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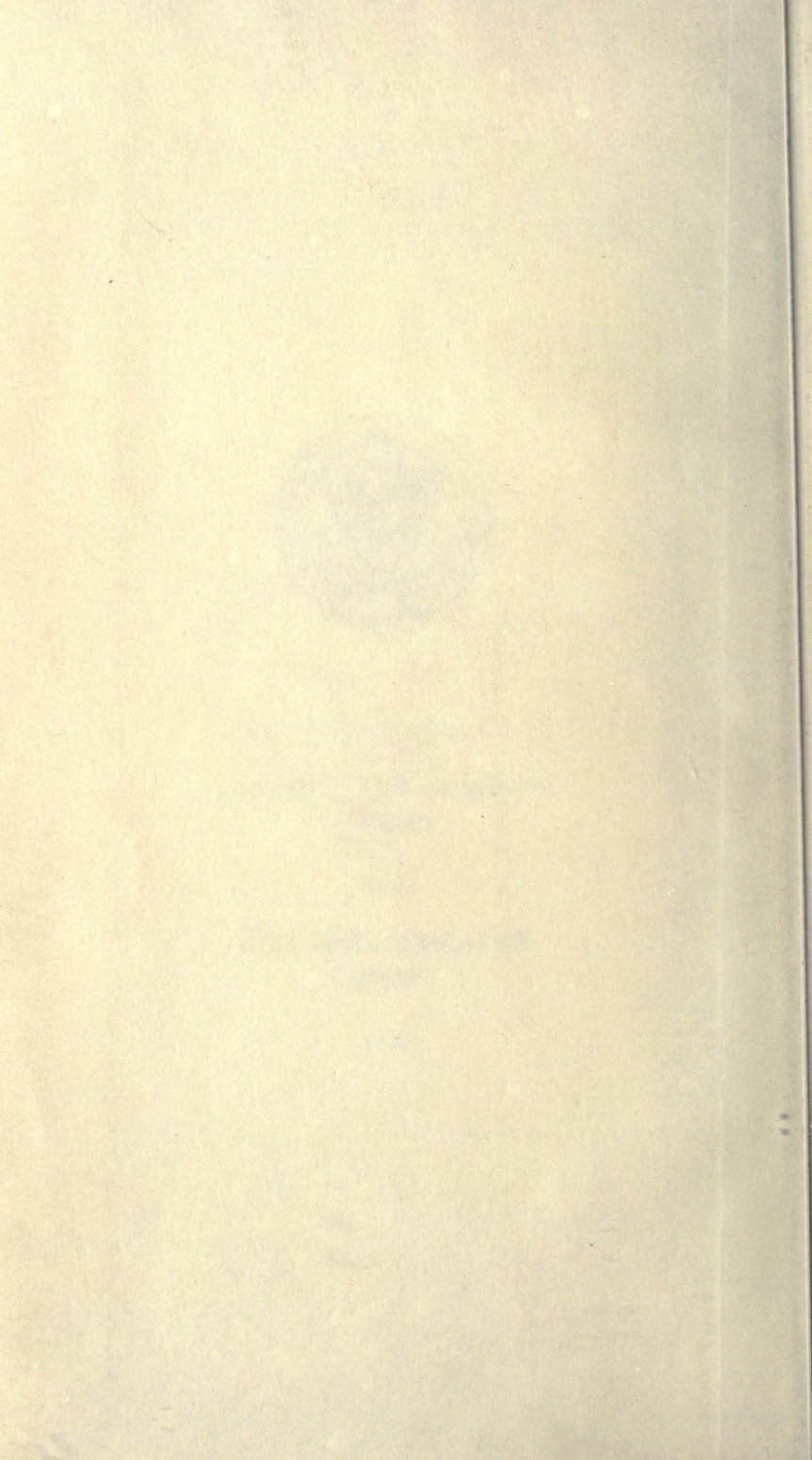
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BLACKWOOD'S

Edinburgh



MAGAZINE.

VOL. CXXXIV.

7662

JULY—DECEMBER 1883.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1883.

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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXIII.

JULY 1883.

VOL. CXXXIV.

## THE GREAT ETHIOPIAN TRAP.

### A SEQUEL TO THE GREAT AFRICAN MYSTERY.

EXACTLY a year has elapsed this month since I confided to the readers of this Magazine, and therefore to the more prominent members of her Majesty's Government, the secrets of a great political mystery in Africa, which at that critical juncture was perplexing the wisest heads in Europe. My conviction of the enormous value of those revelations is my justification for now continuing them; for I may venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that the triumphant success which has since attended Albinian arms and Albinian diplomacy in Ethiopia, was due to the timely information then imparted, and to the totally erroneous inferences which were drawn from it. If this be not the case, then I would boldly ask, To what are we to attribute the total change which the policy of her Majesty's Government underwent last year in the month of July with regard to the affairs of Ethiopia? And if there never was any mystery about the compli-

cations in that country at all, then how are we to account for the fact that they have, so far, resulted in a manner totally unexpected by everybody? And I would here venture to call attention to this remarkable circumstance in connection with the events which have transpired within the past year—that none of the actors concerned in this singular drama would have done what they did if they could have foreseen what would happen if they did it. Who, for instance, can suppose that Ethiop would have defied all Europe, if he could have anticipated that as the final consequence of his audacity he would have been sent to pass the remaining years of his life in exile in the lovely isle of Taprobane? Again, had not the Mogul of Seljukia been more mystified than most people by the Great African Mystery, it is certain that instead of refusing to send an army to co-operate with that of Albinia when he was invited to do so, he

would have eagerly jumped at an opportunity of asserting his sovereign rights and jointly occupying Ethiopia with Albinia.

As for the Gallician Chamber of Deputies and the late Government of Monsieur D'Effraycinay, they have never ceased reproaching each other on the short-sighted bungling which has had the effect of virtually expelling them from Ethiopia, and of handing over the administration of that country to Albinia. The same may be said of Latinia and her Government, who now perceive, when it is too late, what a splendid chance they lost for acquiring a position in Africa which would fully compensate for Gallinian aggression in Carthagia, if they had only joined Albinia when they were invited to do so. Even the wily Muscovian and the astute Prince Quizmarck failed to fathom the mystery, and were out in their calculations, or the former would never have taken part in a conference which resulted only in advantage to Albinia; and the latter was firmly persuaded that the Ethiopian question could never be settled without Gallinia and Albinia coming to loggerheads. But it is evident, by their own admissions and their vain attempts to reconcile past profession with present practice, that nobody was more completely bewildered, deceived, and ensnared in the toils of this great mystery than Mr Sadstone and his colleagues. How little did they imagine when they assured Europe that the effect of their policy would be to restore the *status quo* in Ethiopia, that it would lead to the abolition of the Albinio-Gallinian Board of Control, and to a military occupation which must last indefinitely, if they are not to withdraw their forces until the Ethiopians have completed their political educa-

tion, and have learnt to govern the country with purity and intelligence by means of the Liberal institutions with which it has been endowed!

From all which it must be apparent, that the "great African mystery" has been nothing more or less than a huge trap, in which everybody who has had anything to do with it has been caught. And it must be a great consolation to Mr Sadstone and his colleagues to reflect, that if they have tumbled headlong into an utterly false position, and have pursued a policy which has landed them where they least expected, they are in the same boat with everybody else who was in any way mixed up with the affair. It would be better, therefore, to acknowledge this openly and frankly, and not to attempt to persuade the Cabinets of Europe, who are all more or less disgusted with their own failures, that the Albinian Government has kept its promises in regard to Ethiopia, and that the *status quo ante* remains unchanged. For this is a feat which even the unrivalled rhetorical and casuistical powers of Mr Sadstone will fail to accomplish, and it is of the utmost consequence that no appearance of disingenuousness should attach to the policy of so eminent a moralist—as the cause of political virtue and good faith might thereby sustain a serious injury at the hands of those who on their accession to office specially constituted themselves their guardians. Nobody can blame people for their stupidity, though when it turns to their own advantage it must be always *suspect*; but perfidy is a vice from which Albinia has always been specially exempt—indeed there is a Gallinian saying to that effect.

It is only to be expected that



all the different individuals, whether they be crowned heads, Prime Ministers, Cabinet Ministers, or military adventurers, who have been caught in the Ethiopian trap, should be scheming how to escape from it, and as their projects to this end must necessarily partake of a more or less confidential character, I felt that the case was one eminently adapted to the application of the "Journalists' Telephone," or "patent American eavesdropper," the more especially as most of those who are in the scrape are endeavouring to get out of it, at the expense of somebody else: a general revelation therefore of secret motives and designs cannot but be highly opportune, if it tends to produce bad blood between the various parties thus engaged in plotting against each other to their own advantage. I shall have the additional satisfaction of feeling that I am only thereby fulfilling my legitimate vocation as a journalist. It is but natural that in that capacity I should have my sympathies and my antipathies, and that I should deal tenderly with those who enlist the first, and severely with those for whom I entertain the last. For instance, there are several conversations which I have overheard between Ethiop and his friends in regard to the exact scope and meaning of the word "parole," and of the consequences which might ensue from breaking it, which, out of consideration for the exiled group, I refrain from repeating; but there was one which it seemed to me was of sufficient interest to report. Ethiop was sitting one day with his friend Sammy Sammy, —whom rumour holds responsible for a good deal of bloody work in the chief commercial city of Ethiopia,—under a cocoa-nut tree, on the border of the lake which once laved the walls of the old Dutch fort-

ress in the chief town of Taprobane. And as he looked across the water, his eyes rested sadly on the flag of Albinia, which fluttered above the residence of the representative of the power Albinia.

"Oh, Ethiop," remarked Sammy Sammy, with a sigh, "what a mistake we made when, putting our trust in European jealousy and the beard of the Prophet, we thought we could defy that flag!"

"God is great," replied Ethiop. "Why indulge in vain regrets? It is better to bow to *kismet*, and await the next opportunity, when we may profit by our recent experience.

"What a pity," resumed Sammy Sammy, "that your dear friend the former Governor of Taprobane no longer fills that high office! How useful he might be to us now!"

"Oh, Sammy," rejoined his companion, who seemed to possess a stronger moral fibre than his less celebrated friend, "why not take the gifts that Allah provides you, and be thankful for them? How happy our lot is in comparison to what we expected it would have been! Here we dwell in peace and security,—our nostrils regaled by the odoriferous breezes which blow through these spicy groves, our eyes delighted by a luxuriance of vegetation unknown in our own country, and our ears soothed by the banging of the distant washerman as he beats to pieces the clothes of the accursed Ghiaour upon the hard flat stones. Such sights and sounds lull the senses and conduce to *keif*. Moreover, are we not free to come and go, within the limits of this isle, as fancy leads us? May we not plot and intrigue as we list, without fear of interruption? No watch is kept over our visitors, no spy dogs our footsteps, no suspicion attaches

to our proceedings; we enjoy the respect and esteem of society, such as it is, and our emissaries travel openly to and fro without fear of let or hindrance. Ha! whom have we here?"

As he spoke there approached a small wiry man, whose turban and flowing garb indicated that he was not a native of the isle.

"By Allah! our faithful Ali," exclaimed Ethiop, in an excited tone. "How rapidly he has done his work! I did not expect him for another month. Peace be with you, O faithful servant of the true cause! your presence delights my eyes. Whence come you last?"

"From Ormuzd," answered the new-comer, with many oriental expressions of respect, and profuse salutations, seating himself by the side of the two Ethiopians. "I entered the deserts of El Yemen from the Albinian stronghold which they occupy, near the mouth of the sea they call red, and was present at many engagements between the tribes and the forces of the Mogul—for, as you know, the province has long been in a state of insurrection, and the results of the attempts to suppress it have been kept secret; but praise be to Allah, owing to the difficult nature of the country, the Seljukian troops suffer terribly, and I succeeded in inspiring many powerful sheikhs with courage by the magic of your name—for they do not believe that you are the prisoner of Albinia but her ally, and have left Ethiopia in order to render them more effectual assistance in the way of supplying them with arms and munitions of war. And thence I went to the Holy City of the Prophet, where I found our secret organisation growing more powerful every day, and men's minds full of hope and eager for the hour when the proclamation is to be made, and

the banner to be raised round which all true believers are prepared to rally. And from thence I went into the interior, to the mountain of Shammal, and saw the great sheikh, the son of Reschid, and he has healed the tribal feuds, and has completed his preparations for war, and only awaits the signal. And so I passed through to the Eastern Gulf, and everywhere your Excellency's name was celebrated, and everywhere men's minds are prepared, and it needs but to be known that the Champion of the Faith, the Restorer of Islam, has landed in Hedjazia, for the whole country to rise like one man, and then Inshallah! the flag of the Prophet will once more be borne aloft by hands worthy to hold it."

I shrink from reporting any further details of this conversation, partly because they would not be understood by the majority of my readers, and partly because I do not think it would be fair to Ethiop and Sammy and Ali. I have merely revealed thus much in order that the Mogul of Seljukia should not be left in total ignorance as to the nature of the events which are likely to transpire before long in certain parts of his dominions; and indeed it is one of the peculiarities of the great Ethiopian trap, that almost everybody who has been caught in it, except the Mogul himself, seems to think that the only chance of escape lies in an attack upon the Seljukian empire, in one form or other.

Take as an illustration the next conversation which I overheard between M. de Pollydoff, who represents his imperial master in the City of the Golden Crescent, and General Friskywitch, as they were gliding over the smooth waters in a *caïque*. The General had just come from his post in Vaninia to talk

over matters, because many things can be so much better said than written.

"What a mistake it was," remarked M. de Pollydoff, with a sigh, "my not arriving here last year until the Ethiopian Conference had come so nearly to a close, that it was quite impossible for me, with the best intentions in the world, to throw an apple of discord amid the representatives of the Great Powers, and so to form a combination by which we could have thwarted Albania. However, it is no use crying over spilt milk. The mischief is done, and her army and her free institutions are in Ethiopia, but it is impossible that we can allow such a state of things to exist without finding our compensation somewhere. And I think we know where to look for it. From what you tell me, the Vaninians seem to be gradually finding out who are their true friends,—eh, my General?"

"They clung to Albania as long as they could," replied the General. "She had made such fine promises about the introduction of reforms, as it was a treaty stipulation which she was bound to see enforced; and a great splash was made when a number of Albanian military consuls were sent out to Asiatic Seljukia, who were to work wonders; and questions were asked in the Albanian Parliament; and Vaninian agents went to the chief city of Albania and agitated; and successive Albanian ambassadors have never ceased to press upon Seljukia the importance of reform in Vaninia; and the Seljukian Government has been profuse in its promises, but they have never come to anything. Until now the Vaninians are quite disheartened, and they say that when it comes to promising and not performing,

the Albanian Government is quite as bad as the Seljukian, and that the one is no more to be trusted than the other. So now they have turned to us, and I have promised them, that if they will rise and attack some Moslem village in such a way as to bring on a general Vaninian massacre, our imperial master engages to annex all those who have not been previously massacred, even though it involves a war with Seljukia, as it did in the case of Danubia."

"That was a very safe and proper promise to make, my General. Why don't they do it?"

"Well, your Excellency, there seems to be a lack of patriotism; they have been plotting and revolting on a very small scale, but they all want to be annexed, and none of them massacred. Now as annexation without the preliminary massacre is impossible, it causes a slight temporary hitch. It is one, however, which I am taking measures to overcome."

"Do so, my dear General," responded his Excellency, "and you may be sure of my eternal gratitude and that of my imperial master. Impress upon these poor oppressed people the necessity, when great ends are to be attained, of a moderate amount of self-sacrifice. And do not delay longer than you can possibly help, for I am informed that the Gallinians are intriguing actively in Phœnicia, and have their eye upon the Land of Promise and the Holy Places, upon which, as you must be well aware, our eye has also been fixed for many years past; for is not ours the true faith, and the Gallinian religion only a bastard imitation thereof? The annexation of Vaninia is the first step to the annexation of Phœnicia, and that still more interesting region to which so many sacred promises are

attached. From which you will see, my General, that it is a pious act to allow Vaninians to be massacred, and even to arrange a massacre for them, if by so doing we are brought nearer the goal of our most holy aspirations, and are at the same time enabled to threaten the Albinian position in Ethiopia and their communications with Hind." So General Friskywitch received his instructions and returned to his post; and the result of my observations in Vaninia led me to believe that the catastrophe so ardently desired by M. de Pollydoff in the interests of his country and his religion cannot be very much longer postponed.

As I listened to the first words of the next conversation which was conveyed to my ear through my telephone, I was much struck by the fact that it opened with the same sentence as the two previous ones, and this turned out to be the case with several that I overheard afterwards. Upon all occasions the speakers began by acknowledging that the difficult position in which the great Ethiopian trap had placed them was due to their own mistakes. Thus, when I turned my instrument upon M. Vircini, the Latinian Prime Minister, who was sitting in a balcony in the Pincian city, talking to one of his colleagues, I was prepared to hear him begin, "I never cease regretting that mistake we made, *caro mio*, in not instantly accepting Albinia's offer of joint naval and military operations in Ethiopia, after Gallinia had declined. What a position we should have been in now,—with our Latinian army of occupation quartered for an indefinite time in Kahira, and our joint commissioner helping the Earl of Noduffer to invent a constitution for Ethiopia, and drawing up exhaustive reports on its affairs! The

fact was, that I was so mortally afraid of offending Quizmarek, that, *entre nous*, I was completely paralysed—and so, for the matter of that, were you; but we should have remembered that the great Count to whom Latinia owes her unity did not shrink thirty years ago from a far more daring venture."

"*E vero*," replied his colleague, "it was a piece of unaccountable weakness on our part; but it is useless regretting it,—the question is now, What can we do to repair the mistake? What news have you from Cyrenia? What with the Gallinians holding Carthagia on one side of that province, and Ethiopia occupied by the Albinians on the other, we run the risk of being squeezed off the Barbary coast altogether, unless we act promptly. Would it not be possible to get up an outbreak of some sort, which might warrant a bombardment?"

"Our consul got himself insulted by a Moslem soldier the other day, as you know, in the hope that something would come of it; but it was clumsily managed, and the Seljukian Government saw what we were driving at, and made a profuse apology, although by rights the apology should have come from us. After all, I should like to manage it in some other way; there is a want of originality about a third bombardment on the same coast. I hear there is a very disaffected feeling against the Seljukians among the tribes in the interior. Although they are fanatic Moslems, I am not without hope that they would consent to receive assistance from us, in order to get rid of their present rulers; the difficulty would be, in case of their success, to prevent a general massacre, in which case all our Latinian subjects would be sacrificed."

"Of course, if the annexation

of the country could be managed without the preliminary massacre, it would be far more desirable; and, in any case, the victims should be Christians of some other nationality. It has occurred to me that as Gallinia has undoubtedly designs on this province, we might work up the fanatical element in the interior against her, and assume the rôle of protectors."

"For the moment she has her hands too full to think of Cyrenia," rejoined Vircini; "but I sincerely trust that what with Phœnicia, and Nigritia, and Malagasias, and Cathay, she will soon be in a position sufficiently vulnerable to satisfy even Quizmarck, and that he will leave us with our hands a little more free than he did in this Ethiopian business. It was a poor consolation when he put us into that hole, to tell us that we might relieve our feelings by abusing the Albinians in our newspapers."

"Well, we have got the triple alliance now," rejoined the other; "but, *per Bacco*, I am puzzled to know whether that will have the effect, so far as France is concerned, of leaving our hands more free or tying us up more tightly."

I listened eagerly for the Latinian minister's response to this query; but from the impressive silence which followed, I have reason to believe that it was conveyed in a wink.

Hearing the Albinian ambassador announced at this moment, and feeling that it would only be a waste of time for me to listen any longer here, I now directed my telephone to the banks of the Seine, as I was curious to know what view the Gallinian Government took of their position in the great Ethiopian trap in which their predecessors had been so egregiously ensnared, and how they proposed to escape from it. I therefore

hunted up my old friend Pèle Mêle Latour, whose acquaintance I first had the honour of making some thirteen years ago, when he was in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, and fortunately found him in his *coupé*, on his way to pay a private visit to his colleague, Monsieur Feerie. He was murmuring to himself in an undertone, as he rolled over the smooth asphalt; and as he heaved a deep sigh, I distinctly caught the words, "provided that I don't burn my fingers with any of them." From which allusion I gathered that he was oppressed with the reflection of the many irons he had in the fire, and the inconvenience which might result to himself therefrom. Nor was his gloom altogether dispelled by the more cheerful and sanguine manner of his colleague, who received him with a cordiality not unmingled with bluntness, which rather surprised me, considering—but I must draw a line somewhere.

"I hold in my hand," said Monsieur Pèle Mêle Latour, producing a telegram, "another proof of the mistake the Chambers made when we refused D'Effraycinay the vote for the Ethiopian expedition."

"Still harping on the old theme," interrupted Monsieur Feerie. "Remember that if they had not made it, he would have been still in office, the representative of a triumphant policy, and where should we have been? Let us at least find our consolation in this, *mon cher*: if France has lost in this Ethiopian business, you and I have gained by it."

"There is a good deal in that," replied Pèle Mêle, sulkily; "but we have succeeded to a heritage of troubles. Now it seems that our prestige has been so much shaken in Ethiopia, that some of the interior tribes behind Carthage are

preparing to rise again, stimulated thereto, I have good reason to believe, by Latinian intrigues, instigated, of course, by the archfiend, Quizmarck, who, now that he has secured his triple alliance, *exploiters* the political situation in every corner of the globe against us,—I can see his abominable hand everywhere. Do you suppose that the Portugalian would dare to assume the attitude they have taken up in Nigritia if he had not put them up to it? or that the detestable adventurer of the Dark Continent would venture to oppose a man like Brava-Bravissima, with the glorious flag of our country in one hand and a treaty in the other, and the Gallinian nation at his back, without a hint from Quizmarck? or that Queen Tolderolrivo would have the audacity to prepare her country for a war with Gallinia, if the Malagasian envoys had not received direct encouragement to do so at the Teutonic capital? or that the king of Ding Dong would venture to defy us, as my last telegrams inform me he will, without being sure of support from Cathay—or that Cathay would send an army to his defence, if it were not for the Teutonic ambassador at the Celestial City?”

“From all which it would appear that we may have four wars of greater or less dimensions on our hands before the close of the year,” said Monsieur Feerie, “and that does not include anything that may happen in Phœnicia. Considering that we are a Government opposed to a ‘policy of adventure,’ it appears to me we shall have our hands pretty full in the Chamber, when the pot begins to boil over.”

“It is all the fault of this Ethiopian *fasco*,” replied the other. “We found ourselves placed in a false position, and had to satisfy the national *amour propre* at the

expense of Albinia in some way. Our final compensation must lie, however, not in these remote corners of the world, but in Phœnicia and the Land of Promise.”

“We have got rid of the ‘old man of the mountain,’ who has stood in our way for the last ten years; but after proposing almost every Christian in his service, the Mogul managed to appoint his own candidate, and not ours, in the end. Do you know anything of this Worser Pasha?” asked Monsieur Feerie.

“Chiefly as a representative of the new Pelasgian nationality, which is no qualification at all. What I am chiefly concerned about is the depth of his religious convictions. Gallinian interests in Phœnicia require on the part of the instrument who is to promote them, a profound devotion to the Church.”

“It is only just,” said Monsieur Feerie, turning his eyes to heaven, and clasping his hands in an attitude of prayer, and then winking slyly, “that we, who are compelled, in obedience to the dictates of our consciences, to expel priests from their monasteries on the soil of Gallinia, should jealously protect them in their monasteries on the soil of Phœnicia, even if it should lead to war and massacre. Don’t you think, *mon ami*, that the highest interests of the Church in Phœnicia, to which we are both so attached, require a little massacre? We have not had one in the Mountain of the Cedars since 1860, and we made rather a good business of it then.”

“That is a matter for the bishops and priests on the spot to decide: it is indeed a most fortunate circumstance that the enlightened unbelief of Gallinia can thus profit in its political aspirations by the religious bigotry of the Church, and that the cause of priestly in-

tolerance can find its best interests served by the diplomacy of infidelity. If ever there was a holy alliance it is to be found in this union of superstition with incredulity, of clericalism with atheism. I assure you I visit any neglect on the part of our consular agents in Phœnicia of their religious observances with the utmost severity."

"Quite right," assented Monsieur Feerie. "They should also be instructed to foster in every way the religious education of the masses, and to lose no opportunity of fomenting quarrels between the Maronians and the Hakimites."

"We have just increased by 50,000 francs our annual subsidies to the Maronian monasteries, and instructions have been given in the case of disputes between the Maronians and the Hakimites to impress upon Worser Pasha the necessity, unless he would forfeit his high position, of never deciding any cause in favour of the Hakimites. The two remaining non-Christian sects, numbering some 400,000 souls, have secretly applied for our protection, which has been granted them. We have appointed two new consuls, and I am making arrangements with the holy fathers inhabiting monasteries of the Latin Church to extend the number of holy places in the Land of Promise, and invent new ones if necessary. We protect over forty religious establishments there as it is, and there is nothing which increases our popularity among the Christian populations so much as multiplying holy places and covering them with our protection. They are also a fertile source of dispute, and I am not without hope that a serious quarrel may be provoked upon religious grounds, which will afford Gallinia the excuse for the intervention which may ultimately lead to a permanent mili-

tary occupation of the country. The public mind in Phœnicia, thanks to the activity of our agents in that country, is now so thoroughly prepared for it, that it would be a pity to disappoint it."

"It is the only really good card left us," mused Monsieur Feerie. "It would unite all parties in Gallinia,—the religious party on the ground of *la foi*, and the rest of the nation on the ground of *la gloire*; and it would be the best slap in the face we could give to Albinia in return for the one we received from her in Ethiopia. Fortunately she has her eyes tight shut in that direction, and we have only to make the same kind of promises to Mr Sadstone that he did to us in the case of Ethiopia, to keep them so. Besides, she is too anxious to be left alone in Ethiopia, to interfere with our designs in Phœnicia."

"Muscovia is a good deal more wide-awake," remarked Pêlé Mêle Latour; "it is there that the real danger lies. When she has annexed Vaninia, it will be a race between us for the Holy City of the ridiculous people who believe in any God at all. Meantime we can use some of them as our political allies; and sufficient, as they would say, to the day is the evil thereof."

As my time was limited, and I had several more interesting conversations to eavesdrop, I could not linger longer with Monsieur Feerie and Pêlé Mêle Latour, much as I should have wished to do so, for there was an engaging frankness in their mode of expression which interested me exceedingly; so I turned my instrument on Prince Quizmarck, who was walking in a garden at his country-house with Count Felthat, smoking a cigar, from which he blew great clouds with much apparent enjoyment.

"It was a great pity," he remarked, "that the Gallinians could not carry their nominee for Phœnicia. I am afraid from what I hear that Worser Pasha may turn out to be an honest man, and refuse to be their tool."

"I assure your Highness we did all we could to get their absurd candidate appointed. Had we shown our hand more clearly, they would have suspected something."

"Well, remember to keep the traps all well baited—and fan their jealousy of Albinia in Ethiopia; they must not escape from Phœnicia with simple loss of prestige, as they did from Ethiopia,—keep an eye on the Latinians, and prevent them precipitating matters in Carthage. See that the Portugalianians don't put forward any obstacles which may prevent Brava-Bravisima taking as much Gallinian money and as many Gallinian men as far into the centre of the Dark Continent as he wants to. Tell Queen Tolderolrivo's ambassadors that Malagasias need expect no help from Teutonia, but that she will have our warmest sympathies in her endeavours to repel foreign aggression. Inform his Celestial Majesty of Cathay that Teutonia has large commercial interests at stake in that country, and that he must abstain from any attempt to defend Ding Dong; in fact, my dear Felthat, give Pêlé Mêle Latour rope in every direction—make things easy for him. He is so infernally suspicious, and attributes every obstacle he meets with to me, whereas I am doing all I can to smooth the way for the Gallinians into the most remote recesses of the earth's surface, and into every possible difficulty. Tell our consul in Phœnicia to support Gallinian pretensions, and to take an interest in any religious dispute that may crop up, of a purely platonic kind of

course, especially between that branch of Christianity patronised by Muscovia and the rival branch patronised by Gallinia. If we failed to produce a collision between Gallinia and Albinia in Ethiopia, let us at least endeavour to bring about a clash of interests between Gallinia and Muscovia, which may lead to their cutting each other's throats in Phœnicia."

"The Holy Sepulchre has always been a very popular bone of contention among Christians," replied Felthat; "and if Muscovite aggressions in that direction could exasperate infidel Gallinia into a *guerre de la religion*, there would be a charming inconsistency in her substituting it for a *guerre de revanche*."

"To say nothing of the comfort it would be to see our two chief enemies fighting each other on Christian grounds, instead of uniting to attack us. They are the more likely to do this, now that they have become demoralised by the triple alliance. *Donnerwetter!* what a bad temper that has put them both into! The Holy Sepulchre is not a bad idea, Felthat; it is a nice out-of-the-way place, where they can give vent to their evil passions and hurt no one but themselves and the Saracens, like the Crusaders of old."

"I suppose I must keep on giving the Mogul good advice," said Felthat.

"Oh, certainly," replied his Highness, "especially as he never takes it, and it costs nothing. You may advise everybody—advise Albinia to insist upon reforms in Vaninia; advise the Mogul to beware how he listens to her insidious counsels; advise Muscovia to prepare for the annexation of that province, which we shall not object to; advise Gallinia to insist upon her sentimental rights, hal-



lowed by centuries of tradition in Phœnicia,—in fact, advise everybody who either is or wants to be a Middlesea Power, to go in for their own interests without fear of interference from us; and let us thank the Lord that we are not, and never desire to be, a Middlesea Power ourselves;” and as the Prince at this moment called to his dog, I took it as an indication that the conversation was at an end, and transferred my attentions to that ancient river of Ethiopia, on the banks of which I found Toothpik sitting in his palace and smoking a *nargileh*. Near him was an elderly man similarly engaged, and the silence was only broken by the soothing sound of the bubbling of the smoke as it passed through the water. At last the latter, withdrawing slowly the mouthpiece from his lips, after a long inspiration, said—

“Now that Lord Noduffer—whom may Allah confound! for he was a riddle I never could read—has left us,—praise be to His name that it is so,—what does your Highness intend to do with these?” and he pointed with his mouthpiece to a large bundle of papers on the divan.

Toothpik cast upon them a glance of mingled disgust and apprehension, then turning away with a perceptible shudder, smoked more noisily than ever, but vouchsafed no response.

“Because, your Highness,” the speaker went on, “we can’t have these things lying here for ever. Here’s army reform, and judicial reform, and the administrative reform, and the legislative council, and provincial councils, and General Assembly, and all the other inventions which are awaiting your Highness’s signature; how they could ever have entered into the brain of man to conceive passes my com-

prehension, and much more how they are ever to be applied. But for months past, in fact all the time that this Albinian Lord was here, I was as a man without a mind. I got so confused trying to find out whether I was governing the country, or whether your Highness was governing it, or whether he was governing it, or whether we were all three governing it, that I constantly became giddy over the perplexing problem that was presented to me, until, now that the dreadful nightmare of his presence is removed, I feel that my intellect has become permanently weakened, and that it will be necessary for your Highness to intrust to some more capable servant the task which has been bequeathed to us.”

“Stay—let us take counsel together first,” said Toothpik. “I shall be sorry to lose you, but there are plenty of others anxious to get your place. Suppose I refuse to sign, or to attempt to apply these new-fangled devices, what then?”

“Then,” said the other, “the Albinian Government might say, ‘If you decline *our* new-fangled devices, we will leave you to your own,’ and withdraw their army; and if they did so, every foreigner would leave the country; and I would respectfully ask your Highness, under these circumstances, how many hours’ purchase would your throne be worth?”

“They would not dare to evacuate the country; moreover, it would be against the interests of Albinia to do so.”

“Mr Sadstone would dare anything in the way of scuttling out of a country; besides, his views as to what the interests of Albinia may be are peculiar, and do not correspond to those of your Highness.”

“Suppose I do sign them, what then?” asked Toothpik.

"You won't get anybody to undertake the task of applying them. How are you going to govern a country without officials? and how are you going to get officials to co-operate in a scheme of depriving themselves of all their perquisites? What Minister will you find to run atilt against what these Albinians ignorantly call 'administrative abuse and corruption'?"

"Suppose I sign them, and pretend to apply them and don't?" said Toothpik.

"There is a good deal to be said for that course—indeed, in my opinion, it is the only course open to your Highness; but under these circumstances, as I said before, I must respectfully decline to be the instrument of this policy."

"What! are you too moral?" asked his Highness.

"No. If the truth must be told, I am too frightened. The Earl of Noduffer might come back; and notwithstanding the honey on his lips, I should prefer not to be in office in such an event."

"We should have the support of the Mogul, of Gallinia, of all the enemies, in fact, of Albinia, in proving all these inventions to be utterly inapplicable to the country."

"As I said before, what do you gain by it?" replied the Minister. "Either the Albinian army stays, in which case you only protract the agony, and will be compelled to apply these so-called reforms in the end; or it goes, in which case your Highness would have to go too. The fact is, we have all been caught in a trap, and I see no way out of it. We must just sit down patiently, and trust in Allah. I now understand the swelled appearance of Lord Noduffer's face when I took leave of him."

"What! had he got toothache?" asked his Highness.

"No; but I think he had his tongue in his cheek. He is like still water that runs so deep. His smoothness and his depth are dreadful. Even now, at the recollection of some of our interviews, my head begins to swim and I feel unwell; so I beg your Highness to let me take my leave."

Then I turned my instrument on the kiosks and palaces of the city of the Golden Crescent; for I was anxious to learn how much the Mogul knew of the dangers which were threatening his empire, and of the evil dispositions towards him of those who are by a political euphemism called "the friendly Powers."

He was talking to a little man, who was sitting in an attitude of profound humility so near the edge of his chair, that I feared he might slide off it altogether; and I guessed he must be the great Wuzeer who has so many times proved himself more than a match in diplomatic fence for the friendly Powers, and whose skill as an oriental political gymnast is of a very high order. He was at the moment cowering beneath a storm of reproaches which were being hurled at his head for mistakes which had been made in that unlucky Ethiopian business when he was not in office, and for which he was in no way responsible; but he bent to it meekly, never excusing himself, or so much as even alluding to the fact that the greatest mistake of all was made contrary to his advice.

"And now," pursued his Majesty, "Lord Noduffer actually wants me to believe that these so-called reforms which he has introduced into Ethiopia, and the presence of an Albinian army there indefinitely, does not in any

way affect my sovereign rights over that country. I don't know what his arguments were, for I was so angry I could not listen to them, especially as I was trying to smile as amiably all the time as he was. By Allah! how that man gets on my nerves, especially since his visit to Ethiopia! Have you assured Toothpik of our imperial favour just in the degree in which he refuses to adopt any of these so-called institutions, or introduce any of these so-called reforms?"

"I have, your Majesty; and he is much encouraged by the signal honour which your Majesty has already conferred upon him. I am not without hope of discovering many ways by which the position of Albinia in Ethiopia may be rendered disagreeable; and in the meantime, I have again called the attention of the friendly Powers, and especially of Muscovia and Gallinia, to the *protocole de désintéressement*."

"You heard me make Lord Noduffer the usual promises in regard to reform in Vaninia," said his Majesty, changing the subject. "You will of course see that they are carried out in the usual way."

"I have already applied to his Excellency for a copy of the Erinian Coercion Bill," replied the Wuzeer, without raising his eyes, and giving himself a little hitch back in his chair, "and for any other repressive Acts of a similar character which have been found useful by the Albinian Government in the magnificent scheme of reform which it is now applying to Erinia, and I have promised to imitate as closely as possible the course which has been pursued in restoring peace, happiness, and tranquillity to that interesting country, and he has promised to send them to me as soon as he reaches Albinia."

"Have you heard from Worser Pasha since his arrival in Phœnicia?"

"Not yet, your Majesty; but I have, as your Majesty is aware, a better source of information in regard to the intrigues of Gallinia in that province than even he is ever likely to be;" and a look of inexpressible cunning flitted over the impassive countenance of the little man.

"You managed to *finesse* that appointment very well," said the Mogul; "I don't think the Gallinians will take much by it. Verily, when I think of the presumption of Albinia, with Erinia on her hands, denouncing the state of Vaninia to me—and Gallinia, which parades her infidelities at home, using religion as a cloak under cover of which she may stir up my subjects to revolt—I am at a loss to decide which country is the most glaringly hypocritical."

"It is the vice of Christian nations," assented the Wuzeer; "your Majesty will remember that it was in the interests of religion that several millions of your Majesty's subjects were exterminated by war, disease, and starvation, when Muscovia invaded your empire as the champion of the Cross. Allah has provided dynamite in all these countries as a punishment for their hypocrisy," he added timidly, and bowed his head.

