter all the pearls again.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

## FRENCH HOME LIFE.

## NO. II.—CHILDREN.

THE present average duration of life in France is about thirty-eight years ; the population amounts to thirty-eight millions ; consequently, if we take fifteen as the age where childhood ends, there would appear to be about fifteen millions of children in France. This way of calculating is, of course, not absolutely exact, but it suffices to give an approximate idea on the subject ; and, in the absence of any specific information in the census returns, it is the only one which can be applied.

Fifteen millions of children imply fifteen millions of different characters ; for until education, example, and habit have levelled the infinitely-varied dispositions with which we come into the world, it cannot be said that any two of us are really alike. Under the influence of our "bringing up" we tend towards approximate uniformity, externally, at least ; we learn to control our tempers, to guide our tongues, to subdue our caprices. But children are more natural : we see them almost as they are—the mass of them, that is ; and so long as they have not been led under the common yoke by common teaching, they exhibit a variety of humours and fancies which we cease to find in their well-schooled elders. It is therefore impossible to lay down any general national type of character for children, especially as, in most cases, their habits of thought, their manners and their prejudices, are susceptible of entire modification if they are removed during childhood from one centre to another. It has been proved, by numerous examples, that a boy of ten, if he be transported to another land, may

forget in three years his native language and his father's name ; and though this example is excessive and exceptional, it proves, at all events, that with such plastic elements as children's minds, original tendencies may be totally effaced, and that the form of their development is but an accident depending mainly on the circumstances which surround them. Of course this in no way means that the real basis of character can be remodelled by outward leverage ; all that is intended to be urged is, that the parts of young natures which depend for their formation and consolidation on local and personal influences are liable to change with those influences, so long as time has not stamped them definitely and indelibly. And if this be true as a general principle ; if the innumerable shades and tints of temperament which we observe in yet untrained minds are met with in every land ; if, diversified as they are by nature, these minds are susceptible of endless other changes from the effect of the new contacts to which they may be successively exposed,—it follows that in a country so large as France, composed of so many different provinces, containing populations of varied origin and habits, we shall remark, even more than elsewhere, the endlessly-shifting phases of child-nature. But though France exhibits even less uniformity in the matter than is discoverable in other countries, it shows no excessive contradictions ; and though the fifteen millions of little people that we are talking of possess fifteen millions of different little heads and hearts, the contrasts between them are, after all, not so

vast as to prevent us from grouping them into a few classes.

At first sight it may seem needless, and indeed almost absurd, to say that the main distinction to establish between French children is to divide them into boys and girls; the difference of sex is, however, accompanied in France by such singular and such marked differences of character and natural tendencies, that it is difficult to lay too much stress on it; it is the essential basis of the subject. The French do not see it, at least it does not strike them with anything like the force with which it presents itself to foreign observers; and they are particularly surprised to be told that the radical demarcation which exists between their men and women asserts itself from the cradle, and that the special masculine and feminine peculiarities of their national temper are distinctly visible in their children. Excepting the United States, no country exhibits a divergence of ideas and objects between the sexes such as we recognise in France. Other nations show us a tolerable unity of ends and means between men and women; we find elsewhere approximately identical hopes and principles and springs of action. In America and in France we discover, on the contrary, that though husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, may live together in admirable harmony, they differ profoundly in their views of life and its duties, and in the systems which they employ to attain the form and degree of contentment which their individual needs may crave for. It is not going too far to say—though the question must be approached with infinite prudence, in order to avoid exaggeration—that the salient dispositions of the French man and the French woman drift in opposite directions. The sexes are held together by a common bond of interest and affec-

tion, but their tendencies are not the same; and they live, as a whole, in a chronic condition of disaccord on many of the main theories, obligations, and even pleasures of existence. The women stand, incontestably, far above the men. We need not look long or wide for a proof of this assertion: the attitude of the two sexes during the late war, and especially inside besieged Paris, supplies it with sufficient force. Of course all these observations are only general—there are plentiful exceptions; but it cannot be denied that the higher moral qualities—resolute attachment to duty, self-sacrificing devotion, unyielding maintenance of principle, and religious faith, which is the key to all the rest—are abundant amongst French women, and are relatively rare amongst French men. It is pleasanter to state the question in this negative form, to indicate the qualities which the men have not, than to define it positively and to determine the defects which they have; and it is scarcely necessary, for the purpose which we are pursuing, to be more precise in the comparison between grown-up people. Our inquiry is limited to children; and, provided we clearly recognise the main outlines of the distinctions which exist between their parents, that will suffice to enable us to verify the statement that those same distinctions are visible, of course in less vivid colours, amongst the little ones.

Every one will assent to the proposition that the most marked feature of the French is the development of their emotional and sensational faculties. This development exists in both sexes, but is far more evident amongst the women than amongst the men; and it seems to acquire force with education, and to be most glaringly conspicuous in the highest classes. Repression of manifestations of feeling forms no

part of French teaching; on the contrary, those manifestations are regarded as natural and permissible. We therefore find that French mothers rather encourage their children, and especially their daughters, never to conceal the impressions which may agitate them, providing always that those impressions are honest and real, and are not of a nature to shock either *convenances* or principles. It follows that the impulses of children remain unchecked, that they rush into light directly they are felt, and that the influence of mothers and of governesses is employed to guide such impulses to a faithful and graceful form of expression far more than to suppress or even control them in themselves. There is a vast deal to be said in favour of this system. It stimulates individuality, it fortifies the affections, it develops sensibility in all its varied forms. It has been applied for generations, and it has produced an hereditarily-acquired capacity of sentiment which, at this present time, is certainly greater than that possessed by any other nation. The range of this sentiment is most extensive. It applies to almost every position and almost every accident of life, to art, and even to science; but its full effect, its full consequences, are naturally observed in the tenderer sympathies, in the emotions, and in the gentler duties which fall particularly on women. There is, in most Frenchwomen, a gushingness, an unrestrained outpouring of inner self, which is reproduced in their daughters as abundantly as in themselves. Girls, from their very babyhood, live side by side with demonstrative mothers, who show and say what they think and feel with a natural frankness of which they are scarcely conscious. The children not only inherit this disposition, but are aided to develop it in their

own little hearts by example, contact, and advice. They are born impulsive. They are shown how to be so; and they are told that, provided impulse be well expressed, and be directed to worthy objects, it is a source of joy, of tenderness, and of charm. The English theory is rather contrary to this; but such matters are questions of race and of national habit. And furthermore, if we are honest, we shall own that keen susceptibility of emotion is infinitely attractive in a true woman. Young French girls have it to an astonishing extent, particularly in the upper ranks. Their heads and hearts live in the open air; their natures are all outside. They have no place where they can hide away a thought from their mother's sight; it must come out. It is easy to understand, even at a distance, how this simplifies the guidance of a child. Its merits and its defects come right into its mother's hand. She has not got to hunt for them, and to doubt whether she sees the truth; it glares at her in the hundred little acts and words of her expansive girl. The French child wears no mask.

And the direct action of the mother becomes all the stronger from the almost universal custom of keeping her children with her day and night. Many a girl in France has never slept outside her mother's chamber until she leaves it to be married, and, at the worst, she is no farther off than the next room, with an open door between. Such unceasing neighbourhood brings about an action which may be not only intellectual and moral, but possibly physical and magnetic too. The mother passes into the daughter, the daughter absorbs the mother, their essences get mixed; and hence it is that Frenchwomen exercise such singular power over their girls, and that the girls so

generally become an exact reproduction of the mother under whose constant eye they have grown to womanhood. Between the transparent frankness of the child's nature and the indefatigable proximity of the parent, we get the explanation of the regular transmission of those types of character which seem to remain unvaried in so many French families, and which may almost be said to belong to them as their names do. The same qualities and the same defects are reproduced from generation to generation amongst people of analogous position living under similar influences and prejudices. When a wife comes in from another origin, she may perhaps introduce new elements; but if so, they get effaced, or at all events weakened, by the old traditions with which they have to contend; so that the main features of the house continue to be recognisable, and the child appropriates them herself, and hands them over again when she, in her turn, becomes a mother. This is, however, true only of the upper classes, where pride of race, and the supposed obligation to maintain preconceived notions, still exist with wonderful vigour. In the middle and lower stages of society no such religion can be found. There, the operation of modern levelling is seen in its fullest force; there, no ancestral theories compete with nineteenth-century tendencies; there, the modern woman and her modern child are fashioned as the modern man requires, but always, though in varying degrees, with emotional hearts and unchecked community of sympathies.

The general result is, that wherever we look throughout France, in chateaux and in cottages, in the "hotels" of Paris, and in workmen's lodgings, we see the girl children echoing their mothers, sometimes with absolute

exactness, sometimes with merely approximate resemblance, but always with a sort of outbursting natural truth which is singularly winning, and which inspires very thorough confidence in the honesty of their hearts. Such a beginning indicates pretty clearly that the girls will grow into women capable of feeling in most of its best shapes; and though the tone of the society into which they may be thrown may deviate them from their first track, and may make them worthless instead of worthy, they will none the less retain their early readiness of sensation and their faculty of expressing it. If we look out of Paris, if we take the mass of the country population, we recognise that a very small minority of the girls grow up to abandon their first teaching; we see how difficult it is to eradicate the stamp which the mother puts upon her child; and we own that these Frenchwomen, according to their lights, know how to do their duty to their young. Europe perhaps does not believe one word of this; Europe measures France by what it sees of it, by a few hundred Parisiennes who stand forward in flagrant radiance, and who damage their country in the eyes of the entire world for the satisfaction of their own vanity. Those women are not France; those women's children are not French children. The poor little creatures who are sent dressed up to the Tuileries Gardens to play in public their mothers' parts are what travellers see, and what they, not un-naturally, imagine to be the normal type; but the error is as great as to take coarse novels as the expression of national literature. Furthermore, it should be remembered that, for the last thirty years, Paris has become the home of a large number of foreigners with money, and that a good many of the girls who make a moralist mourn when he looks at

them in the Champs Elysées do not belong to France at all. The nation has faults enough, in all conscience; but it is not fair either to attribute to it what it does not deserve, or to ascribe to the entire people the sins of a special few. If there be one undoubted, indisputable merit of a Frenchwoman, it is her devotion to her girls, and her resolute effort to keep them pure. The remarkable young person of ten that an Englishman contemplates with stupefaction under the chestnut-trees round the obelisk, and in whom he observes a variety of precocious defects, is no more a sample of real French children than a peacock is an ordinary specimen of birds, or the 'Vie Parisienne' an example of everyday newspapers. She is a product of the period, an accident of the epoch; she is not the representative of her country. She may or may not be as impudent as Gavroche, as dictatorial as Napoleon, and as bumptious as Louis XIV.; that depends on her temperament and her mamma; but, whatever be the degree of her premature fastness, she is but a member of a little tainted flock—she is not France. We find real France elsewhere.

The other extreme exists, as it does all the world over. It includes the offspring of the terrifically strict people, of the intensely rigid mothers who tie up their girls in a preserve of ruthless piety, out of which the poor little things would fly away if they could. If there be any position in which a French child hides her real thoughts, it is in a few of those appalling houses where devotion attains the height of cruelty. Happily there are not many of them; but there are enough, particularly in country towns, to show us examples of saddened children who are taken to church four times each day, and who are forbidden to play because play distracts from prayer. This sort of teaching defeats its own

end; reaction comes with liberty; and in cases of this class it is not unfrequent to see the whole impress of the mother's efforts fade, instead of assuming a durable and lasting form, as is the rule in France.

Between these two exceptions—between the pert, pretentious, half-vicious little damsel that Paris often shows us, and the cheerless, over-prayer-booked, laughter-dreading victims at the other end of the scale—lie the real girls of France. Naturally we find in them all the shades of character which lie between the limits of utter worldliness and total piety; and we shall recognise that, however true it be that the parent's influence is extraordinarily powerful in France, it in no way suffices even to unify the natures of children of the same mother, still less to reduce to any general type the fifteen millions of temperaments before us. The persistence of individuality in the child is especially remarkable, when we take into account the fact that most French children live entirely with their families; that they not only, as has been already said, sleep in their mother's room, but that they pass the day with her, take all their meals with her, are not sent into a nursery (there are no nurseries in France), are not left to the care of servants, and that they participate almost completely in the life of the grown-up people round them. The consequence is that the French girl leads pretty much the same existence as her mother: she does not pay formal visits with her, or go to balls or theatres, but as, indoors, she scarcely leaves her mother's side, she thinks and feels with her, she chatters with her visitors, she is in permanent contact with men and women, and is not limited to society of her own age. Yet she remains herself: her personality is not effaced by what she sees and hears. This

maintenance of self makes French children very attractive to study; one is sure to find peculiarities in each of them, and those peculiarities come out and show themselves without reserve or hindrance, pushed forward as they are by impulsiveness. If, however, they involved radical differences, it would be impossible to attempt any classification of character: they do not go so far as that; they only indicate subtle shades and delicate tints, and in no way imply fundamental distinctions.

We may therefore, without stopping at the sub-varieties, roughly divide the girls of France pretty much as girls are divided all the world over: there are the religious and the irreligious, the intelligent and the stupid, the affected and the natural, the self-sacrificing and the selfish. In indicating these main categories, it must at once be added that the majority of the children, like the majority of the women, belong to the four good classes. There are more religious, intelligent, natural, unselfish children than the contrary. Prejudice is no guide to truth; and though there are a good many foreign lookers-on who are quite convinced that most French women are selfish coquettes, living mainly to amuse themselves and to satisfy their vanity, that impression is radically false. There are such women in what seems to be abundance, particularly in Paris; but in reality they constitute a feeble minority, and they only appear to be numerous because the very nature of their defects leads them to publicly expose those defects. They need excitement and admiration, and they ask for both. The few foreigners who really go into French society see specimens of such women at dinners and at balls, hear the noise they make, scarcely notice their quieter companions, and carry away the notion that everybody is alike. This is an enormous error.

For one woman who goes to balls, there are, in all France, fifty who stop at home, out of sight and out of reach. Those are the women who constitute the nation—those are the women who rear French girls: it is upon them that opinion should be based, and not upon the exceptional Parisienne, who is so generally accepted as the type of France. It is, nevertheless, incontestable that this latter model has become somewhat multiplied during the last twenty years, and that recent habits of extravagance and luxury have sorely damaged the part of the rising generation which has been exposed to them; but here, again, the truth is that the number of rowdy women who grew into existence under the Empire was, relatively, very limited, and that their influence has been far less extensive than is supposed outside France. An infinitely large proportion of the educated population shrank from the contact of that new product—the fast woman: the evil consequences of her apparition will therefore be limited to her own offspring, and will not be transmitted to the children of others. Furthermore, a reaction against her seems to have seriously set in since the war, and she herself is probably condemned to disappear; if so, her action on her girls may perhaps be counteracted by the new atmosphere which those girls will breathe when they become women. At the worst, we may be sure that she will recruit no new followers now, and that the evil she has already done will extend no further.

After all, it is but natural that the mass of European women should be good. Their tendency, without distinction of nationality, is towards duty, faith, and gentleness. The French are only like the others, excepting that the manifestation of their feelings, good or bad, assumes a more demonstrative form. Their girls follow the same rule; and, not-



withstanding the infinite variety of their individual peculiarities, they present, as a whole, the same natural dispositions towards virtue and simplicity. But where French home life puts on a character of its own, which distinguishes it from that of most other countries, and especially from England, is in the astonishing power which certain children exercise over their parents—a power almost as great as that which the parents themselves ought to possess over their children. In certain exaggerated cases, which, indeed, are by no means rare, the child is her mother's mistress; she becomes a tyrant, and enforces her will with a pitiless vigour before which the mother quails. The reason is, that the art of spoiling reaches a development in France which is unknown elsewhere, and that maternal affection not unfrequently descends to folly and imbecility. When this occurs, there is an end of all control and guidance on the mother's side, and of all obedience in the child. If good qualities persist in a young heart under such conditions, they must indeed be firmly rooted. In what other country than France would a mother permit her child to get upon the table, in the presence of two strangers, and to blow the lamp and candles out in the middle of dinner? And where else would such a history as the following be possible? At a dinner-party of twenty people, two guests, man and wife, did not appear at the appointed hour; after wondering and waiting, the mistress of the house commenced her banquet. At ten o'clock in walked the absentees, looking somewhat foolish, but candidly confessing the motive of their absence as if it were quite natural. Their child, a girl of three, had been put to bed just as they were starting for the dinner; but when they went to fondly wish it good-night, the child said, "Mamma, I won't let you go out." The mother

argued, but in vain. The child would not give way. The father came and tried his eloquence, with no better success. Then the small creature, seeing her advantage, increased her demands; not only did she insist that neither father nor mother should leave the house, but called upon them to immediately undress and go to bed. They faintly resisted; the baby grew imperious, and threatened to cry forthwith. That beat them, as the mother deprecatingly observed to her astounded listeners. "Of course when the sweet child told us she was going to cry we were forced to yield; it would have been monstrous to cause her pain simply for our pleasure; so I begged Henri to cease his efforts to persuade her, and we both took off our clothes and went to bed. As soon as she was asleep we got up again, re-dressed, and here we are, with a thousand apologies for being so late."