There was a pause, and the Mogul regarded the Wuzeer with great tenderness, for the suggestion was pleasing to him.

"Inshallah," he said at length, "you are a pious man with a ready wit; I see now that the faithful have nought to fear from these infernal contrivances which Allah reserves for the infidels who attack them. What news have you of the viper Ethiop whom the Albinians are nursing in their

bosom at Taprobane? how prosper his intrigues in the Holy City of the Prophet?"

The conversation now became of a most confidential character, relating to plots and conspiracies which I was afraid even to confide to my telephone, but which convinced me that the faithful may run other risks than those arising from dynamite; perhaps they also have special sins for which a special punishment is provided: and while I was thus moralising, I was irresistibly reminded of Mr Sadstone, and here again I found myself compelled to overhear a conversation which it would be a breach of propriety to report. It was a few moments before I could catch the meaning of the inarticulate murmur which came through the instrument; but when I did, I was riveted by the interest of what I heard. An argument was in progress between the speaker and what seemed to be his conscience, in regard to a question of morals. Of course I could not make out what his conscience said, but Mr Sadstone's replies I heard at last with great distinctness; and I must say, so far as clearness and logic were concerned, he had much the best of it. In fact, so convincing were the reasons he adduced in support of his view of the matter, that his inward opponent seemed to withdraw discomfited from the discussion; but this may only have been in consequence of the entry of Mr Clamberalong, who wanted to know, after all that had been said upon the subject, how he was to justify in his next speech to his constituents a military occupation of Ethiopia which bade fair to be indefinite.

"I should recommend you," said Mr Sadstone, "to remove the question altogether from the sphere of politics, and elevate it into the

region of abstract morality. We are not in Ethiopia because the interests of Albinia or the maintenance of her prestige require it. For, as I have repeatedly said in public, the interests of Albinia are never served by wars of aggression, while the maintenance of her prestige is a delusion and a snare, for which neither blood nor treasure should be expended; but there are occasions when a great moral duty towards other nations is imposed upon us, when we may become the custodians of public order, the instruments of a divine necessity. We are now in Ethiopia, not for our own selfish ends, but in the interest of the Ethiopians, as Lord Noduffer has so ably explained in his despatch; and so long as that interesting race, the oppressed Fellahin, require the presence of Albinian troops in the country, we are bound by the highest instincts of humanity to remain there. No constituency is more ready to respond to an appeal involving sacrifices in behalf of their fellow-creatures of whatever nationality—always, of course, excepting Seljukians—than is yours, my dear Clamberalong. That is a chord which is certain always to vibrate among the ignorant masses either to your eloquence or mine. You should always explain that no promises which may have been made, or assurances which may have been given, prior to our discovery of the fact that we had become the instruments of a great divine necessity, are of any value."

"I am quite aware of that," replied Mr Clamberalong. "You remember how ably I justified the abandonment of our convention, and of the Hottentotian tribes of South Africa, upon this ground, in my late speech in the House?"

"I can't say I do remember

your putting it on this ground. In fact, if my memory serves me, you put it purely on the ground of national interest and expenditure, and I felt rather shocked."

"Well," retorted Clamberalong, "I could not put it on the oppressed fellow-creature ground, because it is the oppressed fellow-creature we are abandoning in that case. The fact is, that Noduffer had no business to play such a trick upon the great Radical party as to invent liberal institutions, and introduce a system of reform into Ethiopia, involving a permanent military occupation. It puts us all in a false position."

"I don't regard it in that light at all," responded his chief. "I never felt in a less false position in my life. I feel convinced the country likes it; and it is the sentiment of the country at large that I have to consider, and not the opinions and theories of what you call the great Radical party."

"If we continue on this course much longer," rejoined Mr Clamberalong, rather hotly, "allow me to remark that you will soon have to choose between the great Radical party and what you call 'the country.' Just look at the mess we have got into with the Infidel Relief Bill, through not being consistent."

"On the contrary; it was because we tried to be consistent that we incurred this disaster. There, if you like, I feel myself in a false position; but that arises from a somewhat improper, I might almost say immoral, effort, which we made to achieve consistency. So long, my dear Clamberalong, as you fail to perceive the infinite variety of political and moral per-

meations of which every question is susceptible, and continue, as you so constantly do, to grovel in the concrete, when you might rise to the abstract—so long as you attempt in politics what no man has ever succeeded in doing in religion, to reconcile profession with practice,—so long will you continue to be the victim of disappointment and delusion. Mark my words,"—and here Mr Sadstone's voice acquired a portentous and prophetic solemnity,— "the day will come when you will find that even the caucus is but a broken reed; but," he added, more cheerfully, "I think it will last my time."

"Then may you long be spared to us," said Mr Clamberalong, fervently; and I felt quite relieved at this amicable termination to a discussion which at one moment threatened to produce a rupture which might have led to serious consequences. I had gathered enough, however, to make me feel somewhat uneasy in regard to the unity of sentiment which pervaded the Albinian Cabinet; and I trust that this little exposure of its weakness will not be deemed an indiscretion on my part, but may serve rather as a warning at a period of general political disturbance, which, it is evident, is in the highest degree critical, not only in Albinia, but in all those several countries which have been caught in the great Ethiopian trap, and to which, through telephonic agency, I have had access. If, in spite of these revelations, statesmen and potentates continue wilfully blind, it will ever be a consolation to me to feel that I am free from all responsibility in the matter.

## THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART IV.

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE MINE PREPARED.

MRS TILTOFF was not the woman to let the grass grow beneath her feet when she was pursuing any object which had thoroughly aroused her interest. She knew perfectly well that in this, as in every other matter of importance which had arisen since her marriage, she would have to depend entirely upon her own resources and energies. There are some men who leave all the business of life to be managed by their wives; and, in fortunate cases, the result justifies them in so doing, for they get it uncommonly well done. It must be confessed that if Captain Tiltuff had made up his mind from the outset to be guided entirely by his wife in all his affairs, he would have acted wisely; but so far as the management of money was concerned, he unfortunately preferred to consult his own judgment. As there happened to be no such thing as judgment in the equipment with which he had started in life, and as he had never acquired any on the way, the result would not have been encouraging to any man who was in the habit of coolly and impartially reviewing his own acts. But the gallant captain had no such habit. His conviction that he was invariably right, and had done everything for the best, was never shaken, and it saved him from being troubled with anything resembling a visitation of remorse. The man or woman who possesses such a temperament is triply armed against most of the mortifications and regrets which fall upon the rest of us, but it is not a prudent thing to take either one or the other into partnership.

Mrs Tiltuff had found this out, at considerable inconvenience and cost to herself; but she had made up her mind to bear with her lot, which was a sensible thing to do, seeing that no alteration for the better in it seemed probable. She now related to her husband the general purport of her conversation with Baron Phlog, omitting certain details which she did not consider it material that he should know. The captain listened to her story with rather more attention than he generally paid to her communications; and he admitted that it was in all respects much to be desired that the excellent intentions which Margrave the elder had once entertained should still be carried out.

“You wasted a good deal of attention upon him, Beatrice,” said the captain, who was not over-refined in his thoughts or expressions; “I almost thought at one time that he was in love with you. After all, you know, he was not such a very old man.”

“Old or young, he did not admire *your* mode of life. You ruined your own chances with him.”

“You mean by contradicting him a little too often.”

“No; by taking the trouble to let him know that, no matter how much money came into your hands, you were determined to gamble it all away.”

“Ah! I could not help those reports reaching his ears. Besides, it was on your behaviour that the stake depended, not on mine.”

“Well, we lost the stake, as you call it, and now it is just possible we may win it again. If Baron

Phlog is right, we may yet be the owners of the Grange."

Decidedly it was the most pleasant prospect which had opened itself to the expectant eyes of the worthy captain for some months past. Instantly it occurred to his mind that there were several little plans which he would be able to carry out with the suggested alteration in his circumstances, in some of which his wife would not necessarily be called upon to take a part.

"I shall be sorry for Margrave and his daughter," said he, "although they have not been over civil to us. I believe he was poor when he returned to England, and no one could be expected to save much out of the Grange property. What would they do if they were turned out?"

"Is that our business? Do you not think it quite hard enough to manage our own affairs? I have found it so, and so perhaps would you, if you had paid more attention to them."

"I know when I am well off, Beatrice. Other fellows make their lives miserable by worrying over their homes, and how to keep them going. I never bother my head about such matters—they are a woman's business."

"I wish you had made it a woman's business when we had some means to boast of. At any rate, if we ever get another start, I hope you will keep to your present theory."

"Yes, you shall have the cheque-book," said the captain, with a coarse laugh, "and I will go upon an allowance. Will that suit you? Now I must say good morning, or I shall be late for the shop." He stooped down to kiss her, and she turned her cheek to him, and the captain sallied forth to his arduous duties in Pall Mall.

His wife's brain was busy with all sorts of projects, but although much might be thought of, nothing of moment could be done until the news arrived for which she waited so impatiently. If it were good, she would open her campaign without delay; if bad—but at this thought she found her fortitude slipping away from her. She had been patient and strong when no hope for the better appeared in the vista of the future; but to be doomed now to a continuance of the old dreary life would be a fate too hard to be borne. She did not realise till that moment how great a strain she had passed through during the last few years.

It was nearly a month after Baron Phlog had disclosed what was known to him concerning Richard Margrave's history before he returned to the little house in Mayfair, with a letter which he had received from his friend Count Schomberg, who was still, much against his inclination, an exile at Washington. There was nothing for him to do there, for his Government had fortunately never had a difference of any kind with the Americans; perhaps because the two nations did not speak the "same language," and were not connected by "ties of blood."

The Baron translated the letter for his fair friend's benefit, and read the following passage to her with particular care:—

"Margrave had many friends here, as you are aware; among them Senator Blower, who knew him when he first came to America, more than twenty years ago. The Senator says he remembers Mrs Margrave perfectly—a very handsome woman, who was brought up as a child in the house of some friends of her mother, who had adopted her on the death of that mother. Margrave went away some-

where to the West, and about two years after the marriage he returned—without his wife. What became of her I have been unable to find out. As for her parents, Senator Blower is quite convinced they were Americans, and that Mrs Margrave herself was born in New York. He mentioned rather mysteriously the name of the celebrated Dexter File as an authority on *that* point. Blower is supposed to have a good understanding with File, especially on all legislative matters in which File is interested. I followed up his hint, therefore, but Mr Dexter File would tell us nothing. At last, however, I hit upon the traces of the minister who married Margrave—an Episcopalian, now settled in Albany. From him I obtained a copy of the marriage certificate, and you will find it enclosed. You will see that the woman is described as an American citizen, the man as an English subject. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of this document. I thought it would probably be sufficient for you; but if it is not, we must try again to get at Mr Dexter File, although I fear it would be a waste of time. But we will do our best."

"There is no doubt," said the Baron, as he folded up the letter, "that, as my good friend says, this will be quite sufficient for your purpose, at least for the present. It will enable you to make your first move. Depend upon it, you will be able to prove that Mr Margrave married an American, if that is all you require."

"You do not know how happy you have made me," said Mrs Tilt-off, holding out her hand. Baron Phlog pressed it gently, and sat down by her side. "If there had always been some one like you to advise me, how much misery I should have escaped."

"If I can but help you now," he replied softly, "I must be content. It is as much good fortune as I dare to hope for."

"I suppose I had better go at once and see the lawyer?"

"Decidedly. Why lose any time? You have a lawyer whom you can trust?"

"My husband has always gone to Mr Stodgers—you have heard of him?"

"Oh yes; everybody is familiar with that name. You will be in safe hands, if he is faithful to you—and that no one could help being."

The name of Abraham Stodgers was, indeed, a well known one: no man in his profession was held in greater fear, for no man was acquainted with so many personal and family secrets. A letter signed by him was often quite sufficient to put a stop to a threatened action, or to induce an obstinate and troublesome claimant to "come down," like the famous coon, without waiting to be shot at. There had been a time when the firm of which Stodgers was the head had found its chief source of profit in defending interesting clients who were accused—falsely, no doubt—of mistaking other people's property for their own. It was not a distinguished circle of clients, but it paid well. Of late years the firm had soared into higher, and perhaps purer, regions, and the name of Stodgers was as much esteemed in the fashionable world as formerly it had been in Field Lane and Safron Hill. The solicitor could at least boast that he saved more cases than he lost; and, after all, a fashionable physician does no more, and very frequently he cannot do as much.

Mrs Tilt-off went herself to see Mr Stodgers, for she knew how little would be gained by sending



her husband, or even by taking him with her. In the one case, he would have confused and bungled the whole business; in the other, he would have been in the way. Hence she preferred to go alone, though as she went she could not but dwell upon the thought which had already found partial expression that day—that is, how great an advantage it would have been to her if she had chanced to have had at this crisis in her life the help of so ready, prompt, and cool an adviser as Baron Phlog. He invariably smoothed away all difficulties. In talking with him, there was never any necessity to lose time in explaining one's meaning. He saw it at once; whereas the genius of the War Office was slow of comprehension, and generally managed to get hold of every question submitted to him upside down. After one had been talking to him for some little time, it was usually discovered that he had somehow or other managed to misunderstand every word that had been said; nor was he in the least degree disconcerted when this was pointed out to him. He was merely satisfied that his own way of looking at the matter was the best.

Mr Stodgers received his client with the politeness which he invariably displayed to young and pretty women. There were seven or eight clients fidgeting about on the anxious seat in the next room, but none of them were so attractive as Mrs Tiltoff, nor were they at all connected with the social world in which Mr Stodgers now moved. Therefore he had no hesitation in keeping them waiting, especially as they were not likely to run away. Mr Stodgers was well aware that he could do without them far better than they could do without him.

He heard the story through with

quiet attention, and saw at a glance all that there was in it to be seen. Then he asked for the marriage certificate, and looked at that. Then he inquired for his client's husband, who, it has been intimated was an old acquaintance; in fact, many things were known to Mr Stodgers about him which would have exceedingly surprised Mrs Tiltoff, little as she thought there was left for her to learn. Lastly, the lawyer mentioned the interesting fact that he had dined the night before with the Duke of Dartford, who had been exceedingly amusing, and who had even promised to pay Mr Stodgers a visit during the summer at his little place on the Thames.

"And what do you advise me to do?" asked Mrs Tiltoff at length, not so much interested in the Duke of Dartford as Mr Stodgers was.

"I advise you to do nothing," replied the lawyer, resuming his business-like manner. "I will write a note in a day or two to Mr Margrave's lawyer, whose name is Morgan. A clever fellow, but I do not think he will be able to make very much out of this case. The fact is, I knew something of all these circumstances before you came here to-day. I never express an opinion as to the issue of a contest of this kind; but this I will say—I would rather be on your side than on the other. Leave it all to me, and I will do the best I can. Does the captain know of this?"

"Only in part."

"Exactly; that is all he need know about it at present. If we win, I hope some arrangement can be made in your interest, my dear Mrs Tiltoff, otherwise much of this money will go where all the other has gone." Mr Stodgers spoke plainly, but he had a right to do so; and Mrs Tiltoff was not at all

offended. The lawyer had undertaken the task of extricating her husband from the difficulties connected with his brief and checkered career on the turf, and he had done his work with his usual skill; but the facts which had come to his knowledge then and subsequently, had not caused him to form a favourable opinion of Tiltoff's common-sense or morals. And Stodgers himself was a thoroughly moral man. He had passed the greater part of his life among people who were not, and perhaps that had something to do with his own attachment to the domestic virtues.

"The property is a handsome one," said he, as he rose to open the door, "and I sincerely hope you will come into it without having to endure the anxiety of a protracted suit. I never like going into court."

"And yet no man in London goes so successfully."

"You are very kind to say so; but, I assure you, I always dislike going there. I almost invariably advise people who come to me not to try the risks of the law. But in this instance I really cannot bring myself to give that advice, because I think you have a strong

case, as well as a good cause—and they do not often go together. Good day. I must see a woman who is waiting in the next room. Perhaps you noticed her?"

"A woman in a black dress? Poor thing! she was crying bitterly as I passed through."

"Very likely; her husband is in trouble."

"Is it anything serious, Mr Stodgers?"

"Rather so," replied the lawyer, coolly. "The fact is he has been convicted of murder, and is to be hanged next Monday."

"How very shocking!" cried Mrs Tiltoff, with a look of genuine horror.

"No doubt; but nothing more can be done. His wife there thoroughly believes in his innocence. Women generally take that view."

"And what is your opinion?"

"Mine? Well, mine does not much matter; but I happen to know that he committed the murder, and that he is a most desperate villain. He well deserves his fate. But I cannot tell his wife that. It does not do to tell wives all that we know about their husbands," said Mr Stodgers, as he made a low bow to the captain's wife, and watched her out of the door.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—THE MINE EXPLODES.

In the course of forty-eight hours, the letter which Mr Stodgers promised to write to Margrave's solicitor was duly received by Mr William Morgan, who knew as soon as he had read it that the affair was serious. These two men had so often been concerned in cases of more or less intricacy and difficulty, that they understood one another's ways without the necessity of explanation; and Morgan felt sure that his professional brother and

old antagonist would never have taken up this business unless he had felt very certain of his ground. Instead, therefore, of communicating the purport of Stodgers's letter to his client, he wrote a note to him, begging him to come to town at once on a matter of great importance.

Margrave obeyed the summons; and indeed, even in the absence of any such call, he would have presented himself at that very time at

his lawyer's, for he had received an answer to the letter which he had written to Dexter File. The great capitalist was a little embarrassed, it has been shown, by this letter; but a reply was necessary, and only one reply was possible. File did not often write to anybody with his own hand, for there was nothing he disliked so much as either to receive or to answer letters. The amount of time and energy which was squandered in correspondence and in reading newspapers seemed to File a most striking illustration of the want of serious purpose in the lives of the majority of mankind. All this force properly applied, instead of being dispersed aimlessly in space, would suffice to accomplish some great result. There was no necessity, as a rule, to write a letter, and still less necessity to answer one. Such was File's belief, and he acted upon it. After his clerk had winnowed the mass which came directed to him every day, a very small residuum remained for the financier's consideration; and this, with a few brief instructions, he turned over to his clerk to answer. Thus it was very rare indeed for any one to see his signature, except where everybody was very happy at all times to see it—on a cheque.

The letter from Margrave, however, had to be answered promptly, and File, after much consideration, sent a reply, the length of which certainly did not account for the time he spent over it:—

“Your letter vexes and surprises me. I thought you knew the facts. Your wife was an American by birth, as can easily be proved. I knew both her father and mother well. Your case is hopeless.

“DEXTER FILE.”

Margrave read this note without

much disappointment. From the first moment that the clause in his father's will was brought to his knowledge, he had felt that there was but a slender hope of maintaining his inheritance. No doubt he could await the issue of a lawsuit, but the ultimate result must be the same. His place in his father's house belonged to another. And Margrave knew that it was not simply by misadventure that matters had so shaped themselves. He had never gained any hold upon his father's affections; and it was clear now that his marriage had never been forgiven. In the closing days of the father's life, the companionship which he sought was not that of his only son. No appeal to the absent wanderer to return ever came. The nephew and his wife were always at the Grange, and they acted as masters in it. Years before, stories had come back from America, no one could tell how, that Richard Margrave was about to marry a woman of dissolute life. Beatrice Tiltoff, who understood something about her husband's character, had her own ideas as to the source of these rumours; but no matter where they came from, it is certain that they stirred the wrath of the father to its deepest depths. The will was made under the influence of passion, and if there had ever been any intention of revoking it, the influence which Beatrice exercised over the infirm and broken old man would have sufficed to counteract it. But she was not required to make any great exertions. The father sank gradually into that listless and torpid state which so often comes before the beginning of the last sleep. The sentence remained as it was originally written; and the son knew now, for the first time after all these years, that it drove him forever from his father's house.

It had been his home in bygone years; and although many of the happy recollections of childhood and youth which soften the spirit in the darker hours of life had never been his, yet each tree and meadow were endeared to him by the indefinable and sacred associations of the past. There are few who, amid the distractions of the world, ever forget the fields and hills which were familiar to them in the early days. We may wander far and wide under other skies, and behold, one after another, the mysteries which our young vision longed to pierce, unfold themselves and disappear like fevered dreams; but nowhere do the weary eyes rest again upon landscapes so bright as those of our youth; nowhere do the flowers bloom so fresh and fair, or the songs of birds fall upon the ear with so sweet a charm. Never had these influences been so strongly felt by Margrave as when he realised that the roof from which he had been so long absent, and which had been his own for so brief a time, must pass to another. Heavy as the blow was for him, he knew that it must fall still more heavily upon his daughter. After the excitement and unrest of American life, there is something even in the outward aspect of English scenery which calms the mind, for it breathes the inspiration of home. So had it been with Kate Margrave; and now there had come a new and great event in her life, and this, too, would be associated henceforth with her English life. Thus it is that youth sets its mark upon its various halting-places; each, when regarded from a long distance, is illumined with a ray of magic light. In after years, the scenes which meet our eyes leave comparatively little trace upon the recollection; the pictures soon become blurred and indistinct.

It is the privilege of the young alone to gather treasures for the future as they pass along the road.

Margrave was no longer young, and not many illusions were left to him. He knew that the difference in his fortunes might make all the difference in the world to his daughter's. It had been understood on all sides that there should be no further talk of marriage between Reginald Tresham and Kate for at least a year to come; subject to that limitation, Lady Tresham had been brought by her son to consent to the engagement. She consoled herself by reflecting that very much might happen in a year; and though everything might seem to be settled for the moment, she did not by any means despair of seeing her son take what she believed to be the sensible view of the matter. He would necessarily be much in London, attending to his new duties; and Lady Tresham was well aware how great a hold upon a young man the first office is sure to have. He fancies that the eyes of Europe are upon him, and that the machinery of the Government would all come to a standstill if he were an hour late any morning at the office. After a time, the experienced official gets over these amiable weaknesses; he learns the truth betimes that, with him or without him, the world will jog along much the same as usual.

Lady Tresham's hopes, therefore, corresponded pretty closely with the fears of Richard Margrave. The father shrank from the thought of parting with his daughter, but he dreaded still more the consequences of any severe blow to her sensitive spirit. He knew that the vicissitude which was now impending over him was of that nature which sometimes brings about a very great change in matrimonial engagements; and if he had been

aware of the real sentiments of Lady Tresham, he would probably have felt that there was but slender reason now to anticipate the separation from his daughter, which once seemed to him so great an evil. It was nothing less than poverty that stared him in the face; for the little money which he had been able to accumulate had gone chiefly in improving the property to which he had believed himself entitled. It was not very likely that any of this would come back to him now. The remnant that remained of his private fund would scarcely suffice for the support of himself and his daughter for a single year. Friends in England who could help him in any way he had none. A darker prospect than that which actually surrounded him, it would be, as he believed, impossible to conjure up. He had not been what is called a rich man: since his return his income had never exceeded five thousand pounds a-year. But this had been ample, and now the whole of it was to be swept away. Yet it was of his daughter that he thought almost exclusively as he made his way up to London, with Dexter File's letter in his pocket. How could he bear to tell her that her father no longer had a roof to shelter her? What were they to do even for a maintenance? It was too late to begin life all over again, even if opportunity were favourable. And what opportunity was there? Margrave knew too well that there was none. Once or twice on this dismal journey the thought came into his mind that it might be well to turn back, and let things take their course. But it was instantly repelled. Undoubtedly there was only one right course for him to pursue, and he was resolved to take it at all hazards.

The lawyer, Morgan, had so far

recognised the importance of this business that he put aside all his engagements to meet his client. His manner was never very cheerful, and on this occasion it was, perhaps, intentionally depressing. Margrave placed Dexter File's letter in his hand, and Morgan read it over more than once, not because its meaning was obscure, but because he was wondering what in the world was to become of the man who stood before him. He knew what his client's means were; and although his general opinion was that it was a waste of time to sympathise with any one, he could not repress something which bore a dim resemblance to a sensation of the kind as he stood reading the letter from New York. Then he showed Margrave the summons to surrender which he had received on behalf of Captain Tiltoff, and instead of giving advice, as it was his habit and duty to do, he contented himself with inquiring what was to be done?

"There is but one thing to be done," said Margrave, "and any delay in doing it would only make matters worse. You will say, in reply to this letter of Mr Stodgers's, that we relinquish the estate. There need be no delay. I have but few preparations to make, and they shall be made before I leave town. After that we must do the best we can, my daughter and I."

"You have no reason to doubt the accuracy of Mr Dexter File's statement?"

"None whatever; what motive can he have for deceiving me?"

"I cannot say; but these people, the Tiltoffs, can scarcely expect you to give up a property of five thousand a-year at the first demand. They may not be so strong as you suppose. Might it not be as well to make some further inquiries? It is always an advantage to gain

time—our antagonist might die. I have known many an action settled in that way, and it is not a bad way either.”

“It would be useless to wait. The expenses of a lawsuit, followed by the loss of the Grange, would be absolutely ruinous. There is no doubt as to the validity of the will?”

“I should say, not the slightest. We cannot hope for anything by attacking that.”

“Then there is nothing to get up a fight about. Many circumstances have come back to my mind which confirm Mr File’s statement, and make me certain that he is telling the truth. My father’s mind must have been poisoned against me to the last, and this blow from beyond the grave strikes as perhaps he meant it to do—but it strikes my child as well as me. *There* is where I feel it most keenly.”

“It is unfortunate,” said the lawyer, with a slight touch of feeling. “I really wish I could be of service to you.”

“Well, perhaps you can. It remains for me to find some place where we may live in peace, and inexpensively; for a few hundred pounds are all that I shall have left when my debts are paid. My present idea is that we had better live in apartments for the present; and you, with your knowledge of London, may assist me in finding them. They must not be in Belgrave Square.”

“I think I know of something that may suit you,” said Morgan, after a minute or two of reflection, —“at least until a turn comes in your affairs. There is a lady, the wife of an old client of mine, who will be glad to receive you as a tenant, for she has recently been left a widow, and is ill able, I fancy, to keep up her house unaided. It

is not a palace, but you will be in good hands. When a man has met with a misfortune, his next experience of life is usually to fall among thieves. Here at least you will be safe.” He wrote down an address and gave it to Margrave. And it must be confessed that he was glad when his client took his departure, for he felt more and more strongly that it was a hard case, and yet that he was quite powerless to do any good. It was more than likely that Captain Tiltoff knew as much as Dexter File himself concerning the American woman whom Margrave had so rashly married. In that case, it certainly could not be worth while to go into a contest over this property, especially for a client who had no money.

The Regent’s Park is a locality which is still surrounded with many streets containing comfortable houses, a little way removed from the roar of central London, and with a few trees and gardens scattered about here and there to keep up a trace of that rural appearance which once was the distinguishing characteristic of all this region. The gardens get blacker and blacker every year with soot, and the old trees are dying off, but the idea is still popular that anything to the north of Regent’s Park is in the country. It is not a fashionable neighbourhood, for at the best it is far away from where most people wish to be, either for purposes of business or pleasure; but there are many parts of it which have, at any rate, always maintained a good repute, and it was to one of these that Margrave was sent. The house was small, but not uninviting in appearance. A few flowers were in the windows, and there was a small garden at the back, with some melancholy geraniums trying to keep up a gay appearance under

the shower of "blacks" which continually fell upon them. The place was called Lilac Villa—not an inspiring name, but in this world we have to take things as we find them. The landlady, Mrs Talbot, was a quiet, subdued, well-mannered woman, with not too great an obtrusion of the "better days" element, which is so great a drawback to the attractions of modern landladies. The arrangements were soon concluded, and Margrave was firm in his resolve that the change which he had to make should be made speedily. It was then Tuesday; on the following Monday he would bid farewell to the Grange, with its beautiful old park and lovely gardens, and come here to Lilac Villa, with its prim little rooms, and its speckled geraniums in the patch of miserable ground at the back.

By a late train he reached the Grange that night, and was glad to think on his way that there was no chance of his being required to explain all these events to his daughter till the next day. Perhaps he would have postponed the evil hour one day later still, but an accident decided the matter for him. Kate was walking about with him after breakfast, telling him of some favourite scheme which she had long secretly cherished for constructing a fernery in a secluded part of the gardens. And then her father drew her arm within his, and told her all.

"And we must really go, papa," said the young girl, when the first great shock of her surprise was over, "and go so soon?"

"Yes; it is the best way. Nothing would become easier to us by lingering here. It would be as hard to part with the old place a year hence as it is to-day." His heart was heavy, and his daughter knew that it was so. She placed her hand gently upon his arm, and led him towards the house.

"Dear papa," said she, with a smile that seemed to diffuse itself like sunshine round about him, "we shall be happy together wherever we may be. We shall not be very poor, shall we?"

"I fear it will be so, my Kate."

"Then be it so. It is not long ago, remember, since you told me that I might yet have to depend upon my art even for bread; I am not afraid. Poor Mr Creek, the painter, always said that it was a pity I had not to earn my own living, for then I should be compelled to do justice to myself. I daresay it was an idle compliment; but now we shall see. I think this is the very best thing that could have happened for me—and so, perhaps, will you think, some day."

The young can endure sorrows bravely, but Kate did not bear this one so lightly as her words might have led a stranger to suppose. Her father understood her; her own feeling, had it been ten times as great, would have been concealed from him in order that his burden might not be made heavier on her account. She walked by his side planning out a future which almost made him forget that he was getting old, and that life, even for the young, is none too easy.

#### CHAPTER XV.—THE NEW-HOME.

It sometimes happens in the month of March, when the winds are wafted to us over the Atlantic

instead of coming across arctic seas, that there is one special morning when all the world around us

seems to be undergoing a change. The air is soft and mild, and whispers to us pleasant, if delusive, stories of the spring-time to come. Everywhere there is a curious stir and movement. Bees are buzzing past, birds are on the wing, rooks are building, insects are chasing each other in their short-lived sport. The lark pours forth his wondrous carol, the thrush sings gaily in the intervals of his hunt for snails, the starling pipes his call to his mate, and the blackbird whistles his few but incomparable notes. Trees are beginning to bud, the crocus and the daffodil shine in the garden walks, and every sign denotes the departure of winter. It is true that fierce winds and cutting frosts are only too sure to return; but still it is the summer which we are looking forward to and not the winter; and although the hopes of many a previous year may never have been realised, we continue to believe in the summer which is to come.

It was on such a morning as this that Kate stepped forth into her garden, saddened by the knowledge that she was about to leave it for ever. But one duty remained to be performed, and it was the hardest of all. It needed no protracted experience of the world to tell her how the great change in the circumstances of her life would be regarded at Owlscote Manor. Lady Tresham had indeed received her as the affianced bride of her son, but it was with no manifestation of pleasure. She had kissed the young girl coldly on the forehead, and there was something in her manner which showed that she had but resigned herself to an arrangement which she was powerless to prevent. Kate had some insight into this, and she divined that the loss of fortune would not tend to endear her to Reginald's

mother. Was it so certain that it would be a matter of indifference with Reginald himself? He was ambitious, and Kate was well aware that his means were restricted. How would his prospects and career be affected by a marriage with a penniless—it might almost be said, a homeless—girl?

Kate had passed the greater part of the night in thinking over these questions, and she made up her mind that she would not seek to hold her lover to his engagement. Pride and a sense of duty alike told her how she should act. It was a hard trial, but she made up her mind to face it. Better that than to be received upon sufferance by the mother, and become a hindrance and a burden to the son. She did not consider it necessary to consult her father on such a point—her own feelings dictated the proper line of conduct. She wrote a letter to Reginald Tresham, in which she touched briefly upon the events which her father had related to her, and told him that under these altered circumstances all must be deemed ended between them. She bade him farewell, and was careful that he should perceive that it was a very real farewell, for the letter was not sent till her departure from the Grange, and she gave no clue to the place of her retreat. Perhaps, in spite of her firmness, she nursed the secret hope that her lover would not accept this decision; but no such hope found expression in her letter. Her father would be happy, for now he would be able to dismiss from his mind the fear of losing her. If she was about to make a sacrifice, he, who had sacrificed so much for her, would at least be the happier for it.

Such were the young girl's reflections; and whether they were wise or unwise, they nerved her to



go through the last morning at the Grange without revealing a sign of the sorrow which was at her heart. Her father was surprised at her cheerfulness—she seemed full of their future plans, and drew a bright picture of the new home, and of the friends who would surround them in it. Not everybody would desert them because they were poor. There was Mr Delvar, who was himself not too much burdened with this world's goods, and whom her father rather liked, notwithstanding his innumerable vagaries and his somewhat overweening opinion of his abilities. He doubtless would still be faithful to them. And there was another friend for whom Kate herself had a very tender and gentle feeling, and whom she had of late lost sight of—perhaps because another friendship had occupied her too much. This was Bernard Creek, the painter—a man who once had seemed to be bound straight for the temple of fame, but who somehow or other had never got there. From him Kate had received some instruction in the art to which she was devoted, soon after her arrival in England; but the teacher had soon recognised that he had very little to impart to so gifted a pupil, and he speedily withdrew into the background.

In early life Bernard Creek had been one of the artists who received the support and patronage of the well-known dealer, Moss Jacobs. One or two of his pictures had contained such signs of promise that Jacobs felt no hesitation in becoming his friend; and for a long time he was ready to make him advances, which were only too necessary to the struggling artist, upon the works which were projected or half commenced. There are some men who find their energies cramped and

deadened by the burden of debt, and who feel all the impetus to labour gone when they know that the reward has been disposed of before it could be earned. Of this sort was Creek. He continued to paint, because his good friend Jacobs took care that he should not be idle; but the dealer complained more and more bitterly that his works would not sell. This did not assist the flagging imagination of the poor artist. He toiled on, but it was with depressed spirits and fading hopes. Even in the darkest days, however, a few hours in the society of Kate seemed to make another man of him—the man he was before he fell in with Moss Jacobs, and before he was doomed to work, like a convict, with the cannon-ball of debt chained to his heels. Kate was right in counting upon him as a true friend, even in adversity, little as he might be able to do for them; there was not one who would have sacrificed more for her, if by any species of sacrifice her path could have been made smooth.

Mrs Talbot received her lodgers with some little nervousness, for by this time she had learnt a few particulars concerning them. The ordinary lodging-house keeper would merely have seen in the circumstances of the father and daughter an unusually good opportunity for plunder. There could be an "extra" clapped on here, and another there, till even the amount of rent itself would become a secondary item in the bill. But misfortunes do not always come in battalions, and although fate had dealt Margrave a hard blow, it spared him the hardship of falling into a bandit's cave. Moreover, the rooms which he and his daughter were to occupy were at least comfortable; and Kate had not been in them many hours be-

fore she contrived to give them some touch of the bright and cheerful aspect of the home which they had just lost. A few flowers arranged with a woman's taste and dexterity imparted a distant flavour of the country to the town lodgings; and some pieces of silk embroidery thrown over Mrs Talbot's commonplace furniture produced an effect which made the landlady herself fancy that she had stumbled into the wrong house when she entered her best sitting-room. It is true that luxuries were absent, but there was nothing to make the new-comers feel that they had fallen into the gulf of sordid poverty.

From the first, however, Kate was resolved that as little as possible should be touched of the slender means still remaining to them. If she was indeed so skilful with her pencil as her friends had assured her, now was the time to turn the gift to good account. Everybody said that the opportunities of employment for women were far greater than they used to be; but when Kate sought for them, they were not so easily to be found. One day there was a tempting advertisement in the papers for a young lady who could teach drawing in a "highly respectable family." She answered it, and found that somewhere amid the melancholy wilderness of Camberwell there were four daughters of a pork-butcher who were willing to be taught as much of what they called "drawing" as anybody could teach them for twelve shillings a-week. Kate at this time was reluctant to turn away from any employment, but this proposal discouraged her. Then there were offices without number which undertook to introduce ladies to remunerative occupations. But after Kate had seen the managers and

duly paid her fees, she heard no more from them; and had she known London and its ways a little better, she would perhaps have been quite as well pleased that she did not. At last she determined to seek the advice of Creek; and the once-favoured *protégé* of Moss Jacobs was overjoyed to receive a note from Margrave requesting him to call and see them. A summons for his instant attendance at Court to receive a commission to paint the portraits of all the Royal Family would not have been received by poor Creek with half so much pride and joy. His sketch-book contained drawing after drawing of Kate's beautiful face; unfinished portraits of her stood in a dusty corner, discarded by the artist as ludicrously unworthy of the original, whose sweet smile and irresistible eyes were seldom long absent from his thoughts. There was one portrait on his easel which he had brought nearer to completion than the others, and which had so struck the fancy of the discerning dealer that he had actually offered to pay some ready money for it, and let the old debt stand. But Creek would not hear of it. He would have gone without bread rather than have parted with that picture, all imperfect and unsatisfactory as it was in his own eyes.