These two examples are literally true, and there may be others of equal force. They show that excess of parental adoration may produce idiotcy; but it is scarcely necessary to say that they are grotesque exceptions. They are worth mentioning as illustrating a curious French form of madness; but they are valueless as proofs of a condition of society. The reality is all the other way. French girls, as a whole, are singularly docile; most of them obey for the best of all possible reasons—because they love. They live in such unceasing intimacy with their father and mother, that the tie between them indisputably grows stronger than in other lands where there is less constant community of heart and thought. In evidence of this, it is sufficient to point out the numerous examples which are to be found in France of three generations lodging together—the old people, their children, and their grandchildren, all united and harmonious. The

fact is—and it is a fact, however prodigious it may appear to people who have always believed the contrary—that the family bond is extraordinarily powerful in France. What we call “united families” are the rule there, and the unity goes far beyond our usual interpretation of the word. It means not only affection and mutual devotion, but it affects the instincts of the nation to such a point that colonising, and even, to a certain degree, foreign travel, are rendered impossible by it. Neither sons nor daughters will consent to leave their parents; the shortest absence is regarded as a calamity; and the population, as a whole, shrinks from expatriation, not because it is unfit to create new positions for itself (on the contrary, its adaptability is notorious), but because it cannot face a rupture of habits and attachments which date from childhood. With such feelings inculcated in them from their babyhood, it is but natural that most French girls should do exactly as they are told. They acquire mastery over their parents only in cases where their mothers are weak enough to let them do it. In almost every instance they occupy a position in the home life of France which is far beyond that accorded to children in other lands; but, putting aside the exceptional examples, they do not abuse the power which their position gives them; they remain natural, tender, and emotional, and they do not revolt or seek to usurp command.

The advantages of the system of bringing up girls in constant contact with their mothers are numerous and real. They may perhaps acquire somewhat less pure book-knowledge than if they were sent to school, but they acquire what is generally more useful to them in after-life,—the faculty of conversation, habit of their own language, manners, tact, and even experience of human

nature. The French girl learns how to be a woman from her very cradle, and this must certainly be admitted to offer a large compensation for want of discipline and of the habit of application. Children who are brought up in schools and convents may acquire more passive obedience, more knowledge of history and of literature; but when they enter life they are less well prepared for it than other girls who have already studied its details for twenty years at home. All this, however, is general, not absolute. After all, no principles apply to every case, especially when all the varieties of human nature have to be taken into account. There are plenty of girls brought up at home who in no way profit by the advantages at their disposal; there are many others who, fresh from school, instantly take their places as wives and mothers, and take it well. The rule is in favour of the former, but the exceptions amongst the latter are abundant enough to entitle them to serious notice. Those exceptions are the result of personal aptitudes, suddenly fortified by new influences, and developed by the imitative capacities so universal amongst the French. Still, the child who has never left her mother is, theoretically, the fitter of the two to immediately discharge her duties and fill her place in life. She has kept the house, ordered dinner, and probably cooked sometimes herself; she is accustomed to receive her mother’s visitors; she can talk and curtsy (two tests of a real woman of the world); her proclivities towards art, if she has any, have been nursed and strengthened by example and advice; she has had full opportunity to acquire taste and charm, and to learn how to employ both;—and with all these earthly merits, she has probably lost nothing of the more solid virtues which were taught her as a child. She has passed through that grave

moment of her existence, her First Communion, and she must be bad indeed if its impress does not rest on her. Who can look on at that touching sight and not feel that the performers in it are marking an epoch in their lives? From it dates, in many a girl, the formation of her character, the consolidation of her faith, the frank acceptance of her duties and her pains. It goes home to every heart; its memory rests; old women talk of it as "*le grand jour de ma vie.*" The night before it the child kneels down and asks her father and her mother to pardon all her faults; then she goes gravely through the house and begs the same forgiveness from all its other inmates. When the morning comes, she goes, in white all over, shrouded in a long muslin veil, to join her comrades at the church; they, like herself, have been preparing themselves by two years of special instruction at the public Catechism for the great day which had come at last. Then, amidst the roll of music and all the pomp of ceremony, two columns of young children march slowly down the aisle and kneel, right and left, boys on one side, girls on the other, until they have filled the nave. The church seems to be half choked with snow as the white sea of veils spreads over it. And when the moment comes and the children advance slowly to the altar, there is not a dry eye round. Each father and each mother watches eagerly for its own; and, afterwards, if death should take them while still young, that is the instant of their lives which is best and most tearfully remembered. If the spectacle can unnerve men and make women sob, what must be its effect on the child herself? Putting the moral influence aside, what must be the work wrought out in little hearts by so tremendous a sensation? The mere intensity of the prayer, at such a moment, provokes

new ardent feelings; a vista of joy, and love, and resolute good intentions opens out. If there be purity and adoration on earth, if ever human nature faintly grows like angel nature, it must be at a First Communion.

But while the whole system of girl education in France tends to the development of the more feminine faculties, while it excites the emotional side of nature and of duty, while it stimulates charm, while it brightens family life by the position which it assigns to girls and by the fitness which it rouses in them for that position, it may be asked if it is not accompanied by the inconveniences and disadvantages of eager imaginations and aspirations, by the indolence which sentiment so often provokes, by unfitness for the practical work of everyday? The answer may, in all truth, be negative. As a rule, Frenchwomen are sensational, but not sentimental—excitable, but good-tempered, active, and laborious. Their defects lie rather in want of order; in that contempt for new experience which so often results from strong early prejudices; in the need for excitement, or, more exactly, for distraction. These dispositions may often be detected in the children. Most of them are disorderly; they throw their toys and books about; fling their dresses on the floor where they take them off; leave the doors open behind them wherever they pass; lie in bed late in the morning; and seem unable to form the habit of doing the same thing at the same hour every day. In schools these faults are of course corrected, but in after-life they spring up again; and, with rare exceptions, all Frenchwomen, whether brought up in convents or at home, are equally dishevelled in their indoor habits. A certain quantity of disorder appears to be a necessity of their nature. Indeed, a good many of the better sort of them argue against

too much order, as being a sign of a cold heart and of a soul incapable of feeling art. There is some reason in this view of the case, but its influence on the education of young children is necessarily bad; for though it may be wise, when we have grown old enough to judge, not to attach too much importance to strict regularity in all our daily acts, it is evident that girls, so long as they are girls, ought to be taught that regularity and order are necessary virtues about which they have no more choice than they have between truth and lies. The child hesitates because she sees her mother do so; she imitates, consciously or unconsciously, in this as in nearly everything else. In the one point of seeking for distraction the child does not imitate; she does not need excitement yet, and therefore does not comprehend that it has to be pursued. Her lessons and her doll suffice, and they suffice till she is almost a woman; for it should be observed that French girls generally remain children very late. They seem to be exposed to hothouse training, and to be forced on to premature young-ladyhood; but that view of them is an illusion. In no country do girls continue young so long; and that result becomes quite comprehensible when we reflect that though the child is frequently with grown-up people, and so acquires an ease of manner above her age, she is always with a fondling mother, who treats her as a baby because in her eyes she always is so. The mother's influence being stronger than that of strangers, the child remains a child until necessity obliges her to become a woman.

The average result of girl-making in France is to produce a somewhat ignorant, very prejudiced, charming young woman, susceptible of strong emotion and strong love, curious to see for herself what life is, anxious

to please and to win admiration and affection, but controlled, in nine cases out of ten, by deeply-rooted religious faith and a profound conviction of duty. If we admit that the great function of women is to create joy around us, to gild our lives, and to teach their children to do the same, then we shall recognise that the French system attains its end. But if we insist that a mother has a nobler task than that—if we assert that her highest duty is to make her son a man—then we shall be forced to own that French mothers do not achieve their task.

Let us turn to the boys.

Wholesale definitions are not applicable to character. Description of human nature needs so many reservations, so many subtleties, so much and such varied shading, that it is impossible to bring it into a sentence or a word. It would therefore be, in principle, absurd as well as unjust to say that all French boys are sneaks; but so many of them are so, in the purest meaning of that abominable designation, that the most ardent friends of France are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the fact, and to own that the mass of the youngsters across the Channel come out frightfully badly when they are judged by our notions of what boys ought to be. It is not easy to determine how far their meanness of nature is inherited, and how far it is a consequence of education; but it is unmistakably evident that an immense part of it is produced by the defective teaching under which they live. The only boys in France who, as a rule, realise our notions of pluck, and manliness, and honour, are the children of country gentlemen (of whom there are few enough), brought up to ride and shoot, to live out of doors, and to behave like men. The immense majority are indisputably little curs, funky, tale-tellers, and

nasty. How can such boys ever grow into brave men? and yet they do, a good many of them at least. Their defects cannot be attributed to the direct influence of their parents; for whereas most of the girls, in families of decent position, are brought up at home, the boys, almost without exception, are sent to school. It is at school, it is from each other seemingly, that they pick up the sneaking little notions which are so universal amongst them. They make faces at each other, they kick a little, they slap; but as for real hitting—as for defending a point of honour—as for hard, rough games, where force and skill are needed, —who ever heard of such things in France? At school they are taught book-work, at home they are taught affection. They may become learned, and they do become affectionate; but, positively, they do not become what we mean by manly. The whole life of France is different from that of England. Wealth is distributed there with relative equality; there are few large fortunes; the families who can enable their sons to hunt are rare. Boys are brought up almost exclusively for professions, trade, or Government clerkships, with the prospect of having to live their lives out with insufficient incomes, and without ever tasting pleasures which cost money. The training which our boys need to fit them for the generally energetic occupations or pastimes of their after-life is unnecessary and unknown. We can pay for travel and for horses, for cricket, golf, and football, all which means money and leisure time. The French have neither; at least the exceptions are so few that they represent nothing in the mass. So, not wanting the preparation which makes men hard, and straight, and ready, they do not get it. Their education is intended to fit them for something else; and that something, whatever be its

merits, appears to us to reach a lower standard than our own. And, furthermore, the French boy does not even attain the object of the education which he gets. He is particularly taught two things, by his mother at least—to love, and to believe in God. He learns one of them, almost always, but he rarely learns the other. He remains, as a man, faithfully and profoundly attached to his parents and relations; but the religious faith, which was so carefully instilled into him, generally fades at his first contact with the world, and with it goes a goodly part of the other principles which were simultaneously set before him. In discussing the causes of the defeat of France, Europe has not attached sufficient importance to the effect produced by the education of the boys, to the utter want of stubborn pluck which characterises it, and to the facility with which the higher moral teachings disappear when manhood comes. Here we seem to see that women do not suffice to make men. There have been, in history, some few examples of the contrary—the Gracchi, Constantine, St Louis, were essentially their mother's work; but, in modern France, something more is wanted than a modern mother's love can give. The French women of our day can make good girls into charming women, and good women too; but it looks as if she could not get beyond that relatively inferior result, and as if she were as unable as the schoolmasters to whom she confides her boy to lift that boy into a thorough man. In the higher classes, where tradition still exists, and where money is comparatively less important than in the middle and lower stages of society, we see models of gallant gentlemen; but they are not numerous. In the late war the great names of France were everywhere on the lists of killed and wounded; but

despite the example set by Luynes and Chevreuse, Mortemart and Tremouille, and a thousand other volunteers like them, France did not follow. Can we suppose from this that good blood replaces teaching? It looks almost like it, and yet it seems absurd to seriously put forward such an argument in these utilitarian days. The French, however, say themselves that "bon sang ne peut mentir;" and it may be that, in this particular point, they clearly recognise the truth as regards themselves. Anyhow, whatever be the influence of hereditary action in forming men, it can scarcely be denied that, be it money or be it race, it is in the upper ranks alone that, as a rule, character assumes a vigorous shape in France.

The boys are girlish—at least no other adjective so correctly expresses their peculiar disposition. The word is not quite true, however, for the boys have defects which the girls have not. The latter are frank and straightforward; the former are not only feminine, they are something more and something worse. It is disagreeable to revert to the same word; but as the thing expressed is rare in England, one word has been found sufficient to express it, so we must perforce say "sneak" once more. And here is the great distinction between boys and girls which was alluded to at the commencement of this article. The girls from their earliest childhood give promise that they will turn out well, and will grow into what women should be everywhere, with an additional and special charm peculiar to themselves. The boys, on the contrary, are little-minded, pettifogging, and positively cowardly, as we understand cowardice in a boy. Until they can be changed, radically changed, there will be small hope of seeing France take her place once more amongst the nations. She will pay her debts, she may grow

rich again; but so long as her boys are not taught pluck, and honesty, and frankness, they will never grow into men capable of feeling and discharging the higher duties. Many of them may bud into surprisingly better form than their youth indicates as possible—we see that already; but such cases are not the rule; and want of religious faith, of political conviction, of resolute will, of devotion to a cause, will continue to mournfully distinguish the population of France so long as its boys continue to be sneaks.

Many of them, however, are agreeable enough to chatter with. They generally have good manners (they beat us there); they are almost always tender-hearted and loving—they are even tolerably obedient; and, judging solely from the outside, it might be imagined that they promise well. They are devoted sons and faithful brothers; they work hard at books; while they are little, they say their prayers; but there is no stuff in them. Discipline makes them brave if they should become soldiers; honour and tradition do the same for the better born amongst them; but it is wonderful that such boys should have any latent courage at all, for their whole early teaching seems to us to be invented on purpose to drive it out. They are forbidden to fight, and scarcely ever get beyond scratching.

Now, is all this a consequence of innate defects of character, or is it simply brought about by the vile system pursued in French schools? Many a French mother will tell her boy always to return a blow, but somehow he does not. Whose fault is that? If the mother feels instinctively that self-defence should be inculcated as one of the elements of education—if, as is sometimes the case, the father supports the same view—it is strange that, considering the enormous influence of French parents over their children, they

should fail to produce the result which they desire. The reason is that the collective power of all the boys in a school is greater than that of any one boy ; so that, if that one should act on parental advice and should hit another between the eyes, all the others will tell the master, and the offender will be punished as a danger to society and a corrupter of good morals—good morals consisting in making faces, putting tongues out, and kicking your neighbours' legs under the tables. A Swedish boy at a *pension* in Paris was called a liar by an usher sixteen years old: the youngster went straight at him, got home his right on his teeth and his left behind his ear, and then asked if he would have any more ; whereupon the thirty-seven other boys in the room rushed together at the Swede, rolled him on the floor and stretched themselves upon his body as if he were a rattlesnake in a box. When the poor fellow was got out, his nose was flattened and his arm broken. Those thirty-seven boys were quite proud about it, and were ready to begin again. They had not a notion that thirty-seven to one was unfair ; and as for saying, " Well done, little one ! hit straighter,"—so fantastic an idea could not enter their brains. If the Swede had made scornful mimics at the usher behind his back, or called him by a variety of uncivil titles when he was out of hearing, the others would have vehemently applauded ; but going in at him in front was not the solution French boys like, so they scotched the Swede.

No social merits can make up for such a lack of fair-play and courage. A boy may sing cleverly and paint in water-colours ; he may talk four languages (which none of them do), and love his dear mamma ; he may polish mussel-shells for his sisters, and catch shrimps at the seaside,—those polite acquirements will not make him a good fellow ; and though

the French boy takes refuge in such diversions, he is none the greater for it : they don't help to make him into a man. He is pretty nearly as expansive and as demonstrative as the girls ; he has an abundant heart ; he is natty at small things ; but he cries too easily, and thinks tears are natural for boys. No one tells him that emotions which are attractive in women become ridiculous in men ; so he grows up in them, and retains, when his beard comes, all the sensibility of his boyhood.

And yet there is no denying that, like his sisters, he contributes wonderfully to the brightness of home. His intelligence is delicate and artistic ; his capacity of loving is enormous ; he possesses many of the sweeter qualities of human nature ; and, provided he is not tested by purely masculine measures, he often seems to be a very charming little fellow. Children of both sexes constitute so essential and intimate a part of indoor life in France, that they naturally and unconsciously strive to strengthen and develop indoor merits ; and it is fair to call attention to the fact, that when the subject of education is discussed, French parents always urge that the object of all teaching being to fit the young for the particular career which they have to follow, their boys ought necessarily to be prepared for social and family duties rather than for the rougher and harder tasks which other nations love. But, however true this argument may seem at first sight, it is, after all, specious and unworthy. The end proposed in France is not a high one ; and we have just seen how the acceptance and practice of a low standard of moral education has broken down the people as a whole, and has rendered them incapable of discipline, of order, and of conviction. Their conduct during the last sixteen months has been composed of fretful excitement, alternating

with petulant prostration. Excepting the gallant few who have nobly done their duty during and since the war, they have acted like a set of their own schoolboys, who don't know how to give a licking, and still less know how to take one. Who can doubt, amongst the lookers-on at least, not only that France would have made a better fight, but would, still more, have presented a nobler and more honourable attitude in defeat, if this generation had been brought up from its infancy in the practice of personal pluck, and of solid principles and solid convictions? Who can pretend to define the principles and convictions which rule France to-day? Are there any at all? When, therefore, we hear it urged that French boys are educated for the part which they are destined to play in life, we are justified in replying, that their fitness for that destiny appears to us to unfit them for any other; and that, though they may become charming companions, brilliant talkers, loving husbands, and tender fathers, full of warm sensations and flowing emotions, they have distinctly proved themselves to be utterly incapable of growing into wise citizens or wise men.

What is the use of turning round upon the Empire, and of piling abuse upon Napoleon III. as the cause of the shame of France? all that is but an accident, a mere detail in the whole. If France were but beaten in battle, she would be all right again within two years, for her material elasticity is prodigious, and her recuperative power almost unlimited. But her malady is graver than defeat—it is in the very heart-blood of her people. They have gone in for money-making, and for easy pleasurable existence with small expense. They have been pursuing little things and little ends, and they have grown incapable of big ones. They have suddenly been

overwhelmed by a staggering disaster, and they can neither face it coolly nor deal with it practically. Two generations of vitiated education have led them unknowingly to this. The late Emperor confirmed the debasing system, but he did not originate it. It came in with Louis Philippe, if not with Charles X. If France is content to produce agreeable men and charming women, to show Europe how to talk and dress, and to set up science and art as the objects of her public life, then she can go on as she is, without a change: but if she wants to seize her place once more as a great political power; if she wishes to regain the respect and esteem of the world, instead of asking only for its sympathy; if she desires to reign, and not to amuse and please,—then she must begin by remodelling the whole education of her boys. There is no reason why her home life should be affected by such a change: it would not necessarily become graver or less light-some; there would not be less laughter or less love; the boys need not lose their present merits because they would acquire new ones.