At length, then, he was to see once more the object of his secret worship—and see her, too, under circumstances which encouraged a faint hope that a friendship so precious to him would not again be interrupted. She was no longer rich; that barrier was removed. The artist almost dared to recall the dreams which had once cheered his labours, but which had long been nothing more to him than a sad recollection. He waited for the appointed evening with the

impatience of one who had thus far experienced many disappointments. There was a little dinner, prepared by Mrs Talbot herself, in honour of the first visit of Margrave's friends. The *menu* would not have been regarded by Brillat Savarin as worthy of any particular mention, but to Creek it was a feast of the gods. What was on the table he did not much know or care; but when he saw Kate sitting opposite to him, and was greeted by her with words of hearty welcome which made him forget all the burdens which oppressed him, including Moss Jacobs, he would not have changed places in life with the President of the Royal Academy.

Kate told him of her experiences in the effort to find some occupation which would yield her a little more profit than the pork-butcher's twelve shillings a-week. The artist explained to her that she had gone the wrong way to work. "You must," he said, "go to one of the large houses which make all the fashionable furniture nowadays. They are always ready to pay for new designs of any kind, and they pay moderately well. Let me go and speak to Lintows about you. I have done something for them myself before now; they gave me twenty guineas for a new pattern for a tile for one of their fireplaces. I am sure you could have done it a great deal better."

"A capital idea," said Delvar, who was the only other visitor present, and who had the good sense to see that Kate ought to be encouraged in her purpose. "And I want to enlist you, Margrave, among my contributors—there is nothing like work for making a man forget an adverse tilt with fortune. When will you begin?"

"My dear fellow, I should neither know when nor how to begin. I have not written a line for three

years, and my hand is completely out."

"Then get it in again. Every man's hand gets out after a short spell of idleness. Choose your own field, and work in it your own way."

"But I do not agree with your politics."

"Well, then, let politics alone. You shall leave the ship of state to be managed by me. I will send you some books to review—the hardest work in the world for an editor to get done well. Every blockhead thinks he can review any book ever written—and you see the stuff which is turned out. We think we manage things tolerably well in the 'Sentinel,' but we want new blood. That is what every editor should be looking for, from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same. Come, take this shilling," and Delvar took out that coin from his waistcoat-pocket, "and let me enlist you on the spot."

"Very well; but I will not promise that you will get even the value of your shilling."

"That will be my look-out. Recollect that you are on duty to-morrow morning. Promptness and despatch," said the editor, with mock severity, "are my only conditions. In these days books are reviewed twelve months after date. I treat them as part of my news; the fresher the reviews, the better everybody likes them—including the publishers. So now that matter is settled."

Between these two friends the evening passed away so pleasantly that Kate was sorry when it came to an end. She remembered many evenings spent amid much more brilliant surroundings, of which she had a very different recollection. He almost forgot that they were poor.

And now the days went quickly over, and still there was no reply from Reginald Tresham. He had, to all appearance, accepted Kate at her word; but it seemed to the young girl that at least one expression of farewell might have been vouchsafed to her. Margrave could see that she suffered, notwithstanding her constant endeavour to conceal it from him. But there are situations in life in which words, even from those who are dearest to each other, are of no avail. Kate made no allusion to the grief which was deep in her heart, and her father did not dare to speak. He divined what had occurred, and he knew that there was nothing to be done. And meanwhile he found some relief from his own anxieties by performing the daily task which Delvar took care should be provided for him. There were many in his position who had not even the solace of work—men who needed work to provide them with their daily bread, and who were willing to do it, but could not find it. And of all lots in life, there is none so hard as that.

Kate was not long before she made her visit to the great house of Lintows which Creek had recommended to her. A member of the firm—an elderly and dignified man—received her with courtesy, although he gave her no very strong encouragement. "You see," he said, "London is full of ladies who are anxious to earn a living, and who can do such work as we are able to give them fairly well. I will give you an idea." He turned over a large pile of drawings upon his desk, and Kate saw indeed that there were many competitors in the field.

"I am afraid that my chance is but a poor one," she said.

"I do not say that. Our old friend, Mr Creek, tells me that

your gifts are quite out of the common way. Now none of the work which I have just shown you indicates anything of that kind. It is all on one dead level—neither very good nor very bad. These ladies go to a school of art and pick up a smattering of knowledge, and think that all the world will rush forward to buy their productions. I am led to think you can do better than that."

"I will try," said Kate, with a grateful glance at the worthy man who was dealing so frankly with her.

"Depend upon it, that anything you submit to us shall have fair consideration. I am always sorry when we cannot use a design sent to us by a lady. I have daughters of my own, and I think of them placed in the position of these applicants, and I find it hard to say No. But I am only a man of business, and have my master to consult, and I can assure you that the public is a hard master. And now, good day—rely at least upon our goodwill towards you."

Kate went away by no means despairing. That very evening she drew some designs for the coverings of a beautiful set of drawing-room furniture which had been shown her at the Lintows', and which had been made for a merchant in China. Some special coverings were needed, and Kate set to work with enthusiasm to prepare them. Creek came and examined them, and was delighted. But Kate more than half suspected that he could not be a harsh critic of anything which came from her hand. She thought better of his judgment when, in due time, it was confirmed by the Lintows. There came to her a very pleasant letter, enclosing an equally pleasant cheque; and thus the first start was made. No money is so bright as that which we first earn

for ourselves, and Kate took a childish pleasure in turning over and over the sovereigns which she received at the bank for her slip of

paper. Come what might, she and her father would at least never see the grim figure of want standing at their door.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE UNANSWERED LETTER.

It has been said that Reginald Tresham had hitherto sent no reply to Kate Margrave's letter. He had, however, written several replies, but each one had found its way into the fire. The revelation which Kate's letter conveyed was sudden and unexpected. It is true that there had been rumours of a threatened lawsuit in reference to the Grange property, and Lady Tresham had made allusion to them; but Margrave himself had kept silence on the subject, and the young baronet had allowed the stories to pass as a part of the idle gossip which is always afloat in the country. And now, without previous sign or warning, the house was left deserted, and he was told, in a few brief sentences, that it would be better both for Kate and himself that they should not meet again. What was a man to do who found himself unexpectedly placed in such a position? Perhaps the lover, who thought only of his love, would have answered the question by hastening without delay in pursuit of the fugitive; he would have declined to be set free quite so summarily, and been eloquent in protestations that changes of circumstances or of fortune were powerless to influence his affections. But it must be confessed that Reginald Tresham was not a lover of this description. He could not help feeling that the circumstances described by Kate were very serious, and there was much in them which he did not quite understand. Margrave's behaviour was, to say the least, very

strange. Was there nothing more than his daughter had been suffered to know to explain the mystery of his course? The suspicions which Lady Tresham had once thrown out—were they wholly unfounded? Her son had thought so at the time, but he did not feel the same degree of certainty on the subject now.

And then it appeared that there was to be a total loss of fortune. Sir Reginald was not by any means a rich man; not rich enough, as prudence whispered to him, to be able to afford the luxury of marrying a poor woman because he loved her. His mother had objected to the marriage even when no such disadvantage as this was in question. Could it be supposed that she would welcome Kate to Owlcote Manor as her son's wife with something very like a scandal hanging over her? For of course the departure of the Margraves from the Grange under such circumstances could not be entirely divested of scandal. Reginald Tresham was naturally a proud man, and he could not but entertain some painful doubts whether the conditions which now surrounded his engagement were calculated to bring happiness into his home. He had told his mother that he hoped to make Kate his wife, and she had submitted, though not without allowing him to perceive that her own judgment and inclination were utterly opposed to his own. Surely his difficulties would be increased tenfold by the disaster which had

now occurred. Lastly, there was Kate's own letter. She had, to use the common phrase, thrown him over without a single expression of regret. It was useless to conceal the fact that he had received a curt dismissal. Would any girl have written thus to a man whom she really loved? When all things were considered, had Kate left him any room to exercise his own will in the matter? The oftener he asked himself that question, the more he was obliged to admit that she had not. Thus day after day went by, and the letter remained unanswered; and as each day passed, the rejected lover knew still less than before what answer to send. What could he do but, for the present, submit to the decision which had been so abruptly communicated to him?

Lady Tresham was particularly glad that at this critical time Lord Splint happened to be a visitor at her house. He was not perhaps one of the wisest men in the world, but he might very safely be depended upon to take the right view of such an affair as this. His influence over Reginald Tresham was not very potent, for Reginald was by far the abler man of the two; but it was quite strong enough for present purposes. Whatever might happen, Lord Splint was always sure to be found ranged on behalf of prudence and discretion. Lady Tresham took him aside the very day of his arrival, and told him everything. All her fears and anxieties were laid bare before him. She had known him from childhood, and had been kind to him at a time when Lord Splint himself had stood sorely in need of a friend; for even he had not always been prudent and rich. Once or twice he very nearly fell foul of the rocks which are concealed in the stream of the most sluggish life;

and on one of those occasions Lady Tresham had been most useful to him, and he had not forgotten it. Moreover, he and Reginald had been at Oxford together, and they had always remained firm friends. It was not without some cause, therefore, that Lady Tresham reposed great confidence in her ally.

"You can imagine," she said, "what grief such a marriage would occasion me. Here is a young girl, without connections and without any power whatever of helping Reginald in his future career. She would be a clog and an impediment to him all through life. And even that is not all. If there was nothing in her father's marriage of which he has reason to be ashamed, why all this mystery? why this hurried flight from the Grange?—the servants all paid off at a moment's notice, and the property handed over without a struggle to those wretched people the Tiltoffs? Surely you would not approve of such a marriage?"

"My dear Lady Tresham," replied the discreet young man, "it is not a question of my approval, as you very well know. The question is, what has Reginald made up his mind to do? He is not easily turned aside from any purpose: we both are aware of that. Is he much in love with this young lady?"

"I think it possible that he imagines he is, though since her disappearance I have observed a change in him. It cannot but be that what has happened will shock him very much; for my son is a man of right principle, and will never do anything to disgrace himself—of that I am very sure. If he could only be brought to see this matter in its proper light! He is not a rash-brained, love-sick boy, and I am in hopes that you will find him in a mood to take sensible advice."

“But I cannot offer any advice till he asks me for it. These are delicate subjects for even the truest friends to meddle with. It would be only too easy to do more harm than good.”

“Oh, but I have the greatest confidence in your tact. Depend upon it, the opportunity will arise quite naturally. Reginald will speak to you, I feel certain, before you have been alone with him many hours. Then you must frankly and boldly declare your opinion. I need not ask you, for I feel confident beforehand, that you will be upon my side,—will you not?”

“I can promise you that without hesitation, for I believe you to be entirely in the right. But it may not be so easy to get Reginald to think so too.”

“Well, we will do our best. I declare I never shall be sufficiently grateful to you if you remove this heavy load from my mind. Would that I could see my son marry as you have done!” Now, although Lord Splint had married a great heiress, prizes of that kind are not sufficiently numerous to go round among all the eligible young men in England. Some such thought as that passed through Lord Splint’s mind, and it made him all the more contented with his own good luck in the lottery.

Lord Splint had been fortunate in more ways than one. He had, as Lady Tresham had said, never made a mistake. He had played every card in the game to win, and thus far he had won everything. His first speeches in the House of Lords had marked him out as a man who was sure to rise in the political world, and no one was surprised when it was announced that he had joined Mr Spinner’s Ministry. He stood high in that great statesman’s confidence, and had done much to deserve the dis-

tingent and flattering recognition which he received. He was a clever man, though not so clever as he fancied. Whether he had ten talents, or whether he had but one, it could not but be admitted that he had made the most of his share. He could deliver a very fair speech, if he had time enough given him for its preparation. His jokes were rather elaborately studied, and were delivered with an air which savoured a little too much of the conventicle; but, upon the whole, they were generally well received. He diligently read most of the celebrated speeches of the statesmen of former times, and came to the conclusion that they had been greatly overpraised. They were certainly not equal to Mr Spinner’s. In his most sacred moments of confidence, he told himself that they were not equal to speeches which a man at present less famous than Mr Spinner had delivered on one or two memorable occasions. He fancied he most resembled Fox in his style of oratory, though not in person; for Lord Splint was very tall and thin, with light hair and pale complexion—what ladies generally called an interesting-looking man. At a very opportune moment there had happened the event which placed him beyond all thought or care for this world’s goods. Some people said that this also was owing to his luck, and not to his merit; but, at any rate, it was one of the stakes for which Lord Splint had played very carefully, and, as usual, he won it.

Such was the man whom Lady Tresham summoned to her aid in the great emergency which had overtaken her. He had no great inclination to undertake the task assigned to him; for what was it to him whether this marriage took place or not? His own feelings, and what were of still greater mo-

ment, his own interests, were not in any way concerned. He had seen a good many of his friends marry, and most of them seemed to be acting under the impulse of a blind caprice. Sometimes it all turned out moderately well; more frequently it was quite the contrary. One fact seemed to be well established, and it was, that no one was willing to accept advice when he had made up his mind that a particular woman was essential to his happiness in life. Such a man always persisted in taking his own road, and he had ample leisure afterwards to wish that he had taken any road but that. These had been the results of Lord Splint's observations of mankind; and they did not inspire him with any extravagant eagerness to rush into the campaign which Lady Tresham had prepared for him.

Three days went by, and as yet no opportunity had been found of making even an approach to the subject. The young baronet seemed determined to avoid it; and Lord Splint remained fixed in his belief that it would be unwise to run the risk of appearing as an intermeddler on the scene. Soon it would be necessary for both the Under Secretaries to return to their official duties. Public affairs were in a state which did not seem to be satisfactory to anybody in the country, not even to Mr Spinner himself. It is true that the younger members of the Administration could not do much to make the crooked straight; but it was necessary that they should be at their posts. Lord Splint needed no spur: he had found so great a pleasure in the daily routine of office work, that he wished himself back again under the shadow of the Victoria clock tower before he had been out of London twenty-four hours. It is a great thought that one is serving one's country, even if it be only in

a subordinate capacity. Few men who have experienced the joys and cares of office, ever relinquish them voluntarily. As for Sir Reginald, he was not now filled with the same ardour; but it must be considered that he had engrossing affairs of his own to occupy his mind. The face of Kate Margrave was before him a hundred times a-day,—sometimes with that winning smile upon it which Reginald remembered only too well, sometimes with a half-reproachful expression, which caused him to ask himself whether he had done right in keeping a silence which might be deemed harsh, and even cruel. Yet he was not even quite sure where she was—somewhere in London, so he had gathered from her letter; no doubt he could ascertain where by writing to Delvar. But if Kate had wished him to know, would she have left him to adopt any such expedient as that? Might it not well be that the sentence pronounced in her letter was the right one, and that, whatever might be the pain to him or to her, it was better that they should not meet again?

On the afternoon of this third day the two friends went out for a long stroll,—through deep lanes, where primroses gleamed like stars; and over hills, where the gorse was spreading a carpet of gold on either side of the narrow pathway. Spring, for once, had deigned to visit England in the guise with which the poets of older days invested her; everything in nature was rejoicing beneath the unclouded rays of the sun. Reginald remembered Kate's passionate love for wild flowers; it was with a recollection of her that he plucked some primroses and violets as he walked along; but he had no sooner gathered them than he flung them from him with a sigh.

“My dear fellow,” said Lord



Splint, unable longer to maintain his reserve, "it is quite evident that you are ill at ease. You are thinking, of course, of that strange affair down at the Grange yonder—is it not so?"

"You have heard all about it?"

"Oh yes; so has everybody else. Recollect, too, that I know the young lady well, and esteem her as highly as you do. But in such a position as this you are powerless. You cannot restore the lost fortune."

"I cannot do that; but I am not willing to have it even seen that I deserted my betrothed the moment trouble fell upon her. Come what may, I should prefer to stand by her, if she would let me."

"There, as I understand it, is the difficulty. I only know the general facts from your mother; but is it not true that Miss Margrave has almost closed the door even to correspondence of any kind?"

"I daresay that would be the interpretation which her letter would bear; but I have been most unwilling to take it in that light. She was considerate for me, and was not thinking of herself when she wrote that letter. I honour her all the more for her high feeling and pride; but have I a right to take advantage of the spirit she has shown? I can tell you frankly that I am not at all disposed to do so."

"It is entirely a question for you to decide," said Lord Splint, after a moment's pause. "I certainly think that a marriage under such circumstances as these would be a very grave experiment."

"Well, well, marriage is always that—at least so people who have tried it tell you."

"Not always: the risks may at least be greatly diminished. At any rate, I do not think that any

one would counsel you to act precipitately in such a matter as this. Will there be any great harm in your waiting a little while, and——"

"Without seeing Miss Margrave again?" interrupted Sir Reginald, impatiently.

"No; I was not going to suggest that. See her again, by all means, if you can do so without wounding her delicacy. But, remember, her father's circumstances are greatly altered, and neither of them might wish you to suddenly present yourself at their lodgings."

"Lodgings?" The word seemed to disclose to Reginald's startled view the greatness and significance of the change which had happened.

"So I understood from Delvar before I left town. I did not hear precisely where—somewhere in the north of London. Delvar had been to see them, and Miss Margrave was endeavouring to gain some employment by her pencil. She is very clever."

A deep flush suffused the lover's face. If he had been as rich as Lord Splint at that moment, there would have been no longer any uncertainty in his mind as to the proper course for him to pursue. "Ought there," he said over and over again to himself, "to be a doubt even now?"

"And she will succeed," continued the young man with the old head; "and in the meantime they are not in necessitous circumstances. I am morally certain that she would rather make the most modest independence by her own exertions than be a burden to a man whom she knows to be almost as poor as herself. This is not the romantic or heroic view of the affair; but it is the sensible one."

"It seems to me the cold-blooded one. Were you ever in love, Splint?"

“Am I not married?” returned the young lord, with a look of real or feigned astonishment.

“To be sure—I forgot. Well, would you have acted as you now advise me to act if Miss Malbrook had lost all her money one day, and had been obliged to find refuge in some obscure London lodging-house?”

“It is always difficult to say how one would act under imaginary circumstances,” replied Lord Splint, with some uneasiness of manner. “I cannot say what I should have done. I suppose it would have depended very much on the lady. Had she expressed a desire not to see me again, I think I should have consulted her wishes.”

“You are a good fellow at heart, Splint, I believe; but you do not talk like one now.”

“What would you have me say? That poverty is easier for two persons to bear than for one? You are always reading Keats—do you remember what he says?—

‘Love in a hut, with water and a crust,  
Is—Love forgive us!—cinders, ashes,  
dust.’

There you have, for once, sober fact from a poet. You see it agrees entirely with my view. Two persons in your position who marry without a comfortable provision—I do not mean wealth—are foredoomed to misery. The man will blame the woman for hindering him in his career; the woman will blame the man for not giving her the ample means to which she thinks herself entitled. Such are my opinions. They will be yours some day.”

Reginald could scarcely restrain a smile at the portentous manner of the rising statesman. It almost seemed that he had abandoned his old model, Fox, and was paying the homage of imitation to Mr

Spinner. But the conversation came to an end. Both saw the uselessness of pursuing it further.

That evening, as Lord Splint was hurrying up-stairs to dress for dinner, Lady Tresham opened her door and beckoned him within. “Have you spoken to him?” she said, eagerly.

“I have; and I believe that his affections are more deeply involved than you seem to have supposed.”

“Dear Lord Splint,” she said, wringing her hands, “can nothing be done? Is he resolved upon this wretched marriage?”

“It is hard to say, but I am rather inclined to hope that I have made some impression upon him.”

“He is so obstinate—so difficult to move when he is set upon a purpose. His father was the same;” and the poor lady sighed, for she remembered how very difficult it had been to manage her husband.

“Well, we must hope for the best. I have urged him at least to wait, and I think he will do that. His manner gave me that impression.”

“Then he has not written to her?”

“Evidently not; in fact he does not know her address.”

“And you think he will take your advice and wait?”

“I am sure he will.”

“My dear friend, how good you have been to me! I know Reginald; he will not promise anything, but he will not be carried away by impulse. You have indeed done well. The young lady will never be my son’s wife.”

She appeared at dinner radiant and delighted; but mothers cannot always read their sons’ hearts. The next day the two officials returned to their duties without another word on a subject which both wished more than ever to shun.

## THE RINALDO OF TORQUATO TASSO.

THE title of this paper will unavoidably suggest a false idea to the reader's mind. He will expect from it a disquisition on the character of Rinaldo, the youthful hero of Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered'; an examination into the extent to which the Italian poet's brilliant copy of the Homeric Achilles falls short of the Hellenic delineation of the "divine wrath" of the son of Peleus; and a comparison of Armida with Dido, and of Eneas with Rinaldo, in that fine episode of his work in which Tasso owes so much to Virgil. It is desirable, therefore, to explain at once that the Rinaldo now to be treated of is not the creation of Tasso, but of the old romancers—not the son of Berthold and Sophia, but the son of Aymon and Beatrice; not the individual property, so to speak, of the singer of the Crusade, but the figure already made familiar to the Italian public in the pages of Boiardo and of Ariosto.

Of him Tasso, while yet a student at Padua, wrote, taking his hero's earliest youth as his theme; a theme congenial to his own age, which was then but eighteen. The poem in octaves which he indited in Rinaldo's honour, is more than half the length of the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' and is contained in twelve books. Forgotten now,—so completely, that it is very probable that these words may give the first intimation to many readers that they ever had of its existence,—it was yet extremely popular at its first appearance, encircled its youthful author's head with a halo

of celebrity, and forged one of the earliest links in that chain—golden at first but afterwards of iron—which drew him to Ferrara and to the Court of Alphonso of Este.

Although in itself lacking several of the attributes necessary to secure abiding popularity to so long a poem, the Rinaldo, alike for its own undoubted merits, and still more as the first essay of the yet immature genius which was afterwards to produce such great results, is not unworthy of attention; and it may be that a short account of it may win the gratitude of some reader curious in Italian literature, or succeed not unacceptably in occupying a vacant half-hour for some lover of the tales of chivalry.

The epoch of the Rinaldo, then, is, as has been already intimated, the time of Charlemagne,—whose great conflicts with the Saracens, so vigorously depicted by Ariosto, form only a background for Tasso's picture of a young champion who fights, in the first place, for love—in the second, for mere personal glory. His hero is first exhibited to us as fired with generous emulation by the exploits of his cousin Orlando, the Roland of northern song; he laments in a secluded meadow near Paris the inglorious days which he has himself been spending. A kindred regret has been awakened likewise in the breast of another cousin of Rinaldo, that potent enchanter Malagigi, so familiar to readers of the 'Orlando Furioso,' and he hastens to assist his young kinsman, who, attracted by the neighing of a

war-horse, sees a splendid suit of armour hanging ready for his use on the tree to which the courser is tethered, and knows that it is meant for him by seeing his ancestral crest, the panther, on the shield. Rinaldo has already received knighthood from the hands of Charlemagne on the day on which, a mere boy, he vindicated his mother's honour from unjust aspersions; but the vow which he then made, to wear no sword till he has taken some brave warrior's weapon by force, still binds him; and so, while putting on the arms provided for him by Malagigi's thoughtful care, he leaves the sword behind. Nor is the horse which he now mounts destined long to bear him. His sorcerer kinsman knows that the hour has come for him to win a nobler steed which the fates are reserving for him. In the forest of Ardennes roves, free and terrible to all who meet him, the mighty Bayard,—brought there of old by Amadis of Gaul,<sup>1</sup> and laid, after his death, under a spell which preserves him in perpetual youth for the use of a descendant of his former owner who shall be his equal in valour. Both these conditions are fulfilled by Rinaldo, and Malagigi impels him to the enterprise.

On his way to seek it, the knight has an encounter of vast influence on his future life. A sunshine is made in the shady places of the forest through which he rides by a beauteous lady, who is there chasing a milk-white hind. Her golden hair waves freely to the wind, a sweet light shines from her

eyes, lilies and roses mingle on her cheeks, while from her brow of ivory there “descends a grace able to gladden any sorrowful soul.” Rinaldo looks and loves at once, bursting forth into the reverent salutation — “Lady or goddess, whichever you be, may heaven ever bring you safety and peace! and even as it has already made you charming and beautiful, so may each star rain blessedness upon your head!” Then vowing himself to the damsel's service, he humbly asks her name. Thereupon the unknown beauty is disclosed to him as Clarice, sister of the Count of Gascony, and hears in return that she sees before her the descendant of Constantine, the son of Aymon, Count of Claremont. “Who has not heard of your ancestors, and of the exploits of your father, and of your cousin Orlando against the Moors?” rejoins the lady; “but as yet fame has reported to us none of yours.” “With your favour I would not fear to meet that paladin in arms, and would bring you a good account of him,” answers Rinaldo, stung to the heart by the implied doubt. Just at this moment Clarice's own attendant knights ride up in search of her; and she, with the recklessness of consequences usual in the chivalric romances, smilingly bids Rinaldo prove himself on them—saying that he who is a match for Orlando can easily overthrow them all. The knight takes her at her word, challenges the whole troop to show who is worthiest to guard their lady, and a terrible, and, alas! bloody combat follows—in which,

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<sup>1</sup> Here the young Torquato links his work to his father Bernardo's, whose ‘Amadigi’ was his loved employment in prosperity, and the consolation of his exiled years. The old romances made Malagigi, not Rinaldo, subdue Bayard; and indeed Tasso was indebted to them for very little but the names of his hero and heroine.

despite of being swordless, Rinaldo by dexterity and strength remains the victor. Saluted as such by Clarice, he courteously escorts her to her castle's gate. But when she bids him enter with her to greet her mother, he declines. Though secretly smitten with love for the brave stranger, the lady had not encouraged the suit which he tried to prefer as they rode together. The knight's own consciousness of small desert makes him forbear as yet to press it; and so he "denies himself his own de-

sire," and, with a divided heart, rides on in search of adventures. Although thus speedily parted, each breast feels the beatings of an unwonted passion. If Rinaldo seven times turns his horse's head to go back and as often returns to his first purpose, Clarice sighs and laments at home, and bathes her lovely face with tears, saying, "Whence comes this bitter sweetness, this sorrowful delight, this hope full of grief?" She answers her own question:—

Alas! too plainly now I come to know,  
Now that to know can profit me no more,  
That love, of proudest souls the overthrow,  
Makes pitiless proof on me,—unfelt before.  
'Tis love I feel with proud, firm footsteps go  
Within my heart, as having forced the door;  
'Tis love who kindles hope there and desire,  
Stirs anguish there and ever-ardent fire.

—*Canto ii. 10.*

While thus fair Clarice bewails herself in her chamber, Rinaldo pursues his quest of Bayard. A knight, whom he finds seated under an oak, fights with him for the privilege of undertaking the adventure; and after being defeated, is permitted to share it. Isolier, as he is called, approaches the enchanted cave in Rinaldo's company, and they soon see its occupant. Bay, as his name indicates, with a silver star on his forehead, and splendidly proportioned, Bayard's skin is invulnerable by Isolier's weapons, as, fierce and snorting fire, he receives their attack, and knocks their wielder down. Rinaldo, however, succeeds in subduing him by a mixture of force and dexterity; and Bayard, submitting to him as to his rightful master, thenceforward proves his faithful and devoted servant.

Mounted on his predestined charger, Rinaldo rides on with Isolier

in search of adventures. The result of one of these brings him into contact with the ambassador of Francardo, King of Armenia, from whom he hears the unwelcome news that he has a powerful rival in that monarch for the hand of Clarice. Francardo's first love was an Assyrian princess, Clarinea, for love of whom he roamed over Asia, and, maintaining whose charms to be peerless, overthrew the King of Tyre and three doughty giants—not to mention a leopard-like man who fell before him in the lists, presided over by the Soldan of Babylon himself. But after a while, hearing of the temple of beauty in India—a great magician's work—Francardo, unluckily for Clarinea, resolved to behold its marvels, slew the wild beasts set to guard it, and forced his way inside. There he beheld the all but breathing images of the five or six loveliest women

of each century, set there by the enchanter's art. After gazing on the shapes of departed loveliness, the king naturally turned to the fair ones of his own day in search of the Princess Clarinea's form. Alas! it was not to be found there; and a glance told him that, great as might be her charms, they were eclipsed by those of the ladies preferred to her; especially by those of Yvo of Gascony's sister, Clarice. Hereupon Francardo, resolving to make her his wife, sent Rinaldo's

informant, the Knight of the Siren, to demand her of the emperor in marriage, promising both to respect her religion and to bring up their children in the Christian faith; but threatening war if her hand is refused him. The answer the ambassador has received from the emperor has been not unfavourable; and he is now on his way to procure the assent of Clarice herself and of her mother. How Clarinea bears her desertion remains untold.

“ Mad is that lord who thinks by sword and lance  
To terrify the cavaliers of France,”

is Rinaldo's exclamation on hearing this tale. But after the Armenian knight has left him and proceeded on his errand, many fears disturb his mind; not that he doubts his own ability to defend Clarice against a world in arms, but that he dreads her being dazzled by the offer of an Eastern diadem.

This new-born jealousy must plead his excuse for an act of apparent discourtesy. For, coming shortly afterwards to the Seine, he sees a boat with sails of cloth-of-silver and awnings of cloth-of-gold, and on its flower-wreathed decks maidens who play sweet instruments and sing. It is an attendant satellite on the car of Galerana, Queen of France; a car with golden axles, on which blaze orient gems, and with pearl-embroidered purple coverings, drawn by ten milk-white stags with gold collars and azure bridles, and es-

corted by a hundred knights in rich armour. Like the sun's fair sister amid the stars, like Thetis among her nymphs, sits the majestic queen on her raised seat in the chariot, surrounded by her damsels. One of them is Clarice. Rinaldo, at sight of the lady whose loss he has begun to dread, cannot restrain himself. He at once challenges the knights attendant, among whom the lance which Tristram used of old<sup>1</sup> works great havoc. Having soon, ably seconded by Isolier, routed or slain her whole guard, he approaches the queen, and, with a show of courteous submission, begs her pardon for taking away one lady from her goodly company. But he brooks no refusal, lifts the pale and trembling Clarice on to a palfrey without asking her own consent, and leads her off, though her downcast eyes are full of tears at this rough method

<sup>1</sup> Just before this, Rinaldo and his friend came to the bronze statues of Lancelot and Tristram, erected by Merlin's art, each grasping a lance which will only be yielded up to a knight who surpasses its former owner in strength. Tristram holds his too tight for Isolier to take, but readily relinquishes it to Rinaldo. Lancelot is unattempted by either. Like other episodes by which Tasso seeks to enhance the impression of his young hero's might, this is brought in with some lack of art; and the reader is in danger of growing weary of adventures which succeed each other without definitely advancing the progress of the story.

of wooing. The result, however, justifies his boldness in so far as an easily obtained pardon can go. For no sooner has Rinaldo raised his vizor, and, assuring Clarice of his respectful obedience to her every wish, disclosed to her the Armenian embassy as his reason for wishing to place her in safe keeping, than the lady dries her tears and feels the tempests of her heart calmed by Rinaldo's eyes—as, says the classically-minded poet, are the storms of ocean by the shining sons of Leda. But the experienced reader who observes that the poem is as yet only in its fourth canto, knows well that this peace cannot be of long duration, and marvels not to see Malagigi appear on the scene to disturb it. That potent enchanter, fearing a too early interruption of Rinaldo's victorious career, meets the enamoured pair in the guise of a black knight, bearing a dragon on his shield. Before his onslaught even Bayard falls; and ere Rinaldo can raise him, the stranger strikes the earth with his lance, a car like Pluto's, drawn by four black horses snorting fire, rises from the cleft, and, white and half dead with terror, Clarice, a second Proserpine, is whirled away in it out of sight.

Rinaldo seeks her, but in vain, and finds no comfort in his transports of rage and grief. Thick mists prevent Bayard, risen mightier than ever when released from the magic spell, from pursuing the flying car; and its rider's despair exceeds his poet's power to paint. A faint hope of recovering his lost lady keeps her cavalier alive; and he records a vow to seek her for years and lustrums if needful, alike when winter whitens the fields and when spring adorns them with her roses and her lilies.

He is alone in his sorrow; for Isolier disappears at this point from the poem, being last seen in vain pursuit of the robber and his prey.

But Rinaldo's solitude is relieved before long; and he finds a congenial companion in a young shepherd who is lamenting his own hopeless love—the story whereof the knight hears seated at his side upon the grass. No shepherd, but the supposed son of a wealthy Spanish noble, Florindo had fixed his affections on Olinda, daughter of the King of Numantia. His boldness has displeased her; and, an exile for her sake, he is now wandering, the pilgrim of love, in search of a cave where Cupid gives oracles. This cavern, as he has just heard, is nigh to the spot where they are seated, and he invites Rinaldo to accompany him thither. The entrance is defended by flames which only faithful lovers can pass through unscathed. But Florindo and his new friend alike abide the test, and each receives a favourable answer; Florindo, yet a pagan, in requital of sacrifice duly offered—the Christian Rinaldo, because Cupid's image is Merlin's work, and so framed by him that it denies a faithful response to no man who fulfils the indispensable conditions. The cavern shakes with a sound as of winds and waves, Cupid's golden bow and quiver rattle as he claps his wings and speaks. Then Rinaldo learns what Malagigi has done, and why, and that he has restored Clarice safely to her mother; and is further cheered by being promised that he shall yet wed her if he perseveres in the career of arms. Florindo, too, is assured of happiness when his own princely birth shall in due time be disclosed, and bidden meanwhile to follow the same course.

Thus both the young men depart with uplifted hearts from the cavern, and at once betake themselves to join Charlemagne's army in the south of Italy, to aid, if fate per-

mit, in completing his victory over the Saracens. Rinaldo's respectful salutation of the imperial land, as he descends on it from the Alps, may be not unknown to some readers :—

Hail ! land by glorious palms and trophies good  
Adorned, and lofty deeds and noble hearts ;  
Hail ! of unconquered heroes' godlike brood  
Yet fruitful mother,—and of arms and arts ;  
Whose lofty standards, warriors unsubdued,  
Have faced the western main, the Parthian darts,—  
So breaking down each barrier raised by foes,  
With strong just laws to give the world repose.

—*Canto vi.*

But the warriors whom Rinaldo seeks on the shores of the Bay of Naples are not sons of Italy. The Saracens are intrenched on Aspramonte—beleaguered there after a

severe defeat by the hosts of the great German emperor. The martial show of the Northern forces is thus described :—

Led by the Hours, the Sun his burning wheel  
Unclouded from the sea was lifting high ;  
And, striking full upon the varied steel,  
Flashed thousand lucent lightnings to the sky :  
The tremulous bright sparks that they reveal,  
Dazzling yet gladsome smote the gazer's eye,  
So that the camp seemed Etna when the air  
With many flames it colours and makes fair.

—*Canto vi. 6.*

Florindo presents himself to Charles ; and, having received knighthood from his hand, delivers a challenge to his host in his own and his friend's name, who, as he says, are prepared to maintain against all comers, "That no man can mount to true honour unless he have love for his guide." The challenge is eagerly taken up, not only by Christians, but by knights of the Saracen host, to which it is transmitted by a herald. Men who have never known love, or who now delivered from its chains still have them in painful remembrance, are eager to fight Love's champions. The great Charles himself comes down into the plain where the lists are set to see the joust.

First to attack Rinaldo, and

first to leave his saddle empty, is Walter of Montlyon ; followed in his fall in rapid succession by twelve other Christian knights. Next the steel-clad Saracen, Atlas—a giant on an elephantine charger—finds his steed all too weak to withstand the shock of Bayard's impact. Disengaging himself from his dead charger, as his courteous antagonist gives him full time to do, the Paynim renews the fight with his good sword Fusberta, that "priceless brand," as Tasso calls it, which, like Orlando's Durindana, and Arthur's Excalibur, is treated in the tales of knight-errantry rather as a person than as a thing. This is the sword predestined for Rinaldo's use, who is to be henceforward known as the striker with Fusberta as well as



the rider of Bayard. But ere he wins the famous weapon he narrowly escapes meeting his death by it; for Atlas, stung to fury by a wound from his opponent's lance, grasps it suddenly with both hands, wrests it from his hold, and then prepares to deal him a deadly blow.

“What wilt thou do, Rinaldo? who will aid?  
How thus defenceless canst thou death evade?”

is the poet's exclamation as he beholds his hero's peril. But a timely leap to one side makes Atlas miss his stroke, and fall himself over-balanced to the ground. A wound from Rinaldo's dagger loosens his grasp of his peerless sword; and Fusberta, snatched by the young champion, severs her former master's head from his shoulders.

The Saracen's death pleases the Christian host well; but when equally hard measure is dealt to some of themselves, and Sir Hugh, a knight dear as his own soul to Charlemagne, is likewise slain, the emperor sees it time to interfere, and calls on his nephew Orlando to repress this audacious stranger. He, though unwillingly, obeys, puts on the helmet which he won from Almonte, mounts his famous Brigliadoro, and rides to meet the unknown knight, whose valour has gained his heart. Evenly matched in strength, both horses go down after the first encounter, and then the contest between their riders is continued on foot, reflecting equal honour on the skill and valour of each. Or-

lando is amazed at being matched alike as a fencer and a wrestler, and longs to know the name of his antagonist. The emperor, too, feels moved by so much valour to forgive his knights' loss, and to interfere lest either of such brave champions should be injured; so that, after the combat has been long continued without visible advantage to either side, he himself rides within the barrier and parts the two knights.

Rinaldo refuses to disclose his name, though requested to do so, saying modestly that it is as yet too obscure; and departs, with the likewise victorious Florindo, after a mutual interchange of compliments and gifts, to seek elsewhere the adventures which the Moors, obstinately shut up within their entrenchments, seem unlikely to afford them. But on their way they see a sad sight: the shades of night are lit up by many funeral torches, and their lurid glare discloses to them the slain Hugh's father, lamenting bitterly over the corpse of his beloved and only son. As he weeps over its severed head he cries:—

Whither is gone of these fair eyes the light?  
Where the clear honour of this beauteous face?  
How from these cheeks, these lips, the hue once bright  
Has strayed, alas! and all the smiling grace!  
Is this the brow, so dark and dim to sight,  
That filled my heart with joy? Ah, woeful case,  
If all it gave me once of joy and gladness  
Is now to me made greater grief and sadness!

Son, those last duties now to thee I pay,  
The which thy youth to me more justly owes;  
Farewell, farewell for ever, while I say  
Lo! with my wretched hands thine eyes I close;—

'Tis all that heaven will let them do this day,  
 Nor may they wreak thy death upon thy foes;  
 For its long circling years have wasted now  
 Their vigour, made their strength to age to bow.

—*Canto vii.* 10, 11.

Rinaldo dares not offer the consolations which he longs to give, and rides on in the darkness; only, however, feeling sorrow, not remorse,—for he has taken Hugh's life in fair field, and “nought he did in hate, but all in honour.”

The next day's light discloses to him another woful spectacle, and one full of fantastic horror. Entombed in a transparent sepulchre, her fair flesh made, by magic, incorruptible, lies the beautiful Clytia; a second Procris, who has met with the fate of her Greek prototype, and been slain — betrayed by the movement of the

bushes behind which she lurked, a spy on her hunter-husband—by the dart which he cast at the wild beast which he ignorantly supposed her to be. Now his anguish at his involuntary crime has found strange expression. Day and night he watches the fair corpse in its thin alabaster tomb, and constrains all who pass by to drink of the magic spring beside it; the fountain of sorrow, which at once makes them partners in his grief. It is thus that Tasso describes the approach of Rinaldo and Florindo to the dolorous forest:—

'Twas at the hour when in dim caverns hiding  
 The shadows flee the conquering steps of morn,  
 That they, by broken and steep pathways riding,  
 Came to a forest gloomy and forlorn,  
 Which, on its own harm bent, shut out the day,  
 Nor from the sun received one friendly ray.

And through it with a crooked foot unclean  
 Crept on a stream that rose in neighbouring ground;  
 No pebbles bright beneath its waves were seen,  
 No sportive Nymph, no fish, was in them found;  
 At last collected pond-wise, mantling green  
 They formed a pool spread in wide circle round,  
 With banks where thorn and brier a thicket made—  
 The yew and juniper their only shade.

The knights around them gaze, but nothing there  
 To waken pleasant thoughts can they descry;  
 Nor art, nor nature, makes that region fair,  
 Here all things sadden the beholder's eye;  
 Here ever dull and murky is the air,  
 Ever alike sad and obscure the sky,  
 Ever the shade is black and thick the stream,  
 Ever the soil must bare and flowerless seem.

Whilst yet the youths advance they near at hand  
 Discern a high sepulchral monument;  
 And, pressing round it close, a serried band  
 Of warriors with griev'd faces downward bent,

Who tear their hair, and beat their breasts, and stand  
 Woful, as on some bitter care intent ;  
 The while aye fresh their tears of anguish fall,  
 The forest echoes to their plaintive call.

The tomb they compassed of such living stone  
 Was wrought, stone so transparent to the light,  
 That, like to glass or water, it made known  
 Its inmost secrets to the gazer's sight ;  
 So that to both the warriors soon were shown  
 Its mysteries hard to comprehend aright :  
 A ladye lay there, beautiful of face  
 And lovesome. Ah ! what did she in that place ?

She lay there dead, yet dead to fire she seemed  
 With love the sky and all the earth around.  
 Through her fair breast out at the shoulder gleamed  
 A dart's sharp point all bleeding from the wound :  
 Her face was white as snow by Juno streamed  
 From off her frozen veil upon the ground ;  
 Her eyes were closed,—nathless in them I ween  
 Could all the treasures vast of love be seen.

—*Canto vii.* 13-18.

The chief mourner among the knights puts on his helmet, mounts his horse, and commands the two strangers to drink the sorrowful water, or die by his hand. Rinaldo resists, and, by his victorious lance, brings the hapless widower's anguish to an end. He dies after telling his strange tale ; nor does the magician who has so long befriended him desert him in death ; for a second tomb rises at once beside the first, to keep his corpse in all honour beside that of his beautiful wife and victim. The former spell is broken by the death of the doleful knight ; the cavaliers

whom it bound before now cease from their lamentations, thank Rinaldo as their deliverer, and hasten to quit the forest.

Once more our two young adventurers proceed on their quest, seeking opportunities of distinction by mountain, wood, and plain. The gloomy shades which they leave behind them render doubly welcome the bright scenes amid which they soon find themselves ; as they return to that Bay of Naples which Tasso has such pleasure in describing, and so reviving the happy memories of his own childhood, spent beside it :—

On the third day, while the sun equally  
 Apart was standing from the East and West,  
 Placid and smooth they saw the Tyrrhene Sea  
 Beat its fair shore with sound of waves suppressed,  
 And reached a flowery plain that beauteously  
 Smiled, by so many, and more, colours dressed  
 Than are the charms adorning that dear face  
 Which thralls my heart and spirit by its grace.

Here that fair youth was seen, whom pitiless  
 The discus slew, to hyacinth now turned ;  
 He too whom to his death did madness press,  
 Poor wretch ! while for himself he vainly burned ;

And he from whom thy heart sweet love's distress,  
 O beauteous goddess soft and courteous ! learned,  
 By whom from Mars, and Vulcan too, beguiled  
 Thou thy third heaven didst change for sylvan wild.

Here nard, acanthus, crocus, lilies show  
 Their opening petals gladly to the air ;  
 And flowers that in this spot alone can blow  
 By Nature sent to make none other fair ;  
 Amid the which, with sweet hoarse murmur, slow  
 A limpid stream creeps sinuous on, to bear  
 Gifts to the sea of coral and of gold,  
 Than which no richer Thetis' treasures hold.

Here rise not fir, or beech, or oak and pine,  
 The green earth's bosom from hot rays defending,  
 But laurels, myrtles, and sweet shrubs combine  
 To shield it, odorous tresses green extending ;  
 Here hardest bosoms must to love incline,  
 To gentle thoughts at song of birds unbending,  
 That sporting on the boughs from screen of leaves  
 Call, and each call an answer sweet receives.

While on this lovely place they gaze around,  
 And think, that garden fair was such to sight  
 Where our first parents once their dwelling found,  
 Eve with great Adam, in unblamed delight,  
 Not far away a horn they hear with sound  
 That gently seems upon the air to smite,  
 And see two graceful damsels onward speeding,  
 In charms and beauty other maids exceeding.

—*Canto vii. 53-57.*

These ladies, clad, the one in purple embroidered with gold *fleurs-de-lys*, the other in hunter's green sparkling with gems,—their white horses caparisoned with housings of cloth-of-silver,—are emissaries from the Palace of Courtesy ; a stately building erected not far from Posilippo by Alba, Queen of Naples, and by her order so enchanted that none can dwell there who are not pure in life and willing to spend their time in doing courteous acts to others. Of the goodly company of blameless damsels that inhabit it, one is chosen yearly to rule the rest ; two of whom ride forth in turn daily to invite strangers to the shelter of their house. Rinaldo and Florindo willingly follow the two messengers, and climb first the hill on

which their castle is seated, and then the alabaster stair which leads to its hall. From thence they gaze enraptured at the fair prospect at their feet ; while inside the room the goddess of Courtesy, imaged above her own altar in its midst, first claims their attention, which is afterwards drawn to the portraits that hang on its walls and represent the knights and ladies who in future days are to be the most eminently courteous. Among these, Tasso takes care especially to place his own friends and those whose patronage he was already soliciting ; especially Duke Alphonso of Este, whose courtesy towards the poet was one day to fail so utterly—the Prince of Urbino, his early school friend—and his first patron, Cardinal Lewis. Among the pic-

tures of courteous ladies, he describes his amiable and learned hostess, Claudia Rangona, and the three princesses of Este,—with two of whom his own fortunes were to be so closely involved. Of these,

however, he only mentions one by name, and that (so little real was the gift of prophecy here assumed), not Leonora, but her elder sister Lucretia, of whom he says:—

Lucrece of Esté see, whose hair of gold  
Shall be the snare and net of chastest love,  
Her bright eyes filled with treasures manifold  
By heaven's high Maker from His throne above;  
Through whom men Pallas, Muses famed of old,  
Shall praise and yet with greater blame reprove,—  
Praise when they see her imitate their skill,  
Blame when by her surpassed their work shows ill.

—*Canto viii. 14.*

In this hall the knights sit down with twenty fair damsels to a sumptuous banquet, spread for them and waited on by twenty more. Another score act as cup-bearers, while yet another play and sing in chorus during the feast. Each had vied with the rest in readiness to disarm them, and to bring scented waters in golden vessels for their hands before it

began. When the strangers have heard the story of the castle, they are filled with desire to enter its enchanted barque, which, as they learn, Alba prepared of old to carry knights-errant forth to suitable adventures, and which now lies moored in the bay below. So purposing, they retire to rest.

On their rising—

When now Aurora, wakened by sweet strain  
Of wanton birds, came lovely forth to sight,  
With rosy hands the mantle dark of grain  
Tearing that wraps the gloomy form of night,  
While air, earth, water, gleesome laughed again,  
Rejoicing in her treasures rich and bright,  
And from her fair face heaven kept sprinkling round  
With pearls, of morning dew congealed, the ground,—

—*Canto viii. 1.*

they bid a grateful farewell to their courteous entertainers, receive their parting gifts,—a silver jewelled saddle and accoutrements for Bayard; a surcoat, embroidered, as if by Arachne or Pallas, with the story of Niobe, for Florindo,—and get into the enchanted boat; which straightway, flying like an arrow from the bow, carries them at once out of sight of shore. Its rapid course is stayed at evening beside a galley of Saracen corsairs, who have just captured a vessel.

Rinaldo leaps on to their deck with his friend and slays the captain of the robber crew; who instantly rush upon him, like bees on an intruder on their hive, but prove powerless to avenge their leader's death, and only procure their own. One alone survives the combat (sent back afterwards by the knights with their defiance to his master); and from him Rinaldo learns that those whom he has killed were servants of the great Paynim king, Mambrino, and that

their newly made captives, whom he at once restores to liberty, were destined by them for their monarch's harem. Auristella, the beautiful queen of Arabia, with a train of fair damsels and her attendant knights, owes freedom and honour to Rinaldo, whom she would have gladly gifted with the treasures of the ship to which he restores her. Accepting her thanks only, the two friends return to their magic skiff, which, after it has landed them and their horses on an unknown shore, shoots back as swiftly as it came to Posilippo, there to await the coming of fresh adventurers.

In the strange land in which he finds himself, Rinaldo is speedily reminded of his absent lady; for a pavilion, palatial in size and decorations, which attracts his notice, proves to have been erected to the glory of Clarice by the enamoured Francardo. Her image stands on an alabaster column in the midst of the sumptuous tabernacle; and before it sacrifices smoke and incense burns continually. Hard by the Paynim lover stands, sword in hand, to demand the homage of all comers for his beauteous idol. By the clear light shining from the altar-flame Rinaldo discerns through the air, thick with Arabian perfumes, the eyes whence love first wounded him, the smile to him so inexpressibly sweet, and the love-locks that first bound his heart. But while he gazes, Francardo's voice summons him harshly to dismount, and offer sacrifice to the image; confessing the while that none but he who thus presides over her worship is worthy to be her lover. "Who art thou? and what thy desert?" is Rinaldo's rejoinder: "my present purpose is to agree to the first, and dispute the second, proposition." This purpose grows doubly strong when the

young man hears his long-despised rival's name; the blood rushes to his brow, and he declares himself ready to maintain with his sword that Francardo is of all men most unworthy of the privilege of placing his thoughts so high. At this defiance, the Paynim straightway assails him, without taking time to put on his armour. Rinaldo, refusing the encounter on such unequal terms, stands merely on the defensive. Francardo, too enraged to observe the laws of chivalry, rains blows on him notwithstanding; till Florindo's reproaches make him turn his arms against him. In the duel which ensues between Rinaldo's friend and Rinaldo's rival, the former receives a severe wound, but the latter is slain. A general *mêlée* follows. Francardo's soldiers rush from the surrounding tents to avenge their general's fall. They are headed by his cousin, Mambrino's brother Clarello, the Warrior of the Lion, — so called from the single combat in which he subdued an enormous lion, which now follows him faithfully to the field. Both attack Rinaldo; but Bayard's kicks keep the king of beasts at bay, till both he and his master fall before the paladin; who, however, mindful of the generosity with which the creature strove to avenge Clarello, changes his cognisance thenceforth, in his honour, from the panther to the lion. Meantime Florindo is getting hard pressed by the other warriors, till Rinaldo, coming to his assistance, makes their mutual victory complete. The survivors take to flight, and no one remains to dispute Rinaldo's right to fair Clarice's image; which he lifts from its pedestal, kisses, and bears away with him.

So soon as Florindo's wounds are healed, the friends pursue their

conquering course through Asia ; delivering the oppressed, and earning a title to the gratitude of travellers by destroying two knights (brothers likewise of Mambrino), who, the one by fraud, the other by force, had long been their terror.

Over the two months so spent, Tasso passes hastily to arrive at the least pleasing episode of his poem, — borrowed, without much judgment, from Virgil, in oblivion of the total difference of the circumstances of Æneas and Rinaldo, and only interesting as a sort of first sketch of the great episode of Armida in the 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

Floriana, Queen of Media, is holding her court on a flowery plain, overshadowed by pleasant trees, when the two knights-errant appear before her. Struck by their martial bearing, she at once sends a page to invite them to a joust with her warriors. They accept the challenge. Eight approved cavaliers, whose names are given, are overthrown by them in rapid succession ; and the nameless throng that succeeds them meets with a like fate. A stroke—the last received in the conflict—which deprives Rinaldo of his helmet, shows the queen that the stranger is as handsome as he is valiant ; and while her ladies are applauding his victory, she is falling more sud-

denly in love with him than did Dido with her Trojan guest. Her palfrey, as she returns to the city, is led by the Christian knight. With her he enters her palace—richly furnished with cloth-of-gold hangings from its ivory cornices, and Persian carpets of exceeding beauty on its floors—to banquet with her at the table, loaded with massive gold and silver, embossed with stories of the Median kings. While the song resounds during the feast to the music of the golden lyre, Floriana has eyes for Rinaldo only. When it is over, she lends a willing ear to his tales of Roland and of Charlemagne, whose fame is not unknown to her ; and bids him tell how, while yet almost a child, he had defended his mother's honour, and forced her calumniator, with his lance, to recant the slanders with which he had defamed her.

Forgetful that love, the pastime of Virgil's hero, is the business of his own, and that Rinaldo's engagement to Clarice is so entirely his poem's mainspring, that its violation is as grave an artistic as it is a moral defect, Tasso proceeds to make his hero return Floriana's passion, and forget in her society, for a while, the lady of his vows. The ancient flame is rekindled in his bosom by a dream :—

Love's gracious star was in the heaven displaying  
 Begirt with blazing beams her golden hair,  
 The sun was with fresh light his locks arraying,  
 That in the Orient he might rise more fair,  
 When to Rinaldo, by sweet sleep allaying  
 Fatigue, and resting from each thoughtful care,  
 Appeared in vision, looking sad to sight,  
 A youthful woman clad in robe of white.

Yet did such splendour that grieved face adorn,  
 So o'er those moist eyes rose the brow serene,  
 That at the first he did but think the morn  
 Which leads back beauteous day by him was seen.

Yet knowledge of more steadfast gazing born,  
 Although his eye scarce bore that light so keen,  
 Bade him his own fair Clarice there to know,—  
 True and not feigned by false and phantom show.

—*Canto ix.* 82, 83.

Nor does he only see. The vision speaks, and chides the knight so efficaciously for his broken faith and ingratitude to one who has never ceased to love him, and who is now suffering for his sake, that Rinaldo on his awakening resolves, despite his pity for Floriana, to depart at once. When he has executed his purpose, and gone away secretly along with Florindo, the forsaken queen, first in her anger sends soldiers to compel his return, and then, on their coming back, ignominiously defeated, without him, weeps piteously, and resolves to stab herself with a dagger, once Rinaldo's, which she thus apostrophises:—

O weapon pitiful of cruel lord !  
 The wound he gave me be it thine to heal ;  
 He by his secret going hence has gored  
 This heart, and bade it torturing anguish feel ;  
 With open force death to its griefs afford,  
 Now all its hopes are lying dead, kind steel ;  
 Sweet, as the first was grievous, ending woe  
 Shall be that second and yet mightier blow.

—*Ib.* 24.

But, only a weak copy of Virgil's despairing Dido, Floriana does not succeed in finding the death she covets. Her aunt, a potent enchantress, snatches the weapon from her grasp, bathes her eyes in dews of Lethe, and transports her in her magic car to the Island of Pleasure, where all annoyance loses its force, and every comer becomes glad.

There on the grass the queen she gently laid,  
 New wakened from that salutary sleep ;  
 No thorn of love her quiet could invade,  
 Or thought of blessing lost now make her weep ;  
 Though in her mind was fixed the ill sustained,  
 She could remember it yet not be pained.

—*Canto x.* 34.

Rinaldo, however, does not escape all punishment. At least the violent storm which he and Florindo encounter on their way back to Europe may seem a chastisement of his perfidy. The mast of their ship snaps amid the shrieks of despairing sailors, the vessel goes to pieces, and the two paladins are obliged to commit themselves to the frail support of a plank, off which a great wave washes Florindo, leaving Rinaldo alone to lament his loss.

Having at length swum to shore near Ostia, the paladin seems for a while destitute of all things. But a courteous baron receives him into his castle, and supplies him with a horse and with armour. Nor is he long in regaining his own ; for how could Tasso deprive his hero thus early in his career of the renowned horse and sword



which had already figured so largely in the more famous accounts by other poets of his later adventures? Accordingly—defying probability with as much boldness as heretofore—he saves Bayard and Rinaldo's armour in the boat which brings the ship's crew to land before him. They are sold by the sailors to a knight, who speedily has to fight with their old owner for their possession, and is left senseless by him on the ground, though not till he has slightly wounded Rinaldo with his own sword. Bayard neighs with joy to feel his rightful master on his back again, and caresses him like a faithful dog.

After this Rinaldo rides back to Paris, where he finds Charlemagne—his campaign against the Saracens ended—once more holding peaceful jousts. As the young cavalier presents himself on the field, he is at once challenged by Grifon to acknowledge the superiority of an unnamed lady. "Less beautiful by much than my own," is the instant reply; and suiting the action to the word, Rinaldo speedily lays his adversary in the dust. All beg to know the name of so stalwart a champion. The

knight raises his visor, and is received with great joy by his father and by the whole court. Only Clarice looks sad and draws back in tears. For she was herself the damsel whose charms Grifon—though not by her permission—had been so highly exalting. She forgets that Rinaldo could not know this; and only remembers that he has avouched another lady to be her superior, whom she hastily concludes to be the fair one depicted on his shield. Now that shield was the property of the cavalier from whom Rinaldo reclaimed his horse and armour: in doing which, having spoiled his own, the paladin had seized on the shield of his vanquished antagonist, whose own lady-love is painted on it. The sight of this apparently successful rival to her charms stings Clarice with jealousy, "the cruel daughter of fear and love, that daughter who often slays her parent." Rinaldo comes forward to lift her on to her palfrey, and to guide it back to the city, as other favoured knights were doing to their ladies; but Clarice receives him with such coldness that he exclaims:—

Ah ! bad it is from beggar's hand to steal  
The fruit of toil both wearisome and long ;  
Hard is the breast that can no pity feel,  
Nor comfort give the wretch in anguish strong.  
Thus, lady, I my thought with tears reveal,  
Now that my labours find withheld by wrong  
Their sole, sweet guerdon ; now that in such grief  
Your hand takes from me soothing and relief.

Shall then that pain in many wanderings borne,  
And all in arms for you alone I wrought,  
No recompense enjoy save angry scorn,  
Scorn to this heart with bitter sorrow fraught ?  
Scorn that a cloud in this my state forlorn  
Has o'er your beauteous eyes, sweet radiance brought ;  
Eyes whence my wearied mind once strength could gain,  
Refreshment welcome, and escape from pain.

—*Canto xi. 11, 12.*

Clarice interrupts this expostulation sharply with the words—

Get aid in this your ill, get aid from her  
Who gave you strength and courage me to spurn ;  
Whose face not only in your heart you wear,  
But even emblazoned on your shield you bear ;

and, refusing to listen to any explanation, she denies him leave to visit her in Paris. To add to Rinaldo's difficulties he is shortly after engaged in a dispute for the hand of the fair Alda in the dance, —a privilege which he only sought in order to invoke her intercession with the offended Clarice ; in consequence of which he is insulted by Anselm of Maganza, one of the old enemies of his family, and pro-

voked to kill him. Banished on this account from the city, he departs without having made his peace with Clarice—nay, knowing that she now holds him for wholly false and fickle. Too late, he flings the shield, the primary cause of his troubles, into the Seine. No consoling message from his lady follows him. He rides on, he knows not and cares not whither,—

“The while eight times all vermeil in the sky  
The dawn appeared, while pearly dew-drops flowed  
From her bright hair of gold and radiant eye,  
Straying by devious and uncertain road ;”

and, on the ninth day, finds himself in the Valley of Grief.

This dolorous vale is shaded by weird trees, from amidst whose dark and poisonous leaves black ill-omened birds send cries which pierce the heart with a sense of desolation. Rinaldo, overwhelmed by a sudden feeling of unutterable sadness, flings himself from his horse and joins a sufferer, whom he finds crouching on the ground, in his lamentations. There he spends a miserable day and night amid the varied forms of horror which beset that woful dale. And there might the young warrior have easily mourned his life away, had not the ever-watchful Malagigi come timely to the rescue. A sudden movement startles Rinaldo from his lethargy ; and looking up he sees that a knightly form has grasped Bayard's bridle and is leading him away. Rinaldo rouses himself to the pursuit, stung by hearing the stranger say that such a courser is too good for

a master who gives way to sorrow like a woman. As he follows, he finds his way through the dark wood by the light of the captor's armour, which casts bright gleams through its gloomy recesses.

Presently the dusky shades are left behind, and he finds himself in an open and smiling country where all looks cheerful and glad, and where he feels his mind lightened of his burden. Bayard is restored to him ; and hope revives in his heart at the sight of the fish darting through clear water, the gay flowers that enliven the mead and the fresh green grass in which they bloom.

Nor do the happy presentiments so inspired deceive him. For when, on hearing a sudden clang of arms, Rinaldo hastens to the fray, and helps a single knight beset by many assailants to complete their overthrow, he has the delight of discovering in him the Florindo whom he believed (as the other believed him) to have been drowned

in their shipwreck. He learns from his equally delighted friend, how, cast inanimate on the sea-beach near Ostia and tenderly nursed by a Roman knight, the descendant of Scipio, he had been discovered, by means of an indelible mark on his side, to be that very knight's long-lost son Lelius,

who had been stolen from him in his infancy by corsairs. Nor had he refused to embrace the faith of his ancestors when his father entreated him to do so: the piety so conspicuous afterwards in the 'Jerusalem Delivered' appearing, as in germ, when Lelius says of his conversion,—

I, by his wise paternal counsel led,  
Or rather by God's mighty will impelled,  
And with a light divine upon me shed  
To scatter clouds that o'er me darkness held,  
Resolved to worship him who for us, dead  
And living, showed his love, and Pluto quelled :  
So was I washed in clear and holy wave  
Which, the soul cleansing, doth the body lave.

—*Canto xi. 95.*

The reason why Lelius (as he is henceforth called) has so speedily left his new-found home, and been met by Rinaldo in the south of France, is his hope that Olinda may now no longer despise his suit, which he is on his way to Spain to prosecute. As he cannot explain why the strange soldiers attacked him, Rinaldo asks the reason of one of the few who have survived the combat, and hears from him heavy tidings. Mambrino himself is their leader, come to Europe both for love of the as yet unseen Clarice, and from hate to Rinaldo; upon whom he burns to avenge the rescue of Auristella from his sailors, and the death of his own three brothers. And though he has not as yet attained his second object, yet, as the soldier says, he has been completely successful in his first; for, as Clarice fearlessly disported herself in the open air not far from Paris, Mambrino, who was lurking near in ambush, rushed forth and carried her away. Swiftly traversing France, he had come near to the Mediterranean, on which he meant to put to sea with her, when, see-

ing the brave show in arms of Lelius, he detached this unlucky troop to capture and bring him after him. Their defeat can give Rinaldo no pleasure now that he has learned his lady's imminent peril. For a moment he feels a chill as of death strike through him; the next instant, flaming with wrath, he is spurring Bayard forward, with but faint hope of intercepting Clarice and her captors before they can reach the sea. An impassable torrent after a while bars the road against him and the faithful Lelius. They are ferried across it, nevertheless, by the ever-ready Malagigi; who has provided, moreover, a strong horse for the one, and a fresh suit of armour for the other. Galloping on through the night, the cavaliers come up at daybreak with the enemy's squadron; in the midst of which rides fair Clarice, sad, and so weary that she can hardly keep her seat upon her palfrey. Overcome by wrath and pity, Rinaldo rushes forward to deliver her; and unhappy in very deed, says the poet, was he who first opposed himself to his fury. The usual catalogue

follows of the mighty Eastern princes who fell before it. Mambrino, invulnerable in his enchanted vermilion armour, his turban surmounted by a crown, and his shield displaying a wounded lion with this device, "I know who wounded me, and I never forgive," stands a while amazed to see Rinaldo mowing down his troops "like a countryman plying his scythe in a green meadow," ably seconded

by Lelius and Malagigi. But at length he comprehends the critical nature of the situation, and comes forward himself to defy the champion of Clarice; and a fight ensues which the poet likens to one between an elephant and a lion. Rinaldo's dexterous and rapid movements give him at first an advantage over his ponderous antagonist:—

The giant, amid thousand strokes, at last  
On the knight's forehead dealt one mighty blow,  
Just as, his courser spurring forward fast,  
Rinaldo came to work him shame and woe.  
Like to Typhœus 'neath the mountain vast,  
He all but sank, by weighty steel laid low;  
While, like to night obscure the world o'ershading,  
Came mists and darkness dim his eyes invading.

Yet soon his limbs their strength, his eyes their sight  
Regained, its wonted courage too his heart;  
Such evil chance made sad at soul the knight,  
And bade his breast with wrath fresh kindled smart;  
So much the more as Clarice' cheeks turned white  
He saw, her eyes made dim by tears that start;  
Hence struck he so the foe that, though unwounded,  
His every bone felt by the pain confounded.

Fearing his cruel death, her own disgrace,  
Clarice stands gazing on her lover dear,  
And as she views his combat's changeful case,  
So change her look and heart from hope to fear:  
Now deadly pallor covers all her face,  
Now colours bright and roseate there appear,  
Like as, while frosts keep from the spring retreating,  
March skies show gleams of light and dark clouds fleeting.

—*Canto xii. 60-62.*

At last Rinaldo wins the day; and Mambrino lies on the ground, stupefied, although unwounded, by his blows. To cut the laces of his helmet and then sever his head from his body would seem only the work of a few moments. But those few moments cannot be spared. The vast host prepares to rush down, and the choice is left to the knight between love and vengeance. Seeing that he cannot secure both, he wisely gives Clarice the pre-

ference; and at once placing her behind him on Bayard, bids her intrust herself fearlessly to one to whom her honour is dearer than his own life. Even so, however, their escape seems doubtful; so numerous are the foes who try to intercept it. But Malagigi is determined that his cousin shall not have parted with the honour of slaying the gigantic Mambrino for nothing. He hastily mutters a charm, and sprinkles some magic

drops on the advancing soldiers ; when they instantly begin to fight with one another. Rinaldo, amazed beyond measure, recognises his sorcerer kinsman by his handiwork, and at once implores him to reverse his spell, nor thus ignobly destroy such brave and noble warriors.

The wizard consents, and, turning thrice to the east and thrice to the west, once more pronounces words of power, and scatters herbs of occult virtue. Forthwith the Saracens desist from their mutual blows, and rush with one accord towards Rinaldo ; but between them and him arises a wall of fire which makes their assault impossible, and which even the paladin, though eager for the conflict, finds that he cannot traverse.

Malagigi bids him come at once to his own sumptuous castle, which is near at hand, and look forward to renewing the combat on a fast approaching day, when there shall be none to impede its being fairly fought out. For Mambrino's troops are but the advanced-guard of that great invasion of France by the Moslems, whereof Ariosto sang. Rinaldo's work will for many a long day be in the tented field ; and the short breathing-time left cannot be more wisely employed than in securing the hand of Clarice. To such union the lady, disabused by her knight of her wrongful suspicions of his fidelity, consents ; all the more gladly, we may suppose, from her painful experience of the perils of her unprotected position. And so the poem ends with the joyful wedding of Rinaldo and Clarice ; with the young poet's affectionate farewell to them and to the little book, the companion of his brief leisures from severer studies by the banks

of the Brenta ; and with its respectful dedication to his patron the cardinal, and to Bernardo Tasso, that dear and honoured father, to whom his son gladly acknowledges that he owes any merits which it may possess.

Doubtless the death of the giant Mambrino would have formed a more imposing close, than does his mere overthrow, to the story. But here, as elsewhere, its author was hampered by respect for the work of his predecessors. Nor can his invention have felt otherwise than straitened throughout by the fertility of Ariosto's, so that he must all along have seemed to himself a mere gleaner in a very thoroughly reaped field ; driven to ghastly sources of interest, like the corpse of the murdered Clytia, by finding all the sunnier spaces already pre-occupied.

Like the 'Amadis' and the 'Floridante' of Bernardo, the 'Rinaldo' of Torquato Tasso is after all but an arrow shot at a near mark from the bow which, in the hands of a mightier master, had amazed the world by the distance reached by its feathered messengers, and the force with which they had been speeded to their goal. No wonder therefore, that, despite the very considerable charm of its versification, and of its, on the whole, pleasing stories, of its "lively and delicate descriptions, of its numerous and often original and striking comparisons,"<sup>1</sup> the 'Rinaldo's' popularity proved short-lived, and that the poem was little remembered among its author's greater successes. It wants the fibre of which great poems are made. It is too purely and simply a love-tale to satisfy the mind of any but a very young

<sup>1</sup> Panizzi.

reader ; while as an episode in that vast epic of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, at which the mediæval poets laboured, and of which Ariosto himself only produced a brilliant fragment, it is of disproportioned length.

It was by a reverse process to that which he here employed that Tasso a few years later made himself famous ; by constructing a solid framework for his love-episodes out of the real story of the First Crusade, and by subordinating the private joys and sorrows of individuals, in the necessary degree, to that public enterprise which stirred the heart of Christendom so powerfully. But the 'Rinaldo' is interesting as marking one of the steps by which its author arrived at the 'Jerusalem Delivered.' It contains the first sketches of several finished pictures in that great poem. It shows the extent to which classic influences

had already begun to affect his composition. Its mythologic allusions, ill as they fit its story ; its regular development—for its intended conclusion is early announced, and to that conclusion most of its incidents contribute ; and its episodes derived from the ancient poets,—all alike foreshadow that blending of things new and old, of the classic with the romantic school, which were to strike every reader in Tasso's great epic.

And besides acting as the harbinger of the poem by which it was to be itself eclipsed, the 'Rinaldo' seems to predict its own writer's destiny. Like his own hero, he was to be guided by Love into the forest where the dews are tears and the boughs are stirred by human sighs. But, alas ! he was doomed to wait longer there than he, before the bright gleam appeared in the distance to announce that the deliverer was at hand.

## THREE DAYS WITH JUVENILE OFFENDERS IN FRANCE.

"THEY manage these things better in France," has long been a saying, if not actually a belief, with many persons in England. Now, whether we accept this aphorism to its full extent or not, it is undoubtedly true in a limited sense. A comparison of any undertaking or institution in the two countries is almost sure to be fruitful to both. But even if it were not, it is certain it cannot fail to be interesting. Such must inevitably be the character of any attempt to trace the efforts of our neighbours among difficulties with which we have struggled ourselves. It is in this belief, and knowing that the reformatory and industrial school question is now occupying a good deal of attention in Great Britain and Ireland, that I offer to the readers of 'Maga' the following account of what I saw and heard of that subject during a recent visit to France.

One day last summer, armed with a large official letter, I made my way to the Ministry of the Interior in Paris. Of course the cabman did not know the road, and of course the passer-by of whom I inquired in my best French turned out to be a Cockney. Once arrived, however, I found no difficulty in sending up my credentials to M. le Ministre's "particular secretary," and was forthwith shown into a waiting-room that formed a pleasant contrast to the English counterpart, with its tasteful decorations of cocoa-nut matting, pewter ink-stands, and dirty blotting-paper. Here, to begin with, were busts of Diane and Apollon, chairs and a sofa (as comfortable as such things ever are in France), and an imposing picture of a naval action

hung upon the wall. A dark, impatient man was pacing up and down, evidently very nervous about the object of his visit. Blue-uniformed attendants flitted occasionally to and fro. At last I was shown up to the particular secretary—quite the usual type in the usual room, but the appointments less solid and more domestic-looking than in Whitehall. "The Minister had not come yet. My answer should be sent to the hotel." However, just as I was bowing out, a bell rang loudly, and the secretary bolted, asking me to wait a minute. On his return, he took me to the Minister's room. This was a very smart apartment—ormolu clocks, gilt candelabra, heavy curtains, Utrecht-velvet chairs, and what looked like a good copy of a large Venetian picture at the far end of the room. I thought to myself that the office-keepers at the Home Office would stare if they saw this huge undraped lady among the Secretary of State's solemn bookcases. Presently, with quick steps, like a man of business on the stage, enter a little man, who looked as if he had sat up very late the night before. Giving me a hasty bow, he mastered the contents of the official letter, and in a few jerky sentences recapitulated my wants. I said, "Oui." He then ran off in a similar style what he would do for me. I said, "Merci." Thereupon M. le Ministre dashes off a letter, and some sand on to it. I say "Merci" again, and also "Bon jour." At the last moment the statesman relaxes a little, and says "he hopes I can find my way out." I assure him I can, and exit with a large

brown despatch addressed to the Director of Prisons.

On reaching the haunts of that official, it appeared that he was ill, and his Deputy was out. So a polite clerk showed me to the room of the latter, and left me alone with a wreathed bust representing the French Republic, and the 'Journal Officiel.' Fortunately the 'Journal' contained good reading, for the Deputy was long in coming. First, a "scene" in the Chamber, on the question of secular education, a "Reactionary" objecting to the children in some Department being taught a song, the refrain of which was—

"Let's make pâtés  
Of the Curés."

To support his case, the "Reactionary" called the Government "atheists and barbarians," the Ministers replying with hoots. Secondly, an official letter from the Minister of Agriculture to the Director of Woods and Forests, setting forth in magnificent language how forests could not possibly do well themselves, or be of any service to humanity, except under a republic.

At last the Deputy returned, and was politeness itself. He informed me that there were three kinds of "Etablissements pénitentiaires." "Maisons d'éducation," under women, for young children. "Colonies pénitentiaires," which take juvenile offenders (persons under sixteen) who have been acquitted as having acted "sans discernement," or whose judicial sentence if carried out would have been less than two years' imprisonment. "Quartiers correctionnels," for sentences that would have been over two years, and for incorrigibles from the "Colonies."