If so radical a modification in the whole tendencies and habits of the nation can be brought about at all, it is far more likely to be effected by the women than by the men. Frenchwomen, as has been already observed, are generally capable of noble action; they are singularly unselfish; and, despite their sensibility, they would not rest content with their present highly-strained adoration of the gentler elements of character, if ever they could be led to see that something higher could be added to it in their sons. It is to them, to their aid, that the true friends of France should appeal. They cannot themselves upset the unworthy schools where their boys are now taught how not to become real men; but they can so agitate



the question that their husbands will be forced to take it up and deal with it. The influence of women need not be purely social and moral: in moments of national crisis it ought to be exercised for other ends; and in the particular case before us, where the heart is interested quite as much as the head, French mothers might perhaps jump at the new sensation which they would experience by setting the example, as far as in them lay, of a change in the existing forms of example and teaching. Frenchwomen of our generation are not, however, Roman matrons. They attach a vastly higher price to the conservation of home joys, as they view them, than to the salvation of the State. The latter, according to their appreciation, concerns the Government. Centralisation has suffocated patriotism, in the real meaning of the word. Mothers strive to make good sons, not to make good citizens or solid men. The affections are placed upon an altar in France: all that can contribute to their development and their display is sought for not only eagerly, but naturally; all that can strengthen and adorn their manifestation is carefully watched and practised—so much so, indeed, that notwithstanding the indisputable sincerity of family attachments in France, there almost seems to be a certain amount of acting in the way in which they are exhibited. Emotions may be said to have become the object of existence; and emotions imply so much external exposition, especially where they are unchecked, that whether their direction be tragic or comic, they often assume a somewhat theatrical character, which may induce the erroneous impression that they are put on more than they are really felt. If this powerful leverage could be applied for a healthy purpose; if, by a reaction consequent upon bitter experience,

it could be set to work to elevate principles to the rank of sensations; if thereby pure duty could be raised to a par with love, and manly self-devotion to an equality with tenderness,—then we might hope to see France rally. There seems to be no other way out of the mess into which she has fallen: the first step towards a solution must be made by the mothers.

If we turn from these considerations to the purely home aspect of the question, we must acknowledge that it presents a very different picture. On that side of the subject nearly everything is pleasant and attractive. The French get out of their home ties pretty nearly all that homes can give; and if they do not attain perfection the fault does not lie with them, or with their system, but in the impossibility of making anything complete by human means. The importance assigned to children, their early and constant intermingling with their parents' daily existence, the rapid growth in them of the qualities which repay and consequently stimulate affection,—all this is practical as well as charming. Boys and girls alike are taught that home is a nest in which they are cherished, and which all its inmates are bound to adorn to the best of their ability; and if we could forget that all this enfeebles men, and renders them unfit for the outside struggle, we might, not unjustly, say that the French plan is the right one. But we cannot forget; the facts and the results glare at us too distinctly. We can acknowledge, if our individual prejudices enable us to do so, that the system looks excellent for girls; but we must maintain our conviction that it is deplorable for boys, and that to it must be assigned a large part of the responsibility of the past disasters and present disorder of France.

## ILLUSTRATION.

PERHAPS there is no intellectual gift that conveys a greater sense of power than that of ready and felicitous illustration, or one that wins its possessor a more undisputed pre-eminence. It is one of those points on which it may be said that all people know themselves, and are forced to acknowledge a superior. A man may talk nonsense and not know it, or write commonplace in full persuasion that he is original, or uphold his fallacies against the conclusions of the ablest logician; but he cannot help knowing when he is no hand at an illustration. There is no room for self-delusion or rivalry. Not only does it not come readily, but he beats his brain for it in vain. It would be a curious inquiry how many men live and die, respected and useful members of society too, without once hitting off a happy simile. We are convinced they would immeasurably outnumber that formidable array of figures telling the difference between the sexes, which causes so much anxiety in the present day. Of course it is competent to people to say that they do not care for illustration—that it proves nothing—that it is a mere “toy of thought,” interfering with and often perplexing the business of reason and action; but whether we like ourselves as well without this faculty or not, it is impossible not to enjoy its exercise in another. We may treat it as a superfluity; it may lack the solid satisfaction of reason and demonstration, and be only like the nard pistis Jeremy Taylor talks of, the perfume of which “is very delightful when the box is newly broken, but the want of it is no trouble—we are well

enough without it;” but the sudden fresh fragrance is not the less delicious while it lasts, and invigorating to the spirits.

We use the word illustration as embracing the widest field, and including the whole figurative machinery of fancy and imagination—metaphor, simile, imagery, figure, comparison, impersonation—in fact, every method of elucidation through their agency. Of course invention may be actively and delightfully employed without any use of this charming gift, and therefore, we should say, without the possession of it; for an apt illustration, an exquisite simile, will out if it flashes into the brain. There is a certain concentration in the matter in hand—the scene, the situation—which stands the writer instead of any other gift, and dispenses with all ornament. This, we should say, is the case with Mr Trollope, whose metaphor, when he uses it, is from the open, acknowledged, familiar stock of all mankind; and remarkably with Miss Austen, in whose whole range of writings no original figure occurs to us, unless it be Henry Tilney’s ingenious parallel between partners in matrimony and partners in a country-dance. Her experience probably presented her with no example of ready illustration, and she painted men and women as she found them, making a failure when she tried; like Lydia Bennet, who flourished her hand with its wedding-ring, and “smiled like anything;” or, adding triteness to common dullness, as in Mr Collins, whose letter found favour with Mary; “the idea of the olive-branch is not wholly new, but I think it is well ex-

pressed." When we say that most men are without the gift in question, it is obvious that we mean of original illustration. Only a poet could first invest Time with wings; but we talk of the flight of time now without pretending to any share of his gift. There are certain figures incorporated in the language which we cannot speak without using. We are all poetical by proxy. Such common property is the imagery connected with sunrise and the dawn; sunset and twilight; sun, moon, stars, and comets; lightning and storm; seas, rivers, frost, and dew; the road, the path, the ladder; the rose, the lily, and the violet; the dying lamp and its extinguisher; angels, the grave; the lion, the tiger, the wolf, and the lamb; the eagle, the dove, and the parrot; the goose and the monkey. But indeed the list of incorporated metaphor is endless, and it has required a real poet these several hundred years past to hit off anything new out of the subjects of it. But they are all capable in his hands of a sudden illumination, of figuring in new characters, of imparting the surprise which is the very essence of the illustration proper. And once a surprise is always a surprise—that is, the flash in the poet's mind plays and coruscates round it always. We may weary of the hackneyed use of it; in dull hands it may sound stale; but no taint destroys the first freshness when we come upon it in its right place. There it still delights us to read how—

"The weak wanton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous  
fold,  
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane  
Be shook to air."

The grandeur of the comparison when Pandemonium rose like an exhalation, never sinks to commonplace. The suggestions of what is

noble, beautiful, and familiar in nature, are really endless, however the soil may seem exhausted to prosaic minds, which are yet quite capable of being freshened into awakened interest by a new epithet or an original collision of ideas, revealing some undiscovered sympathy with human feeling. Every poet adds something to the common stock of imagery, and so enlarges our perceptions. Shakespeare, on saluting a beautiful woman as Day of the World, quickens our sense of beauty alike in nature and in man. It needed imagination first to affix the idea of sovereignty to the morning, but it was at once adopted by the general mind—

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovran eye."

Wordsworth first endued it with "innocence," in which we own an equal fitness—

"The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet."

Often as the dawn comes round, we do not know that anybody has called it confident before Mr Browning in his 'Lost Leader':—

"Life's night begins: let him never come  
back to us,  
There would be doubt, hesitation, and  
pain;  
Forced praise on our part, the glimmer of  
twilights,  
Never glad confident morning again."

Or associated dew with the memory as Mr Tennyson does—

"O strengthen me, enlighten me,  
I faint in this obscurity,  
Thou dewy dawn of memory."

We have always liked, for its homely freshness, Christopher North's simile of the dispelling powers of the sun upon the Scotch mist, in which, as a child, he had lost himself,—“Like the sudden opening of shutters in a room, the whole world was filled with light.” And for its

energy, the Laureate's stormy sunset—

“And wildly dash'd on tower and tree,  
The sunbeam strikes along the world.”

These images and epithets are all obvious enough as we read them, but in their place, we recognise them as the poet's own coinage. There is no borrowed air about them. Byron tinges opening and closing day with his own spleen and discontent, and makes them sentimental, when he throws upon their shoulders the task of making life just bearable. After a lovely description of sunset, with its transient glories, his own temper speaks in the person of Myrrha in “Sardanapalus,”—

“And yet

It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the  
soul,

And blends itself into the soul, until  
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch  
Of sorrow and of love; which they who  
mark not

Know not the realms where those twin genii  
build the palaces,

Where their fond votaries repose and breathe  
Briefly; but in that brief cool calm inhale  
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear  
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,  
And dream them through in placid sufferance.”

The fitness of a metaphor to its place may give novelty to the most familiar analogies—

“Put out the light, and then put out the  
light.”

When the Ancient Mariner tells his unwilling hearer, “I pass like night from land to land,” he imparts to matter-of-fact minds a newly-conceived mystery of motion to the most familiar of nature's phenomena. Nothing is more common than to liken girlish beauty to the rose; but, nevertheless, George Eliot's picture of Hetty awakes a more lively and amused sense of the fitness of the simile—“If ever a girl was made of roses, it was Hetty that Sunday morning;” and fa-

miliar as the type of the road is as conveying a moral, we find no triteness in Crabbe when, satirising the learning-made-easy of some teachers of his day, he clenches it with—

“And some to Heaven itself their byway  
know.”

Nothing is so trite through other men's use that it may not be invested with new qualities, or brightened with renewed glory by the poet; but in speaking of illustration, of course we more particularly mean a fresh coinage altogether—that happy fit and neat adjustment of things not coupled together before, which brings the matter illustrated with sudden force to the reader or hearer. The gift of doing this implies very wide powers, and unremitting industry in the use of them: an activity of observation possessed by very few; a lifelong habit of taking in what passes before eyes and ears and reasoning upon them; an exceptional memory, and method in the training of it. What the illustrator observes he arranges in his mind, storing its treasures on a system which can produce them at the right moment. Most of us have an illustration to the point if we could find it; but our minds, even if they be busy ones, are furnished too much on the plan, or want of plan, of Dominie Sampson's—stowed with goods of every description, like a pawnbroker's shop, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganisation, that the owner can never lay his hands on any one article at the moment he has occasion for it. This at least may be the case with the conversational blunderers who lead up to where they expect an apt simile, tumble up and down for it, and do not find it. But a good illustrator has not only his attention alive and awake, and thinks to purpose—he has sympathy

with his kind in all those fields of observation from which he derives his fund of illustration. And this is one main bond of union. We recognise a mind interested in what interests ourselves. Nothing is more charming, for instance, than to find a man of genius, whose thoughts and aspirations might all be supposed to circle above the heads of the common work-a-day world, perfectly familiar with the little cares, the homely objects, the minor pleasures, troubles, inconveniencies, which beset ordinary humanity, and taking them in precisely the same spirit. In his discourse on fanatical scruples of conscience, it is very agreeable, for instance, to find Jeremy Taylor illustrating a deep question of casuistry by a simile open to the comprehension of every man, woman, and child who has ever worn a shoe. Scruples, he says, are like a stone in the shoe: if you put your foot down it hurts you; if you lift it up you cannot go on. Its aptness, allied to its homeliness, tickles the fancy like wit. No subject can be dull under such handling.

Illustration is an amiable gift—amiable at least to the reader. It seeks constantly to relieve the tedium of attention and fixed thought. It is modest, and labours to save him the irksomeness of elaborate demonstration. It renders things clear and plain, with least trouble to ourselves, and throws in a good thing into the bargain. Constantly, indeed, it is a necessity. We can know some things only through vivid illustration. How, for instance, can a stay-at-home receive any idea of the Stourbach but through such a picture as Tennyson draws of

“The Alpine ledges, with their wreaths of  
dangling water smoke.”

Its serious office is to help along  
VOL. CX.—NO. DCLXXIV.

an abstract argument, to lighten and facilitate the discussion of grave topics, to administer a fillip to infirm attention, and arrest a straggling wayward fancy. Illustrations don't prove a point, but they help us to tide over the labour of proof, and sweeten the extreme effort to most men of steady thought. Of all gifts this secures readers for weighty and toilsome questions on morals, politics, and religion; and is the only legitimate method of lightening these, except, indeed, extreme neatness and precision of expression, which can for a time dispense with all ornament or alleviation whatever to the severity of the topic under treatment. Locke, through an illustration, inflicts a sense of shame on the reader who has not thought for himself, which no reproof in sterner shape would impart; and at the same time, by a second metaphor, gives a stimulus to endeavours. In his Preface we read: “He who has raised himself above the *alms-basket*, and, not content to *live lazily on scraps of begged opinion*, sets his own thoughts on work to find and follow truth, will (whatever he lights on) not miss the *hunter's* satisfaction; every moment of his pursuit will reward his pains with some delight, and he will have reason to think his time not ill spent, even when he cannot boast of any great acquisition.”

We have said that the illustrator habitually keeps his attention alive; but this, of course, applies only to a mind of very wide sympathies. Most people are one-eyed; half the world is a blank to them—they do not observe it. It was said of Tasso that he never departed from the woods—that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country. We can imagine him, indeed, as passing over the common life of cities with eyes that saw nothing.

Not so with Ariosto; his verse is enlivened, his story illustrated, by a hundred familiar allusions to the manners and habits of his time. One of his heroes, for example, passes from one danger to a worse, or, as it is expressed, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Dante has appropriate illustration for everything alike, when he condescends to use it,—nature in its grandeur and repose, the pulpit, the studio, and the workshop.

In every case, and however it is applied, metaphor may be said to be the natural link between man and the world he lives in; neither can be brought home to the feelings but through the help of the other. When nature is the theme, man's labours, his humours and passions, are necessary to give force to the picture: when man and his works occupy the front, then nature—and in nature we include all that is not man and those works—is instinctively sought into for means towards that comparison and likeness the mind craves for. We all think mistily in this vein. The poet gives it expression. Thus Wordsworth, in the history of his own mind, portrays the faculty of illustration:—

“To every natural form, rock, fruit, or flower,  
E'en the loose stones that cover the highway,  
I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,  
Or linked them to some feeling:  
Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love,  
Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on  
From transitory passion, unto this  
I was as sensitive as waters are  
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood  
Of passion; was obedient as a lute  
That waits upon the touches of the wind.”

Every object in nature takes a colour in obedience to these varying moods. When apostrophising the daisy, the “wee modest flower,” he finds likenesses for it in things most opposite. It is a nun; it is a sprightly maiden; it is

“A queen in crown of rubies drest,  
A starveling in a scanty vest.”

But, Protean as these resemblances may be, nothing in nature can affect the poet but through his sympathy with man. The waning moon allies itself in Bryant's mind with waning intellect.

“Shine thou for forms that once were bright,  
For sages in the mind's eclipse,  
For those whose words were spells of  
might,  
But falter now with stammering lips.”

All pity for nature's decay and weakness can only arise through this unconscious comparison with the same in ourselves.

“Till fell the frost from the clear cold  
heaven,  
As falls the plague on men.”

Mrs Browning draws from the familiar object,—a shadow cast on running waters,—a sad but just illustration of faith and constancy misplaced, thus giving the key-note of the poem which it opens:—

“The lady's shadow lies  
Upon the running river;  
It lieth no less in its quietness  
For that which resteth never.  
Most like a trusting heart  
Upon a passing faith,  
Or as upon the course of life  
The steadfast doom of death.”

It is not necessary to a poet of genius to have seen either the illustration or the thing illustrated. Milton had neither seen Satan “rear from off the pool his mighty stature,” nor witnessed anything at all approaching to the convulsion of nature to which he compares the démon standing erect—

“As when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a hill,  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side  
Of thundering Etna, whose combustible  
And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
And leave a singed bottom, all involved  
With stench and smoke: such resting found  
the sole  
Of unblest feet.”

Neither had Bacon's outward ear

caught the tones of Greek music when he describes the mythological truths handed down by old traditions as the "breath and purer spirits of the earliest knowledge, floating down and made musical by Grecian flutes." But this method of illustration, without distinct knowledge for eye and sense, needs the rarest gifts. In meaner hands it is the source of most of the dull and trite illustration of which we are so weary; and lies at the root of the prejudice which popularly hangs about simile and metaphor as so much flimsy decoration, so that every sentence that seems to contain them is eluded by the practised eye. In truth we trust a writer when we apply our minds with hope and animation to his imagery. When authors insert metaphor as an *ornament*, which is the way many people view it, it does not deserve to be read. A really happy metaphor is part and parcel of the work, and ought no more to be regarded as a superfluity than a child's golden tresses, on the ground that it can live in health without them. Some authors allow it to transpire that they keep a notebook, in which they enter every happy thought or pretty simile that occurs to their leisure, to be incorporated subsequently into some larger work. These prepared similes are very certain to do him no credit, to be ornaments out of place, and to betray their origin. Either they don't fit at all, or they manifest that universal fitness which constitutes the commonplace—so that we know all about it beforehand—or they are led up to by too transparent artifice, entangling and breaking the author's line of thought. The simile that lives is of the essence of the page where it is enshrined, coeval with the matter it illuminates, or at least flashing upon the

author while he still muses upon what he has written. De Quincey says that Coleridge in his early days used the image of a man "sleeping under a manchineel-tree," alternately with the case of Alexander killing his friend Clitus, as resources for illustration which Providence had bountifully made inexhaustible in their applications. No emergency could possibly arise to puzzle the poet or the orator, but one of these similes (please Heaven!) should be made to meet it. So long as the manchineel continued to blister with poisonous dew those who confided in its shelter, so long as Niebuhr forbore to prove Alexander of Macedon a hoax and Clitus a myth, his fixed determination was that one or other of these images should come upon duty when he found himself on the brink of insolvency. Not so adjustable were the similes that have made his own verses famous; as, for instance, that which pictures the horror which held the Mariner's eyes fixed before him so that he little saw of what had else been seen:—

"Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And, having once turned round, walks on  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread."