Some of the establishments are under Government management, others are private. As there were

only two Government schools for young children, and these a long way from Paris, I was obliged to give up any idea of visiting a specimen of that class. It was, however, arranged that I should see a Government "Colonie" at Douaires, and a "Quartier" at Rouén, which would give me a sight of the two principal species, corresponding to our reformatory and industrial schools. The Deputy was also anxious that I should have a talk with the secretary of the Société de Patronage des Jeunes Détenus at Paris. To this I assented, and we parted, after he had promised to send the letters of introduction to my hotel.

The following day I called upon the last-named official at the Society's establishment in the Rue Mezieres. All the children were out, so there was nothing to see; but we had a talk about the work of the institution to the following effect: The society was formed for the purpose of taking into its own hands children committed in the Department of the Seine, either to a "Colonie" or a "Quartier." This it effects by inquiry into all the cases that come to La Roquette, where the committals of the Seine are sent before being shipped off to the various institutions in the provinces. If, after careful investigation, the Society decide to undertake a particular case, they are allowed, by special arrangement with the State, to remove it to their own premises. The child is then brought up by the Society, some member of which becomes his "patron." The "patron" finds him a place as soon as he is ready for it, and acts in all respects *in loco parentis*, visiting him in the guise of a relative, and watching his career till he is established in life. No difficulty is experienced in placing out the children in Paris;



on the contrary, there is rather a demand for them. The master alone is told the antecedents of his apprentice, all knowledge of the boy's past being kept as far as possible from every one else.

During the period of commitment, which usually lasts till twenty years of age, the effect of the sentence is merely suspended, so that if the child is hopelessly refractory, or falls again into the hands of vicious relatives, he can be sent to the "Établissement" to which he was originally committed. A large number of the boys go into the army. Every Sunday the children still in charge of the Society come back to headquarters, where they find a change of underclothing, put on their Sunday suit, attend mass, and get their dinner. As a rule, very young children are not admitted; but when this is done, they are sent to a school kept by the sisters of St Katherine. The Society also gives shelter and finds work for boys returning to Paris after their discharge from Establishments in the country. The work done in this way is said to produce most satisfactory results, the boys giving very little trouble, and mostly turning out well. Indeed it is obvious that the plan has, in theory at least, solved several difficult problems. It educates a young offender by kindness, without losing the possibility of a severer discipline, helps him materially and morally in his first struggles with life, and gives him something in the nature of a home that he may regard with affection and hesitate to discredit. Besides dealing with children who have been sentenced as above mentioned, the Society does good work in preventing committals, in cases where parents are respectable, by becoming, together with the parents, a security for the good be-

haviour of the child, in which case the tribunals are willing to abstain from convicting.

A day or two after my visit to the Rue Mezieres, I put into my pocket a large whitey-brown envelope, containing a letter in which the chief of the 4th Bureau prayed M. the Director of the Colonie Agricole of Douaires to "receive M. A——, and to give him all the facilities that are necessary in view of the researches and studies to which he has the project of directing himself." Armed with this document, I descended from the train at a station called Gaillon. The town of that name stood some way off, picturesquely crowning the *glacis* of the valley. Seeing what looked like an old chateau converted into a public Establishment, I made sure it was my "Colonie;" and was a good deal horrified on learning it was a prison, and a little spire in the very far distance was Douaires. However, I trudged manfully along the straight dusty road, through plains of tilth stuck here and there with apple-trees, till I reached Gaillon. There seeing some tolerably road-worthy looking vehicles standing outside a stable, I ordered one to be got ready at once and to follow, as I had to catch the afternoon train back to Paris. A smart-looking peasant said "he would garnish his horse immediately, but that it required time for all things." The time for his catching me up was of course just as I had surmounted the *glacis* aforesaid, and got on to the high plateau where Douaires stands. I mounted, and found a capital horse for France, at whom my driver emitted extraordinary sounds, partly made up, I imagine, of the animal's name, and partly of cries of encouragement. The man also found time for conversation,

which chiefly turned on the cheapness of living at Gaillon, as compared with Paris. I wondered a good deal at this fancy for social science, till I found that my economist's general laws only applied to the "Soleil d'Or," an inn that turned out to be kept by his sister-in-law.

At length we stopped at the "Colonie." A row of pretty houses of brownish-white and whitey-brown brick stood in little gardens on each side of the approach, at the end of which was the chapel. On one side of this were the shops and stables, and on the other a large drill-ground. My jehu knocked at the door of the Director's bureau, and after presenting my letter, I sat down and had a talk with that officer. He had then in his charge, in a school of 500, nine boys under ten years old, one of whom only was less than eight. The usual term of detention was up to twenty, though occasionally only to eighteen. There was in the establishment a case committed for six months, another for twelve years and seven months, the average being something under seven years. Many of the boys came from distant parts, being confined, in the first instance, in "Maisons d'arrêt," where, however, they are carefully kept apart from adults. Very few of the parents were of a respectable class, but the Director did not seem to think that desertion, or connivance at offences on the part of the parents, with the view of getting the children into the "Colonie," was common. No payments are extracted from the parents, as with us—the State providing the whole expense.

Corporal punishment is not allowed in France. In consequence of this, the "cellule" (solitary confinement) has a much larger use than

with us. At Douaires boys are only confined in the "cellule" for the night, the punishment varying from one to thirty nights, according to the nature of the offence. In the day they are set to the most disagreeable kinds of work, such as carrying burdens and cleaning the floors, and are kept alone as much as possible. They attend the mass in a small loft, looking into the chapel by a port-hole. For rewards, there is a system of marks, one good mark entitling its owner to a sou. Half of this he may spend, the other half is put by to form a fund when he goes. There are also three good-conduct *tableaux*. Boys whose names are in these tables gain small privileges, such as badges and more meat at meals. From the first of them, the *tableau d'honneur*, the selections are made for licensing out (*liberté provisoire*). This is authorised by the Government, on the application of the Director, who, however, never applies to place a boy out before he has been at Douaires a year and a half, and usually not before half his term of detention is passed. They had 160 children out on licence, their average detention in the school having been nearly four years. The interference of the parents with boys placed out gave but little trouble, which may be accounted for by the plan of committing to schools at a distance from the residence of the children, and the late age to which the State control extends. Indeed the Director said there was a Bill in contemplation to make that age twenty-one in all cases, of which he was inclined to approve. Agriculture is the chief industrial training, the boys from the towns only being taught trades. No boy is put to industrial work till between fourteen and fifteen years old.

After this age three hours in summer and four in winter are given to education, two, including meals, to recreation, and the rest to work.

These were some of the most interesting points of my talk with the Director. As soon as it was over we proceeded to view the premises. The buildings were all on a fine scale, with a strong family likeness to the larger schools at home, such as Feltham; and there seemed everywhere the utmost order and cleanliness, though I saw no attempt at that cheerful ornament in the way of pictures, &c., so common in our institutions. The staff consists of thirty guardians, one of whom accompanied us.

The first room we went into puzzled me a good deal, for it had a raised dais at one end, on which was a judicial bench covered with green baize. This turned out to be the Director's judgment-seat, before which offenders are brought to have punishment awarded in solemn form in the presence of their fellows. The sentences are afterwards read out in the refectory, and, as far as I understood, also posted. The dormitories were quite as with us, but far more care is taken as to nocturnal supervision. Guardians walk the rooms all night, and a superior officer makes his rounds every three hours, and moves an indicator in each room. From the dormitories we visited the infirmary, the forge, and the bakehouse. There the scene was striking. The boys baking were naked to the waist, several of them being finely developed about the chest and arms. The dough was put into long earthenware pans, that were pushed into the oven with a fine swinging action, the boys poking them home with long poles. All this, in the

fierce glow of the fire, made quite a picture.

In the next half hour of our inspection there was nothing remarkable—confinement-cells, little boys' school, workshops of the familiar type. The only sight worth mentioning was the stable, which was almost too good, being quite smart, and full of capital farm-horses. The cow-shed, also, was a perfect show, in which the names of two adjoining cows, "Cocotte" and "Lady," struck me not only from their strange juxtaposition, but as being words singularly characteristic of the two countries they belonged to.

On emerging from the buildings, we found ourselves in the drill-ground, where the band of the institution was drawn up. The director and I advanced to the middle of the square, and stood in front of them. Suddenly the musicians struck up "God save the Queen." Not being musical myself, and the performers rendering our national air with a very peculiar accent, I was at first troubled with doubts as to what melody was meant. In a short time, when I felt certain, I removed my hat; the Director did the same, and there we stood for some time, I and the Director bared, the bandmaster waving his baton, the band puffing lustily, and the rest of the school drawn up in squadrons, with all the guardians in position before them. I expressed myself much gratified, and asked if I might give the band a few "good marks" (sous), but this was not allowed. The school then marched past in companies, each led by one of the boys, who gave the necessary words of command. They were dressed in nankeen blouses and trousers, cotton shirts, and blue *bazettas*. The type was identical with what I had seen in England, which

astonished me, as there is not much likeness between the natives of the two countries elsewhere. Crime seems to form a mask of its own, regardless of race.

This ceremony concluded my entertainment, and the Director was ordering a guardian to put "Violette" in his trap, when I assured him that I was already provided. Our horse made very good going down-hill, and my coachman soon returned to his economic theories. However, it seemed to me that an inn dedicated to the ruinous city of Paris was vastly superior to the "Soleil d'Or," and I politely signified a wish to be taken on there. Jehu blushed, but at once complied. I was received by a typical French hostess in a white cap, with a hard handsome face and keen dark eyes. She showed me into a little parlour looking into a back-yard, the window full of flowers, and standing on the sill a canary in a cage, into which was stuck a large lettuce. A pancake-ish omelette and wine were very acceptable, during the discussion of which the hostess and the maid kept putting their heads through the doorway to see how I was getting on. They were enchanted when I praised the viands, and the hostess still more so when I shook hands on parting. Encouraged by a success so easily gained, I wanted to do the same with the host, a large, sleepy, fair-haired man. He did not make it out at all, till the wife gave him a good dig with her elbow in the ribs, and said, "He wants to shake you by the hand." I fear he has a hard time of it, that sleepy fair-haired host. On the way to the station I passed a flock of sheep, the shepherd living with them in a large blue dog-kennel on wheels. The inside of this structure just contains the pastor's bed, on which he was tak-

ing his midday *siesta*. One arm hung down out of the narrow dwelling, inside which I saw a print pasted on the wall, probably of a religious character. I was in plenty of time for my train, and got back to Paris in time for a lively drama at the "Variétés," throughout which my head buzzed with phrases connected with "Colonies pénitenciaires."

I had now seen the equivalent to our "Industrial School." It yet remained to compare the "Quartier correctionnel" with a "Reformatory." To this end I took my second whitey-brown envelope, and embarked at St Lazare for Rouen. In the carriage with me, to my horror and astonishment, sat the Englishman of the Rue Rivoli caricatures. If Professor Owen himself had told me, I would not have believed that such a creature existed; but there he was—turn up nose, long upper lip, sticking out teeth, and weeping whiskers. I talked to him, and found him a good fellow enough—much better, I thought, than a military-looking Frenchman who took my umbrella, a superfine work of Briggs, and left in its place an article quite unspeakable.

On arriving at my destination, I was astonished at the prevailing ignorance as to the whereabouts of the "Quartier correctionnel," till it struck me that I might as well go about an English town asking for "the Casual Ward." I therefore changed my tactics and inquired for the prison, to which I was at once directed. A wicket in a large and gloomy portal was opened at my ringing, and I was soon ushered into the Director's room. The Director received me with affability, and directed me to seat myself on a horse-hair chair, in which position I will remain, with the reader's permission, while

I give him the results of our conversation.

The "Quartier correctionnel" at Rouen is the wing of a large prison, containing 800 convicts. Its present inmates number about 150, and are all over twelve years of age. The cases admitted nearly always fall under the two classes mentioned above as being committed to the "Quartiers." Occasionally, however, boys are received at the request of their parents, under a warrant of the President of the Civil Tribunal, for a treatment that is called "Correction paternelle," a short but severe discipline of from one to three months. These cases are always isolated.

The process of committal in ordinary circumstances is as follows: The police lay an information before the Procureur. The Procureur puts the case in the hands of the Juge d'Instruction, who interrogates the boy, and makes the necessary inquiries as to his antecedents and circumstances from the Maire of the Commune. The tribunals occasionally give their children back to their parents once, twice, or thrice, in some instances taking guarantees for good behaviour.

On the arrival of a child at the "Quartier," he is placed in the "cellule," but on full allowance of food. The Director then visits him daily, studies his character, and talks to him, till he thinks he is fit to take his place with the other boys. These are divided into three sections according to age; thirteen to sixteen, sixteen to eighteen, and eighteen to twenty. The sections live apart as much as possible, and occupy separate dormitories. The Director once had no fewer than eleven incorrigibles from "Colonies" arriving in a batch.

The average period of detention is about three years, being much

shorter than at the "Colonies," because many of the incorrigibles come in at an advanced period of their sentence. The longest detention is about eight years, the shortest, one year and six months.

There are three meals a day, when each boy has as much bread as he can eat (no great boon, for I tasted it); meat twice a week. The maintenance of the children is done by contract, the contractor getting the profits of the industrial work. By this arrangement the State gets off with the sum of about  $51\frac{1}{2}$  cents a day for each boy.

Industrial training, which is all carried on in the prison, begins at thirteen,—two hours a day in summer, and four in winter, being given to education.

The punishments in vogue are "Reprimandes;" "Picquêt," standing a boy with his face to the wall during a meal-time, and giving him bread only; "Peleton," walking him round and round in a circle in a close yard during the hours of recreation; "Pain sec," "Perte de Grade," and "Cellule."

Owing to the prohibition of corporal punishment, the "cellule" is used to an extent that is repugnant to our notions. A boy may be kept in solitary confinement for as long a period as three months, being in that case on full food allowance. He may, as an alternative, be shut up for thirty days on dry bread, with soup every fourth day. Taking up the Register, I found that the first name that came to hand had had twenty-one days "cellule" in the last five months. I may here say that the feeling against corporal punishment found no favour with the Director, who expressed the greatest objection to "burying a boy alive, just when he was most full of life," but for serious or repeated offences he has no other resource. When he

first came to his present post, after a serious *émeute* in the "Quartier," he found thirty boys in the cells for two months. He released them, and made a speech to the effect that he would stand no nonsense, and since that time things have gone better.

The staff under the Director consists of one inspector (for the prison also), a brigadier, five guardians, who are all old soldiers, a school-master, gymnastic-master, and music-master. The trades are taught by workmen from the town.

Out of the 150 boys on the register, only eighteen are out on licence, this part of the system not being employed nearly to the same extent as at Douaires.

The difficulty of finding berths for the boys is much greater at Rouen. In the first place, the tradesmen are far more shy of the children from a "Quartier" than a "Colonie." Secondly, several of the trades are but imperfectly taught, a particular stage only being carried on in the institution, so that the boys are less able to earn money than they would be if master of what the Director called a "solid" trade. He tries to teach "solid" trades as much as possible to orphans, so that the best industrial training may not be thrown away on boys who are liable to be decoyed from situations by their parents. The interference of parents, however, does not seem to exist to any very considerable extent.

I may here mention that a Société de Patronage exists at Rouen, for looking after children on licence and discharged cases. The Director did not seem to think much of this body, intimating that they confined their efforts mainly to subscriptions, and lacked *dévouement*. Probably in a town like Rouen there is a want of persons with

enough leisure; while in a great metropolis like Paris, philanthropists, briefless barristers, and other ardent unemployed spirits exist in plenty.

This, I think, about exhausts my conversation with M. le Directeur; except that on the subject of inspection, he told me that the Government inspector came once a year, and a committee of local authorities sat at the prison once a month, having a roster of members who visited weekly.

At the conclusion of this colloquy, the inspector of the prison was announced, and, accompanied by him, we proceeded to look round. The boys were a villainous looking lot, and more formidable than in an English reformatory, there being so many older ones. Two of the "cellules" were opened, and in the first was a culprit with a low forehead, sunken eyes, and most evil countenance, but looking perfectly healthy. "What are you in for, twenty-six?" said the Director. "Bavardises in the Refectory; but I'll never do it again." "Ah, that's what they all say," cried the Director, beginning to work himself up in true French fashion. "I'm very sorry," growled the offender. "Ah, malheureux," shouted his superior, putting his face down close to the boy's, and shaking his forefinger in front of his nose, "why didn't you think of that before?" With which reflection the door was shut upon the poor half-human creature, and we passed on.

The dormitories were good and airy enough, a guardian sleeping at each end. Besides this precaution, there were large barred openings into an outside corridor, up and down which a guardian walked all night, being relieved every two hours. Near the dormitories was the infirmary, where two or three boys were in bed looking very bad.

The rest of the invalids were sitting out under some trees in a yard, with a guardian, and, what seemed to me most unadvisable, an invalid adult with them. I spoke my mind to the Director on this point, and he upbraided the guardian roundly; but I do not think he would have thought anything of it had I kept silence. There was a more genuine tone in some reproaches he addressed to another satellite on the subject of the way in which the boys' shirts were washed, some of these garments being laid out upon the beds with the best clothes for the ensuing Sunday.

The playground was a dismal yard, overlooked by a sentry, who paced up and down on the outer wall of the prison. A boy had scaled the inner wall a few days before, in pure bravado, the Director said, and had been fired at, the ball flattening on the wall close to his head.

With the playground our inspec-

tion terminated; and after being introduced to the chaplain, whom we met going his round among the "cellules," I was discharged from the prison gates into the bright light and soft air of the summer afternoon, and thus ended my brief researches into the "Etablissement pénitentiaire."

If I have made in the course of my narrative but few comparisons between anything that I saw and heard and its English counterpart, it is not because none suggested themselves, but for other reasons. In the first place, such a process would have interrupted my story, besides lengthening it beyond all reason. Secondly, I do not wish what I have written to lay claim to the dignity of a treatise, but to be read simply as an account written by a person who had a brief opportunity of seeing and hearing something of an interesting subject, as to which he had but slight knowledge and absolutely no experience.

## RED-HOT REFORM.

REFORMERS wish to give us a professional army, and every credit is due to the sincerity of purpose which prompts the desire. But in their wish to do what they are convinced is right, they have been somewhat over-zealous. Red-hot reform is bad. To be practical and lasting it should pick its steps cautiously, as a child does when learning to walk, feeling that the ground in front is safe to tread on, and that there is no spot on either hand better suited for its next footstep. And that reform in the matter of our army has been red-hot, is admitted now by all except a few extreme partisans, whose rapid rise to greatness is owing to the ever-increasing size of the bubble they have blown, and whose minds cannot yet grasp the truth that the more they continue blowing, the thinner will become the film, and the more complete its dissolution when it inevitably bursts. As Lord Cranbrook recently remarked in the House of Lords during the debate on the auxiliary forces—

“With the army in a state of disintegration, it is lamentable to find that the militia is not up to its proper strength, and that the militia reserve is not in a satisfactory condition. The system that has existed since 1870 has had a most fair and ample trial. The Conservative Government, instead of throwing any impediment in the way, did everything possible to have it fully and fairly tried; and if it is now breaking down, let there not be any shame or feeling of repugnance towards taking a step, it may be called backwards, if it is necessary in order to bring about efficiency: let it be done boldly and determinedly—and give the army rest when it is done.”

It may be useful to take a glance

backwards at the catalogue of reforms which can be called red-hot.

Army reform began with the abolition of purchase,—a measure which has necessitated the introduction of many roundabout methods for securing the flow of promotion which purchase kept up, while transferring the cost of providing pensions to officers on retirement from their own pockets to that of the nation; and to the measure itself the officers did not object. We know it has been stated over and over again that the strongest opposition came from the officers; and doubtless such statements were, and are still, believed in. It is a way with our reformers to make statements which, taken by themselves, are true enough, but which, read alongside the context, have a somewhat opposite meaning. They are like a painter who has produced a picture, admirable in many points, but which has obtained grave censure on account of a certain portion which is entirely out of drawing, and who, when his work is inspected, holds up a cloth before the obnoxious figure, and tells the critics that the part hidden is just as good as the rest. And so it was with the abolition of purchase. What sane man would have said that other sane men objected to a scheme which saved them putting their hands into their own pockets to pay their own retiring pensions, while it laid the burden of doing so on the shoulders of the British taxpayer? The ugly figure in this pleasant landscape was that of Mr Gladstone retaining the money which almost every officer then serving had paid for his several commissions, while those who joined after that date were allowed



to keep their money in their purses. And who can deny that reform was red-hot in this matter of purchase when, if we remember aright, the measure which the officers pointed out as unfair to them, was only carried in the Lower House by a majority of two; was rejected altogether by the Peers; and was only enforced by the exercise of the royal prerogative—an invention which did much credit to the inconsistency of Mr Gladstone's character?

Undoubtedly purchase was an evil, not to the nation, as its abolitionists dinned in our ears, but to the officers who had, through it, to pay for the pleasure of being soldiers.

It is astonishing how little the nation knew about the army then, and it knows very little more now. We know that the popular idea of purchase was that of a Government department at which any one could buy any rank in the army that he wanted. There are people who believe that officers are dressed in their fine red coats at the expense of the taxpayer; that the mess is paid for by the same liberal-minded person; and that every mutton-chop and glass of beer consumed on the premises goes towards adding another penny to the income-tax. The masses look upon officers as an idle, lazy set; they have been told so in the 'Nineteenth Century' by Lord Wolseley: and as officers are not in the habit of "falling in" the maid-servants, or performing "battalion drill" in the front parlour when on leave, the belief is not unnatural.

"But," say the reformers, "you cannot complain about our abolishing purchase when we give you on retirement a liberal pension, instead of turning you adrift without a penny." And it is not to this por-

tion of the picture that the officers objected.

What they did object to was that the new rules put them and their brother officers on a different footing. For example: Captain A, who has been twenty years in the army, gets about £200 per annum for his services, minus the interest on £2500 which he paid for his steps, and which is pocketed by the Government; while Captain B, who has been five years in the same regiment, gets the annual £200, and can keep his £2500 in his pocket, to invest in Peruvian Bonds or other high-class securities.

"Oh," said Mr Gladstone, on the point being pressed, "the grievance is purely sentimental!" The "grand old man" was always fond of his joke.

The reason assigned for its retention was, that England could not afford to pay back so large a sum—which was nonsense, as those behind the scenes could have told. The real reason was, that the flow of promotion would be checked by the change—a check that would be largely increased if every officer could walk off with a lump of ready cash in his pocket.

These facts are glanced at, not with any view to raise a dead-and-gone question. Officers have learned that it is waste of breath to complain of any of the sweeping measures to which they have had to submit, plead they never so earnestly. Like the proverbial eel, they have become used to skinning, and look forward to the removal of their cuticle with the same regularity as they do to their monthly mess-bills.

After purchase had fallen came Mr Cardwell's "short service," whereby that peculiarly unpractical lawyer rushed us into the delusion that an article which had

hitherto taken twenty-one years to manufacture could be turned out in three,—a burst of red-hot reform indeed, as Sir Frederick Roberts showed us in his article in the 'Nineteenth Century;' no less than three out of four of its salient conditions having been radically changed in the interval that occurred between his speech condemning them and the publication of the article; while it was left to the War Minister himself to tell the House of Commons not a month ago that "it is proposed to take certain measures for the purpose of checking temporarily the flow of men from the ranks into the reserve; to offer men bounties to extend their service; and to allow all men who will be entitled to take their discharge in six or seven years to extend their service so as to complete twelve years, and at the expiration of twelve years to be eligible for re-engagement;" as Colonel Stanley remarked, "nothing else than going back to a permissive system of 'long service.'"

We were told some time ago by the military critic of the 'Times,' that the public has always been mistaken in thinking that "short service" was copied from the Germans, after they had won Gravelotte and Sedan by its aid; whereas it was the outcrop of the times which have made "long service" impossible, and the formation of a "reserve" imperative. But here again the painter was holding up his duster across the obnoxious figure.

With every possible respect for so great an authority as the military critic of the 'Times,' the poor public refuse to swallow the pill, putting down the change, as it always did, to its real cause.

We did imitate the Germans, and that is why the "short ser-

vice" system of Mr Cardwell has been changed back into what it was before his time—"permissive long service." For what was entirely fit for Germans was absolutely unfit for Englishmen, as any unprejudiced man of either nation will admit.

But in the days immediately following the Franco-Prussian war we were at the good old game, so dear to Englishmen, of "follow my leader." Everything German was the best; to speak German was a passport into the inner sanctuaries of the War Office; to play Kriegspiel, to be able to map out the statistics of the Etappen, to know how many steps a German company took in its "rushes," was to be one of the high prophets of Mr Cardwell; and so an army, which, if nothing else, was at least English, found itself transformed into a sham German one. Mr Cardwell carefully kept the duster against his picture, so that the public saw nothing but the well-drawn details of landscape, and pleasant-faced figures climbing thereon—regiments of young fellows dashing on to victory; the reserve—an ever-multiplying mass—in the background; and England vying with Continental armies at a mere nominal figure.

The parts of his panel which he kept out of sight—conscription, the German character, and the absence of foreign service among them—were wisely hid; their bright colours would have killed the rest. And the Duke of Cambridge recently in the House of Lords let the cat out of the bag when he said that "the system of short service is a peculiar one and a simple one, but can only be carried out by conscription. If we have weak battalions, that means that the labour market offers other attractions; and then

it resolves itself into a matter of money to compete with the labour market. But under conscription recruiting costs nothing, for the law obliges every man to serve for a time. We have all the disadvantages of 'short service' without the advantages that result from the law forcing men to serve." But conscription is an ugly word, and would never do to mention, even in a whisper, with its twin-sister "short service"; and so human nature, the same all the world over, was to change at the magic word of our reformers in these "isles of the blest," and men were to rush as eagerly after "short service" and no pensions, as they did after "long service" and their lifetime provided for.

There is a side of the "short service system" which has escaped all notice outside official circles,—one that tells terribly against the class from which we enlist our soldiers, and so is kept discreetly out of sight.

The men, or rather boys, we have to take nowadays for soldiers, after serving the few years allowed, find themselves cast adrift on the world with not enough to keep body and soul together, and without any trade or occupation to make matters better; so they turn to the old mill and re-enlist. With the familiar red coat old habits return: the lad salutes with precision; in marching he invariably uses his left leg according to regulation; he abstains from chewing his food at meal-times on the appearance of the "orderly officer"; he betrays himself by a hundred backward glances at the old life, and so is detected, and arraigned before a court-martial. The trembling wretch tells his tale as it has been told, without variation, ever since "short service" made "fraudulent enlistment" a neces-

sity: "Gentlemen, I was starving. I have no trade; no one would take me for a servant. Some of the chaps wanted me to steal, but I couldn't do that—so I came back and 'listed, and I haven't 'been up' since I did—no, not for nothing. I hopes, gentlemen, you will take that into consideration, and deal with me as lightly as you can." But "fraudulent enlistment" must be put a stop to at any price; and the court, with pity in its heart, has to do what it is bid, and sends the poor boy to prison for months, or it may be for years. The lad, when first enlisted, had committed a heinous military crime. One night, when half drunk and very sleepy, an irritating corporal had ordered him about so nastily that he lost what little temper he had to lose and flung his boot at the bully, and was discharged, in consequence, "with ignominy." His return to the ranks, although it was only to save him from theft and starvation, must be marked as a great military crime; the young soldiers of our new system must not be contaminated by such characters; and so the court, against every feeling except that of obedience to authority, sends the unfortunate to penal servitude for five years.

It is with cases like this that our military jails are crowded now; the convicts, without any comprehension of the reason why this awful blank has fallen on their lives, just brooding over what is to their minds its injustice.

Let our reformers put the question to their own hearts, and ask, What sort of men will these be when they are let loose on the world?

"But," they say, "we have seen the error of our ways, and 'short service' as it exists now

is little more than a reflection of 'long service.'" And the question arises — Why the original mistake? Why did you jump at once from 21 years to 3 years, when every practical soldier told you that you were wrong? Why did you prefer to listen to these German-speaking, unpractical men at the War Office,—soldiers only in name and in the gold-lace on their trousers,—while you had hundreds of men whose lives had been passed in facing the practical side of a soldier's profession, and whose duty and pleasure it would have been to have told you the truth?

The only answer to our query is, that reform amongst our statesmen nowadays must be red-hot. The mention of "short service" of late, except to eulogise its merits, has raised such a clamour, that officers, whose sole aim is to increase the efficiency of the army, have learned to hold their tongues altogether. To hint that the new system was unfitted to our English soldiers was to be "old-fashioned," "a good old fossil," "a voice from the Clubs." Thus Colonel Butler, in a recent pæan of victory over Egypt, speaking of the opposition of the "professional mind" to "short service," says: "The 'short service' soldier became by far the best weight-carrying scapegoat that had yet appeared in the world. If a general bungled on the Helmund or failed on the Tugela, if a chicken was missed from a South African hencoop or a man tumbled down under the mid-day sun of the Jellalabad valley, the short service fully accounted for the entire chronicle of defeat, disaster, defalcation, or disease." It is quite true, the 'short service' soldiers of Mr Cardwell did commit these alliterative crimes, and in consequence have ceased to exist, now that the

system that introduced them has exploded.

Then came the clause limiting the age of officers in the several ranks, its natural outcome being to fill our large towns with many starving gentlemen; a reform so red-hot that it had to be remedied by another, worse, if possible, than the disease. A new rank, popularly called that of "running major," had to be invented — a novelty which destroyed a well-recognised and honourable rank, while replacing it by a set of men who find themselves in that hopeless category amongst human beings,—neither flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring.

Before the rank was reformed the duties of a major were perfectly well understood, as were those of a captain. The first was a "mounted officer" who had charge of half his regiment, under the colonel; he wore high boots and spurs, and more lace on his coat than did the captain, who had to be content with marching in rear of the company he commanded, and doing "orderly duty." Now the two ranks are so mixed up that the product of major-cum-captain has to do the duties of both the previous officials. He must march in rear of his company in blucher boots, he must do orderly duty; or on a horse, booted and spurred, must appear on parade, or do "field-officer of the day." In either case, he must pay for the major's extra lace, whether he adopts bluchers or boots.

He may be doing captain behind his company when an order comes from the brigade-office that a major is required to inspect, let us say, the general's pig-sties, and to report that each pig's tail has the regulation curl: he must leave the company to take care of itself, and get to his quarters,

where he changes the bluchers for boots, the trousers for breeches; he must send for his horse, which he has paid for out of his own pocket, and in all the glory of bearskin and wallets, steel chain and sabetache, take over "field-officer's" duty.

Is it any wonder that "running majors" don't quite know where they are, or who they are; and that their commanding officers, when appealed to for an answer, give it up?

In this case, as before, the painter held up his duster and showed us that part of the picture which represents the advantages of young officers over old ones; while under the cloth we could trace the ugly bit of drawing, showing the stagnation in promotion consequent on the abolition of purchase, and the consequent compulsory retirements. Had these been permitted to take the course allotted them by the reformers, every captain must have been turned adrift, their places being taken by young subalterns, only just emancipated from the nursery and the bottle. So half the captains were made majors, and thus got a new lease of life.

With the "running majors" came another absurdity, when cumbersome and meaningless "territorial titles" were substituted for numbers, each one representing some salient chapter of English history. The intention was praiseworthy, and exactly such an one as would strike a civilian mind, quite unversed in military matters. The War Office thought that recruits of the better classes would at once enlist in regiments called after the county they lived in—that Yorkshire lads and Manchester men would flock to the Yorkshire or the Manchester regiment with enthusiasm; and perhaps they would, had the execution of the

picture been equal to the design. It is the regiment itself which attracts; and every drummer-boy knows that it is both inconvenient and impossible for an English regiment to be quartered in its own county. It has to be represented by the "depot," an institution as distinct from the regiment as chalk is from cheese. So the principal figure in the "territorial picture" was at once out of drawing.

Now the classes from which we pick up recruits have many peculiarities, and none more marked than their fondness for abbreviations. Every word possible is clipped; friends are always known by nicknames; their children and pet animals by diminutives; they look for some short and handy term applicable to everything they associate with; and so any short and pointed syllable appeals at once to their senses. They could chatter glibly enough about the 52d or the 33d,—the numbers suited the employment of many adjectives, with which their conversation is always garnished; but when it came to telling tales about the "Oxfordshire Light Infantry," or the "Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment," their tongues got tired, and they talked about something else. So we discover a second figure in the picture which does not suit the surroundings.

Will Mr Childers tell us to what county he belongs, and in which is situated his ancestral home, that we may pay a visit to a spot in which the "good old days" have been preserved intact during the last fifty years or more? Our own experience points in a different direction. Every day the ties that bind men to their homes and their associations are loosened. There is hardly a ploughboy who has not taken an annual excursion ticket out of his own county; there is

hardly a homestead but what has a member across the seas. Centralisation has swallowed up nearly all the old feudal facts and ideas, nowhere more so than in our English counties. Mr Gladstone accused the officers of being sentimental when they asked for their own; we might accuse Mr Childers of much sentiment when he imagined that men who are living in Gloucestershire or Derbyshire would elect to become soldiers because regiments of those names happen to exist in India and Nova Scotia.

But the substitution of territorial titles has proved, by facts which have lately been brought out, to be anything but an assistance to recruiting—the lads who choose the army for a profession very often preferring to enlist in a regiment in another county to that in which their home lies. False shame at resorting to a calling which has hitherto been looked upon as the refuge for the destitute is probably at the bottom of the feeling; yet it exists, and will be an argument for many years to come against the pet theory of the territorialists.

We had something tangible to go upon when we called our regiments by their numbers. Not one but bore the stamp of age; not an English home but had sent its son, some day or other, to one of them; and the number of that regiment was a household word—its traditions treasured, almost sacred. Traditions, like port wine, improve by old age. Why throw away what we had already, and had proved to be practical, for something which we hoped might be as good, but which has already shown itself to be very much worse? As before—simply because reform, nowadays, to be anything at all, must be red-hot.

So much for the sentimental side of the question, now for the practical. There is nothing like personal experience, and here is a bit taken from life.

The scene, an Indian station: an officer is in command of a brigade consisting of four regiments.

“Tell me the names of the regiments I am commanding,” he said to his galloper.

“1st Battalion Royal East Norfolk Regiment; 2d Battalion Duke of Albany’s own Ross-shire Highlanders; 2d Battalion Connemara Crushers; 1st Battalion Royal East York and Northumberland Fusiliers,” answered the youngster.

“Just say that again,” said the brigadier,—and he listened to it without a wink. Then, proud of his knowledge, he clapped spurs into his charger, and faced the line.

“The brigade will change front on the 2d Battalion Duke of Albany’s own Connemara Crushers; the 1st Battalion Royal East York and Norfolk Regiment will move by fours; the Ross-shire Crushers—no, the Royal West, East, South battalion,—no, no—as you were! number off from the right! Now then—the brigade will change front on No. 2 battalion; No. 3 and 4 battalions will move by fours; No. 1 will wheel to its right,”—and the thing was done. If this happened in peace time, what would it have been when bullets were flying about? It is only in those pleasant offices in Pall Mall that reform is red-hot; out in the open it is apt to get chilled.

Amongst the rest came the abolition of flogging—a piece of legislation so much in accord with the feelings of every gentleman that we feel a difficulty in classing it with the other reforms. But that it was red-hot there is no question.

The reformers said that the existence of so degrading a punishment closed the door against that better class which they hoped to entice to the colours—a maxim excellent in theory, but practically mere talkee-talkee. Young men don't choose a trade because its advantages or its disadvantages have been mapped out for them. Many drift into one through force of circumstances; they are hard up, and it is the readiest method of providing themselves with bread and cheese. They have read a story in which the youthful hero gained untold wealth and the lovely daughter of the haughty earl, by following such and such a line of life; or they have a chum in the trade who paints its advantages and clouds over its pains, in the hopes of getting his friend to share them. True, the residue may count the cost before embarking,—and of these, how few will give themselves the credit of ultimate failure? They say, "We know that the bad soldiers are flogged, and serves them right; but as we cannot be anything but good soldiers, the contingency does not affect us."

When the debate was running in the House of Commons, an honourable member detailed the delight with which officers looked on at "the tortures of the cat"—the gouts of blood and bits of flesh scattering round; while the colonel stood by, with a grin on his face, and was sorry when it was over. And as the question, as most army questions have been, was a purely party one, the vivid picture was allowed to pass as quite fairly drawn from a party point of view. That officers did stand up for flogging is undisputed, and their action reflects the greatest credit on them. What Englishman in his heart believes that an Englishman delights in seeing a naked

wretch tied up by force of numbers, while his back is scored blue and red with whipcord? What Englishman but knows in his heart that the brave men who stuck up for the lash placed all personal feeling in the background, and were content, on the highest principles, to defend a custom which they abhorred? They knew by practical experience that reform, in the matter of the total abolition of flogging, was red-hot. 'Abolish it, by all means—no one wishes it more heartily than we do who have to witness the disgusting spectacle; but first give us something which will be as effective in maintaining discipline! Strike it out, most certainly, in peace time; then we live in barracks, where are cells, and bread and water, and many fatigues, and plank beds, and penal servitude to follow in extreme cases; but let it remain when our armies take the field, where are no cells or warders to guard them, where good and bad live on scanty rations alike, and sleep upon the ground. Here is an anecdote to illustrate the point in question.

Some years ago, it happened that a small party from the army in the field became isolated from the rest. There were not many men to hold the post, but there were a great many enemies ready to take it from them. There were, too, an unusual number of prisoners in charge of our men, whom they had been escorting to a seaport.

It became known that these prisoners, rendered desperate by confinement, had made a plot to escape to the enemy. To prevent this, strong measures were necessary, and those at once. Imprisonment could not be given to men already at large, from the want of a prison to put them into. In the very modified form of confinement

to which they were subjected there was a serious difficulty about finding guards; it was hard to see some score of able-bodied men doing nothing when every bayonet was of value. One of them was selected, for committing a trifling offence, taken out, tried, sentenced, and flogged in front of his fellow-prisoners. He turned out to be a wretched cur—a not unusual occurrence—and howled and yelled for mercy. \*But the punishment was effectual. That night every prisoner shouldered his rifle and did “sentry-go” with the rest, and never a murmur was heard again. Indeed, so exemplary was their conduct, that most of them were released before their terms of imprisonment had expired.

Before army reform became a fashionable plaything with civilians, our old soldiers had fenced round flogging with so excellent a restriction that, practically, none but the thoroughly bad characters were liable to the “cat.” It was managed in this wise:—

All soldiers were divided into two classes, and those only in the second class could be flogged. Every recruit on joining found himself in the first class. Crimes were also divided into two classes: the first including the lighter, the second one the graver cases; and for a soldier to be liable to flogging, he must be in the second class, and commit an offence in the second class also. A man reduced to the second class could regain his previous position by good conduct.

Here was well-explored ground to travel over, if a change was thought necessary. The possibility of reduction might have been made more distant; the calibre of crimes under the second head might have been restricted to those which are disgraceful, and not to be expected from young men of the class which

it was wished to attract. But no; reform again, to be anything, must be red-hot. And so we got total abolition of flogging, and the scenes at Alexandria and elsewhere in Egypt, on which it is not our purpose to enlarge.

We have stated that the reason given for the abolition of flogging was, that the existence of so degrading a punishment acted as a deterrent of enlistment among the better classes; and we said that the sentiment was all talkee-talkee. It is not flogging that stops recruiting; we have abolished it, and with it the requisite number of recruits; but it is uncertainty, distrust, the inability to comprehend the various scales laid down now as the measure of a recruit’s service. As Lord Bury said in the debate already alluded to,—“It is most desirable that a recruit should know with certainty what he has to expect on entering the army. It is proposed that a recruit shall enter the Guards for three years; that then he shall have the option of enlisting for seven years; then for twelve; and finally, shall be able to complete his twenty-one years. Thus there are four terms of enlistment proposed on complicated conditions which will never be understood by recruits.”

Or, take a case in point: an excellent sergeant comes up to the “orderly room” and asks for his discharge. “But,” says his colonel, “you have only ten years put in, and have the option of extending it to twenty-one; surely you won’t throw away that chance?” “Well, you see, sir,” says the sergeant, “by these new rules, if I take on again, and at any time misconduct myself, I can be turned adrift without a penny; the best of men are liable to make a slip, and I can’t risk it.” So off he goes, and the army loses a good man.



Or again: an officer has an excellent servant whom he wishes to keep above all things, but the man's "short service" term is up, and go he must. Just then—it happened this year—comes out a War Office circular stating that certain soldiers can re-engage for "long service," and amongst them officers' servants. Off go master and servant to the orderly room, to tender a request for re-engagement, when the following conversation ensues:—

"Colonel. So you wish to re-engage?"

"Tommy A. Yes, sir, I do.

"Colonel. But I don't think you can; you don't come under the circular.

"Tommy A. Yes, sir, I do; I'm Captain Binks's servant.

"Colonel. Ah, yes; but Captain Binks is with his regiment, and the circular says the servants of officers *serving at the depot* can re-engage; I'm sorry I can't take you;" and the man retires wondering much what is the distinction between the servants of officers in a regiment who may happen to be serving now at the depot, now at headquarters. Is it not uncertainties, we almost called them "after-dinner niceties," such as these, which perplex the intending recruit, and drive him to grind at another mill?

We come next to the "linked battalion" of Mr Cardwell, now transformed into the "double battalion" of Mr Childers; by which the recruit, on joining one regiment, is, when posted in its ways and acquainted with its officers, arbitrarily transferred to another, with the possibility of some more "battledore and shuttlecock" work, as far as he is concerned, throughout his whole army service.

Granting that it was a useful reform to double existing regi-

ments, and not convenient to double the army at the same time, we cannot but be struck with the common-sense arguments against such a resolution. We know that before this was arrived at, the *pros* and *cons* had been thoroughly thought out; and that the scheme, as it stands, was the result of much study. But it was the War Office, with a lawyer at its head, and a gathering of specialists at his heels, that did the study. No wonder that this legal and scientific gathering did not see the lion in the way. For standing ever before the best meant reforms of these men was *esprit de corps*, the very breath of the military body,—a factor in a soldier's life so important as to have been eulogised in several pages of glowing letterpress by "our only general." The scientific part of the army may think somewhat lightly of its influence, but with the fighting part, be assured, as Lord Wolseley said, it is all-powerful. Once put men into a regiment, and whatever belief they have in themselves is transferred to it. It is their home; it feeds and clothes them; it provides warm beds in winter; and a shilling a-day to rattle in their pockets. Better still, it brings them nearer to that brighter land of gentlefolks, where money jingles ceaselessly; and the glimpse they catch of its ways is pleasant, and sometimes tangible. There is no Englishman alive who has the interests of the soldier and of the nation more at heart than the Duke of Cambridge; and he said lately, when commenting on the failure of the new system,— "People have an idea that a soldier is a sort of man who does not care where he goes or what he does. He perhaps does not care where he goes, but he likes to be with the men he has made friends

with. Men are not drafted about in the cavalry, and so men can always be got for the cavalry. Men, when enlisted, do not so much care where they go; but, once in a regiment, they count to stay in it and remain with their comrades."

We know that courtiers who are constantly under the personal influence of dukes or kings, stick pretty close to those dignitaries—believing very much indeed in them—knowing that it is from them that much advancement can proceed. And it is just the same with poor Tommy Atkins and his own immediate officers. *Esprit de corps* is a feeling having deep root in the English peasants' hearts. There has been the squire of the village with his bounties at Christmas-tide, or his word of advice or assistance in time of misfortune; or there is the millowner who lives in a fine house away from the "works," but not too far to listen to the complaints of his deserving workpeople. Radicalism and agitators are fast "scotching" the feeling, and will one day reap the whirlwind when the classes let loose look back in vain for its restraining power. But the feeling is still alive amongst us, and is hard to break down altogether. Its existence dates back behind history, and should be held sacred; an ascertained fact which no theories should meddle with.

Many of us have read in Scottish history of the men of a Highland regiment, who, more than one hundred years ago, when ordered to be transferred to another which hailed from Glasgow, received the order with indignation, and to a man refused to "put on the breeches," declaring they would rather die than be compelled to do so—a threat they carried out but too faithfully. As an eyewitness de-

scribes: "The Highlanders were posted with their backs to a row of houses, with a stone wall on their right hand. The Fencibles demanded a surrender; but the Highlanders bid them defiance, and bade them do their worst. The Fencibles then presented, and in a moment the firing began, which lasted about a minute; but in that fatal minute the whole rank was laid flat on the ground."

We have spoken only of the material advantages from which may spring the feeling we call *esprit de corps*—those which present themselves first of all to the young soldier. But it must not be thought that we limit the existence of so subtle a thing to so gross a cause. There is that within a man which good meals, rattling shillings, and warm beds do not affect. These are accessories, as the richly manured mould is to the rose which springs from it.

No one will accuse us of hinting that these poor Highland lads were willing to die rather than join the "Long-coats," because Scotch dinners were better than English ones. They did object to join another regiment because they believed that "1000 such men as themselves could drive 10,000 men to hell, in a just cause!"

Better far let "linked battalions" or "double battalions" fall through, even if we have to pay a little more money, than sacrifice the feeling which prompted such noble words as these.

A recognised and essential part of the English army is the "regimental officers,"—a class which has been getting most of the kicks and very few halfpence for some time past; indeed at one moment it seemed probable that it would have to be reformed away altogether. But luckily for the regimental officer, Tel-el-Kebir came off, and

with it came also a change of tune.

Not so very long before, Lord Wolseley had told them in the 'Nineteenth Century' some very plain-spoken words about themselves, and an unwholesome flavour had been left in their mouths. Why the article which pointed out the shortcomings of the regimental officers ever saw the light, it is not worth our while to inquire: it did appear, and, like the previous reforms which we have glanced at, proved itself to be so red-hot as to require plunging into very cold water. For Lord Wolseley is credited with having said that, "had he not known of what stuff the regimental officers were made, he would not have attempted to attack Tel-el-Kebir as he did;" and it would be interesting to know at what particular period this complete change of front in his sentiments occurred. Are we to believe, then, that the bitter words of the 'Nineteenth Century' article stung the culprits into the immediate mending of their ways; or is it that the new lines upon which our army has been reconstructed have had such a speedy and happy result?

It is a question which we need not discuss further. We are content that the course of events has blotted out the objectionable letter-press, while the fact will remain for all ages, that no finer trait in a nation's character ever shone out more brightly than did the conduct of our English regimental officers, who, on that early morning in September, by their acknowledged skill and bravery, won for their bitterest calumniator his greatest victory.

In advocating "short service," the bait invariably dangled before the public has been the formation of a large reserve; and the bait

was so far successful that the shiest fish rose at it reluctantly. But the stern rhetoric of figures now proves the reserve to be delusive, for less than a third of the men promised by Mr Cardwell's algebra as a product of his system, has become available; while Lord Hartington in his speech on the Army estimates is reported to have said, in explanation of the marked falling off in recruiting, that "the calling out of the reserve men had a tendency to check recruiting, because the withdrawal of 10,000 men from industrial occupations, of course provided additional opportunities of employment for that class of men who would come forward to enlist in the army." As the Duke of Cambridge says, "Reserves are capital things; but if we have no army, where are reserves to come from?" We seem to remember a phrase which was applied to the reserve on its first formation, that it was only to be available in case of "grave national danger;" but if small wars, such as that lately waged in Egypt, are to represent "grave national danger" to our island, then the sooner we knock under and pay tribute to a protecting Power the better.

Seriously speaking, the reserves were called out in order that the regiments ordered on service, after three or four hundred boy-soldiers apiece had been left behind, might land with sufficient men in their ranks capable of marching half-a-dozen miles, and not absolutely ready to bolt at the report of their own rifles.

The territorial system, the creation of warrant officers, the publication of the advantages of serving her Majesty, and the other red-hot reforms which we have glanced at, were to deluge our ranks with recruits; so many were to flock to the colours that we were to be

dainty in choosing our food for powder. Yet the Army Recruiting Report for last year shows a falling off of some 2500 men, or nearly six regiments on the lowest establishment.

The Inspector-General admits that Mr Childers managed to obtain the necessary number of recruits by enlisting some 4000 or 5000 youths of eighteen; and he complacently assures us that the system was a correct one, and that a large number of "promising young men, likely to make effective soldiers, are rejected at a time of life when their inclinations lead them to follow the army,"—a suggestion echoed by Lord Hartington in the speech already quoted, when he told us that "recruiting and medical officers will be allowed greater discretion, and will not be compelled to refuse recruits." There is nothing so elastic in a boy's mind as the matter of his own age. We remember, shortly after the regiments left for Egypt, going through the ranks of the boy-soldiers left behind by one of them, and asking a lad who appeared younger than the rest what his age was. "Fourteen years, sir," was the answer at once. It was no doubt an exaggeration, but it was nearer the mark than nineteen, the then legal age of enlistment. How far a like elasticity can go with recruiting and medical officers after Lord Hartington's words, remains to be seen. Enlist boys by all means, but enlist them as boys and not as soldiers. As the Duke says, "They should correspond to boys in the navy, and the army should train boys to be soldiers as the navy trains boys to be sailors." "Ah! but the expense!" screams the War Office. But it is better to add another million to the estimates and secure efficiency, than to sit down in silence under the semi-comic motion of Sir Wilfrid

Lawson which we heard not long ago, "That the total charge for the army be omitted, as it is no longer of any use."

Yet when Lord Hartington made his statement he must have seen an article by Sir Lintorn Simmons in the previous number of a monthly periodical, in which was clearly stated the awful "waste" consequent on the enlistment of young boys, and that the proportional cost of a soldier enlisted at eighteen is nearly double that of one enlisted at twenty. Surely the words and figures of so tried an officer should be weighed and respected, even though it be at the expense of the civilian's "fool's paradise," to the inheritance of which the noble statesman has succeeded.

The deficiencies in our regular army, and the constant changes which have become necessary to reform "red-hot reform," have put the militia very much in the background of late; yet our "constitutional bulwark," as War Ministers delight to call it, has not escaped the general meddling, and is suffering from the same symptoms as its bigger brother. We have seldom heard a sadder admission than that made by Lord Morley, in answer to the question about the auxiliary forces: "The militia is 20,000 men below its strength, and the militia reserve 20 per cent under its establishment."

The attempt to make a militiaman into a regular soldier has failed, as any one who knows the former could have predicted. As was said in the House of Lords lately, "It has become a species of official watchword to insist on the amalgamation of the regular and the auxiliary forces;" and in the attempt to amalgamate, the line has lost most of its best non-commissioned officers and many of its most efficient officers, who have gone to educate "phantom battal-

ions," at the expense of making the parent battalions "phantoms" also. Recruits are now to be drilled at depot centres into the third and "phantom" fourth battalions of their territorial regiment, instead of in their own county town and under their own officers—the result being a very great falling off in the number of recruits.

Yet Lord Morley, in the blandest tones, assures us that the change just alluded to is made on philanthropic grounds, "to enable the recruit to drill when it is most convenient to himself; to enable him to suit his preliminary drills to the requirements of his civil employers; leaving the recruit with the absolute option of doing as he likes"—a programme objected to most wisely "as affecting discipline at the very onset. If some recruits prefer to drill at one time, and some at another, how can any system be properly carried out?"

Lord Morley further remarked that the diminution in the number of recruits had equally taken place in battalions that were trained under the old system as in those who came under the new one, and deduced from this fact that the falling off is not a consequence of the change. But the noble lord can have but slight acquaintance with the working classes if he means such an answer as anything but an official platitude.

Those classes do not read books, but every one amongst them takes his newspaper, which he spells through in the evening or on Sundays, from the advertisements on the first page to the printer's address at the bottom of the last one; and country newspapers know the classes by which they are read, and appeal to their interests accordingly. A vast amount of talking goes on in English cottage homes; news circulates freely; strangers

from the next county are frequent, and are always welcome for the news they bring; and the man who imagines such people ignorant of everything but the affairs of their own village, is very far out indeed. With them the annual training was an institution as old as the hills. It meant a month's absence from work, a pleasant outing under canvas on a breezy hillside, or in the tumble-down barracks in the county town, where there were crowds of smartly dressed girls to admire their red coats, and where they could get nightly glimpses through the mess-room windows of their officers, living like gentlemen, in a paradise of full glasses and piled-up dishes. But now the pleasant picture is changed; for the scheme of Mr Childers to assimilate the militia with the line regiment territorially attached to its county, is perfectly well known to every one of them. It may happen that their own regiment still goes through its annual training under the old rules; but in the next county "them new dodges" have come in, and Johnny Chawbacon and Ralph Roughstick have been at "them new-fangled barracks, and been drilled that rough alongside the sodgers till they might just as well have been a lot of mummies!" If this happens to the next militia regiment, it will be their turn soon; and so the lads won't enroll, while those already enrolled begin to think it time to get out of it, and so swell the "waste" by absence or desertion.

There is nothing more distasteful to human nature than uncertainty; and it is stronger among the working classes than amongst those whose education has fitted them to seek for and understand its cause; and Lord Cranbrook, during the debate alluded to, has expressed, as fully as words are

capable, the feeling most prominent with all soldiers, whether officer or private, linesman or militiaman,—“the necessity for giving both the army and the militia alike some period of rest, so that men may know what they have to expect. Nothing has more checked recruiting than the continual changes that are made, and which are so rapid and so constant as to cause the utmost disquiet. I hope that we have at last come to the time when the army and the militia may understand that they are upon a footing which will not be disturbed for many years.”

And when Lord Morley, a little later, told us that “the policy of the War Office is not to entrap young men into the army under false pretences, but to induce them to join it by letting them know exactly its favourable terms,” we believed him, and said that the War Office was on the right road at last. Alas for our credulity! On perusing the “favourable terms,” we find them of so complicated a nature—as Lord Bury has shown, indeed, in a former quotation—that we at once “gave it up.” Is it any wonder that raw country lads who aspire to the rank of Tommy Atkins give it up too, and with it the service?

We have not alluded to the reforms which have made the Medical Department what it is, as too painful for discussion; but the revelations before the Committee on the management of our hospitals in Egypt have been published, and the sad story is known all the world over. A doctor used to be a self-reliant man, knowing that he had power at his back to enforce his treatment being carried out as he wished; and his patients knew this too, and relied on him and his medicine, and so half of it was taken for their good before the

first dose was ever poured out. But now as much organisation is required before administering a blue pill, as in setting an army-corps in the field; and we have seen in Egypt, where the new system was in full swing, the doctors dependent on the Ordnance, the Ordnance on the Commissariat, the Commissariat on the Transport, and the Transport on the War Office at home; the sick and wounded all the time lying in their dirty clothes on dirtier floors, their faces black with flies, their hands and limbs grimy from the battlefield, because there were no basins to wash them in; while the Commander-in-Chief, on visiting them, apparently had not the power to sweep the whole wretched red-tape routine of cruelty out of the windows, but was content to order a supply of fly-whisks, the bill for them to be sent in to himself.

Before reform grew red-hot, when each regiment relied on its own doctors, such a state of things did not occur; but it cost money, and so the War Office introduced another, which costs less, imagining that Englishmen are content to watch without a wriggle their soldiers suffer, in order that they can pat with complacency the few odd shillings the “save-all system” has put into their pockets.

We have glanced at some of the salient features of army reform, omitting the many minor details which have formed part of the scheme, coming and going, appearing and disappearing in ceaseless change, until the books containing them can contain the erasures no longer. Enough has been said to convince the impartial reader that too much of all this so-called reform has been red-hot.

To sum up in a few words, we have,—

1. Abolition of purchase; by which a great injustice has been

done to a body of men having as much right to expect justice as any other class among Englishmen.

2. Short service, which has left our army in a state of disintegration—with a deficiency of 8500 men at home, of 4941 in India, of 20,000 men in the militia, and a militia reserve 20 per cent under its strength; while the head of the army tells us that it is all nonsense going in for “short service,” unless we adopt conscription also.

3. The limitation of officers' age; necessitating the creation of a non-descript rank to prevent the total extinction of another.

4. The territorial titles; creating confusion, and so practically ignored when work has to be done, without the promised advantage of attracting recruits.

5. Abolition of flogging; with the meaningless threat of “death or nothing” which has supplanted a wholesome measure.

6. The “double battalion” system; which has nearly extinguished *esprit de corps*.

7. The allegation of inefficiency against regimental officers; allowed now to have been a mistake.

8. The failure to create a reserve at all equal in numbers to that calculated upon.

9. The incessant changes in the terms offered to intending recruits rendered necessary by the adoption of untried theories, inducing distrust, and consequent deficiency.

10. The distaste for amalgamating the militia with the line, as attested by a marked diminution in the strength of militia regiments.

11. The breakdown in the Medical Department, and the consequent suffering entailed on our soldiers.

Now, as we said first of all, the effort of army reformers has been to provide a “professional army,” and before entering into the question of

whether the result has been found equal to expectation, it may be well to inquire into what is meant when we talk about a “professional army.”

We can understand that in other professions the term means that the members of them know their work. In the army it is held to mean that every one knows everybody's work as well as his own.

In the law it is considered sufficient if the men who have adopted a particular branch of the subject make themselves masters of its ramifications: the equity man knowing how to weigh the evidence put forth in affidavits; the common-law barrister wielding the terrors of cross-examination. In medicine, the surgeon who can take up an artery skilfully is not thought wanting if he leaves the niceties of the medicine-bottle to the physician. But in the army the man, to be professional, must be everything: he must have a smattering of bridge-building, and of the construction of “splinter-proofs”; he must know about initial velocity, and the impact of moving bodies; he must be able to estimate to a man the numbers composing a mixed force which he sees pass a keyhole in a given number of minutes; he must be able to construct a pentagon or a blockhouse at call; he must have studied the tactics of Napoleon, and be able to dig a “broad-arrow” cooking-trench,—we allude now to cavalry and infantry as the two branches of the service most rattled about in this new craze after a “professional army.” Yet both branches have their specialty: the cavalry their horses, and the duties required from men on horseback; the infantry their men, and—nothing more. We educate men to dig trenches and make powder-magazines; others to fire our guns and watch the effect of their shots:

why can't we see that it is of just as much importance to educate others to know their men and to be known by them?

Of course we are told that a man should be ready to meet any emergency; but a man who has been educated to lead his own men, will not make a worse powder-magazine on a pinch than will the same man who has passed a qualifying examination in fortification, while he will lead his men to defend it a great deal better. Surely men are as important a factor in armed science as are "bombproofs" or "banquettes"!

Our reformers say that the study of these branches of the art insensibly educates the officer to command his men: but we say, No! they abstract him from intercourse with his fellows; and association, which begets the greatest power an officer has over his men, is lost.

When the day comes to lead men against the parapets of a future Tel-el-Kebir, whom will the men follow best—the officer who has been with them at daily parade ever since they joined the regiment; who has played cricket with them in summer, and football in winter; who has done "hare" to their "hounds" in paper-chases, and helped them in their evening entertainments,—or the one who comes among them on occasional parades, looking pale, and complaining that it is the study of Jomini or Hamley which occasions his debility? It is right enough that men should read up the subjects connected with their profession, and many men do so, and qualify highly in all, while they find time for their ordinary duties. But to attempt to educate up the whole to the same level, is to lower the whole. And, above all else, it abstracts from the duties which they owe to their men the very

officers who are the best fitted to attract the men to themselves. What such men want in one way they have in another—possessing the very qualities which are wanting in their fellows who are more adapted to study.

It was said at the time that the reason why the Life Guards were sent to Egypt was to show how unfitted such a corps was to the present conditions of warfare, and so to pave the way for their removal. Yet we are told that in no corps at the "front" was discipline so well kept up, horses better cared for, or men so well fed and bedded, as with the Life-Guards—a fact attributable to the knowledge picked up by their officers during their continual travels in search of sport or novelty, a life which doubtless does more to educate a man into making the best of everything under any circumstances than does the greatest amount of reading up at home.

Let us say, for the sake of argument, that our reformers have succeeded in educating up the whole army to one standard, and that it has become professional. What ensues? A professional man expects to earn sufficient to live upon at the very least, if he sticks to his work: as a rule, he can make a great deal more, and is able to lay up for old age. Let us see how our reformers treat the men who have done what they wished, and become thoroughly professional. Why, they get no more than they did in the old days of cricket and paper-chases, while they have lost all that pleasant social standing which their predecessors enjoyed, and which they looked upon as so much addition to their pay.

The officers have met the reformers half-way. They have studied Jomini and Hamley; they can construct a "spar-bridge" or a "cooking-trench" with equal facility;



they can execute a sketch of the road the men marched this morning, and fill in the distances in miles and furlongs; they can pay the men themselves, fit on their tunics, teach them to shoot, and all the time keep down their own mess-bills to four shillings a-day: they have become professional to a man, and are starving.

"But," say the reformers, "you did not starve in the days when you had the same pay as you get now, and knew nothing." "We did not starve then," reply the officers, "because there were inducements for men who had money of their own to pass through the army: these inducements you have removed, and none but poor men, without a penny beyond their pay, care to grind at the army mill which you have set up. You abolished purchase, because you said the army belonged to the officers, and not to Mr Cardwell; you tell us plainly that rich men are not wanted now—they are too independent; and the multitude applaud the sentiment, as is meant that they should; when we know that, with the tinsel stripped off, it is your way of saying, 'What we want is a set of poor, under-paid drudges, who will do anything they are told, because they must.'"

Let us jot down such an account of his income as an officer of the past would have put it, by way of an answer to the remark that his pay is the same now as ever. We will take a captain for our informant, as a man in that rank may be considered to have learned sufficient of his profession to enable him to live.

Pay, at 11s. 7d. per diem,	£211	7	11
Rent of 2 barrack rooms, 2 chairs, and 1 table, 5s. a week,	13	0	0
Invitations in the country, say 50, at 1 guinea per diem,	52	10	0

20 days' shooting, at 2 guineas a day,	42	0	0
10 public dinners, at elections, quarter-sessions, &c., at 1 guinea,	10	10	0
20 balls (most in London, and first-rate), at 4 guineas,	84	0	0
20 dinners in town, with opera to follow, at 2½ guineas,	52	10	0
Total,	£465	17	11

The "professional" captain would total up his income much as follows:—

Pay, at 11s. 7d. per diem,	£211	7	11
Rent of 2 barrack rooms, &c.,	13	0	0
One invitation to county family (only tennis and tea),	0	1	0
2 days' rabbit-shooting (dear at 5s. apiece),	0	10	0
1 public dinner, ordered to go to it (a very bad one),	0	0	0
Total,	£224	18	11

The expenses which are absolutely necessary to incur will be—

11 months and 20 days mess bill, at 4s. a day, (I was on leave the other 10 days.)	£71	0	0
Extra subscriptions (regulation),	6	0	0
Mess subscriptions (8 days, also regulation),	4	12	8
Band subscriptions (12 days, also regulation),	6	19	0
Regulation servant, at 10s. per month,	6	0	0
His wife, washing for me, at 15s. per month,	9	0	0
Rent of 2 barrack rooms, &c.,	13	0	0
Income-tax, at 8d. in the £,	7	1	0
1 glass of beer after a walk (say 2d. for 365 walks apiece),	3	0	10
Champagne at mess (only once, when feeling low),	0	10	0
1 cigar (which I offered to a mess guest, and had to pay for),	0	0	3
Total,	£127	3	9

“Well,” says our reformer, “by your own showing your model officer has £97, 15s. 2d. over and above his expenses.”

Not quite; for here is a second bill which his profession has incurred, and which must be paid:—

1 tunic (spoilt in the last field-day), . . . . .	£8	0	0
2 pairs badges of rank, . . . . .	1	1	0
2 regimental devices, . . . . .	1	10	0
1 mess jacket and waistcoat, . . . . .	6	2	0
1 patrol jacket, . . . . .	4	10	0
1 grey beaver greatcoat and cape, . . . . .	5	5	0
Badges of rank, . . . . .	0	15	0
2 pairs trousers, . . . . .	4	4	0
1 pair gold-stripe trousers, . . . . .	3	10	0
Helmet and case, . . . . .	2	18	0
Forage cap (with badge), . . . . .	1	8	0
Glengarry cap (with badge), . . . . .	0	18	0
Crimson sash, . . . . .	1	16	0
Gold dress, sash, and belt (had to be bought when the general dined), . . . . .	7	7	0
Sword belt, . . . . .	1	15	0
Sword (only a tailor's, but the others cost too much), . . . . .	5	5	0
Gold sword knot, . . . . .	0	10	0
White sword knot, . . . . .	0	2	6
Gaiters, . . . . .	0	9	0
Gloves and glove trees, . . . . .	0	11	0
2 pairs regulation side-spring boots (which I never wear except in uniform), . . . . .	3	3	0
Uniform case, . . . . .	2	0	0
Total, . . . . .	£62	19	0

At once the balance in our captain's hands is reduced to £34, 16s. 2d., out of which he has to clothe himself and his servant, travel, and do an occasional theatre. And all this on four shillings a day to keep life in his poor weary body. We do not think the “professional” officer was far wrong when he said that he was starving.

Should he qualify for the staff, accept a transfer to the commissariat, or become a paymaster, he will find the whole of his increase of pay for the first year passed over the counter of a military tailor—each branch of the service

delighting in dress of its own; each again divided into the three changes—full, undress, and mess.

Officers don't expect an increase of pay; but they do expect that all the vexatious items which everlastingly are coming against the pittance they do get should cease. They were well enough in the days when officers paid their own wages and retiring pensions; but now, when a man is told to live on his pay, it is quite another matter.

The infantry officer, on attaining “field rank,” is ordered to do his duty on a horse, and has at once to pay some £50 for the animal, and another £15 for saddling and stable requisites. He gets an allowance which will not support his charger; he has to pay for a groom and his clothing, for shoeing, and veterinary attendance, except in the few large stations where a Government “vet” is kept; while if the horse dies or gets injured, the risk is the owner's, and the loss falls on him. How is the professional officer who lives on his pay to meet these expenses?

In our model officers' list of payments occurs this item, “Band subscriptions, £6, 19s. 0d.” On the principle that “all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” our professional officer seems to indulge in a little music. But added to the entry are the words, “also regulation”; and we know that the indulgence is, after all, only done “by order.” Now, in the old edition of the ‘Queen's Regulations for the Army,’ a well-known paragraph said that “a band is essential to the credit of a regiment,” and went on to point out how it was to be paid for by the officers of the regiment whose credit was at stake. The paragraph created many remarks, but still passed with others to the same effect. Now the sentence which stated the well-recognised

truth about the bands has disappeared, but the method by which they have to be paid for occupies the identical place it always did. Our reformers omit the reason for the necessity of a band as inconvenient to their argument, but retain the clause which orders the officers to pay for it.

An attempt, which has failed, was recently made to order officers to appear in uniform in all places; and many officers would have been pleased enough to comply, were it not for the increased expense. Their present uniform is far more costly, and requires more frequent renewal, than do "plain clothes," to say nothing of its discomfort. And yet the order was put forth with much flourish as another aid to the officer living upon his pay.

This question of dress in the Army is one that cries aloud for reform. We have seen what a multiplicity of costumes the officer has to carry about, with the variations of riding apparel, and much extra lace for extra occasions; and yet no sooner is he ordered abroad to Egypt or Zululand, to do what he is paid for, than he must leave the whole paraphernalia behind him, and purchase an entirely new "kit," to find the things he has left behind him on his return moth-eaten or out of date. Surely it is common-sense to dress our officers in a working-dress, and not parade them before "blank-cart-ridge" in scarlet and gold lace.

And indeed, the absurdity of this constant parading in fine clothes has struck somebody at last, for Lord Hartington told us, in his speech introducing the Army estimates, that a Committee had reported on the advantage of giving officers a working-dress of serge dyed mud-colour, as worn in India, and that our soldiers, already nearly invisible, will become entirely

so. Here again reform is red-hot. It was granted that soldiers needed a working-dress; and so off trots a Committee of War Office spectacles to Plumstead Marshes to have a dozen squares of coloured cloth waved before them, and the thing is done: mud-colour wins the day, and the Committee return to Pall Mall to receive the congratulations of their friends, and to publish just one more circular.

Napoleon once expressed an opinion that in war the moral is to the physical as is three to one. But War Office Committees think their own concentrated wisdom as good or better than his; and so, in place of the "thin red line" which, before it had been reformed away, did at least stand up and show the enemy that it meant fighting, our soldiers are to sneak upon the foe like rabbits through a furze-bush. Will it be much wonder if, when they have imitated its habits successfully so far, they continue to follow the inclinations of the timid animal?

Officers have been before now caught by suchlike plausible statements, and fear greatly that the proposed "working-dress" will be but just one more suit of military millinery added to their wardrobes, with the inevitable tailor's bill six months afterwards. And when once fixed on, cannot the dress be left alone. The continual changes which are made in our officers' uniforms are a serious drain on their purses, and do not assist the professional ones to live on their pay. Within the last two years they have had to find the money for two sweeping changes: the reconstruction of their regimental finery into that of the "territorial battalion;" and the "fad" of sticking a man's rank on his shoulder instead of on his collar.

Among other illegitimate measures which our reformers have in-

troduced to insure a legitimate flow of promotion is one which must end in destroying the edifice it was meant to construct. This is the clause limiting the age up to which officers can continue to serve. Every officer now joining knows that he has a certain number of years to put in: those past, and he must go, and the profession he has adopted will be his no more. His pension will be the same whether he has done well or ill. Worse than all, if he has been lucky in his promotion, and as a young man obtains the command of his regiment, he must quit it for good after four years at the utmost.

What professional man would serve on such terms? Where is the incentive to master the details of a profession when, just as by experience and incessant application he has got it by heart, he knows that he must be turned adrift? his own years do it for him; every birthday is a fresh nail in his coffin; circumstances over which he has no control tell him to go, and he obeys, and withdraws to the town in which he knows the greatest number of friends or relations, and endeavours to eke out a scanty retiring pension by becoming the agent for the sale of bottled beer, and being a terror to his friends and acquaintances in consequence.

And if the younger men feel this, the older ones feel it a great deal more. They feel that they are not wanted; that they are out of place in the new *régime*—they have been told so in so many words; the sooner they get out of it and take their pensions the better. It is not a wise way to educate the rising generation, to see the men who have already climbed the tree they too are climbing, pushed off the topmost branches, and told to think themselves lucky if they "fall soft" and only break a leg or two.

We have allowed, for the sake of

argument, that our army has done what was required of it and become professional; and we have shown how officers are being assisted in their endeavours to fall in with our reformers' wishes; and we trust the argument will bear fruit.

For, in truth, talk as we may, we have not got a professional army; nor are we one jot nearer that end than we were a dozen years ago. What we have got, to leave the men out of the question, is a body of young officers, educated up to the same level as they always have been: they enter the "service," and begin to run the gauntlet of innumerable examinations; they must get through them, they know, or their promotion will be stopped, and they do get through them, somehow or anyhow, certainly not in the way those who instituted them had anticipated, and they emerge from the ordeal with a smattering of many military subjects; but in the name of all that practical education has taught us in this nineteenth century, how much better is the boy who, on a sudden, is called upon to make a bit of a fort to cover his men, and who remembers that the garrison-instructor told him that the "superior slope" should be 1 over 6, or that the width of a "banquette" was 4 feet 6 inches, than another who under the same circumstances builds his fort according to his own common-sense?

Educate our officers by all means, but don't try to make them "Jacks of all trades and masters of none." A system such as our reformers have given us is seen through by the people experimented on, and is apt to beget a feeling which finds vent in the expression "don't care." Now "don't care" is a fatal disease,—one which will destroy any constitution, unless taken in hand at once.

Our reformers will point to Tel-el-Kebir for the proof of their pudding—a victory admitted on all sides, and by Lord Wolseley himself, to have been due to the gallant way in which the officers led the men. But he went out of his way when he sang the praises of the system of which he is the part proprietor, putting down the victory to the ability for fighting displayed by “short service.” We have since learnt that the men who stormed the parapets of Tel-el-Kebir averaged something like twenty-five years in age, and had over four years’ service. The mention of this fact brings us to the end of our paper.

We have given our opinion about Mr Cardwell and Mr Childers, but in fairness to those officials we cannot let all the measure of our censure rest on their shoulders. They took up a complicated machine of which they were entirely ignorant, and did with it what seemed to their unprofessional minds the best both for it and for the people who had need of it. As was natural, they had to rely very much on those about them, and were soon surrounded by clever men, who, being dressed as soldiers, would know something about their own trade and have its interests at heart. And it is on the shoulders of these professional advisers that the blame rests. What War Minister would have pursued his theoretical reforms unless he had been backed up by the people he was reforming? What War Minister would think himself out of the right track when such a practical soldier as Lord Wolseley was at his side, content to fall in with all the pet schemes of his civilian friend, and to stamp each reform with approval, while keeping his own opinions in the background? Ask any soldier outside Pall Mall, and he will tell you that the

man he blames for all this disintegration which has come over our army is the soldier Lord Wolseley. Lord Wolseley not long ago took occasion to disclaim the imputation which had fastened on him that he was a political soldier, who owed his success in life to his Liberal tendencies; but the public have got rather tired of its “only general’s” disavowals of late, and put up this last one with the rest, in which they believed not.