This was neither anticipation nor afterthought, but essential part of a whole.

The department of nature that furnishes the commonest illustration, and needs least the gift as a distinction, is that which finds its most appropriate field in the fable. The extraordinary sympathy that infancy manifests towards all forms of animal life—the passion every baby shows for horse and cow, cat and dog, parrot and canary, so that for their sake it willingly forswears mere intellectual converse—makes us regret

the general disuse of fable as moral teaching for children. This generation does not know Æsop as its progenitors of all time have known him. But this natural affinity is reason enough for the universal habit of comparison between animals and men; the alliance and resemblance is so obvious, and of so long standing, that everybody is alive to it. Dr Johnson died in this form of metaphor. His friends record his complaints of the man who attended him: "Instead of watching, he sleeps like a dormouse; and when he helps me to bed he is awkward as a turnspit-dog the first time he is put into the wheel." Everybody can call his neighbour an ass, and liken a songstress or a lover to a nightingale—

"Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop,  
And now that I think on't, the story may  
stop."

The sympathy is so intimate that every passion expresses itself through this vocabulary instinctively—

"What, all my pretty chickens, at one fell swoop!"

When we say that a writer does not use metaphor, we must therefore except this form of it. In glancing over any one of Mr Trollope's novels, 'Dr Thorne,' for instance, we find very lively use of the animal kingdom. His readers must be familiar with his habit of calling young men, in their capacity of lover, wolves; and we come upon decoy-ducks, birds of prey, turtle-doves, chattering magpie, leeches, &c., and so on. When the Doctor wishes to prepare his niece for the great fortune that has fallen to her, he talks in fable:—

"I fear, Mary, that when poor people talk disdainfully of money, they often are like your fox, born without a tail. If nature suddenly should give that beast a

tail, would he not be prouder of it than all the other foxes in the world?

"Well, I suppose he would. That's the very meaning of the story. But how moral you've become all of a sudden, at twelve o'clock at night! Instead of being Mrs Radcliffe, I shall think you're Mr Æsop."

Mrs Gaskell is seldom tempted to illustration, but this form of it suits the feminine genius. In the 'Cranford Papers,' Mr Mulliner, the Hon. Mr Jamieson's powdered footman, the terror of all the good ladies who could not boast such a distinction, "in his pleasantest and most gracious mood, looked like a sulky cockatoo." In ordinary minds this modified exercise of the fancy is applied mostly to the purposes of common vituperation or endearment. Bird and beast gain nothing by this association with man. But the poet idealises, his inspiration glorifies them into types of power, dignity, ferocity, whatever their distinctive attributes, as Dante's "Sordella"—

"Posasi come Leon che posa;"

as the wolf swells into demon atrocity in Cowley's fine simile, occurring in his debate with the fiend, Cromwell's advocate. Failing in argument, that "great bird of prey" would have carried the poet off—first to the tower, thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither! but for the interposition of an angel. Naturally it irritates the fiend to be balked so unexpectedly, and

"Such rage enflames the wolf's wild heart  
and eyes,

(Robbed, as he thinks unjustly, of his prize),  
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and  
draws

The bleating lamb from out his ravenous  
jaws.

The shepherd fain himself would he assail,  
But fear above his hunger does prevail,  
He knows his foe too strong, and must be  
gone;

He grins as he looks back, and howls as he  
goes on."

Though it must be allowed in this



case that Cowley had probably only his inner consciousness to guide him as to the deportment of a wolf under these circumstances.

In another vein Southey uses the polypus as the type of the unintelligible. Having mystified one of his friends by a passage from Swedenborg, he bids him read it again.

“Don't you understand it? Read it a third time. Try it backwards. See if you can make anything of it diagonally. Turn it upside down. Philosophers have discovered that you may turn a polypus inside out, and it will live just as well one way as the other. It is not to be supposed that nature ever intended any of its creatures to be thus inverted, but so the thing happens.”

The satirist illustrates the qualities and passions of men by beasts, birds, and insects, in the spirit of fable, accepting the popular idea of their properties without troubling himself further. Our readers to whom it is familiar, must excuse our giving the opening of the “Hind and Panther,” for it is not everybody to whom Dryden's masterpieces are familiar nowadays.

“A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,  
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;  
Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.  
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds  
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds  
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,  
And doomed to death, though fated not to die.”

Then follow the denominations—the “bloody Bear, an Independent beast;” “the Socinian Reynard;” “the Calvinistic Wolf, pricking predestinating ears;” and last, the creeping things, representing minor sects—for liberty of conscience was not a poet's theme in those days.

“A slimy-born and sun-begotten tribe,  
Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,  
In fields their sullen conventicles found.”

The Panther—the Church of England—is drawn with elaboration, but in disdain of close analogy; her spots were all the poet cared for. The Hind enters into conversation with her—

“Considering her a well-bred civil beast,  
And more a gentlewoman than the rest.  
After some common talk, what rumours ran,  
The lady of the spotted muff began.”

Swift finds the animal and insect kingdom a very convenient medium for his cynicism. “A little wit,” he says, “is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plainly by a parrot.” His political opponent is the spider arguing with the bee, swelling himself into the size and posture of a disputant, with a resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry, to urge his own reasons without the least regard to the answers and objections of his opposite, and fully predetermined in his own head against all conviction. This system of fable is perfectly different from the use made of the lower creation in modern poetry. It is still used as illustration, but through close observation of the individual. Nature is being studied now for its own sake, not only as it subserves men's uses; and the poet must share and illustrate the spirit of his age, though sometimes at the risk of seeming to play a game of definitions from a nicety of delineation which exceeds the reader's powers of sympathy. Geraint, in the ‘*Idylls of the King*,’ having commanded his wife to put off her fine clothes and don again the “faded silk,” scrutinises her with the air of a robin—

“Never man rejoiced  
More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;  
And glancing all at once as keenly at her  
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,  
Made her cheek burn, and either eyelid fall,  
But rested with her sweet face satisfied.”

This same Enid, when helpless in Earl Doorm's hands, sent forth

"A sudden sharp and bitter cry,  
As of a wild thing taken in a trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming through the  
wood."

This cry the poet must have  
heard, as he had seen the fluster  
inside a dovecot of

"A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,  
When some one batters at the dovecot  
doors ;"

and watched the manners of the  
pet parrot, which turns

"Up through gilt wires a crafty loving eye,  
And takes a lady's finger with all care,  
And bites it for true love, and not for  
harm."

There is a simile *imagined* in the  
modern spirit of careful truth to  
nature, in Mr Browning's "Balaustion's  
Adventures." An eagle in a  
very unusual predicament, who per-  
sonates Death, is faced at a great  
disadvantage by the lion Apollo.  
The reader will probably have to  
read it twice over to embrace the  
situation, but it will be found a  
vigorous image when once mas-  
tered :—

"And we observed another Deity  
Half in, half out the portal—watch and  
ward—  
Eyeing his fellow : formidably fixed,  
Yet faltering too at who affronted him,  
As somehow disadvantaged, should they  
strive.  
Like some dread heapy blackness, ruffled  
wing,  
Convulsed and cowering head that is all eye,  
Which proves a ruined eagle who, too blind,  
Swooping in quest of quarry, fawn or kid,  
Descried deep down the chasm 'twixt rock  
and rock,  
Has wedged and mortised into either wall  
O' the mountain, the pent earthquake of his  
power ;  
So lies, half hurtless yet still terrible,  
Just when who stalks up, who stands front to  
front,  
But the great lion-guarder of the gorge,  
Lord of the ground, a stationed glory there !  
Yet he too pauses ere he try the worst  
O' the frightful unfamiliar nature, new  
To the chasm indeed, but elsewhere known  
enough,  
Among the shadows and the silences  
Above i' the sky."

There is a class of metaphor  
bringing home to us a sense of the

awful, mysterious, and unknown,  
through what is itself vague shadow,  
only half apprehended, that gives  
evidence of a lofty imagination be-  
yond any other form of this gift.  
To illustrate what we mean, we  
must again quote what is familiar,  
Milton's image of Death :—

"The other shape,  
If shape it could be called that shape had  
none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;  
Or substance might be called that shadow  
seemed,  
For each seemed either ; *black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart.*"

Or again—

"Confusion *heard* his voice, and wild uproar  
*Stood ruled*—stood vast infinitude *confined*,  
Till at his second bidding darkness *fled*."

Or—

"And on his crest sat horror plumed."

Such suggestion is involved in  
the "secrets of the prison-house."  
And we find the same awe veiling  
itself in impersonation where the  
prophet Ezekiel warns his people  
that the day of trouble is close  
upon them, that his prophecy was  
not of a distant future, but of terrors  
close at hand :—

"An end is come, the end is come ;  
it *watcheth for thee* ; behold it is come ;"

—the end ready to spring, like a  
thing alive, and inevitable doom  
craving to destroy and exterminate.

"Woe," cries Bunyan, in his despair—  
"woe be to him against whom the Scrip-  
tures bend themselves."

Something of the same feeling at-  
tends the shadow in 'In Memoriam'  
—"the shadow feared by man," that

"Bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, though I walk in haste,  
And think that somewhere in the waste,  
The *shadow* sits that waits for me."

And where the fears of conscience  
in Guinevere are brought before us  
through the vague fears of supersti-  
tion :—

“A vague spiritual fear

Like to some *doubtful* noise of creaking doors,  
Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,  
That keeps the rust of murder on the walls,  
Held her awake.”

Three qualities are essential to a perfect illustration. It must be apt, it must be original, and it must be characteristic of its author. So far we have treated illustration mainly in its poetical aspect; as the world reads and enjoys it oftenest and most familiarly, it is wit. An apt illustration taken from the life we live in is wit, however grave the matter it illustrates, and sombre the surroundings. Our old divines allowed themselves these relaxations much more freely than is the habit now, and in so doing imprinted themselves more vividly on their works. The preacher of our day keeps his good stories for his friends at his own fireside. There was nothing within the bounds of modest decorous mirth that Jeremy Taylor or Fuller thought unfit to brighten a grave discourse or a weighty subject.

“There is a disease of infants,” says Fuller, “called the rickets. Have not many nowadays the same sickness in their souls? their heads swelling to a vast proportion, and they wonderfully enabled with knowledge to discourse. But, alas! how little their legs, poor their practice, and lazy their walking in a godly conversation!”

There is, again, his quaint impersonation of second childhood. “The Pyramids, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.” And negroes, with him, are “images of God cut in ebony.” Jeremy Taylor abounds in illustration sure to excite a smile, whatever the context; as where he defines the weak reasoner:

“He that proves a certain truth from an uncertain argument, is like him that wears a wooden leg when he has two sound ones already.”

Those who postpone the day of repentance are like

“The Circassian gentlemen who enter not into a church till they are sixty and past rapine, but hear service out of window.”

On niceties of religious differences he argues:—

“He that describes a man can tell you the colour of his hair, his stature, and proportion, and describe some general lines enough to distinguish him from a *Cyclop* or a *Saracen*; but when you chance to see the man you will discover figures or little features of which the description had produced in you no *fantasm* or expectation. And on the exterior signification of a sect, there are more resemblances than in men’s faces, and greater uncertainty in the signs.”

The casualties to which human life is incident are shown by examples:—

“And those creatures which nature hath left without weapons, yet are they armed sufficiently to vex those parts of a man which are left obnoxious, to a sunbeam, to the roughness of a sour grape, to the unevenness of a gravel-stone, to the dust of a wheel, or the unwholesome breath of a star looking awry upon a sinner.”

Of those whom the practice of fasting makes peevish and difficult to live with (“as was sadly experimented in St Jerome”) he says:—

“It is not generally known whether the beast that is wanton or the beast that is cursed be aptest to gore.”

That fearlessness characteristic of the born illustrator is especially shown in his triads of examples. He leads up to them without knowing exactly what will come, making sure that fancy will not leave him in the lurch, and when he looked for one, three crowd upon him. A wise person, he argues, will put most on the greatest interest:—

“No man will hire a general to cut wood, or shake hay with a sceptre, or spend his soul and all his faculties upon the purchase of a cockle-shell.”

“To resolve is to purpose to do what we may if we will. Some way or other the

thing is in our power ; either we are able of ourselves or we are helped. No man resolves to carry an elephant, to be as wise as Solomon, or to destroy a vast army with his own hand."

Again, the humour often lies in a word of metaphor, as where the disconsolate husband, when his grief *has boiled down* somewhat, turns his thoughts to a second marriage.

South talks of men made atheists by a bad conscience, who dare not look truth in the face, and "had rather be befooled into a prudent, favourable, and propitious lie ; a lie which shall chuck them under the chin and kiss them, and, at the same time, strike them under the fifth rib ;" and of the cheating tradesman selling his soul "like brown paper into the bargain." Hammond, in a grave discourse, likens the self-delusion of professors to the practice of some Mohammedans, who, when they would get drunk, get rid of conscience by exorcising their soul into some extremity of the body, thus relieving the mass of its responsibility. We do not gather, however, that illustration was ever thought essential to be cultivated where it did not naturally grow. Barrow, who exhausted every subject he took up, never illustrated it beyond the most matter-of-fact examples.

Dryden's was the fancy that most teemed with illustration of the witty as well as poetical sort. His prose is enlivened with it almost to excess. He plunges into it, after the manner of a clever 'Times' article, on the opening of a dedication or preface, all his observations on life, society—the court, ready at his pen's end.

"It is with the poet as with a man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the cost beforehand ; but, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his account, and reckons short in the expense he first intended. He alters his mind as the work proceeds,

and will have this or that convenience made, of which he had not thought when he began. So it has happened to me: I have built a house where I intended but a lodge ; yet with better success than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finish the palace he had contrived."

And he apologises in the same vein for the poems thus prefaced:—

"I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned ; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily ; but desired of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs ; but what decays are in my mind the reader must determine."

He values himself on the fineness of his satire in a comparison we have seen quoted. There is, he says,

"A vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. 'A man may be capable,' as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, 'of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging ; but to make a malefactor die sweetly was belonging only to her husband.'"

Theocritus's Doric, he says, has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, "like a fair shepherdess in her country russet talking in a Yorkshire tone." Inferior critics are "French Huguenots, and Dutch boors brought over, but not naturalised, who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll." The age boasted itself a witty one, and false and true wit alike must wear the fashion of their day. The Drama overflowed with it. Thus Witwould, in Congreve's comedy, never opens his mouth without a trope. He rushes upon the stage:—

"That's hard, very hard—a messenger ! a mule, a beast of burden ! He has

brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another; and, what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author as an epistle dedicatory."

He overwhelms Millamant, whom he attends, with similes. Her entrance, indeed, is in a sort of fire-work of metaphor. Her irritated lover, expecting her to be followed by the usual troop of admirers, begins:

"*Mirabel*.—Here she comes, i' faith, full sail, with her fall spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders.—Ha! no, I cry her mercy. You seem to be unattended, Madam; you used to have the *beau monde* throng after you, and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

"*Witwoud*.—Like moths about a candle. I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

"*Millamant*.—I have denied myself air to-day. I have walked as fast through the crowd—

"*Witwoud*.—As a favourite just disgraced, and with as few followers.

"*Millamant*.—Dear Mr Witwoud, truce with your similitudes, for I am as sick of 'em—

"*Witwoud*.—As a physician of a good air. I cannot help it, Madam, though 'tis against myself.

"*Millamant*.—Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

"*Witwoud*.—Do, Mrs Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day; I am too bright."

It is not only the avowed wit who overpowers us with metaphor; the dramatist strives to show his own invention through the medium of the whole *dramatis personæ*. Everybody has an image or a figure to clinch his meaning; it is one main cause of the absolute difference between talk on the stage and off it. Not that author or spectator quite knows this, for the humour for illustration is sometimes irrepressible—a sort of fever on the author's side: and it is one of the chief merits and charms of a good play that it communicates to the listener an inner sense and share of its own clever-

ness; it being the great function of illustration to enlarge the common stock of human intellect, wit, and poetry.

But we must not linger among the writers of a past age. Every memory will recall examples which they prefer to our own. Shakespeare is too familiar a friend to borrow much from. Ben Jonson's exquisite cluster of similes in "The Triumph of Charis" need not be quoted; nor yet Pope's equally delightful tumult of comparisons, which fail to express Belinda's despair. Indeed, all Pope's best illustrations are wit of the first water, and as such proverbial. "Lord Landborough," "The tall Bully," and a hundred other cues, need only be given to bring the neatest of couplets crowded with meaning to the reader's memory, such as—

"Who can escape Time's all-destroying hand?  
Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole  
in the Strand?"