No one denies Lord Wolseley’s talents as a soldier; while every one is sorry to see that so much genius is not content to follow that straight path which is the aim of every true soldier, but is pleased to branch off into the devious short-cuts which political bias offers in its haste to gain the goal. Lord Wolseley has gained the goal, and speedily; but at the price of those feelings of love and devotion which soldiers hold towards their successful Generals. A letter from a Highland soldier which was published lately puts the matter in words so unmistakable, that a few of them are worth taking to heart. He says, “After all the fuss that was made about the war in Egypt, it makes our blood run cold to read of the treatment of the sick and wounded. There was no such mismanagement in the Cabul-Candahar campaign; everything was perfect, because the General had the confidence of every officer and man. The whole of us would lay down our lives willingly for Sir F. Roberts, because we know how unselfish he is.” When a plain “common soldier” writes like that of Lord Wolseley, it will be a bigger feather in his cap than is Tel-el-Kebir, and will make victory a much greater certainty in his next war, than will any number of reforms fired up to red-heat to please the fancy of his political admirers.

## THE LITTLE WORLD: A STORY OF JAPAN.—CONCLUSION.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

## VII.

DR WILKINS had not a large practice, for the health of the youthful foreign community was extraordinarily good; but the few patients he had could boast that they were well taken care of, and received numerous and regular visits from their medical adviser. Since Jervis had been taken ill, the Doctor had seen him at least once a day.

On the day after the M'Bean banquet, where the elder Ashbourne had told the story of Hellington, Dr Wilkins paid his usual visit to Jervis about ten o'clock in the morning. After inquiring about his patient's health, he lighted a cheroot, asked for a glass of brandy-and-soda, stretched himself comfortably in one of the bamboo chairs on the cool verandah, and said with a yawn—

"Well, I have done my day's work. A climate like that of this blessed country does not exist elsewhere! Nobody will be sick here. They should send life insurance agents here; physicians have nothing to do. We were at M'Bean's until nearly three o'clock, and on coming out early this morning I met the two Ashbournes with Gilmore, coming back from a long ride, and looking as bright and fresh as if they had had their regular seven hours' sleep."

"Ah, until three o'clock at M'Bean's! Who won most?"

"We didn't gamble."

"Well, what did you do all night?"

"Daniel Ashbourne told us a story of Limerick."

Jervis remained silent. He was

sitting in a bamboo chair a little behind the Doctor, so that Wilkins could only see his face by turning round.

He waited a few seconds as if he expected an invitation to repeat the Hibernian tale, but when Jervis kept silence, the talkative Doctor began of his own accord. He did not, it is true, give the story in detail like Ashbourne, but he did not, on the other hand, omit a single essential circumstance. Jervis did not interrupt him, and the Doctor was agreeably surprised at the patient attention of his listener.

"So you say Ashbourne knew that man personally?" inquired Jervis in a low voice, when the doctor had ended.

"Knew him? As well as I know you; had seen him hundreds of times," replied Wilkins, turning round to look into Jervis's face.

"Hallo!" he continued, rising, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all."

But Wilkins was determined to fulfil his duties as medical adviser, and the answer of his patient did not satisfy him. So he rose, felt Jervis's pulse and forehead, ordered him a sedative powder, and only went away when the patient expressed a wish to be left alone that he might lie down.

"Lie in this hammock," said Wilkins. "It is cool and fresh out here. I will look in again before dinner."

When Wilkins had gone, Jervis remained motionless for a long time, his usually restless eyes

fixed upon the ground before him. Then he rose, wiped away the perspiration that was moistening his forehead, and with slow and unsteady step entered his room. There he was found by Wilkins when the latter returned towards six o'clock. Jervis now had to undergo another careful examination, and that over, Wilkins said he would send him a few powders, of which he was to take two at once,—two before going to bed and two in the morning. He repeated his advice several times as if it were of great importance, to which Jervis only replied seriously and thoughtfully—"All right, Doctor; all right."

The powders were brought; but Jervis did not take them. He sat down to dinner about seven o'clock, but hardly tasted the food that was placed before him, and retired early to his room, where he remained alone. When the servant brought the lamp he ordered it to be taken away again, telling the man to keep the parlour dark, as the mosquitoes had been very troublesome of late.

Ashbourne's rooms were brightly lighted, and Jervis could distinctly see everything that was going on there. He seemed to take a great interest in this, for he had got out his opera glass, and did not remove his eyes from the house. The two brothers remained alone talking together until nearly nine o'clock, when Thomas sat down at his desk to write, while Daniel, taking his hat and followed by a servant, left the house.

On the following morning Dr Wilkins called as usual on Jervis, and found his patient very much fatigued and in low spirits. In the hope of cheering him up a little, the Doctor told him they had been very merry at the club the night before.

"Daniel Ashbourne," he said, "is a bright cheerful fellow, and for hours and hours he entertained the company with stories from Ireland."

"And what did Thomas Ashbourne say," asked Jervis, "if another talked for such a long time?"

"Thomas had to work for his newspaper, and Dan came alone. We were all very glad to see him, and I am sure you will like him. He is anxious to make your acquaintance, for he is a thoroughbred Irishman, and would like to see the best horseman in the settlement. If it suits you, I will bring him with me to-morrow morning and introduce him."

"No, thanks; I would rather not," replied Jervis calmly. "I am really not well enough just now to take any pleasure in making new acquaintances."

"Well, just as you like," replied the Doctor, adding, after a short pause—"If you care to take a little walk this evening, I would be glad to call for you: I have promised Ashbourne to initiate him into the mysteries of the Yankiro. We have an appointment at nine o'clock, and as we pass your house I will call out for you."

"No, thanks, Doctor; not to-night."

When Wilkins was gone, Jervis walked up and down the verandah for a long time in deep thought. One of his servants came with a message that had been left for him; but the man was frightened at the wild expression of his master's face, and withdrew without speaking to him.

About half an hour later Jervis called his porter and sent him to Yedo to make some purchases. The servant replied that it was very late, and that he could not possibly return the same night. Jervis said it was of no consequence; he

might return next morning. The man was glad to get a holiday in Yedo, and in half an hour was gone. - At nightfall Jervis summoned his Chinese *comprador*, the chief servant of his household, and said to him—

“The porter will not be here to-night. Take care, therefore, that by ten o'clock every light in the house and in the stables is put out. People here are very careless with fire.”

At nine o'clock Jervis was sitting on the dark verandah looking intently towards the brightly lighted dwelling of his neighbour Ashbourne. In one of the rooms he recognised three persons—the two brothers and Dr Wilkins. At half-past nine Thomas sat down to his desk, and the two others left. Jervis heard them talking as they passed his verandah, and saw them take the road across the moor towards the Yankiro, followed by two native servants. The sound of their footsteps was soon lost on the soft turf. For a short time Jervis's eyes followed the two lanterns; these, also, were soon lost to sight in the sultry dark night. Then everything around became deserted, silent, and lonely. The heavens were black; and the sea rolled heavily and gloomily on the shore, with a sound like distant thunder before an approaching storm. Jervis was still on the verandah, breathing hard, listening attentively to the slightest sound. The *comprador* had extinguished all the lights in the house. Everything lay buried in deep, black darkness.

Towards midnight four men—two Europeans and two Japanese—left the Yankiro, and, walking leisurely, took the road to Yokohama. The servants walked in front, lighting up the narrow uneven path-

way with their lanterns, while their masters were engaged in lively conversation. They had reached nearly the middle of the swamp when one of them turned suddenly round, and saw a dark mass leap forward. At the same instant he heard a dull thud, followed by a short terrible shriek, and saw his companion wildly beat the air with his arms, rush forward a few steps, and then fall with his face to the ground.

“Help! Help! Murder!”

The two servants darted back and held up the lanterns. About twenty yards ahead of them they saw a human figure flying across the moor. Two shots from a revolver followed at brief intervals, but the fugitive, apparently, was not hit, and he was soon lost in the darkness of the night.

Thomas Ashbourne was working with open doors and windows when he was startled by a terrible shriek. Then the cry—“Murder! Murder! Help!” resounded through the silent night. He rushed out on the verandah, and saw several lanterns, which, in the swamp, were flickering and moving to and fro. In a few seconds he was outside, rushing towards the place.

Stretched on the ground, with a wide gaping wound in his back, a man was lying; by his side were Wilkins and the two servants.

“He has been murdered,” said the Doctor, lifting up his pale terror-stricken face.

The murdered man was weltering in his blood, giving still some signs of life.

“What can I do, Doctor?” shrieked Thomas Ashbourne. “For God's sake, help! Oh, Dan! My brother Dan!”

He knelt down and took hold of the hand which was already grow-



ing cold, and which, in the last deadly struggle, had clutched the damp heavy soil.

Wilkins could say nothing. The blow, which seemed to have been given with a butcher's axe, had split

the back from the left shoulder to the middle of the spine. The dying man uttered a deep groan, drew a heavy agonised breath—there was a convulsive quivering of the limbs—and then all was over.

## VIII.

Most of the members of the English community were assembled in the large office of the English Consulate, where a court had been constituted, with Mr Mitchell as chairman, to make public inquiry into the murder of Mr Daniel Ashbourne of Limerick, Ireland. The witnesses waited in an adjoining room. They were—Doctor Wilkins, James Jervis, with his Chinese *comprador*, Walter M'Bean, and Arthur Gilmore.

Out of regard to their feelings, Thomas Ashbourne, the brother of the murdered man, and Patrick Inish, had been privately examined, but the Consul opened the public sittings by reading their depositions. It was stated that Mr Daniel Ashbourne had no quarrel of any kind with any native, so that the murder could not possibly be the work of personal revenge.

Dr Wilkins was the chief witness. He related what had occurred on the swamp, and stated that Daniel Ashbourne's behaviour in the Yankiro had been perfectly quiet and orderly. He maintained that the murdered man had given no cause to any one there to attack him.

"How do you account, Dr Wilkins, for the circumstance that neither Daniel Ashbourne nor yourself nor the servants noticed the approach of the murderer?"

"The night was dark; the lanterns being only a short distance ahead of us, the murderer could get behind us without being seen. I was chatting with Ashbourne,

and the servants in front were also talking. It was, therefore, possible for us not to hear a slight noise; but as it has been proved that the murderer wore sandals, and as the turf is very soft, it is probable that he approached us without making any noise whatever. The little I did hear was, in my opinion, the rustling of the assassin's dress as he lifted his arm to deal the blow."

"What did you see of the murderer?"

"He was a man who leapt away like a wild stag, and in a moment had disappeared into the night. I had no time to aim at him, although my revolver was ready. He ran in the direction of the Japanese quarter. He wore the usual dark-coloured native garment, but he seemed to me very tall for a native. I am inclined to think it was a *s'mo*" (wrestler).

"And you say, Dr Wilkins, that the murderer made use of a Japanese sword?"

"Without doubt. There is no modern European weapon with which one could deal such a blow as killed Daniel Ashbourne."

"Have you anything more to say?"

"No."

After Dr Wilkins, Mr Jervis was called into the witness-box. He was still suffering, and the court permitted him to sit down. Jervis indeed looked very ill. He replied to the usual preliminary questions as to his identity in a low voice, but without hesitation.

"James Jervis, you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"So help me God."

"Kiss the book."

Jervis complied.

"Now what do you know, Mr Jervis," asked Mr Mitchell, "about the murder of Daniel Ashbourne?"

"I was asleep, and was suddenly awakened by screams and shouts. Immediately afterwards I heard two pistol-shots fired in quick succession. I stepped to the window and saw several lanterns right before me, about the middle of the swamp. I dressed at once, but not feeling very well, and having no idea that such a misfortune could have occurred, I called my groom, whom I knew to be the swiftest of my servants, and ordered him to run to the spot indicated by the lanterns, and report to me what had happened. The man was sleepy, and it was several minutes before I saw him leave the house. The other servants meanwhile had been roused, and my *comprador* joined me on the verandah. There, at a very short distance from my house, we saw a man, who shot past us at lightning speed, in the direction of the Japanese quarter on the hill. We could see him only for an instant. He was a Japanese or a Chinese, certainly not a European—that I could see even in the moment it took him to fly past us. I called my second groom, and ordered him to run after the man, offering him a good reward if he could tell me what had become of the fugitive. Half a minute later the *betto* was on his track; but a quarter of an hour afterwards he returned breathless, having run half the way to Homura (a village in the neighbourhood of Yokohama) without seeing a living soul. About the same time my first groom returned

and told me of the murder of my neighbour. He had assisted in carrying the corpse to the house of Thomas Ashbourne. That is all I know."

The Chinese *comprador* of Mr Jervis, who could not be sworn in the usual manner, was simply examined for the better information of the court, and, on the whole, confirmed his master's statement. About the appearance of the man who rushed past the house he could say nothing.

"Something like a shadow flew past us. I could not even recognise that it was a man; and in the same moment, when Mr Jervis called my attention to it, it had already vanished. I did not hear any footsteps."

M'Bean, Ashbourne's second neighbour, had little to tell. He had been awakened by the noise and the shrieks, had dressed himself quickly, and had run towards the lanterns, where he found Dr Wilkins, Thomas Ashbourne, and the two Japanese servants. Soon afterwards Mr Jervis's *betto* joined them, and they all carried the body to the house. He had not seen the murderer; but he recollected that he had heard from his house a noise as of some one climbing over a wooden fence: he had paid no attention to it, as he had only one thought—to reach the mooras quickly as possible.

Mr Gilmore, duly sworn, said he had left the club to go home a few minutes before midnight. On turning into his street, he was nearly knocked down by a Japanese who rushed against him. He thought the man was going to attack him, but he leapt like a stag, and disappeared immediately. He was a tall, slim man. He could not see the face, which, in Japanese fashion, was covered with a piece of cloth.

This closed the examination. The court consulted together, and in a few minutes returned the following verdict :—

“According to the unanimous statements of all witnesses, we find that Daniel Ashbourne, of Limerick, Ireland, was murdered on the swamp of Yokohama, in the night

between the 12th and 13th of June, by an unknown person, who, after the deed, disappeared in the direction of the Japanese quarter, and of whom nothing further has been learned. The murder was committed with a sharp, heavy instrument—probably a Japanese sword.”

## IX.

Two days later Daniel Ashbourne was carried to his last resting-place. All the members of the English community, and most of the Germans, Americans, and other foreigners living in the settlement, assembled to pay their last respects to the dead. As chief mourner, behind the coffin walked the unfortunate brother of the murdered man. By his side was Patrick Inish, the faithful Irish servant; and then, in long procession, followed the members of the foreign community.

Jervis had told Wilkins the evening before the funeral that he was very unwell, and that it would be impossible for him to be present. But the Doctor was of opinion that his patient would do well not to absent himself.

“You were seen yesterday at the Consulate, and everybody knows that you can go out. People might make all sorts of unpleasant comments. Take my advice, Jervis, and come. I’ll keep by your side all the time.”

After a little hesitation, Jervis had said that if he could possibly go out he would attend. He had come, but everybody could see how hard it was for him to climb the steep hill which led to the foreign cemetery. He looked pale and distressed. Several times he had to stop for breath, and to wipe away the heavy drops of perspiration that were gathering fast on his

forehead. Everybody felt grateful to him for doing this last honour to Daniel Ashbourne; and many of his acquaintances who had avoided him for weeks shook hands with him, and asked kindly after his health.

The cemetery was in a wonderfully peaceful and beautiful little grove, formerly belonging to a Japanese temple, the ruins of which were still visible. Trees, hundreds of years old, formed with their mighty branches a leafy roof conferring shade and quiet. Entering the churchyard—which seen from Yokohama looked like a citadel—one could look upon the majestic sea spreading its deep blue waters to the distant horizon; to the left, the city of Yokohama; to the right, the mountains of Hakkoni, and, towering above all, the mighty crater of Fusi-Yama. In these three directions the hill shelved down in steep, almost impassable declivities. Crippled trees and stunted brushwood had taken root in the rocky clefts, and a slippery, rich, dark-green moss had covered the sides with a soft velvety carpet. At the foot of the hill were a few fishermen’s huts. The foreign community of Yokohama had surrounded their burying-ground with a high stone wall, and appointed two Japanese watchmen to guard their graves from desecration by the natives.

The coffin in which the remains of Daniel Ashbourne reposed now

stood near the open grave. The clergyman read the burial service, and then the body was lowered. "Dust to dust," and all present approached to throw a handful of earth on the coffin. Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish were the first to pay this last tribute; then they stepped back, and remained standing near the open grave. Ashbourne looked with tearful eyes upon the fresh flowers and green branches which covered all that remained of his brother. The gaze of Inish wandered mechanically from one to the other of the members of the foreign community, as they threw their handfuls of earth on the coffin.

This solemn ceremony had lasted for several minutes, in the midst of profound silence, which was rendered still more impressive by the heavy thud of the earth as it fell upon the coffin. Some of the men could scarcely restrain their tears. Inish saw, as if in a dream, the strange faces that appeared and disappeared in turn at the grave of his master. But suddenly a wild expression animated his hard features. His eyes opened wide, and followed with terrible eagerness a man who was staggering back from the grave. His breast heaved with excitement, his lips moved convulsively — but not a sound came from them. Thus he stood for a moment, a picture of mute terror, till at last, stretching out his right hand, and pointing his trembling finger at Jervis, he stammered out, in a scarcely audible voice, "Hellington!" Then as if his tongue were loosened by some spell, he shrieked—

"Murder! Murderer! Hellington! Help! Help!"

All eyes were for a moment fixed on Inish, and then followed the direction indicated by his finger.

Somebody had suddenly stepped back from the deep circle of the mourners, and disappeared in the grove. The white figure of the fugitive appeared again and again between the trees, like a hunted beast, and was now fast approaching the wall at the spot where it separated the cemetery from the city.

All now started in pursuit. The tomb was deserted; the clergyman alone remained, standing on tiptoe, and watching the chase. One man, however, had not followed the crowd. This was the consular constable, an experienced London policeman, who had captured many a criminal in his time, and who, coolly calculating in the midst of the general excitement that the fugitive could only escape by one way—namely, the small road which led to the settlement—rushed forward to the opening on that road.

Jervis had a good start of his pursuers, and he was now only a few yards from the wall. With the agility of a cat he climbed the top and disappeared on the other side. His pursuers reached the spot where they had last seen him a few minutes later. Only a few succeeded in climbing the wall, and looked down upon a narrow path which ran along the precipice round the graveyard wall.

"He has broken his neck!"

"He is hiding behind the trees. He cannot escape!"

The English consul, calmer than the others, called round him a few of the most intelligent of the foreigners, and proposed some plan of action. Jervis must have run round the narrow path. If they divided in two opposite directions they could not fail to get at him, or drive him to the gate where the constable was keeping watch.

Ashbourne and Inish, who had

listened to the Consul, were the first to reach the other side of the wall; and they were quickly followed by others. Then they separated, one party being led by Consul Mitchell, the other by Ashbourne.

The path from which one could look down the precipice was narrow. The rock went down almost perpendicularly in some places; in others it was still so steep that it seemed impossible for any man to reach the bottom alive. Every step was dangerous; every tree, every corner in the wall, had to be examined carefully; and though Mitchell and Ashbourne led their men with much daring, at least twenty minutes passed before the two met at the gate.

"We have seen nothing of Jervis!" they exclaimed almost simultaneously.

The policeman stated that nobody had gone down by the road. He would answer for that.

"Then he must have fallen from the rock, and we shall find his body below," said Mitchell.

They ran down the hill, but they had to take a roundabout way to get at the huts at the foot of the rock. There everything was quiet. In vain did they look for the mutilated corpse they expected to find.

A few half-naked fishermen were standing at the doors of their huts looking curiously at the heated and excited strangers. One of the natives began to speak, and everybody listened to him.

"Mr Jervis? I know him well. Many a time we have sailed out together in stormy weather. I saw him here in front of my house about half an hour ago. I can't tell how he came there. I heard the rolling of loose stones, and stepped outside, and there he stood before me with bloody hands and

torn dress; but in a minute he was gone. He ran towards Yokohama."

The sun was shining unmercifully; many of the young men felt completely exhausted, and took boats to return to the city. Only Ashbourne, Inish, Mitchell, and the policeman proceeded at a running pace towards Yokohama. Jervis's house was the first to be reached. The fugitive might have entered it without being noticed, if he had come across the swamp, where, at that hour of the day, nobody was to be seen.

The pursuers entered the courtyard; but everything there was quiet and peaceful. The large doors and windows of the house stood wide open, so that one could see through the whole building. In front of the stable sat Jervis's groom smoking a pipe. He rose on recognising the Consul, and professed himself ready to answer all questions to the best of his knowledge.

"Mr Jervis," he said, "had returned a little while before from the graveyard—perhaps an hour ago. He had opened the stable door, and told the groom to saddle Tautai. Then he had rushed into the house and had returned quickly with a little bundle, which he had fastened to his saddle, and had disappeared in the direction of Kanagawa and Yedo."

"What was in the bundle?"

"Japanese clothing and a sword, I think."

"How was Mr Jervis dressed?"

"He wore a light linen suit."

"Was he armed?"

"He had a revolver and a heavy riding whip."

Whilst Mr Mitchell went to the Governor of Yokohama to demand pursuit of the criminal by the Japanese authorities, Ashbourne and his friends entered the house. In

the little office they found an open safe containing letters, account books, and a considerable sum in ready money. Scattered on the mat were several Japanese gold pieces. Jervis had evidently not forgotten to supply himself plentifully with money. In his bedroom a chest of drawers stood open; a pair of trousers and a light coat, soiled and covered with blood, lay upon the floor. The other rooms were untouched.

Nothing more could be learned from the Japanese servants. They had seen their master enter the house, and concluded by his air that some accident must have happened to him; but they dared not follow him into his bedroom, as Mr Jervis had ordered, once for all, that nobody should enter there without special orders. The statements of these people bore every mark of truth.

The Japanese police did their very best to capture the murderer; but in those days there were no telegraphs or railroads, and Jervis had certainly made the most of the start he had of his pursuers. In the neighbourhood of Yokohama no trace of him could be found.

On the third day after his flight the well-known pony Tautai made his appearance in Yokohama. He seemed to be completely exhausted, and paced slowly through the streets; but when some Japanese ran up to catch him, he showed his old temper by kicking furiously. Shaking his shaggy mane, he then trotted off to his stable, where he allowed himself to be unsaddled, and lay quietly down without touching food.

The Japanese had no difficulty in discovering the road by which the pony had come to Yokohama. In several of the surrounding villages people had seen the odd-looking little white horse, and had tried

to capture it. Towards evening the police reached the tea-house which Jervis had on a former occasion entered to make his toilet. The landlady was evidently embarrassed when she saw the officers. In harsh tones they ordered her to state what she knew, threatening her with imprisonment and torture if she did not immediately confess where Jervis was hidden. The woman threw herself upon her knees, and related in a trembling voice all she knew. The stranger, whose name she did not even know, had been a frequent guest in her house during the previous year. He had come there to drink tea, and also to take a meal occasionally, but as a rule he had asked only for water to bathe his hands and face. He had always paid her well, and he had not been rough and exacting like other foreigners, but had acted like a Japanese gentleman. About three days ago he had come at an unusually early hour. He did not take the saddle off his horse, which was covered with foam, but only asked her to hold it a moment. Then he entered the house, and returned a few minutes afterwards in the dress of a Japanese officer. Immediately remounting, he rode away up the steep path which led to the mountains. On entering the room placed at his disposal she found his white linen suit, which she would give to the police officers. This was all she knew. She was a poor but respectable and law-abiding woman, and she therefore hoped they would not punish her.

Not satisfied with this statement, the officers took the poor trembling creature to Yokohama, to undergo another examination in the presence of the English consul. But her statement bore so unmistakably the stamp of truth, that Mr Mitchell himself recommended her instant liberation.

Beyond the tea-house all trace of the murderer was lost. No European had been seen in any of the surrounding villages. All inquiries failed. The English Government offered a reward of five hundred *rios* (about £200) for the capture of the criminal, but without success.

In looking over Jervis's papers, it was found that he had lived for some time in America. It appeared that he had taken the name of Jervis some four years previously. Nothing could be discovered regarding him during the interval between his flight from Limerick and that time. The passport which he brought to Yokohama had evi-

dently belonged to somebody else,—probably to some broken-down adventurer whom Jervis had met in California. Whether this wanderer was the same Jervis whom Mitchell had known in Singapore could not be ascertained.

Weeks and months passed by. The dead are soon forgotten, and the members of the foreign community would scarcely, perhaps, have thought of Daniel Ashbourne, whom they had known only for a few days, had not the mournful faces of Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish repeatedly reminded them that a hideous murder had been committed, and still remained unavenged.

## X.

There was great excitement in those days in Japan. The little insular empire which, separated as it was from the rest of the world, had developed its resources in a peculiarly independent manner, had suddenly been visited, and, as it were, conquered by a small party of foreigners. The Government, however, suffered the intrusion, knowing that in any conflict with the Western Powers it would unavoidably be defeated. But the open and the secret enemies of the Tycoon spoke of the grand old times when Japan was the proud empire of "The Rising Sun," strong enough to drive out aliens who came uninvited to settle on its soil. They accused the Tycoon of having humiliated Japan. They reproached him with being the descendant of the usurper who in a treacherous manner had assumed the divine powers of the legitimate Emperor of Japan, the Mikado. They demanded his resignation, and threatened, if he would not yield, to overthrow him by force. Discontent was greatest in the pro-

vinces of Satzuma and Mito, where rebellion was preached in the open streets.

Minamoto, the reigning Tycoon, tried in vain to quiet the unruly princes. His requests and admonitions were answered by their massing large bodies of armed men on the frontiers of their provinces. Suddenly Minamoto died a violent death, and the Daimio of Mito was accused of being his murderer.

The successor of the Tycoon, Prince Yesada, was a minor, and Prince Ikamono-Kami was appointed *gotairo* or regent. But then the long-threatened rebellion broke out. Japan resembled a vast open camp, in which the followers of the Tycoon and of the Mikado stood face to face with drawn swords. Yokohama was filled with news of bloody encounters, in which sometimes the troops of the Government, and sometimes those of the rebels, were victorious. But the chief interest for the members of the foreign community lay in the circumstance, that in the reports of many of the battles there appeared the

names of Europeans and Americans who were fighting in the ranks of the rebels. Some of them were well-known adventurers who had already, in China, taken part in the Taiping rebellion.

The governor of Yokohama had repeatedly complained to the consuls that foreigners were engaged with Daimios against the Government, and by their superior military knowledge greatly increased the difficulty of suppressing the rebellion. The European officials were, however, powerless to do anything in this matter. They knew that every now and then some of their countrymen suddenly disappeared from Yokohama, and were probably serving in the rebel army in Satzuma or Mito; but they had no means of preventing this. It was known also, through reports, what kind of life these adventurers led in the Japanese camp. They were employed as officers, and enjoyed high pay and great respect; but, on the other hand, much was expected of them. They were employed in the most dangerous expeditions. Their refusal to act would have been followed by immediate dismissal from the army—in other words, by surrender to the Tycoon's army, which meant death. It required, therefore, an uncommon amount of personal courage in these foreign soldiers to enter the camp of the rebels; for every one in Japan knew that if the natives cannot be compared in boldness and active courage to the European races, they surpass the latter in their apathetic contempt of death.

Since the murder of the Tycoon, the *gotairo* had done his best to restore peace, and had taken the most energetic measures against the rebel Daimios. These princes looked upon him as their most dangerous enemy, and would have stopped at

nothing to get him out of the way, either by force or by cunning. The *gotairo*, too, knew that his life was in danger, and only dared to show himself in the streets surrounded by a well-armed body of guards, in whose fidelity and bravery he could trust.

It was on a dull autumn day, about four months after the murder of Daniel Ashbourne, that twelve men coming from different quarters met, as it were by chance, in the neighbourhood of the imperial palace at Yedo. All carried two swords in their belts, a sign that they were noblemen. The weather was cold and stormy; the rain was falling in torrents; the streets around the palace were deserted. After exchanging a few words, these twelve men placed themselves under the portal of the palace of a Daimio, which stood at the corner of a narrow street. It seemed as if they were waiting for the rain to cease; and their presence in the neighbourhood of the palace excited no attention, as the capital was full of noblemen, who could be met at any time of the day or night in the palace quarter.

They had thus waited about half an hour when there appeared at the other end of the street several hundred soldiers marching before a large sedan-chair, which was carried by sixteen strong men. The procession came on slowly in solemn silence. As soon as the group noticed its approach, one of the men, who was about a head taller than any of his companions, stepped forward, and looking cautiously around, gave some whispered instructions. Thereupon the others slowly moved in pairs towards the entrance to the narrow street, where they placed themselves against the walls of the palace, as if to seek shelter under its projecting roof from the storm. They were a set of wild-



looking weather-beaten men, with dark fiery eyes. Only the tallest of them—the leader—was of a remarkably light colour, the paleness of his countenance being intensified, as it were, by comparison with the dusky faces of his companions. The whole appearance of this man was very striking. His tall, slim figure, and his noble bearing, were remarkable, and his step was as light and elastic as that of a panther.

The princely procession approached. In front walked four heavy, gigantic men, the *s'mo*, or wrestlers of the prince. They had a slow rolling gait, and looked contemptuously upon all around them. These four big fellows were followed by archers, lancers, and also by standard-bearers, showing the well-known and dreaded coat-of-arms of the *gotairo*. The soldiers, who immediately followed, were wrapped in large cloaks, which protected their dress and costly swords from the pouring rain. By the side of the chair walked two servants carrying a long box which contained the two swords of the prince, who carelessly reposed on his seat.

When the procession had approached within a few steps of the narrow street where the twelve armed men were watching, their leader uttered a short sharp cry. At the same moment eight of his companions rushed upon the chair, whilst the others remained with him at the corner of the street. In an instant the file of the body-guard was broken through, and some of the chair-bearers cut down: the chair fell heavily to the ground. The regent, looking out of the window of the sedan, called for his sword, but before the weapon could be handed him, a terrible blow had almost severed his head from his body, and he fell dead.

His followers had been unable to save their master's life. Enveloped in wide cloaks, they had been slow in getting out their swords; but now they rushed with a furious howl upon the murderers. After a short fight five of these were struck down, while the surviving three pushed their way towards the entrance of the lane, where their leader and his other companions were keeping watch.

Thus far these four had only been spectators of the struggle; but after helping their surviving companions to escape into the side street, they now stood forth ready to do or die. They fought against overwhelming odds while covering the flight of their companions; but they kept their ground without any sign of weakness. One of them had already fallen, fatally wounded, the others were bleeding from numerous wounds. Suddenly there again came a hoarse sharp cry from their leader, and at the same time he and two of his companions, who were still able to run, turned and fled. The two men were quickly overtaken and cut down; but the leader had a start which became evidently greater with each of his mighty leaps. He had passed two streets, and now he turned, like one who is quite sure of what he is doing, into a third on his left. But having advanced about two hundred yards, he suddenly stopped. He had run into a *cul de sac*. He turned to retrieve this fatal mistake. Too late. His enemies were already upon him with furious yells. Once more he turned his back upon them, looking to the right and left to find an escape; but the closed doors and windows on both sides of the street formed an unbroken and impenetrable wall. And now he had come to the end of the

street and to the end of his tether. Up to the last moment he had not despaired of being able to save himself, and he had struggled for dear life. But now he knew that all was over, and that he must die. With panting breast, and back against the wall which closed the street, he seized his broadsword with both hands, and waited for his pursuers. But they dared not approach him. A terrible expression of despair and power was in that strange white face. The hunted man stood immovable, at bay. All was quiet, very quiet, as on the day in the cemetery when Patrick Inish, pointing to the murderer of his master, had called "Murder! Hellington! Murderer!" The howling wind and the splashing rain seemed to carry these words to the ear of the murderer. . . . An arrow whizzed through the air, and buried itself in the left breast of the fugitive. For a second he remained motionless. Then his hands opened, and the sword slid from his grasp. Like a caged eagle's wings, his arms rose slowly and then fell powerless by his side; a deathly pallor covered his face like a veil; a trembling went through his whole frame; once more his arms rose feebly and again dropped, and at the same moment he fell heavily forward on his face, breaking in his fall the arrow that had pierced his heart.

On the day after the murder of the *gotairo*, the foreign consuls in Yokohama received a visit from the Governor, who informed them, in a business-like way, of the tragic event. The Governor paid a longer visit to the English consul than to his colleagues, as, after telling of the murder of the *gotairo*, he added there that the chief of the

assassin's band had been recognised after his death as a foreigner, and was supposed to be the missing Jervis, the murderer of Daniel Ashbourne. A Japanese officer, formerly stationed in Yokohama, had gone so far as to affirm this positively. Under these circumstances the Governor thought it his duty to inquire whether the Consul would take the trouble to ride up to Yedo, or whether he preferred to have the dead body brought down to Yokohama in order to examine it.

Mr Mitchell expressed himself in favour of the former course, adding that he would leave at once. To this the Governor replied that a mounted escort would be placed at his disposal in half an hour.

Mitchell had at first intended to ask Thomas Ashbourne to accompany him, but he abandoned the idea. Poor *Djusanban* had become a sad and quiet man since the death of Daniel Ashbourne, and Mitchell wished to spare him the painful sight of the slain murderer of his brother. He therefore asked young Gilmore to go with him; and the latter agreeing to it, the two Englishmen, followed by four Japanese officers, arrived after a sharp ride of three hours in Yedo, where the chief of their escort led them to the palace of the Tycoon.

It was already dark when they approached the vast building surrounded by strong walls, which, according to Japanese ideas, made it an impregnable fortress. Having passed the drawbridge they were requested to dismount, as nobody except the Tycoon had the right to enter the palace on horseback. A young officer joined them, and, bowing politely, asked the Consul and his friend to follow him, and led them, without any more words, to the place where the dead man lay.

A gloomy silence reigned in the vast deserted courtyards. Not a human being was visible. At last the party reached a wooden shed, at the door of which were two Japanese servants, with paper lanterns ready, who led the way into a dark room in which the atmosphere was damp and heavy, and at the end of which they placed themselves right and left of a shapeless mass covered with ragged Japanese matting. The officer pushed the cover off with his foot, and a white naked body became visible, as the servants held their lanterns over the quiet face.

"Jervis!" whispered Mitchell and Gilmore. He did not look like a murderer. Death had softened and ennobled that pale countenance which, even at the last moment, had been so terrible to his enemies. A wonderful expression of peace had come over it. On the left side of Jervis's breast there was a little bluish spot, showing where the arrow which pierced his heart had broken off.

The body was buried the next morning in the same place where the other murderers had been laid. There, in the burial-place of criminals — that *one* place on earth where he had still a right to be — Jervis Hellington has now lain for twenty years.

Thomas Ashbourne and Patrick Inish have long disappeared from Japan, and only a few will remember even their names. Inish is dead. After many years Ashbourne conquered the grief which weighed on him. He has returned home, and every year during the season he goes to London, where at the club he meets friends from the East with whom he talks about the "good old Japanese times."

His youthful merriness and light-heartedness he has lost, with many other things belonging to youth; he has become a silent but not a sad man. For years he has not pronounced the name of Jervis.

But in Japan, about the *lonin* who attacked the *gotairo* in the midst of his guards in the open street and killed him, a legend has been formed. The Tycoon is overthrown: the Mikado, the legitimate emperor of Japan, rules again upon the throne of the realm of the Rising Sun. His former enemies figure in the history of to-day as hateful rebels; but those who, twenty years ago, first dared to begin the fight for the good cause, and who died for it, are revered as martyrs and heroes.

Not far from the spot where the nine *lonin* were buried like criminals, there stands now a little temple erected in memory of those who gave their lives for the Mikado. Around the temple is a well-kept little garden, full of blossoms and perfume during the summer.

Over one of these graves, a little apart from the rest, grows a beautiful camellia tree, of which the red and white flowers begin already to blossom in the winter. And that is the grave of the leader of the *lonin*. Nobody knows his name; his origin is lost in darkness, like the origin of the heroes of the old days; but the voice of the people, always eager for miracles, relates how his terrible look frightened the murderers who pursued him, until at last, struck by a poisoned arrow, he fell prone and gave up his fearless soul,—as becomes the hero who, dying, kisses the earth, so that she alone, the loving mother, may look into his face when death conquers him.