Every age has its peculiar line; and every writer of genius uses similitudes after a manner of his own, whether nature is treated merely as a picture, or invested with a human heart and temper, or deserted altogether for social comparisons found in man and his works. In this last, a favourite method is the allegory or apologue, or more familiar anecdote—that case in point with which some minds are so wonderfully stored, that it suggests the idea of invention. This, in clever hands, is the engine or weapon of malice, of all degrees, from the playful to the venomous. A subject thus introduced has no chance—it takes any colour the author pleases. But its influence is subtler when applied to nullify what has gone before, and to attach a sly sting at the tail of commendation. We observe, for instance,

that De Quincey can never enlarge either on the life or poetry of Wordsworth, without a touch of spleen or bile following close on the approval of his taste and intellect. He uses forcible words of esteem for his person, and reverence for his genius; but then comes a little story or apologue, just the slightest infusion of bitter that leaves a lasting taste behind. Nobody else can say a word, but he is down upon the critic for stupidly mistaking the poet's crowning excellence for defect; but when he takes him in hand he is presently reminded of some anecdote which the poet would not thank him for remembering at that moment. Thus the story of Margaret in the 'Excursion,' on which so much pathos and pity is lavished, suggests a tale in direct ridicule and disparagement of both, as merely abstract and sentimental.

"There is a story somewhere told of a man who complained, and his friends also complained, that his face looked almost always dirty. The man explained this strange affection out of a mysterious idiosyncrasy in the face itself, upon which the atmosphere so acted as to force out stains and masses of gloomy suffusion, just as it does upon some qualities of stone in rainy or vapoury weather. 'But,' said his friend, 'had you no advice for this strange affection?'—'Oh yes: surgeons had prescribed; chemistry had exhausted its secrets upon the case; magnetism had done its best; electricity had done its worst.' His friend mused for some time, and then asked, 'Pray, amongst these painful experiments, did it ever happen to you to try one that I have read of—namely, a basin of soap and water?' And perhaps on the same principle it might be allowable to ask the philosophic wanderer who washes the case of Margaret with so many coats of metaphysical varnish, but ends with finding all unavailing, 'Pray, amongst your other experiments, did you ever try the effect of a guinea?'"

Sydney Smith's wit goes out very much in illustration, which is indeed the case with all wit; but his

*forte* is putting an imaginary case and crowding it with vivid and appropriate detail. His arguments for Roman Catholic emancipation are all enriched with the choicest pictures in this vein of begging the question, as when our constitution is compared to a frigate going into action, in which the captain (whose name was Perceval), "instead of talking to his sailors of king, country, glory, and sweethearts, gin, French prisons, and wooden shoes, claps twenty or thirty of his prime sailors, who happen to be Catholics, into irons, and reminds the crew generally, in a bitter harangue, that they are of different religions; exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust the Presbyterian quartermaster; rushes through blood and brains, examining his men in the Catechism and Thirty-nine Articles," and so on. In his case this mode of proof is peculiarly effective, because, as he did not the least understand the grounds on which his opponents acted, we need not think him deliberately unfair. Nothing could be stronger than his faith in his own views, unless it was his contempt for those of the other side. He had a profound contempt for what he thought non-essentials in religion. To see people differ, and quarrel, and legislate about and against them, was to him simply ridiculous; so his illustration expressed exactly the ground and bottom of the matter, and was exhaustive to his own mind.

"I have often thought, if the *wisdom of our ancestors* had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the throes and convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights. What mobs and riots it would produce! To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriots be exposed! what wormwood would distil from Mr Perceval! what froth would drop from Mr Canning! how (I will not say *my* but *our* Lord Hawkesbury, for he belongs to us all)—how our Lord Hawkes-

bury would work away about the hair of King William, and Lord Somers, and the authors of the great and glorious Revolution! how Lord Eldon would appeal to the Deity and to the hair of his children! Some would say that red-haired men were superstitious; some would prove they were atheists. They would be petitioned against as the friends of slavery and the advocates of revolt. In short, such a corruption of the heart and the understanding is the spirit of persecution, that these unfortunate people, if they did not emigrate to countries where hair of another colour was persecuted, would be driven to the falsehood of perukes, or the hypocrisy of the Tricosian fluid."

Minds of this lively order cannot argue without illustration. They rush to it as rest from the pains of disquisition, as well as in confidence thus to win over the suffrages they are anxious for.

The gift of imagination wreathes every abstract speculation, as well as all personal experience, bitter as well as sweet, with these graces, which, when they come unsought, are associated with the subject-matter indissolubly. Every reader of 'Jane Eyre' remembers the simile of the snow in June as part of the blank despair where the marriage is broken off. It belongs to some natures to pause, even in a crisis, in search of that sympathy from nature their reserve forbids them to look for in man, though more commonly illustration is the amusement of the mind in greater leisure and composure of spirit. The illustration in George Eliot's writings that stands foremost in the memory is of this sort. The habit in some minds exercises itself mainly on itself. There are states of the mind that can only be cleared to itself through metaphor; so Haydon exhausts himself in simile to describe the hurry of his own genius—"Invention presses upon a man like a nightmare." "All of a sudden a flash comes inside your head as if a

powder-mill had exploded without any noise." The pedlar in the 'Mill on the Floss,' describes his head as "all alive inside like old cheese." And Charles Lamb is happy in the vein of his peculiarities, his likes and dislikes. "There is an order of imperfect intellects," he says "(under which mine must be content to rank), who, amongst other things, seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear." His whole paper on Imperfect Sympathies, which is a personal one, is alive with metaphor. Thus, of the Scotchman he is pleased to say that "he stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. His mind is put together on the principles of *clock-work*." Jews he likes as a *piece of stubborn antiquity*; but in their dress of modern Liberalism "they are neither fish nor flesh." In the negro countenance he acknowledges traits of benignity. "I have yearnings of tenderness towards their faces, or rather *masks*;" though "he would not wish to associate or share his meals and good nights with them because they are *black*." He would starve at the primitive banquet of Quaker life and converse. "My appetites are too high for their *salads*."

The practised hand shows its skill sometimes in a sort of *tour de force*, throwing a shower of graceful imagery over common things and matters of the house. How pleasantly Lord Lytton glorifies sixpence in the Caxtons!—

"Now, my mother, true woman as she was, had a womanly love of show in her quiet way—of making a genteel figure in the neighbourhood—of seeing that sixpence not only went as far as sixpence ought to go, but that in the going it should emit a mild but imposing splendour—nor, indeed, a gaudy flash, a startling Borealian coruscation—which is scarcely within the modest and placid

idiosyncrasies of sixpence; but a gleam of gentle and benign light, just to show where a sixpence had been, and allow you time to say, 'Behold!' before

" 'The jaws of darkness did devour it up.' "

It is the gentle feminineness of Mrs Caxton that tinctures this passage with its poetry, in spite of the banter; and places it in amusing contrast with a certain class of metaphor dealing with lucre, to be found in the mercantile columns of the press. For trade, like other things, instinctively, though in lubberly fashion, falls into simile, and appeals to nature for analogies. "Sir," writes a correspondent, dating from Mark Lane, "the events of the last five weeks *have but rippled the surface of the grain trade*, which has flowed in the direction I ventured to anticipate." "Since the days of drainage dawned," writes another. While we read of the hog *crop*, and of hogs commanding a high price, and so on. It requires, indeed, a certain delicacy of perception, denied to some, to distinguish the appropriate field for metaphor. A biographer who opens his subject thus: "Born in the cradle of the wholesale book trade," certainly misses it; so does the writer of a dictionary who pronounces truth to be the soul of his work, and brevity its body; and so does the poet who warns against discontent through the medium of fable.

"As well the newt might make complaint,  
Because a nightingale it aint."

Nor is it only nameless poets who have evinced a deadness of perception in this matter. The warmest admirers of the Botanic Garden were obliged to own that Dr Darwin carried the *Prosopopœia*—the illustration of qualities by a bodily presentment of them—too far. In fact this figure will not bear detail. It should be touch and go. Lady

Macbeth uses it thus airily when she gives the sentiment—

"Let good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both."

He would have enlarged on digestive processes till the hardest stomach grew qualmish, in the spirit in which he laboriously trifles with chemical affinities, making Azotic Gas the lover of the virgin Air, and transforming Fire into a jealous rival indignant at the treacherous courtship. Again, where the mechanism of that familiar object, the pump, is illustrated by a picture of maternally beauty administering sustenance to her infant; the pump thus furnishing matter for reproof to the fashionable world, in which affluent mothers are seduced by indolence or dissipation into unnatural contempt for this "delightful duty." These instances fail through the endeavour to raise the familiar and prosaic by supplying them with artificial wings. On the other hand, metaphor and illustration are constantly used to lower and familiarise the dignified or mysterious, as where Thackeray's simple heroine is left to the care of guardian angels with or *without* wages, and Dryden indicates Dido as the coming dowager.

When it is said that most men are without the gift and habit of illustration, it must be owned that this rather applies to the respectable members of the community than to its outlaws and black sheep. A society that has forty phrases to express drunkenness, as those say who have counted them, must be credited with some play of fancy. All callings that find plain speaking inconvenient, invent a dialect of metaphor and allusion, and acquire facility in the use of imagery. "Come along," cried a drunken convict cook, squaring at her master, who invaded the kitchen to know



why breakfast did not appear—“Come along, my hearty! Them as wants their breakfast must fight for it, *like the dogs do.*” And burlesque, which is the passion of the vulgar, ministers to this taste, both in language and impersonation.

Impersonation is also a method for the exercise of the illustrating faculty in society of another order altogether. The poor Empress’s fancy-dress balls, which amazed Paris and the world some years back, exhausted the invention of belles and beaux. One lady personated a violet, another a snow-storm, others butterflies and other insects, another a pack of cards. To act out the qualities of all these objects must necessarily be the aim of a clever impersonator. Hard though the task, ‘Punch’s’ parody represented it as possible even in the case of purer abstractions. “The Honourable Miss Top Sawyer wonderfully represented to Brighton and back for half-a-crown.” “The Duchess of Herne Bay was elegantly robed as the St Martin’s baths and wash-houses.” And the masterpiece of the evening was “Alderman Sir R. Gobble, as the General Omnibus Company (Limited).”

From all accounts the Americans beat us hollow in illustration. No provincial paper but has a corner of witticisms mainly contributed by them. Sam Slick absolutely bristles with imagery. Every man far west is a Sam Weller. The commonest incidents of life are portrayed, the most ordinary questions are answered, in metaphor. The lecturer is assured that an audience will come with a rush “like a shower of little apples.” An imposture is “a steamboat;” to be overreached is to have your “eye-teeth drawn;” to drink is to “conceal too much whisky about the person.” Small means and modest pretensions are represented

by “one horse;” a “one-horse show,” a “one-horse reputation;” swamps give a fine crop of chills and fevers; coffins are “wooden overcoats.” Something of the same tone characterises American authors when they leave the woods, plains, and streams for their inspiration, and revive the grotesque and wild images derived from the ferocities of savage life, or the conflicts of the first settlers with nature and the wild man. Theodore Parker, the transcendentalist, had a habit of collecting every fact to the disadvantage of the public men he did not like, with the design some day to attack and expose them. These damaging charges were called by his friends his *scalps*. It was complacently said of him, “He keeps all his scalps in the desk of the music hall. While you are listening to him, he suddenly draws one forth, shakes it at the audience, and puts it up again. It was the scalp of a clergyman. You recollect the sin for which he was slain, and grimly recognise and approve.” It was a boast that this leader of thought was healthily built. “There was no room in Parker’s head for vermin—not a single rat-hole in the whole house.” In their scorn for the past these zealots invent a transatlantic Billingsgate of foul similes. The Catechism, for example, is a bundle of old rags. With this is mingled a curious jargon of scientific analogies. Venerable creeds are fossilisations; to rest on one belief or opinion is crystallisation.

In Francisco and the gold-digging districts, cards seem to supply the language of metaphor. We must understand the games of Euchre and Poker to follow their meaning. To become euchred, we are told, is to lose two points, and the right bower is the knave of trumps. So in the dialogues commemorated by Bret Harte. “What have you got

there?" asks the pursued highwayman of King Lynch; who replies, "Two bowers and an ace," showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee, and submitted to his fate.

There are some objects in nature and art whose one use and purpose in life seems to be as illustrations. We acknowledge to finding no other utility in the thorn that is inseparable from the rose; nor in Prince Rupert's drop; nor in apples of Sodom, if there are such things; nor in house-spiders; nor in the stray atoms that float on the stream or lie in our path, to be swept into space after they have met the all-embracing eye of poet or moralist. We can do very well without them; but Dryden wanted a comparison for the labours of petty critics who find faults and cannot see beauties, and nothing else would have done as well.

"Errors like straws upon the surface flow,  
He who would search for pearls must dive  
below."

So did Swift illustrate the hypo-

chondriacal fancies of discontent. "Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy when great ones are not in the way. For want of a block he will stumble at a straw."

Our aim has been to show and touch upon illustration in its many forms as the enlarger of the human mind. The memory of every reader will supply a rush of further, and, it may be thought, more appropriate and better-chosen examples. Those who treat it mainly as an ornament, altogether miss its functions and purposes. Metaphor is the educator of the imagination; perpetually building what is new upon the old, and compelling men into a wider apprehension:—to see through the mind as well as through the eye. What would our ordinary talk have been but for the wits and the poets of all time, who have hung round every common sight, and sound, and need of homely nature with analogies: so forcing upon us the recognition, it may be the contemplation, of higher things?

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE House of Lords has been threatened. Its remodelling, if not its extinction, has been and is still demanded by those who profess to be the true exponents of public opinion. The Radicals of Birmingham have invited a general meeting of the representatives of Liberal boroughs to meet in deliberation on the measures to be taken against an assembly, which is painted as impeding the progress of the nation. The summons, it is true, has met with no response as yet: but it is manifest that the design is not abandoned, and that a fierce desire is burning in the heart of democrats to emasculate, and indeed to destroy, an institution which stands in the way of their designs. It is charged with being out of harmony with the people. It is animated, cry its assailants, with feelings which jar with those of the House of Commons. The House of Lords holds different views on political questions, aims at different objects, and is inspired with different passions from those which fill the breasts of the people of this country. The good of the people, it is alleged, is not its ruling motive. The peers occupy a position personal to themselves, and are intent only on defending their own advantages. They think only of their own interests and the interests of the classes immediately associated with them: and such a state of mind necessarily throws them into resistance to the beneficial proposals of the House of Commons. The spirit of the two Houses of Parliament is thus essentially unlike; they are not joint deliberators on the public good, but adversaries occupied with assailing and defending. It cannot

be doubted, exclaim Radicals, that the House of Commons speaks with the voice of the whole people: it is always pursuing the public advantage, always wise, always proposing measures founded on public utility, always in the right, both as to principle and practice: how then can an opposition which is founded not on the merits of the questions debated, but on the *animus* and temper of the Upper House, fail to generate an uncertainty or retardation in the councils of England, full of irritation for the people, and grievously prejudicial to its welfare? And then, are not Peers men who acquire this power over the weal of the nation by the simple fact of being their fathers' sons, without any guarantee for ability, for experience, or for knowledge of the country's wants? Is not their mental power below the average of cultivated Englishmen—certainly at least far below the standard of the chosen representatives of the Commons? In these modern days of education and general culture, when able and trained men swarm all over the country, whose lives have been spent in energy and perpetual activity, is it to be endured that the legislation of the nation should be kept at the mercy of those whose wealth has enabled them to devote their days to frivolity and ease? Is the House of Commons to brook the rescinding of its votes and the rejection of measures devised for the advancement of the general good by men, who are redeemed from obscurity only by the sonorousness of their titles? And if a challenge is given for the proof of these accusations, is it not sufficient to point

to the enormity of the Lords' recent conduct in respect of the Army Purchase and the Ballot Bills?

Such are the thoughts which are fermenting in Radical minds and democratic newspapers; nay, we will say more, which are filling many high-minded and thoughtful intellects with misgivings. We are in no way blind to the fact that these are considerations—many of them at least—which cannot fail to suggest themselves to numberless persons, whenever the Lords seem to carry themselves against the will of the people. It is the condition of the life which Englishmen live, that they should challenge institutions as often as they seem to be in discord with popular ideas. We dislike the fact; we think it often unreasonable at the present, and full of danger for the future, that tradition has lost much of its authority, that experience often counts for so amazingly little, and that the feeling is so common that a change, even a profound one, has the presumption of advantage on its side. But it is a fact, nevertheless; and it would be folly not to recognise it. We can no longer defend an established arrangement on the ground that it has worked well in the past, and that nothing but the clearest proof that its vitality is spent should be allowed to justify its modification. Every institution, nowadays, is called upon to give an account of its *raison d'être*, to explain why it exists, to justify whatever power it may possess, to let the world know that it is not afraid to propound the theory of its rights, and to make good its practice. We admit, therefore, the obligation to defend the House of Lords which the constitution has bestowed on England upon a solid basis of political philosophy. It is in the highest degree important that the country

should clearly understand the nature of the most peculiar branch of its legislation, and should be brought, if possible, to apprehend, clearly and correctly, the value and the extent of the services which it renders to the people. The present seems to us a favourable moment for such an investigation. There is excitement enough afoot to win attention to a discussion of the utility and the composition of the House of Lords; and yet there is not sufficient passion engaged to prevent a calm and fair estimate of the quality and working of this great institution. The manifest failure of its enemies to inflame the public mind against its retention in the constitution, proves that the sense of its usefulness is strong amongst the people; and this fact renders it the more just and important to allay doubts by a frank, and, it is hoped, faithful statement of what the House of Lords ought to be and is.

What, then, is the House of Lords? Not what it was indirectly at one period of England's history—the ruler of the State. The Barons can no longer make war upon the Court, and hold both King and people in dependence. Nor are the great families any longer able to dictate to the sovereign the policy of the nation. Neither, since 1832, are they masters of the House of Commons by means of rotten boroughs, Tory corporations, practical supremacy over county elections, or other indirect but very effectual machinery of government. The unity of the national administration is no longer accomplished by placing the centre of influence and power in the hands of the peers. That is over; it has passed away, never to return. The Lords knew perfectly how great was the revolution effected in 1832; the threat of a new creation of peers alone forced

them to relinquish the vast power which they wielded. They accepted the Reform Bill, and from that hour their position in the State has been radically altered. They passed into a new category: they became a Second Chamber. Their present position is fundamentally different from what they formerly held. They have lost all initiative in ruling; they do not govern. Individually the peers exercise large influence, founded on the traditional respect paid to their past, and still more on the territorial wealth which they possess; but this influence is not greater than what they would enjoy if their House was abolished, and the peers were all reduced to private individuals. As a House of Parliament, they are essentially subordinate to the House of Commons. The centre of power is transferred to the Lower House. It cannot be otherwise: the vote of the House of Commons is ultimately determined by the constituencies, and the peers do not reign over that body. The Lords possess no power of resisting the House of Commons when their action is supported by the people. When the people is finally and absolutely resolved on a particular measure, there is no possible solution but that the Crown and the House of Lords should give way. At all times government by three estates implied concession, if the veto of any single one was not to stop the administrative machine altogether. But whilst in former times the House of Commons could be managed, there is no means now of dealing with it except by dissolution; and if a dissolution reasserts the policy delayed, nothing is left but acquiescence. The Lords have accepted this position thoroughly. Their bitterest foes bring no other charge against them than that they are obstructive. No one accuses them

of ever attempting to impose a policy on the House of Commons or the country beyond resisting a change to which their assent is asked. It is impossible to overrate the overwhelming significance of this fact in every discussion on the House of Lords. The utmost blame which can be imputed to them by any one is, that they retard the progress of the nation. That they seek to rule it no living man asserts. The feeling has thoroughly penetrated the minds of the Lords that the English constitution has, by the inevitable development of society, been so modified as to alter their power in the State. They have bowed to the supreme law of development; and by the frankness with which they have accepted a change which the welfare of the nation demanded, they have shown how entirely they are impregnated with the spirit of the constitution, and what ample securities their good sense and their patriotism furnish for the beneficial discharge of the great duties which still belong to them.

The House of Lords, then, is not, directly or indirectly, the ruler of the nation. What is it? A Second Chamber. But what is a Second Chamber? A revising body. But this expression in turn requires explanation. It is not a committee of notables, more or less independent, statesmanlike, and far-seeing. It is this, but much more besides. It is a public force, wielding a power that is anything rather than wisdom embodied in the minds of the individual peers. Its strength resides in the nation itself; in the interests bound up with the House of Lords; in the ideas and feelings which are equally shared by large classes amongst the people, nay, which lie deep in the hearts of all Englishmen, with the exception of

an insignificant minority. The House of Lords can only revise—that is, it cannot dictate to the country the policy that should be pursued; it can only check and balance the supreme action of the House of Commons. But it performs this great function as the representative of interests most profoundly important for the people itself. It should never be forgotten for a moment that the House of Lords is as truly a body representative as the House of Commons. But for this quality of representing essential elements of the people's life, the House of Lords would have long ago been as effete as the French Senate, and been swept away from its place in the Constitution. The peers take their seats in the Upper House by a different mode of election than that by which the Commons appear in the palace at Westminster; indeed, it might seem that they are not elected at all. But that is a complete mistake. They are very positively chosen for their function, not by a direct and oft-repeated vote, but by a fixed rule, which singles them out upon a very distinct principle of representation. The peers are representative, because, by the practical working of the Constitution, they possess qualities which give effect to wants that the whole country feels it needs in the great matter of legislation. They are independent and conservative, each by virtue of their wealth and status in society. If the system of hereditary transmission of their functions were abolished, the nation, upon the principles of sound political philosophy, ought to elect the peers of the Second Chamber precisely for the possession of these qualities. The country might select some other wealthy and independent men in the places of some individual peers; but if it failed to choose upon this basis, it

would have no Second Chamber at all. Whether such a mode of selection would not be preferable to the hereditary method is fairly open to discussion, and we shall speak of this question presently; meanwhile we affirm here that in either case equally, the peers, when selected, are true representatives of the people, real performers of functions which the nation appoints them to discharge on its own behalf. They as much belong to the people, they are as truly part of the people, as the House of Commons itself. They render services to the people which are indispensable for the happiness and wellbeing of the people, and which the Lower House—the people's House, as it is so often, and in its peculiar sense so erroneously, called—is by its very nature incapacitated to render. To describe the Lords as antagonistic to the people is a misconception almost amounting to the ludicrous. They are public functionaries of a special kind, endowed, it is true, with station and distinction; but so are magistrates, judges, and Cabinet ministers. They discharge popular duties; to regard them as the defenders of their own privileges, or the protectors of their own class, is to give proof of a total ignorance of what they are, and why they were put in the place they hold. Public duty and public function are now the sole essence of the peerage.

But how can it be for the interest of the people, we hear it said, to institute a body of men able to arrest the movement of the nation, and to annul the declared wish of the constituencies and the deliberate judgments of men elected to Parliament—judgments that were arrived at precisely because they are in harmony with the feelings and the opinions of the people? It seems an act of gratuitous perversity to set up wilfully an obstacle which

bars out the nation on its road. The answer is short and decisive. It is a necessity of the first order to have a Second Chamber for the sake of liberty, because liberty can be preserved in no other way—because without a House of Lords the liberty which is the highest, the inestimable, possession of the people of England would perish. Liberty cannot live in a single popular assembly. No philosophical argument is needed to establish this truth; history records it in the clearest and most uniform language. No people, governed by a single assembly, has preserved its liberty for a hundred years—we had almost said fifty. The most illustrious of republics fell under the weight of an uncontrolled Demos. Rome was free whilst power was shared between antithetical and mutually-balancing bodies; when the senate degenerated into an assembly of great, aye, and most able and eminent, officials, and the tribunes mastered the state by the clamour and the votes of popular comitia, the avenger was at hand, and the longest and dreariest despotism known to history arose out of the ruins of a people which had achieved the grandest of histories. The Parliament of the Commonwealth was created to share power with the master of the country, to relieve his responsibilities, and to become the depository of guarantees for freedom. The explosive force of a single chamber shattered the institution, and the bestower of electoral government was compelled to recall his gift. Cromwell died the supreme arbiter of the fortunes of England. Need one recount the wild frenzy, the insane violence, the tempestuous surging to and fro, the fearful absence of all sense of responsibility, of method, of wisdom and judgment, of the mighty French Convention? The people, as so many phrase the

expression, here were subject to no limit, to no curb, on its desires and its will. If the vast aggregate of individual men, who are called the nation, could originate and sustain good government, never had a country such an opportunity as that presented to the France of the great Revolution, without king, or nobles, or church, or Parliaments, to fetter and baffle the proclamation of popular ideas and the accomplishment of the popular will. How many years did it last? Only long enough to display in the most vivid colours what excesses of blindness, fury, and mischief a single popular assembly can perpetrate. A military despot arose to crush out the hideous spectacle amidst the applause of the people itself. Recent history repeats the tale. In 1848 the National Assembly became the antechamber of the imperial conspirator, and a long and weary season of servitude and demoralisation pressed heavily on the character and the fortunes of the French nation. Again the scenes are changed, and again the same sight presents itself to the gaze of all mankind. The republic follows Cæsar, and falls swiftly under the sway of a democratic master; and who shall foretell the course which the National Assembly is destined to run? Does any one imagine that a single House will save France from despotism ten years, or even five? The sequence of events is so constant—the effect so unchangeably follows the cause—the growth of the noxious poison is so certain and so uniformly fatal—as to furnish unchallengeable evidence of a law, a law of human nature in the development of political organisation. A single assembly cannot keep men free; it cannot protect its own self from its own violence, its own disruptive forces. It is the sure parent of anarchy, and anarchy calls in the

despot for salvation. Whoever cries for the abolition of a Second Chamber, or its reduction to inefficiency, clamours for the extinction of liberty.

The basis of this unerring political law is easy to understand. The loss of freedom is no chance event, no accidental result of particular circumstances which wiser arrangements may be expected to avert in the future. Single assemblies are composed of men, and men are imperfect beings. The child needs control to save him from his passions, and nature has provided a regulator of its conduct in the calm counsels of its parents. Political action is the chosen field of passion; and passion without control becomes irrational. Nor is this all—very far from it. The masses who constitute a nation, by the unailing law of human life, are swayed by class interests and class feelings. The exercise of unchecked political power thus inevitably becomes one-sided; to say nothing of the ever-present danger of ignorance and passion being worked by clever demagogues to the promotion of their own ends. What single class of society has a clear knowledge of all the diverse elements which are necessary for the safe development of the whole national life? Human nature, in all its modes of existence, most of all when it exists in masses, is acted upon by forces of the most varied kind, by motives pushing in every direction, by desires of the most conflicting tendencies. The constitution of man's being needs all these impulses—each has its own legitimate sphere of action, each its specific work, its distinct and peculiar end to accomplish. The group of men and women called a nation needs for its social health, nay for its very existence, those results, be they qualities of mind, or institutions, or movements in manifold directions, just as urgently as they

do as individuals. The instincts of the desire of improvement, of prudence, of keeping what has been acquired, of acting on a deliberate plan directed to specific ends, of profiting by experience, of not risking all by an extravagant wish for more, of avoiding needless speculation without regard to the feasibility of the object sought—these and many other impulses of a similar character are as important for a mass of men, as hope, fear, love of enjoyment, the wish to better one's self, are for private persons. All these powers ought to be at work, each within its own range; each ought to have assured liberty for exercising its proper influence. Experience has proved without a break that a single assembly is not an organisation which will give their due weight, their legitimate field of action, to all these elements of human nature; hence they invariably end in one-sidedness, in excess of some particular motive or temper, to the destruction of equilibrium and their own ruin. The special feeling which universal history shows to be deficient in such uncontrolled chambers is that of conservation. All unlimited power breeds intoxication. The despotism of an assembly is not less tyrannical, less bent on enforcing its own ideas, less unjust to other interests than its own, than the despotism of a single man. Only the autocracy of an assembly is possessed by greater numbers than that of a despot, and the flattery of courtiers is less intoxicating than the adaptation of the oratory of the demagogue to the secret feelings of an assembly. To say therefore that Government by a single chamber is deficient in stability is to utter a truth so obvious that it almost amounts to a platitude; yet there are no truths so all-important as the platitudes.



The correctness of this view is rarely challenged. No writer or speaker ventures to affirm that the House of Commons ought to be the sole power in the State. The necessity of a controlling force, of a fly-wheel for the political engine, is, with feeble exceptions, acknowledged. No one says distinctly, either to himself or to the public, that life and property, liberty and order, would be safe with a single despotic assembly. The performances of the Commune of Paris have freshened and deepened this conviction, even with those who are incapable of studying history. The helplessness, too, which paralyses France in forming a permanent constitution, is enough to make the rashest politician reflect on the condition to which the extinction of all forces but one may bring a country, and the frightful difficulty of a return to stable and orderly government. Even those who would abolish the House of Lords recognise the necessity of a Second Chamber. A controlling and revising body there must be, only it is not the present House of Lords which is wanted, is the Radical cry. At the very least it must be reformed. To be able to pass a judgment on the expediency and the nature of such a reform, it is essential to have a clear understanding of what a Second Chamber has to do—the work which it has to perform in securing good government for the people. Incontestably, its one permanent office, its supreme and all-important duty, is to revise the legislation of the governing chamber of the House of Commons, and if need be to arrest it for a while. If a Second Chamber cannot, and does not, do this, it is nothing at all. If it performs this function, it renders permanent, progressive, and steady government possible, it may be for centuries.

But now the great question arises, How is a Second Chamber enabled to execute this great work? What qualities must it possess? What instruments? What powers must it employ? The one great indispensable attribute of a Second Chamber, if it is to possess any reality, the one paramount quality it must have at its command, transcending far all others, is strength. To hold a House of Commons in check, to tell an excited people that they are swayed by passion, and not by reason, to compel House and electors together to wait another year, to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, is a task demanding infinite strength. It is a deed so difficult to execute that only two Second Chambers in the world are up to its performance, the American Senate and the British House of Lords. They alone are powerful enough to compel the real sovereign power of the State to pause, alone they are capable of resisting the vehemence of a body that knows that its will is ultimately supreme. To endow a Second Chamber, by the structure of the Constitution, with a right of veto on any measure submitted to it by the first, is not to give it strength. The Crown is entitled to veto any bill presented to it by Parliament; but the Crown cannot, and dares not, exercise this prerogative. Strength to act up to its full constitutional right has passed away from the Crown. Were the attempt ventured upon to exercise this right, the resignation of the ministry would swiftly entail failure. Other Second Chambers possess this veto: but, save in England and in the United States, the world never sees any overriding of the momentary popular will by such a Chamber. It is not that these Senates and Upper Houses do not often hold

and express opinions adverse to those prevailing in the directly Representative Chambers; but what they think and say counts for nothing. It has no weight in shaping the course of legislation; they are nothing better than mere committees, thrust aside by the Lower House with superlative ease. In a word, they are weak; they are destitute of real strength; they are spurious Second Chambers, profoundly incapable of doing the work required of a Second House.

How, then, is this strength, so indispensable, so absolutely necessary for freedom and the people's welfare, to be provided? It is a task of the most formidable difficulty. It is the most arduous problem in practical politics; none so hard. It is comparatively easy to find a monarch; there are many methods of performing this operation. It is equally easy, under fitting circumstances, to create a popular assembly. Our age is eminently distinguished by the rapidity of birth and growth with which Republics with single Chambers are developed. But a Second Chamber, strong enough to keep the popular desire for a while in check, is an institution exceedingly hard to build up. In America the problem received an admirable solution, partly from the profound sagacity of the constructors of the Constitution, partly from some peculiar circumstances in the character of the States. The States of America are related to each other in a peculiar manner. They are not counties or provinces of the same people. They are to no small extent confederate States, with diverse populations and conflicting interests, distributed over a gigantic area, and thereby capable of developing considerable independence. The senators emphatically represent the interests of these antithetical communities,

and being chosen by double election, and not by a direct vote of universal suffrage, they are men of a very superior order to the direct representatives in Congress, and are sustained by a far stronger and better rooted confidence amongst the people. Then the founders of the American Commonwealth, for the very purpose of imparting strength to the Senate, gave it the real control over the diplomacy of the united nation, as well as a direct and very influential share in many most important public appointments. These executive functions render the Senate very strong; and the political engineers who devised this great political machine meant it to be strong. At this very hour it is the most popular body in the United States, and it is incomparably the strongest. It would be well if English democrats would ponder over this great fact. In the practice of the American people a Republic does not exclude a Second Chamber, endowed with a power of curbing the passions and the follies of the first; and a people conspicuous amongst nations by the magnitude and the permanence of its Republican institutions, bestows on its Second Chamber a respect and a power which mark its sense of the protection it affords to liberty.

With equal success has the British Constitution solved the problem of providing a true Second Chamber for the British people. Here the materials which have been employed have been dissimilar from those from which the American Senate has been constructed; but the result has been the same. The British nation is an old nation; and large portions of its political structure have had a very ancient origin, and have been at work for many centuries. This is a genuine element of strength. The machine has been

long tried ; it has done good work ; its qualities are ascertained, and the goodness of the service rendered is known to have come from these qualities. A great past, a long tradition of order, liberty, and success, generate feelings as strong as they are well-founded. Washington and his colleagues tried to create a Second Chamber by enactment. The English people have obtained theirs by usage. But this strength of the English Chamber has something more to rest upon besides respect long yielded and noble memories. The power wielded by the House of Lords has had a foundation of material strength. It has all along flowed from great territorial possessions : it has had wealth, wealth in land, for its basis. The difference between the power inherent in landed, as distinguished from personal wealth, is enormous. A great mercantile or financial fortune has of itself few relations with other elements of society : its interests are personal, often individual. Its capacity, consequently, to sway the minds and govern the conduct of other men is relatively feeble. It is a weak political power. But large estates in land bind their owner in close connection with multitudes of his fellow-citizens. His prosperity is theirs. The cultivation of the soil which enriches the one enriches the others also. There are hosts of persons interested in every great estate : many men of many professions rise and fall with its fortunes. Something, too, is due to the prestige of an ancient family, and the visible splendour of a proprietor who presides over the management of a great domain ; and these feelings, combined with those created by the direct material interest involved primarily in the land, generate a foundation for the Peers of extreme solidity. Here, too, as the possessors of large wealth, the

Peers are linked with the owners of property throughout the nation. They become the indirect representatives of the conservative forces of society. They rally round them spontaneously, without canvassing or personal interference, the vigorous support of all who might be endangered by hasty or ill-considered change. This is true strength, the strength of actually existing forces, of forces felt by the nation itself, with which every politician, be he revolutionary or moderate, must ultimately have to reckon. In no land has the passion of democracy been more intense, more resolute in standing on its own principles, than in France ; yet French Republicanism, of the early time, and all subsequent revolutions alike, has been compelled to encounter the conservative power of society, and has been defeated. It is on no arbitrary, capricious, and unreal foundation that the English House of Lords stands. It can say to Liberals of every colour that its hold on human nature is as strong as theirs ; and that the only possible question open to Radical politicians is, whether they shall choose to satisfy these natural instincts of the human mind, in the particular form of the House of Lords, or in some other embodiment. To sweep away the House of Lords is not to get rid of Conservatism : nay, as in France, it may be the surest and most direct method for developing Conservatism into an overwhelming might.

The principle of hereditary succession stands on the same ground. It adds strength to the Second Chamber. The peerage, so long as the country is not republican in spirit, and preserves regard for aristocratic rank, is clearly a force, a power. People may sneer at the liking felt by the vulgar for a Lord, but they do not thereby extinguish the fact that this liking brings sup-

port to the peerage, and counts for strength in any issue with the House of Commons. Those who dislike aristocracy for its own sake, will, of course, desire to substitute elective for hereditary representation in the Second Chamber; but that does not dispose of the question, any more than the fact that some dislike monarchy is decisive of the expediency of putting a President in the place of the Queen. An hereditary peerage bestows great weight and consideration on the possessors of territorial wealth; and as this consolidates the capacity of resistance, it must be held to possess great importance by those who advocate the institution of a Second Chamber, and by that fact desire it to be strong. Jealousy of lordly rank, no doubt, is active in some minds; they inveigh against peers as unjustly exalted above the rest of the community. But such a feeling furnishes no solid argument against the peerage. The peers, if reduced to the rank of commoners, would still be at the head of society in England; and, which is yet more important, the position they occupy in the Constitution is essentially one of function and not of privilege. The Lords are not in the Upper Chamber as inheritors of a supremacy which once extended over the whole State, but as qualified to discharge the much-needed duty of guarding against the temporary excitement and rashness of the House of Commons. If lordly rank and territorial wealth are the best materials for accomplishing this service, then the position which such an office involves ought to be regarded with no greater envy than the exalted station of Royalty. There is a great function to be performed for securing liberty and good government for the people. If those who can render this service obtain

civil eminence and distinction thereby, it is as idle to grudge them the inevitable distinction of their position as to quarrel with the consideration granted to judges and Cabinet Ministers. The only point that the people is concerned in is the capacity to accomplish the duty; and if a peerage is the most efficient instrument for this purpose, it is childish to trouble one's self about the honours attached to the office.

But then, we shall be asked, how is the principle of hereditary succession to be defended in the case of an office demanding mental ability, experience, sagacity, and statesmanship for its discharge? The work of legislation is something profoundly different from the management of an estate. A very mediocre talent suffices for this latter duty; and if the intellect of the possessor stands at a still lower level than mediocrity, an intelligent land-steward can perfectly supply the deficiency. The question is reasonable, and is entitled to an answer. It will not be hard to discover; the test of experience will satisfy the inquirer. The mental ability of the House of Lords is equal to the execution of the duty required of it. It does not call for modification or suppression on the ground of the inferiority of hereditary statesmen. There are many peers indisputably of less than average ability. The same truth holds good of the House of Commons, only in still richer abundance. There is a far larger proportion, even relatively to its numbers, of untrained, uneducated, and mediocre legislators in the House of Commons than in the House of Lords. The fact is notorious. The man would be foolhardy that would venture to deny it. The front benches of the House of Lords are filled with men who have been leaders in the House of Commons. Scores of peers

might be named who could not be paralleled in the Commons. We speak not only of judgment and political foresight and deliberative faculty, but of pure intellectual and educated ability. The Commons may be the first to feel the fresh breezes of the nation's desires, and may thus be much better qualified to lead legislation to the satisfaction of the public wants; but as to the power to understand and judge public measures, to probe their essence and their tendency, to forecast their effects on the public happiness and the healthy development of the national life, we challenge contradiction to the assertion that the peers are more highly qualified than the Commons. In which House are public questions subject to the most searching and the profoundest examination? In which Assembly are the debates marked by the most comprehensive views and the highest statesmanship? To which House does the press and the country look for the most thorough investigation and the highest instruction? There is but one answer to these questions: it is the Lords, and not the Commons, who exhibit the most enlightened and able debates known to the England of our day. With such a fact staring him in the face, it is futile for an objector to declaim against the hereditary Chamber as mentally incompetent to take charge of the vast interests of England.

There is a further merit in the hereditary principle of selection whose value scarcely admits of being exaggerated—it secures the highest attainable independence for the Second Chamber. It is on this controlling body that the nation has to rely for the exercise of that care and prudence which alone can restrain the vehement impulses of the popular assembly; and for the performance of this function, indepen-

dence of position is the strongest possible guarantee. Let the Second Chamber be composed of elected members, and their utility will be more than halved. The necessity for canvassing would at once place them at the mercy of that popular passion which it is the object of their existence to restrain. The House of Lords is strong because it owns large landed possessions, because it possesses a great history, because its families have a firm hold of the national imagination and the national respect, but, most of all, because, with the help of the hereditary succession, it is independent. A dependent House of Lords would be as worthless as a French Senate. A peer has no constituency to impose on him a *mandat impératif*, and convert him into a delegate. He can brave popular fury, because his estate and his assured seat raise him above its storms.

But does not this strong and independent position enable the peers to defy the wishes of the people, and to be heedless of their wants? Does it not breed a spirit which does not sympathise with the people's mind, which makes the interests of themselves and their order predominant in their thoughts, which converts them into an obstacle to the nation's progress, instead of being fellow-workers with the House of Commons in promoting the public happiness? This may be so, incontestably; no friend of the House of Lords ought to deny the possibility of such a temper, or refuse to meet fairly such an accusation, when brought forward honestly. At various periods of our history the Upper House has not been in harmony with the people. It is a question of fact and of experience. On what grounds is this charge advanced against the Upper Chamber which at this moment the English nation possesses? Are they,

or are they not, pursuing objects which are not the objects of the people's desires? Are they, or are they not, opposing Liberal government—Liberal measures, however moderate and reasonable they may be? Or is the true state of the case this, that those who have received a check from the House of Lords demand its extinction, honestly believing, it may be admitted, that the measures rejected are required for the people's good, and regarding the Upper House as simply an impediment perversely opposing progress? Facts must decide, but they must be examined fairly. The interest which the nation has in ascertaining the truth is of the deepest: passion and loud talk will never discover it. What has raised this outcry against the House of Lords? Why is it pronounced alien to the people? The Lords have thrown out two considerable measures, voted by what is called the People's House. But the mere rejection of bills sent up from the Commons is not sufficient to demonstrate a spirit hostile to the people's will or the people's good. The theory of the Constitution is, that the Lords should, under justifying circumstances, refuse to pass measures proposed by the Government and the House of Commons. This theory is admitted by all. As we have already remarked, the necessity of a Second Chamber is universally recognised as demanded by the people's welfare. The question—the only question that can be—is this, Was the rejection of these bills an act of pure spite and hostility, an expression of a temper which cared nothing for the people? or was it reasonably justified by the circumstances of the two cases? And we mean by justification not whether ultimately the view taken by the Lords will be held to be correct, whether it was

right and true opinion, but whether each of these two measures might naturally be negatived for the present. Let us take the Ballot Bill first. Some way on in the month of August the Lords were asked to examine and pronounce upon the use of the ballot in parliamentary elections. It is a practice unknown to the English political constitution. Parliament has gone on for very many centuries, and it has never known the ballot. The change proposed was great; it was distinctly advocated as a great measure, loudly called for by the actual circumstances of the nation. Is there a reasonable man in the whole kingdom who thinks it was right to expect the Lords to consider and adopt such a change in a fortnight? Is there any one who can doubt that to demand such legislation from the House of Lords is to convert it into a Registration Court, and to deprive the nation of a Second Chamber? Nay, much more would have been involved in such a proceeding. No one can venture to pretend that the ballot is a measure which is firmly and generally desired by the whole people. It was not even supported by the majority of the Liberal press. It is most questionable whether the majority which voted for it in the House of Commons sincerely approved and wished for it. These facts were publicly known, known, therefore, to the Lords also. To be angry with them for postponing—for in substance they did not reject—the measure, is to claim that they should become the mere tools of the Ministers, or, at any rate, of his party's pleasure. Will any mortal out of Bedlam avow that this is the idea of the Constitution?

Let us pass on next to the Army Purchase Bill. Did they reject it? Certainly not. They were not well

disposed towards the abolition of purchase : granted. That was their view : it may have been a mistaken one ; for our purpose here, let it be supposed that they were in error. But was there no constitutional ground for the action they adopted ? Was the nation satisfied with the conduct of the measure ? Was there no misgiving, no distrust, very widely felt ? Were the chief organs of the Liberal press satisfied ? The enemies of purchase, in large numbers, had strong forebodings as to the final issue. The nation was let in for a huge sum of compensation to officers. Increased income-tax was certain for years to come. A system was disappearing which might no longer be the best, but which assuredly, we will not say had raised, but at any rate had accompanied the rise of, the British army to the highest distinction in the world. The Government gave no security for the efficiency of the system that was to succeed it. Still more, they even refused to explain what it was to be. The Prime Minister was generally supposed to be averse to large military expenditure, and to be no friend to the creation of a great and efficient British army. A comprehensive measure of reconstruction had been promised by the Secretary of War in the opening of the debates on purchase. The measure had never been even sketched, and the Bill had dwindled down to little more than a bare abolition of purchase. Will any man affirm that, with such facts before them,—the enormous sacrifice of the public money, the silence about the new British army, the belief that a large and efficient army was not desired, the distrust felt by hosts of Liberals and other supporters of the abolition of purchase,—the Lords, by merely declaring that they would wait till a full scheme should be laid before

Parliament, pursued a course which nothing but indifference to the people's good could possibly explain ? We, on the contrary, resolutely assert that, whether or not the Peers disliked the abolition of purchase, and whether or not they were right in holding that view, if they held it, they were borne out on strictly constitutional grounds on behalf of the people, and for the protection and promotion of the people's benefit, to withhold their assent under the actual circumstances of the hour. And we further as categorically affirm that, whoever demands the remodelling or the abolition of the House of Peers for the course it pursued with respect to the Army Purchase and the Ballot Bills, is asking for the destruction of a Second Chamber for the British people, whether he is blinded by party passion, or by ignorance of the meaning of his proposal.

We see, then, nothing in the vague outcry to show that the House of Lords, in any portion of its conduct, in its inmost heart conceives itself to be anything but a Second Chamber,—a genuine representative of the people—though of a diverse kind from the House of Commons,—a reviser and checker of the people's political movement against the momentary predominance of senseless passions, and not the governor of the State nor the determiner of its permanent policy.

But we are met with considerations which profess to stand on a different basis. It is argued that the House of Lords might be improved ; that it might be composed of better members ; that it might be invested with augmented efficiency, if it received an infusion of new elements. That is possible, no doubt ; there is nothing on earth—men or institutions—which cannot be conceived as being better than they

are. But the question arises at once, Do the improvements suggested proceed from a speculative or a practical source? Do they originate in a desire for theoretical perfection, or in a sense of practical amelioration specifically needed and certain to be attained? If they flow from the former fountain—if they are the visions of the idealists—then we may dismiss them from examination here. England has not yet sunk so low as to be the experiment-ground of speculative renovators of society—of the type, for instance, of Mr Mill. But we know that these movements have a different origin. Democratic politicians dislike political bodies which serve as intrenchments for the conservative elements of human life. They wish to have their own way; they dislike being thwarted. If they have contrived to excite a passion in the people, they are eager to realise it in laws; they cannot endure that an appeal should lie to the people next year from what the people have decided in this. So they profit by the check which the House of Commons has received to influence the nation against the retarding force, and, not daring to propose the suppression of the House of Lords, they disguise their assault under the smooth and attractive exterior of improvement. The Upper House, we are told, ought not to be appointed by inheritance; it should be constructed by election, and various cleverly-arranged schemes are framed for effecting this purpose. We have already expressed our view about the hereditary principle; we need add nothing to it here. Even Mr Gladstone, with all his desire for improving the Constitution, hesitates about touching the hereditary basis of the Second Chamber. Then various ingenious devices are framed for strengthening the Upper House.

Highest in favour is the introduction of life-peers into the House of Lords. In our judgment no more effectual scheme could be invented for weakening the Second Chamber, and making it to vanish altogether. And what is the plea urged in behalf of life-peerages? They would make the two Houses of Parliament to harmonise. Yes, by the emasculation of the one, and the uncontrolled supremacy of the other; and then farewell to liberty! the master will be at hand. But what is the proof that they do not harmonise? The Lords throw out bills on which the people have bestowed much labour, and in which the people feel strong interest. But this is the precise function of the House of Lords, if they believe that the people are misled by momentary passions, and the Commons swayed by party motives. As we have already remarked, the point is not that the Lords refuse to pass a bill sent up by the Commons, but whether they have reasonable grounds for requiring that the people and the Commons should deliberate a second time. This is the very essence of their duty; and the naked fact that they have enforced a year's adjournment, is of itself alone no proof whatever that the Lords are selfish, or perverse, or unsympathetic with the people. The House of Commons does not always represent the people truthfully. The people itself often changes its mind. Dissolutions have frequently shown that what the House of Commons was eager for was no part of the people's wishes. The younger Pitt remained Minister in defiance of the strongest votes and the most vehement resolutions of the House of Commons; yet, on a dissolution, the people went with Pitt, and not with the House of Commons. It was otherwise in 1835. William IV. ap-



pointed a Minister by his own prerogative, without a Parliamentary assent. A few weeks sufficed to show that the people did not support the King, and Sir Robert Peel resigned. It will always be the people that will ultimately prevail, and the Lords know it, and act upon it; but to enforce reconsideration by the people, is a function of supreme importance for the nation. Life-peers would be weak, hopelessly and irrecoverably weak; and that single flaw is fatal against their being employed for performing the work required. All the fine names, the grand eminences of right honourables, would be a heap of nobodies in trying to stem popular excitement, or the pressure of the House of Commons. They would be names and nothing more. Nor would they furnish the feeblest

guarantee for an independent enforcement of their views, if they had any, against popular passion. They would speedily become timid dependants on the Minister's orders. An ancient lineage, large landed estates, joint interests with multitudes of the people, fellow-sympathies with them on many points, and, lastly, the regard for Conservative feeling which exists in almost every man in every country, under ordinary circumstances, render hereditary peers strong, with a strength which does not flow from a Minister's favour, or party support, or personal distinction. Life-peers have none of these things. They are weak, and, being unimportant, could be, and would be, manufactured at pleasure. The nation would have no Second Chamber.

## INDEX TO VOL. CX.

---

- Admiralty, the, under the Gladstone Ministry, 398.
- Adonis, Bion's Lament for, 577.
- ADYE, Sir J., Letter on National Defence and Army Organisation by, 206.
- Agincourt, the case of the, 400.
- Alcott, Miss, the Tales of, 442.
- Alexander VI. (Borgia), his accession and rule, 608—his death, 611.
- Alfoxden, Wordsworth's life at, 309.
- Alps, Books on the, 458.
- AMERICAN BOOKS, 422—'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' 423—'Songs of the Sierras,' 430—'The Breitmann Ballads,' 434—'Gates Ajar,' 436—'Hitherto,' 438—'The Silent Partner,' 440—Miss Alcott's works, 442.
- "Ancient Mariner," the, its publication, and criticism on it, 565.
- Argyll, the Duke of, on the Royal Warrant question, 357, 358, 359.
- Army, the abolition of purchase by Royal Warrant in it, 353 *et seq.*
- ARMY ORGANISATION, SIR JOHN ADYE ON, 206.
- Army Regulation Bill, the, 104.
- Aurelles, General d', his operations at the head of the Army of the Loire, 379 *et seq.*—victory at Coulmiers, *ib.*—his subsequent inactivity, 381.
- Azzelino, execution of, under Sixtus V., 694.
- Baglioni, Giovanni, death of, 612.
- BALLOT BILL, THE, 257, 407.
- Baschi, Attilio, execution of, 693.
- Bathing-places, the, on the Calvados shore, 481 *et seq.*
- Baveri, explorations in the Castle St Angelo by, 707.
- Berthier, General, the capture of Rome by, 704.
- Bewick's Life and Letters, review of, 475.
- BION, NINE IDYLLS OF, 577—"The Lament for Adonis," *ib.*—"Eros and the Fowler," 580—"The Tutor and his Pupil," *ib.*—"Love and the Muses," 581—"The Shortness of Life," *ib.*—"Cleodamus and Myrson," 582—"Polyphemus and Galatæa," *ib.*—"The Evening Star," 583—"To Venus," *ib.*
- Black, W., 'A Daughter of Heth' by, 478.
- 'Border Minstrelsy,' publication and success of the, 235.
- Borgia, Alfonso, the first Pope of his family, 605—Rodrigo (Alexander VI.), 608—Cæsare, the career of, 611.
- Bourbon, the Constable, sack of Rome by, and his death, 615.
- Bowyer, Coleridge under, at Christ's Hospital, 556.
- Boys, their training in France, and its results, 749 *et seq.*
- 'Breitmann Ballads,' the, 434.
- Brigandage, prevalence of, under Gregory XIII., 692—its suppression by Sixtus V., 694, 695.
- Brooke's 'Freedom in the Church of England,' review of, 73.
- Bruce, Mr., his Licensing Bill, &c., 109—his management of the Home Office, 389.
- Budget, the, 107.
- Cabourg, sketches of, 496.
- Cagliostro, imprisonment of, in the Castle St Angelo, 703.
- Cairns, Lord, on the Royal Warrant question, 366.
- Calais, its loss by England, 588.
- Callixtus III., the popedom of, 605.
- Calvados shore, the bathing-places on the, 481 *et seq.*
- Calvinism, Froude on, 69.
- Cambridge, Coleridge's life at, 557.
- Capello, Annibaldi, a priest, execution of, 693.
- Captain, the loss of the, 400.
- Caraffa, Cardinal, execution of, 620.
- Cardwell, Mr., his management of the War Office, 393.
- Carentan, town of, 498.
- Carnot, his views on fortresses, 500.
- Cellini, Benvenuto, during the sack of Rome, 615—his subsequent imprisonments, 618.
- Cenci, the tragedy of the, 694 *et seq.*
- Channel Islands, their fortifications, 588.
- Chanzy, General, his history of the Loire campaign, 378, 381.
- Charles V., war between, and the Pope, 614, 615.
- Charles VIII., his entrance into Rome, 609.

- Childers, Mr, his administration of the Admiralty, 398.
- Christ's Hospital, Coleridge at, 554.
- "Christabel," criticism on, 569.
- Church of England, Mr Brooke on the, 73.
- Clement II., the popedom of, 614—sack of Rome, 615 *et seq.*
- "Cleodamus and Myrson," from Bion, 582.
- Clevedon, Coleridge's residence at, 561.
- COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 552—his position in English literature, *ib.*—his birth and early life, 554—life at Christ's Hospital, 555 *et seq.*—university life, 557—his enlistment, 558—at Bristol, and friendship with Southey, 559—his marriage, *ib.*—first poems, 561—the 'Watchman,' 562—friendship with Wordsworth, 309, 565— the "Ancient Mariner," 566—"Christabel," 569—"Genevieve," 573.
- Colonna, Luigi, death of, 606.
- 'COMING RACE,' THE, review of, 46.
- Commons, the House of, its position towards the Premier and the country, 100 *et seq.*
- COMMUNE OF PARIS, A HISTORY OF THE, 118.
- Contagious Diseases Act, the, 373.
- Cottle of Bristol, Coleridge's connection with, 559, 560.
- Coulmiers, the battle of, and its effects, 379.
- COUNTRY, THE, HOW IS IT GOVERNED? 385.
- COUP D'ETAT, THE, 353.
- Courseulles, the oyster-parks at, 498.
- COURTHOPE'S 'PARADISE OF BIRDS,' review of, 163.
- Cowper, contrast between, and Wordsworth, 399.
- "Dark Ladie," the, 573.
- 'Daughter of Heth,' a, 478.
- Deauville, origin of, and sketches of it, 487 *et seq.*
- Desert, the, at Houlgate, 493.
- Dives, sketches of, 494.
- Douvres, town and church of, 498.
- Dress, influence of, during the Second Empire, 481.
- Dublin, changes in, 169.
- Ducrot, General, the sally from Paris under him, 382.
- Dunkirk, its loss by England, 588.
- EDUCATION, ENDOWMENTS, AND COMPETITION, 81.
- Empire, the French, dress and its influence under, 481.
- Encumbered Estates Act, the, its working, 170.
- Endowed Schools Act, the, 83.
- England, the old border fortresses of, 587.
- English servants, contrast between, and French, 622.
- 'Episodes in an Obscure Life,' review of, 76.
- Equality, effects of the doctrine of, on French servants, 625 *et seq.*
- "Eros and the Fowler," from Bion, 580.
- "Evening Star," the, from Bion, 583.
- Evictions, Irish, 171.
- 'Excursion,' the, criticism on, 320.
- 'FAIR TO SEE,' Part VII., 1—Part VIII., 180—Part IX., 327—Part X., 403—Conclusion, 531.
- Favre, Jules, on the Internationale, 118.
- "FIGHT IN THE DARK," the, a new song, 377.
- FINANCIAL CONDITION OF FRANCE, THE, 215.
- 'For Lack of Gold,' review of, 80.
- Foreign Office, the, its management, &c., 387.
- FORTRESSES, NOTES ON, BY A HISTORIAN, 584—their primitive forms and gradual development, *ib. et seq.*—in-difference of the Romans to them, 586—want of them in Scotland, 587—principle on which their assumed value is based, 589—during the wars of the French Revolution, 590—the capitulation of Ulm, 591—lessons from the Peninsular war, 592—effects on Napoleon of his retention of them, 594—lessons from the fortifications of Paris, 597 *et seq.*—and from the late war, 598 *et seq.*
- Fossombrone, execution of, under Sixtus V., 693.
- FRANCE, THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF, 215—predominance of political ideas in, 30—O'Dowd on her fall, 367—influence of female dress during the Empire in, 481.
- Franco-Prussian war, lessons regarding fortresses from, 597 *et seq.*
- Frederick Charles, Prince, during the Loire campaign, 381.
- French, the, their capture of Rome in 1848, 704 *et seq.*
- FRENCH HOME LIFE. No. I. Servants, 622—No. II. Children, 739.
- French Revolution, Wordsworth's enthusiasm for the, 304.
- Freycinet, M. de, his history of the Loire campaign, 378.
- Fricker, Sara, Coleridge's marriage to, 559.
- Froude's 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' review of, 69.
- Gambetta, M., and the Loire campaign, 381.
- 'Gates Ajar,' review of, 436.
- "Genevieve," Coleridge's, 573.
- GERTY'S NECKLACE, 738.

- Gibbons's 'Robin Gray,' review of, 79  
—'For Lack of Gold,' 80.
- Gibraltar, the fortress of, 587.
- Giovio, account of the sack of Rome by, 616.
- Girls, their training in France, and its results, 741.
- Gladstone, Mr, and the *coup d'état*, 353 *et seq.*—his defence of it, 355 *et seq.*
- Glass Eyes (O'Dowd), 174.
- Grammar-schools, causes of their decline, 82.
- Granville, Lord, on the Royal Warrant question, 355, 357—his conduct as Foreign Secretary, 387.
- Grasmere, Wordsworth's life at, 317.
- GREAT POETS, A CENTURY OF: No. II., Walter Scott, 229—No. III., Wordsworth, 299—No. IV., Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 552.
- Gregory XIII., the papacy of, 692.
- Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' review of, 423.
- Heads and "the Hands," the (O'Dowd), 732.
- 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' the, 250.
- 'Heathen Chinese," the, 428.
- 'Hedged in,' 439.
- 'Hitherto,' review of, 438.
- Home Office, the, under Mr Bruce, 389.
- Houlgate-Beuzeval, the bathing-place of, 491.
- HOUSE OF LORDS, THE, 771.
- How they do these things in Vienna (O'Dowd), 448.
- How to tether them (O'Dowd), 447.
- Ideas, predominance of, in political economy, &c., 30.
- 'Idiot Boy," Wordsworth's, 313.
- ILLUSTRATIONS, 754.
- Innocent VIII., popedom and character of, 607.
- Insidious Compliment, an (O'Dowd), 172.
- International League, its connection with the Commune of Paris, 118.
- Internationals, the (O'Dowd), 443.
- Ireland revisited (O'Dowd), 169.
- Italy, prospects of attack by France on, 369.
- 'Ivanhoe,' the publication of, 253.
- Jeanie Deans, the character of, 250.
- Jews, the, singular homage to the Popes by, 613.
- 'Julian Fane,' review of, 470.
- Julius II., the popedom of, 612.
- King, Henry, Nine Idylls from Bion by, 577.
- 'Lady of the Lake,' publication of, 235—remarks on it, 237.
- Lagrange, bathing-village of, 497.
- LAND, J. S. MILL ON, 30.
- Land-Tenure Reform Association, the, 32.
- Landseer's 'Life and Letters of Bewick,' review of, 475.
- 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' its publication, 235—criticism on it, 236.
- Lecomte, General, his murder, 122, 123.
- Leo X., the popedom of, 612.
- Lever, Charles, on Scott, 443.
- Lion, sketches of, 497.
- Lloyd, Charles, Coleridge's friendship with, 563, 564.
- Locker, F., Unreflecting Childhood and Age by, 737; Gerty's Necklace, 738.
- LOIRE CAMPAIGN, THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE, 378.
- Look Back and Forward, a (O'Dowd), 177.
- 'Lord of the Isles,' the, 238.
- LORDS, THE HOUSE OF, 771.
- Lords, the, their rejection of the Army Bill, 353—the outrage to them by the Royal Warrant, 354.
- Lords-Lieutenant of counties, the, 104.
- Louis XIV., the fortresses built by, 589.
- "Love," Coleridge's, 573.
- "Love and the Muses," from Bion, 581.
- Lovell, Coleridge's friendship with, 559.
- Lowe, Mr, his financial measures, 107—as Chancellor of the Exchequer, 401.
- Lue, the bathing-place of, 497.
- 'Luck of Roaring Camp,' the, 423.
- 'Lyrical Ballads,' the, their publication and reception, 310—the "Ancient Mariner" published in, 565.
- Lytton, R., 'Julian Fane' by, 470.
- Mack, lessons from his capitulation at Ulm, 591.
- MAID OF SKER, THE: Part I., 137—Part II., 271—Part III., 500—Part IV., 638—Part V., 661.
- Malatesta, execution of, by Sixtus V., 693.
- Malta, the fortress of, 588.
- Man, the modern theories of his development, 63.
- Marforio, cruel punishment of, for a pasquinade, 694.
- Marlborough, the capture of fortresses by, 590.
- 'Marmion,' publication of, 235—remarks on it, 237.
- Materialism, the present prevalence and claims of, 62 *et seq.*
- Matterhorn, tragedy of the, 466.
- Mecklenburg, the Duke of, operations under him on the Loire, 379 *et seq.*
- Megara, the loss of the, 400.
- MILL, MR, ON LAND, 30.
- Miller's 'Songs of the Sierras,' 430.
- MINISTER, THE, THE HOUSE, AND THE COUNTRY, 100.
- Ministry, the, dissensions in, 109.
- Morny, M. de, and Deauville, 487, 488.
- Napoleon, effects of his retention of the fortresses, 594.
- National Debt, the French, 219.
- NATIONAL DEFENCE AND ARMY ORGANISATION, 206.
- National Dotations, our (O'Dowd), 370.

Naval disasters, recent, 400.

NEW BOOKS: Tyndall's 'Fragments of Science,' 62—Froude's 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' 69—Brooke's 'Freedom in the Church of England,' 73—'Episodes in an Obscure Life,' 76—Gibbons's 'Robin Gray,' 79—'For Lack of Gold,' 80—Books on the Alps, 458—'Julian Fane,' 470—'Memoirs of C. M. Young,' 472—'Life and Letters of Bewick,' 475—'A Daughter of Heth,' 478.

Nicolas V., improvement of Rome under, 604.

Normandy, the sea-bathing places of, 481 *et seq.*—habits of the native population, 493.

Normans, development of the modern fortress from, 585.

O'DOWD: Ireland revisited, 169—an insidious compliment, 172—glass eyes, 174—a look back and a look forward, 177—whose turn next? 367—our national dotations, 370—on touching pitch, 373—what if they were to be court-martialled? 374—the Internationals, 443—how to tether them, 447—how they do these things in Vienna, 448—what the Pope might do, 728—the heads and the hands, 732—our quacks, 733.

Oliffe, Sir W., Deauville projected by, 487.

Orleans, capture of, by Von der Tann, 379—recapture by the French, 381—and again by the Germans, 383.

Orsini, Cardinal, poisoned by Alexander VI., 610.

Our Quacks (O'Dowd), 733.

Oyster-parks, the, at Courseulles, 498.

'PARADISE OF BIRDS,' THE, 163.

PARIS, THE COMMUNE OF, ITS HISTORY, 118—the fortification of, and lessons from it, 597—domestic servants in, 630.

Parliament, position of the Premier toward, 100 *et seq.*

Paul III., imprisonment and escape of, 619.

Peninsular war, lessons regarding fortresses from, 592.

Pepoli, Count, execution of, 694.

"Peter Bell," Wordsworth's, 313.

Petrucchi, Cardinal, death of, 612.

Phelp's 'Gates Ajar,' 436—'Hedged in,' 439—'The Silent Partner,' 440.

Physical Science and its study, on, 163.

Pius IV., execution of Cardinal Caraffa by, 620.

Pius VI., the papacy of, 703.

Political Economy, predominance of ideas in, 30.

"Polyphemus and Galatæa," from Bion, 582.

Pope, the, what he might do (O'Dowd), 728.

Porcari, Stephano, his conspiracy and death, 604, 605.

"Prelude," the, autobiographical notices from, 300 *et seq. pass.*—critique of it, 320.

Prerogative, the, its application as to purchase in the army, 353 *et seq.*

Press, the, on the Royal Warrant question, 364.

Protestantism, Mr Froude on, 72.

Psyche, the loss of the, 400.

Purchase in the army, its abolition, 103—the abolition of, by Royal Warrant, 353 *et seq.*

Quebec, the fortress of, its capture by England, 589.

Quertier, M., his budget for 1871, 220.

Racedown, Wordsworth's life at, 308.

Reade's 'Terrible Temptation,' 477.

Reformation, Mr Froude on the, 71.

"Religious Musings," Coleridge's, 562.

Reyau, General, during the Loire campaign, 380.

Riario, Girolano, son of Sixtus IV., 606, 607.

Richmond, the Duke of, on the Royal Warrant question, 357.

ROBA DI ROMA, MORE—the Castle St Angelo, Part III., 604—conclusion, 692

'Robin Gray,' review of, 79.

Rochers de Calvados, the, 497.

Romans, the, their indifference to fortresses, 586.

Rome, sketches of its history in connection with the Castle St Angelo, 604 *et seq.*, 692 *et seq.*—sack of, by the Constable Bourbon, 615.

Roxburgh, the old castle of, 587.

Royal Warrant, the abolition of purchase by, 353 *et seq.*

ST ANGELO, THE CASTLE, 604, 692.

St Aubin, bathing-village of, 497.

Saisset, Admiral, measures against the Commune, 124, 125.

Santacroce, Paolo, murder of his mother by, 701.

Schools Enquiry Commissioners, their report and its effects, 83.

Science, claims of, in the present day, 63, 163.

Scotland, Scott's identification of himself with, 229—early want of fortresses in, 587.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 229—his intense patriotism, *ib.*—his parentage and early life, 232—the 'Border Minstrelsy,' 235—the 'Lay,' 'Marmion,' &c., *ib.*—characteristics of his poetry, 240 *et seq.*—his novels, 244—his last struggles and difficulties, 254 *et seq.*—last years and death, 256—Lever on, 443.

- Scott Centenary, the, 229.  
 SECRET HISTORY OF THE LOIRE CAMPAIGN, THE, 378.  
 SERVANTS, FRENCH, 622.  
 "Shortness of Life," the, from Bion, 581.  
 'Silent Partner,' the, 440.  
 Sixtus IV., the Castle St Angelo in his time, 605—his character, &c., 606.  
 Sixtus V., the papacy of, 692 *et seq.*—execution of the Cenci under, 694 *et seq.*  
 Socialists, the, their connection with the Commune of Paris, 118.  
 'Songs of the Sierras,' review of, 430.  
 Southey, Coleridge's friendship with, 559.  
 Stephen's 'Playground of Europe,' 458, 467.  
 'Tennessee's Partner,' 427.  
 Thiers, first measures against the Commune, 124—his estimate of the cost of the war, 218—his budget for 1871, 219—on the capitulation of Ulm, 591.  
 Thirty-Nine Articles, Mr Brooke on the, 73.  
 Thomas, General, his murder, 122, 123.  
 Torres Vedras, the lines of, 592.  
 Touching Pitch, on (O'Dowd), 373.  
 Trochu, General, his movements during the Loire campaign, 382.  
 TROUVILLE AND THE CALVADOS SHORE, 481.  
 Tutor, the, and his pupil, from Bion, 580.  
 TWO MRS SCUDAMORES, THE, Part I., 710.  
 Tyndall's 'Fragments of Science,' review of, 62—'Hours of Exercise in the Alps,' 458, 469.  
 Ulm, the capitulation of, 591.  
 UNREFLECTING CHILDHOOD AND AGE, 737.  
 Urban VIII., improvements in Rome under, 701.  
 Vaches Noires at Villers, the, 491.  
 "Venus," to, from Bion, 583.  
 Versailles, auxiety of the Germans in, on the opening of the Loire campaign, 378.  
 Villers-sur-Mer, sketches at, 490.  
 Vinoy, General, his measures against the Commune, 121, 122.  
 Von der Tann, General, his movements against the army of the Loire, 379—his defeat at Coulmiers, 379.  
 War Office, the, under Mr Cardwell, 393.  
 'Watchman,' the, Coleridge's newspaper, 562.  
 'Waverley,' publication and reception of, 245 *et seq.*  
 Wellington, his views in the lines of Torres Vedras, 592.  
 What if they were to be court-martialled? (O'Dowd), 374.  
 Whitney, Mrs, 'Hitherto' by, 438.  
 Whose turn next? (O'Dowd), 367.  
 Whymper's 'Scrambles among the Alps,' 458.  
 Wild-duck shooting in Normandy, 495.  
 Wilson, Professor, his criticisms on Wordsworth, 318—on Coleridge, 553.  
 WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 299—contrast to Cowper, *ib.*—his parentage and early career, 300—college life, 302—his visit to France, 303—his first enthusiasm for the Revolution, 304—first poems, 308—connection with Coleridge, 309—the 'Lyrical Ballads,' 310—visit to Germany, 315—the poems to Lucy, *ib.*—the "Prelude," 317—removes to Grasmere, *ib.*—successes in life, 318—his self-consciousness, 319—the "Excursion," 320—minor poems, 324—last days and death, 326—commencement of Coleridge's connection with, 564.  
 Wordsworth, Dorothy, sister of the poet, 307 *et seq.*  
 'Young, Charles Mayne, Memoir of,' reviewed, 472.  
 Zemi, brother of Mahomet II., murder of, 610.







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