## A SKETCH FROM SOUTH WARWICKSHIRE.

THE shadow of an inscription seems to us always to fall across the pretty English scenery lying round Leamington, and the inscription is, "Sacred to the Memory of Shakespeare and Scott." Associations with the greatest of Englishmen and the most brilliant of Scotchmen interlace, like the branches of the famous avenue of limes that leads through Stratford churchyard to the door of the church, for Kenilworth is at no great distance from Stratford. That is why the excellent Leamington hotel of the "Regent" is so largely patronised by Americans in the season; and why, should you drop in to the "Shakespeare" or the "Falcon" of Stratford somewhere about the hours of high noon, you may probably lunch in their public parlours to a lively symphony of popping champagne-corks. For the pilgrimage to English shrines of immortal genius is become more especially a transatlantic institution. When the tide has once fairly set in, there is no stemming it; and it goes on swelling year after year, while wild Western men and fast-living stock-jobbers from Wall Street follow the lead of the cultivated Bostonians. Perhaps the pilgrims are generally more conscientious than enthusiastic, and they do their sight-seeing and romancing in business-like fashion. They economise "limbs" and time, and are lavish of carriage-hire; and though they have the chief points in some highly condensed guide-book at their finger-ends, they might break down in an examination on the plays or the novels. They might with advantage take a leaf out of the 'Sketch-Book' of their own

illustrious countryman. Washington Irving seldom wrote anything more delightful than his dreamily romantic little monograph on "Stratford-on-Avon," and he loved to take life leisurely, as he went lounging along the Warwickshire field-paths. But there can be no doubt that the Americans thoroughly enjoy their own peculiar manner of holiday-making,—where the sense of a serious pursuit gives a flavour to perpetual picnicking, and where the spirits are kept in constant exhilaration by the never-ending velocity of movement. And in their predilection for this particular resort, more of uneducated Englishmen might do well to imitate them. For with Englishmen, Shakespeare is something more than a household word: Scotchmen are catholic in their reverence for his memory, while of course they swear by the name of Scott; and South Warwickshire, although with small pretensions to grandeur of scenery, is nevertheless one of the most enticing districts in England, with that homely luxuriance that is so singularly winning.

Of Leamington itself there is little to be said. On revisiting it lately, in successive seasons, we confess to having been disenchanted of some of the rosy recollections of a happy childhood. We saw nothing of the comfortable donkeys in scarlet trappings that used to carry us, some time in the consulship of Plancus, along sylvan lanes to charming villages. The gardens of the pump-rooms, with their shady avenues of limes, throwing umbrageous foliage over the sluggish course of the Leam, seemed to have shrunk into a very commonplace grass enclosure, where the stalks of

brick chimneys towering in the background dwarfed the straggling trees in the park. The magnificent limes may have been felled, or possibly they may never have existed save in our fond childish imagination; but it is certain that Leamington has greatly changed for the better—or the worse—since the days of the once celebrated Dr Jephson, commemorated, by the way, in the “Jephson Gardens.” The town seems to be eminently prosperous: it has spread in all directions over the adjacent pastures, swallowing up hedgerows and wildflowers in bricks and mortar; smart terraces and rows of semi-detached villas are tenanted by retired Indian civilians and well-to-do men, overdone with large families, who appreciate the educational advantages of the college. It has actually suburbs with their own sanitary bounds. Its activity in “lighting” is shown by lines of gas-lamps, illuminating what used to be sequestered rural retreats, and shedding a sustained lustre on the tramways which communicate with the adjacent borough of Warwick; and there is a conspicuous monument to a public-spirited alderman who had assured the place an inexhaustible supply of pure water. And judging by the colouring and the odour of the Leam—an odour that overpowers the fragrance of the lime-blossoms—that gratitude to the civic dignitary is by no means misplaced.

But if there is little to be said of Leamington, and less to be seen in it, it is a most eligible centre for sundry delightful excursions. The Avon is an enchanted and enchanting river—the very type of an unpretending English stream, glorified by nature and favoured by fortune. It is literally out of the running, in point of picturesqueness, if we contrast it with

such unbridled Scotch torrents as the Tummel or the Garry, famous in Highland song, for it scarcely seems to flow at all. It goes dozing and napping among reeds and beneath weeping alders and willows; it sleeps alike in the shadow and the sunlight, save where it breaks and flashes in unwanted agitation over the artificial cataracts near some venerable mill. Nevertheless it has rare beauties of its own, thanks to the varied wealth of green which everywhere adorns it. It takes its gentle course through verdant meadows, where the sleek cattle are half lost in rich herbage and rumination, when they have not sought refuge in the shallow pools from the troublesome flies and the swarming midges. Old halls and quaint cottages are mirrored in its placid surface; and you may see the grayling leaping in the shadows of the trees, each twig and leaf on the boughs being reflected as by the art of the photographer. We said the Avon was an enchanted stream, because its course seems to have been arranged to please the fancy. With the single exception of the keep of Kenilworth, it associates itself with all that is romantic in the scenery round Leamington. It winds its way through the park of Stoneleigh, seat of the Lord Lieutenant of the county, where perhaps the amateur of arboriculture may study to the best advantage the oaks that are the glory of the Warwickshire hedgerows. Passing within easy reach of the knoll of Blacklow, whither Piers Gaveston, the luckless favourite of the second Edward, was led to execution by his feudal enemy of Warwick, it sweeps under the amphitheatre of wood and limestone ridge that backs up the picturesque mansion of Guy's Cliff. It reflects the embattled river front

of Warwick Castle; it flings its arms fondly round the terraces of Charlecote; and finally, and before the excursionist from Leamington takes leave of it, it flows within a very few yards of the quiet resting-place of Shakespeare. In fact, go whither you will, through all that South Warwickshire country, the poet, the dreamer, and the artist ought to be equally at home. For the poet there should be inspiration, not only in the associations, but in the contemplation of tranquil nature in an indolent exuberance of beauty; while with the artist the difficulty must be the embarrassment of riches, as subjects shaping themselves into pictures crowd upon him at every turn.

Warily distrusting any signs of settled weather, we should advise the visitor to avail himself of the first fine day for the indispensable excursion to Stratford. Everything there depends on the sunshine, with the fitful lights and flickering shadows,—for of course the expedition embraces the environs. To the west of the town is Shottery, to the east is Charlecote; and for various reasons it may be best to begin with the former place, which lies at the distance of about a mile on the country side of the railway station. At Stratford, all things except the church have felt the touch of time's effacing fingers, followed up by man's indiscreet restorations, and even the church bears marks of his handiwork: at Shottery almost everything remains as it was. A pleasant footpath leads across the fields to one of the most primitive of scattered hamlets. When we visited it last May, the orchards were in full bloom, the apple-trees were covered with their flush of pink and white, and the blossoms were falling like snowflakes from the

white-sheeted cherries. There was a wealth of the old-fashioned flowers that Shakespeare loved in the gardens surrounding venerable cottages. As for the quaint old dwelling once inhabited by Ann Hathaway, it must be almost exactly as it was when the wild young wool-comber went courting thither, though thatchers and tilers have been busy with the roof. Indeed, unless you build in the solid north-country fashion, with granite or freestone, there seems to be nothing like wood for standing weather. There is the venerable double cottage, gable-end on to the shady road, with the bulging eaves and the lozenged little windows, and the interlacement of the massive beams of blackened oak. It is but one of the innumerable cottages in similar style which we came upon in each nook and corner of the county, many of them dating at least from the days of the Tudors. There is a gay, old-fashioned garden, of course, and an orchard running up the hill, where William Howitt has pictured the poet reposing and day-dreaming—"his custom always of an afternoon," as it was that of the murdered majesty of Denmark. And in the days of his hot youth, when he was one of the company of hard drinkers in Stratford, who challenged, as the old stave tells us, all the villages around, going on roving commissions like our modern cricket teams, we can imagine how pleasant it must have been after a carouse to cool his forehead and let his fancies run riot under the spreading fruit-trees of Shottery. For we cannot doubt that he was ashamed of the follies that stained him, as of the friends, or rather the boon companions, who fell so infinitely beneath his level; and that he drained the ale-flagons as he broke the Lucys' park pales, in the sheer exuberance of

his excessive vitality. The transformation was complete as that of his own mad prince, when the brightening radiance of his divine genius gave himself and the world assurance of his immortality. When he had made his hits not only as playwright and poet, but as the successful manager of a London theatre, the scapegrace of Stratford became an acute man of business. Although once doubly a vagabond as deer-stealer and play-actor, his name had long been familiar to the courtiers and citizens of London; and Scott makes even the prosaic Earl of Sussex say to the queen in 'Kenilworth,' "Some of his poetry has rung in mine ears, as if they sounded to boot and saddle." But he came to be so well considered in the eyes of the respectable, that even at Stratford his early indiscretions were forgiven, if not forgotten. He had laid by money; he had invested in land and house property; he was actually advanced to the intimacy of such merchants of substance as John à Comb and his brother; and he died decently and discreetly as a gentleman of means and master of the snug mansion of New Place. By the way, that aspect of the poet's career, and the credit in which he had come to be regarded by the country gentry and his fellow-townsmen, was most humorously and pathetically brought out in "Shakespeare's Funeral," by Sir Edward Hamley, reprinted from *Maga* in the second series of the 'Tales from Blackwood.'

Shakespeare's marriage with the placid and apparently commonplace Ann Hathaway—and she was several years older than himself to boot—seems at first sight as unsuitable as that of Burns with his "bonny Jean." Ann was "sonsy," as we should say in Scotland, and good-natured; and the

union was far from an unhappy one for the poet, as it was probably a very fortunate match for posterity. Had he been caught by some rustic siren who could have made cages as well as nets, he might never have come to trouble with his Justice Shallow, and might have realised a decent competency in the Stratford wool trade. As it was, he had broken bounds for a time, before his genius rose soaring into the infinite. But few men have apparently been more indifferent to fame, although it is conceivable that the seeming indifference may have been born of serene self-assurance. Certain it is, that he scarcely gave a second thought to the offspring of his brain, when they had rapidly taken shape under his flying fingers: he left the capital, when in the full flush of his fame, to come back contentedly to comparative obscurity in Stratford. And if his wife had something to forgive, she forgave it very freely, and we have no doubt made him exceedingly comfortable in his maturity. William Howitt has read in the Sonnets a very pretty and poetical story of Shakespeare's *vie intime* and conjugal relations. How far it may be fanciful we cannot say; but we are inclined to think there must have been much more in Ann Hathaway than most of her husband's biographers have believed. It is unlikely, on the face of it, that Shakespeare should have married a woman whose soul did not ring responsively to some of the finer chords in his own. We suspect that in her fresh bloom and simple modesty, as in the sweetness of the homely fragrance she diffused, she resembled some of those old-fashioned garden-flowers the dreamer of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" loved so dearly. And if it were so, the happiest evenings of his life may have been

those he passed with Ann at Shottery. It needs little brightness of imagination to picture him there. Though some hideous brick cottages have been run up of late years, the topography can be very slightly changed. As you approach it from Stratford, the hamlet nestles—Artemus Ward used to sneer at villages “nestling,” but the word is a good and suggestive one all the same—under swelling heights of verdant pasturage, dotted over with clumps of oaks and elms. And close by the cottage the road runs, as it must always have run, between the crofts or the orchards on the left hand, and the babbling little brook on the right. The bridge must have been precisely at the same gentle bend, and we may be sure that the poet often leant over the parapet, losing himself in his fancies, as he gazed upon the stream, when, after breaking in a sharp fall under the greenwood, it stole silently and swiftly towards the shadows of the arch. There or anywhere else in the neighbourhood, whether beneath the apple-trees of the Shottery orchard or the oaks in Charlecote Park, where the public footpath strikes across the sacred precincts, we may imagine him lying in rapt abstraction till the springs of verse involuntarily welled up in such a madrigal as—

“Who loves to lie with me,  
Under the greenwood tree.”

It is just as well for the romantic shrine-hunter to take Shottery first, for first appearances at Stratford are decidedly disenchanting. It seems so prosperous and pushing, that its American visitors might almost imagine themselves in a rising Western town—though they say that the wool-combing is a thing of the past, and that even the reputation of the Stratford ales

has been declining. The railway has been carried very wide of the High Street; and the approach is through a long and straggling suburb, lined at intervals and on either side with bold-faced brick cottages and smart semi-detached villas. Yet though the demolisher has been abroad and the restorer has run riot, there is still an air of most respectable antiquity in the heart and centre of the ancient borough. Shakespeare’s house in Henley Street has been brushed up “out of knowledge;” and though the very miscellaneous contents of the museum therein may be gratifying to the curious, we should rather have seen the rough old room we remember over the primitive butcher’s shop. But elsewhere there are alms-houses and a chapel of the Holy Cross, and queer dwelling-houses, which, in spite of modern alterations to their complexions, show the respectability of extreme old age through their false airs of coquetry. In such a place as Stratford, we are always specially interested in the inns. Like Canterbury, Stratford has for long been the resort of generations of pilgrims, so any well-considered hostelry should be of old standing. The goodwill may have changed hands, but it must always have been well worth selling. There in the broad street leading to the bridge over the Avon—a bridge, by the way, that was built by Sir Thomas Clopton of Clopton, one of the magnificent mayors of London of the Dick Whittington school—is the famous “Red Horse,” immortalised by Washington Irving. We confess that we did not enter it, though there is a portal that gapes wide enough in all conscience—evidently made for the passage of heavily laden wains, and leading into a vast courtyard surrounded by stab-



ling and waggon-sheds, where troops of carriers like those on Gadshill might once have littered their horses. Now there seemed a certain air of desolation about it; and we confess that we carried our custom to the "Shakespeare" in the High Street. Simple bread and cheese with beer being our customary mid-day fare, we can say nothing as to the culinary resources of that establishment. We only know that we felt a sense of quiet comfort which might have induced us to prolong our stay had we been travelling with our portmanteau in company. But what did strike us was the interpretation of scenes from the plays in a series of prints adorning the walls of the parlour. We enjoyed them, because they chanced to awaken sleeping memories of a similar set hung in a certain old-fashioned Hertfordshire bedroom, where we had awakened as a boy to bright mornings. "Where ignorance is bliss," &c.; and in those innocent days we knew no better, and we took Kit Sly, like Titania and the rest of the characters, as elegant embodiments of gospel realism. Calm reconsideration while waiting for the luncheon-tray at Stratford made us modify those early impressions. And we chiefly stood amazed before the presentment of Macbeth and the murderers of Duncan, when we saw what had satisfied the artistic sympathies of our ancestors. The usurper of Scotland was such a sprightly youth as may be seen any day at amateur theatricals on the boards of a suburban theatre, in a kilt and tights and a flowing plume. If he cut his clothing according to his cloth, we may presume that the budgets of the usurpation balanced indifferently. Nor could we doubt that nothing but extreme necessity could have induced the

elder assassin to listen to criminal overtures; for though he had apparently gone to bed in his clothes, and forgotten to comb his hair, he was evidently a decent and well-meaning man who had succumbed to a struggle with his fortune. The Falcon Tavern over the way, with its projecting front and bulging bow-window, is more quaint of aspect than its more pretentious rival. It is in the bar of the Falcon that Sir Edward Hamley makes the company assemble after Shakespeare's funeral; it is there that he makes young Raleigh and Master Drayton descend; it is thither that he makes Sir Thomas Lucy send to fetch their luggage; it is there that he makes Drayton imagine Shakespeare sitting, where from his chair the poet can command the revels of the common room and watch the humours of the simple village worthies.

From the inns, which are the types of the stages in our fleshly pilgrimage; from the inns, which, if they had only kept fitting registers, might produce muster-rolls of the potentates and the celebrities of recent centuries in most countries; from the inns, which were filled to overflowing at the Garrick centenary, when Johnson's biographer peacocked it along the pavements, with "Corsica Boswell" paraded on his hat,—it is an easy and natural passage down the street to the church and the churchyard, where the soil has been raised by the dust of generations. We need hardly linger on the way at the site of New Place, since there is little to be seen there but the site of Shakespeare's house. The house had been built in the reign of the seventh Henry, and Shakespeare bought it in 1597, when he was only in his thirty-fourth year. There he spent the last eighteen years of his life, and com-

posed many of his plays; there he died, and thence he was borne to his tomb on the shoulders of some of the poor folk he had befriended. It passed subsequently into the hands of the Cloptons, and a descendant of the builder of Stratford Bridge demolished the old Tudor mansion, and replaced it with a Newer "Place." But that deed of vandalism was out-vandalled by Parson Gastrell, who has been damned to infamy by the unanimous consent of posterity. In 1753 it pleased the reverend gentleman to cut down the mulberry-tree Shakespeare had planted in his garden, and under the spreading branches of which Garrick and his friends had been entertained in 1749 by Sir Hugh Clopton. But as we know, it is an ill wind that blows good to no one; and the sacrilege gave an immense impulse to a "genuine" local industry. Shakespeare's mulberry-tree multiplied itself miraculously, and souvenirs of the poet were sold at handsome prices, to be circulated through all the quarters of the globe. Nor did the profits end there. An advertisement better calculated "to draw" could hardly have been devised. So we are sadly reminded of the ingratitude of human nature when we read that the Rev. Mr Gastrell, after some years of "boycotting," made a hurried hegira from Stratford in the night, "amidst the rage and curses of its inhabitants."

As for the noble collegiate church, it seems the very spot for the burial of the English poet. The architecture is at once airy and solemn; the shadows of thick green trees fall softly on the graves; and the Avon, sleeping so tranquilly that it scarcely murmurs even in the silence of the night, when the noisy nightingales have it all their own way, washes one of the sides of

the churchyard. The old building has been kept in excellent repair, yet the touch of the restorer is nowhere offensively conspicuous. The bats come streaming after sunset out of holes under the tiles, to go skimming among belated swallows over the surface of the river; the jackdaws, nesting in the crevices of the masonry, are in chorus with the rooks among the boughs of the limes; and the yellow wallflower has struck its roots everywhere among the lichens, lightening the walls in gay patches of colour, and brightening the grey buttresses and gargoyles. No admirer of Shakespeare can believe for one moment that he ever wrote the malediction inscribed on his tomb. If the credulous may credit him with the scurrilous satire on Sir Thomas Lucy, which might possibly have been penned after a night of inebriation, yet we cannot conceive him drivelling in doggerel when he lay dying in the ripe maturity of his powers. But whoever may have written the "Cursed be he who moves my bones," he clearly knew Shakespeare's townfolk well. The churchyard is pretty, and fairly well kept; but one of the most original features in it is the rows of gravestones set on edge, and sunk in the ground, by way of bordering to the walks. The idea, so far as our recollections go, is unique, and it would have struck us indeed as characteristic and effective, had it not been so painfully suggestive of the wreckage of associations and memories. We have no intention of asking our readers to walk into the church. If Washington Irving and Howitt had not been there before us, is not all that concerns the interior written at length in the guide-books? The only thing to be said is, that the grave is genuine; that the malediction, whoever may have

penned it, has served its purpose, and that the dust of Shakespeare may possibly lie undisturbed to the last day, by that of the daughter—"good Mrs Hall"—whom he loved so dearly.

Some four miles from the town, and in the opposite direction from Shuttery, is Charlecote. It is on one of the roads that lead to Warwick and Leamington, so the active tourist may probably be inclined to return on foot. There are pretty peeps up and down the Avon from over the lofty parapets of the bridge. A picturesquely wooded height bounds the view to the left, but for some way the scenery is tame, though pleasing. It is possible that the woodcutter as well as the roadmaker may have been busy there since Shakespeare's time. But as you go forward, the hedge timber becomes finer and more frequent; the rich green meadows are often enclosed by untrimmed hedgerows; the wild-flowers, that threaten later in the year to choke the ditches, thrive in gay luxuriance in that kindly soil; there are bright cottages and snug farm-steadings; cattle are taking it lazily in the lush herbage; lambs are bleating and breaking away from their gambols to make playful rushes in quest of their dams; the blackbirds and thrushes are singing merrily, though many of the smaller songsters sit silent through the afternoon; the plaintive cooing of the ringdoves comes from the copses; and the rooks are cawing in many a rookery. Altogether, of a fine spring afternoon, it is as pleasant a walk as can well be conceived, and thoroughly English. Appropriately enough, the prettiest sight is the first distant view of Charlecote. The old hall, rebuilt somewhere in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, has been greatly enlarged

and adorned by subsequent proprietors; but it must always have been a striking picture in the landscape to any one riding from Stratford. We may imagine the worthy Justice Shallow swelling with pardonable self-complacency as he pulled his pacing nag into a gentle amble, to survey the smoke curling up from his hospitable chimneys. For even his satirist allows that he kept open house; and to this day the supper he offered Falstaff and his followers on their northward march has a singularly appetising sound. The "short-legged hens" are a flash of descriptive genius from the mind that found no detail too trivial for its touch. We like the look of those old red-brick mansions, when the first fieriness of the red has been mellowed by time. The patch of toned-down warmth, with its suppressed but genial glow, at once relieves and sets off the varied tints of the cool, enveloping masses of green. And on a nearer approach you remark that the plastic material lends itself wonderfully to the schemes or caprices of the architect. Bay-windows are thrown out; receding nooks and angles are thrown in; archways and gables, flying buttresses and mullions have been dexterously moulded in graceful designs; while the whole is suitably covered by the many-lined and many-sloped roof of tiles, as it is crowned by the quaint stacks of chimneys. And it is the charm of rural England that its most beautiful private parks are almost invariably open to the public. Not unfrequently the parish church stands within a stone-throw of the great entrance of the mansion. At any rate there are footpaths secured by immemorial rights of usage; and the worst penalty a lady may have to pay for the use of them is perhaps an

awkward scramble over a primitive stile. At Charlecote, the church,—the interior is well worth visiting, for the carved oak stalls, and the monuments in the Lucy Chapel, especially the figure of the historical Sir Thomas,—though in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hall, is beyond the grounds, and across the river. But when you are face to face with the lodge and the high iron gates on the Stratford road, you see that there is no need to ring or beg for admission. Hard by, in the oaken palings, is a little “wicket-gate,” whence a path leads across the park along a gentle slope, slightly diverging from the leafy carriage approach, and skirting what in the north would be called the home policies. Charlecote is a genuine low-country park, and of no very great extent. But it is fortunate in gentle undulations of the ground, and it has the charms of wood and water in perfection. When we visited it last, the superb trees, with their spreading branches throwing vast circular shadows over the sunny grass, were in every shade of the freshest vernal green. There was the soft green of the limes, the deeper green of the elms, and the bright yellow-tinted green of the bursting oaks, a week or two at least behind the others. Inconsistent as it may sound to say so, there was an enchanting confusion of absolute repose and the most intense vitality. The air was drowsy and warm; there was scarcely breeze enough stirring to shake an aspen-leaf; the herds of deer were languidly ruminating under the trees, or listlessly brushing away the flies that began to bother them. By the way, it was not from this park of Charlecote that Shakespeare stole the deer, but from the Lucys' seat of Fullbrook,

which has long since been demolished and disparked. And in friendly fellowship with the fallow deer, the colonies of rabbits—black, white, and grey—had stolen silently out to feed from their burrows in the banks, beneath the gnarled roots of the mighty stems. They heard the footfall of the wayfarer with entire indifference, scarcely troubling themselves to go to ground, even when we passed within pistol-shot. But, on the other hand, there were small glancing shadows in all directions in swiftest motion. The jackdaws that swarmed in the holes in the hollow trunks of patriarchal elms, seemed to have found out the secret of perpetual motion; the starlings, if less noisy, were at least as restless; while swallows were circling everywhere overhead, skimming through the blades of the grass, and sweeping round again towards the Avon. The river flowing close past the house bounds the park to the westward. For the builders of old English castles and manor-houses always ran like rats to the water; and we know many of them which have probably been established to all eternity on the least eligible site of their beautiful domains. Not that that is the case at Charlecote—far from it. Should you keep strictly to the public path, when the foliage is out, you will be tantalised by fugitive glimpses through a leafy screen interposing itself continually between your eyes and the mansion. But a slight detour to the left brings one in full sight of the house, and surely the circumstances excuse so insignificant a trespass. May we be tried and condemned by a conclave of the dullest Shallows if we do not repeat it on the very next occasion. Charlecote suggests to us what

Waverley Honour must have been—a representative seat of the oldest order of the untitled landed gentry. It shows signs of opulence rather than magnificence; there is infinite homely beauty, with little state or pretension, although the house looks all the more imposing for the ranges of the stabling, in similar style of architecture, attached to the main building. The Avon, as we said, sweeps under the terraces; and on its placid water, reflecting the slopes of the closely-shaven turf and the flower-beds, there are swans and boats, and “all manner of games,” to borrow the imagery of Rob the turnkey in ‘Little Dorrit,’ when he tried vaguely to paint the beauties of the country.

From the more modest beauties of Charlecote Hall, it is a change to the magnificence of Warwick Castle. Yet, visiting Warwick, we are half inclined to retract what we said as to the superior charms of less stately country residences. We have no great liking for being hustled through the grandest interiors, and we must confess that we have never stepped across the threshold of Warwick. Though it may be a great thing to be the occupier of the noblest baronial hall in the British Isles, we fancy a man must be to the manner born to put up with the troubles with which Mr Toole has familiarised us in the “Birthplace of Podgers”; and it must be terrible to be hunted from post to pillar in one’s own house by surging floods of independent incurSIONISTS. Yet we must say that a man might be content to bear a good deal, if the home domains at Warwick Castle belonged to him. The site of the castle is superb, on a rocky ridge rising sheer above

the river. The art of the arboriculturist and landscape-gardener has taken advantage of each favouring circumstance presented by nature. The foundations of turrets springing out of inequalities in the ground, of winding outer staircases hewn out of the living rock, are clothed with hardy shrubs and climbing plants, intermingling in the wildest luxuriance. The magnificent shrubberies are, if we may misapply a word, almost as “monumental” as the baronial castle; the walks, as broad as ordinary carriage-drives, wind between shady lawns under the drooping boughs of limes and horse-chestnuts; the yew-hedges might have been grown in the dripping warmth of Herefordshire; while the gardeners have gradually been leaving nature more and more to herself, as the park and the pleasure stretch away along the banks of the river. It may be that when you challenge the civil warder at the great gate, your appeal for admission will be rejected. The grounds are closed on Sundays; and on other days, after a certain hour, when the family is resident. Yet, even then, though he loses much, the visitor may be in a measure consoled. Examine the photographs in the windows of any of the print-shops, and you will see that the favourite view of Warwick is that from the picturesque old bridge on the public highroad. And from no other point can the river-front of the castle be possibly seen to greater advantage, with the massive buttresses that appear to have been built for all time, and the romantic air of hoar antiquity which has long ago effaced what may once have been an impression of baldness; while the mill in the foreground, to the left, with the swift mill-stream, and the drooping horse-chestnuts, is in itself

as enticing a bit as ever charmed the soul of the artist. And there is a loop-lane beyond, leaving the road and returning to it, which is well worth following, for the sake of the cottages which form the frontage, and for the glimpses into the park beyond.

The town of Warwick, with its strong gates and its steep streets, not to speak of the neighbourhood of the formidable castle, must have been a hard nut to crack by the soldiers of the middle ages. Its citizens must have seen or heard of a great deal of marching and countermarching, and the "Low Countries" stretching around were the scene of many a bloody battle. The gates still remain, with their chapels over the gateways, where the priests might watch as well as pray, when any enemy was threatening the community. They have been kept in what may be described as "substantial repair," though the restorations say little for the taste of the municipal authorities. The history of Warwick is the history of its famous earls, from the days of the half-mythical Guy downwards. The Warwicks of the various families were generally to the front in the civil and foreign wars of their centuries; and many of the monuments of the long-descended Beauchamps are to be seen in the noble church of St Mary's. The most magnificent, perhaps, is that of Thomas Beauchamp, a companion in arms of the Black Prince, who lies peacefully in his armour, on his gravestone in the choir, affectionately clasping the hand of his lady. As for Bulwer's "last of the Barons," the king-making Earl of Warwick, who plucked "this white rose with Plantagenet" in the Temple Gardens, he, as is well known, was carried from Barnet-

field to Bisham, and laid with his father in the beautiful Berkshire abbey. Not the least interesting of the tombs in St Mary's is that of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester and Lord of Kenilworth, the minion of Fortune and of a queen scarcely less fickle.

Another venerable Warwickshire town, almost as rich in historic memories, and certainly more intimately associated with Shakespeare and his writings, is Coventry. We can hardly name the place without thinking of Falstaff and his ragged regiment; and picturing Mouldy and Wart, and the other shirtless tatterdemalions, straggling along in the train of their leader, and looking for linen on every hedge. And it was at Coventry that the solemn passage of arms between Bolingbroke and Mowbray was suspended, by both champions being summarily sentenced to banishment. If Falstaff marched through Coventry on foot, he must have larded the sharp paving-stones as he marched along, for the pull up the hill is even more severe than in Warwick. A very different figure from the fat knight was that of the fair Lady Godiva who rode through in a solitude between closed shutters, "clothed in her loveliness" and her flowing hair; and the Lady of Leofric of Mercia links Coventry to the Laureate. Nor can it be said that the worthy citizens have been wanting in gratitude, since till the other day, although latterly at lengthening intervals, they made a ceremonial display something more than indelicate, in commemoration of the benefactress who had enfranchised their forefathers. It was a startling sight, and scarcely conducive to morality, to see, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a very pretty

woman, in flesh-coloured tights, parading herself on horseback above the facetious crowd, with the dignified *patres conscripti* of the place following in her train, in a procession that may possibly have included the clergy. And since this article was written, we have been sorry to see that another commemoration is being arranged for this year. But it would be hard to find a more appropriate stage for a medieval pageant than the most ancient quarter of the town, dominated by the spire of St Michael. Coventry seems to have been almost a sacred city in the olden time, and, at all events, it was an earthly paradise for churchmen, both lay and secular, though in these days the Protestant vicar has had to fight the battle of the tithes. Earl Leofric was a munificent benefactor of the Church; and it is likely indeed that the husband of the Lady Godiva may have had matters enough to trouble his conscience. There were confraternities of friars of all colours; while the parochial churches were architectural triumphs. One is tempted to stand and gaze even now till the back sinews of the neck are aching and cracking—for the church is crowded up by humbler buildings—looking up at that graceful steeple of St Michael's, with its buttresses carved in florid fancies, and the numerous figures of saints in their niches. The elaboration of the workmanship may be due to the softness of the material, which has suffered lamentably from the weather on that wind-blown height, to the advantage of nobody or nothing save the jackdaws,—and the jackdaws find extraordinary conveniences in nesting. That grand church of the great archangel dwarfs its next-door neighbour, which was

sacred to the Virgin, and which would strike us anywhere else as an extraordinarily beautiful edifice. But our Lady has another and a more unique monument in the adjacent Hall of St Mary, which, having been erected originally by one of the city guilds, has passed long since into the hands of the corporation, and has been consecrated to civic festivities. The grand hall is a sight: so is the great kitchen. The building is generally allowed to be one of the finest specimens of medieval domestic architecture. There is stained glass; there are admirable carvings. But perhaps the most curious and attractive of the internal adornments is what we venture to christen the Shakespeare tapestries, which drape the northern end of the hall. In one of the hangings the pious Henry VI. is on his knees; behind him, in a similar attitude, is the impenitent old Cardinal Beaufort, who “died and made no sign;” and in the surrounding group of courtiers and priests are other of the princes of the house of Lancaster. We said St Michael's Church was crowded up by houses; and indeed, around and between the church and the market-place is a little labyrinth of lanes and back slums, some of which seem to have been forgotten by the builder from time immemorial, though the petty shopkeepers drive a bustling trade. In one of them the jutting upper storeys lean over, till, in the narrow streak of light left between the chimneys and the sky, there scarcely seems room for the passage of the slimmest of chimney-sweeping lads. In another, in an ancient booth, the blackened oaken framework of which is a model of bold wood-carving, a second-hand furniture-dealer had

taken up his abode, selling everything, from horse-hair sofas down to rusty saucepans. Hard by was a pawnbroker hanging out the three balls over a shell-fish stall; dirty children were disporting themselves in the open runnels; and it seemed impossible that there should be so strong a smell of old clothes and stale periwinkles on a height in the breezy midlands, many feet above the level of the sea. At the same time, a respectable average of sanitary arrangement is more than established within the bounds of the borough. If older Coventry recalls the demolished *Judengasse* of Frankfort, though hook-nosed Hebrews and swarthy roses of Sharon are conspicuous by their absence, new Coventry, in the vastness of its spaces, the absurd width of its thoroughfares, and the imposing effects of some of the pretentious blocks of building, reminds one much of modern Munich. It was the Huguenot refugees who gave the old town its industrial impulse, carrying their silk-looms and their shuttles thither after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We know that the ribbon trade has been in decadence of late years; but if we had not been told as much, we should have remarked no signs of decay. And in any case, and happen what may to the manufacturers, Coventry must always be a centre for hay and corn sales, judging at least by the ample stable accommodation at the big hotels in the precincts of the market-place; and when we add that the town has established hansoms notwithstanding its hills, we may feel tolerably confident as to its future.

The change from the cheery railway station at Coventry, with its advertisements and its bookstalls,

to the grey ruins of Kenilworth, would be more striking if Kenilworth were not almost as popular a place of resort as the "Bald-faced Stag" in Epping Forest in the days of the Epping hunt. Kenilworth should be the very place for a day-dream,—that is to say, for any man who has steeped himself in the romances of Scott; and yet, unless by some unlooked-for piece of good luck, we defy any mortal to dream there comfortably. "Eothen," a shrewd analyst of human nature, has remarked on the difficulty we find in stringing the soul to harmonious tones, even in such saintly localities as Bethlehem, or the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Anthony Trollope has touched off picnics on the Mount of Olives, where the company brought everything for an agreeable afternoon, except the reflections that might most naturally suggest themselves. And the vast courtyard of Kenilworth, which, as Scott said, might have very comfortably contained all the castles to the north of the Tweed, should be the best of starting-places for a balloon voyage through the spheres of imagination. There are benches on sunny and shady banks, inviting the fervid pilgrim to restful meditation. He rests and nods, or he strives to meditate; and he is perpetually brought back from the unseen to the visible. The arrangements generally remind him of a tea-garden. The admission is fixed at the unromantic sum of twopence; and that figure is a stimulus to the rush of visitors. We presume that the railway company finds its profit in running excursion trains. And so the pageantry of the Kenilworth of Leicester and Walter Scott is eclipsed by the latter-day panorama of good-humoured Philistines.



There are gangs of lively youths smoking short clay pipes, and keeping company with pale-faced young females who are sucking oranges. We do not know whether babes in arms come in for nothing, or whether children under twelve years may be charged half-price; but it is certain that big families are brought to sow crops of souvenirs, which may possibly blossom and fructify in later life. And of course our American friends are to the front, in enormous strength; and an ordinary American out on his holiday ramble is nothing if not vociferous. The jackdaws, as the Americans would say themselves, are not a circumstance to them. As for the thrushes, in Western mining vernacular, "we don't mention them;" though the American ladies send a shrill whistle through their rapturous transports which does remind one of the exaggerated and perverted piping of the thrush. We make every allowance for the extreme difficulty of turning the fancies, nursed among the pork-curing establishments of Cincinnati or the grain-elevators of Chicago, to bear suddenly on the medieval romance of an old English baronial fortress. But all the same, the effect is unfortunate upon any one who must listen, and is constrained to laugh. The ruins are still imposing, and Lord Clarendon, who is proprietor, does everything to preserve them. Though the floor has fallen in, you may look up at the baronial hall where Elizabeth was feasted, with its spacious chimney-place high overhead, and the windows that once commanded superb views of the pleasure. You may climb the winding staircase in Mervyn's tower, once ascended and descended by Michael Lambourne, when he dashed the keys in Lawrence Staples's

face and broke "the strongest jail between this and the Welsh marches." You may look in at "Lord Leicester's Lodgings," and clothe the crumbling walls with gorgeous tapestries, as when the rooms were inhabited by the sumptuous earl. But we find the unsatisfactory feeling strongly borne in upon us, that the "Kenilworth" of Scott was but a fiction after all. No doubt his topography is exact; but then Time has been passing his ploughshare over everything. The gardens are gone, like the summer-house, where the queen stumbled upon Amy; and the pleasure, with its coverts for deer and boar, is turned into pleasing grazing enclosures, rather apt to be swamped, as we should say, in a wet season. For at Kenilworth, as at Shuttery, the eye and mind fall back upon the brook, which probably has hardly altered its course during centuries.

From Kenilworth there are at least two ways back to Leamington, either of which may tempt the pedestrian. The longer leads round by the grounds of Stoneleigh Park, and introduces him, as we have said, to magnificent sylvan scenery. The Avon runs through the meadow-land, with its fertilising stream; and accordingly, the oaks at Stoneleigh are magnificent. But you meet again with the Avon all the same, if you follow the straight road to Warwick, and set your face towards Guy's Cliff. The highroad itself, with its scenery and its fine timber, is a very pleasant one, though perhaps scarcely up to the mark of an apocryphal American legend. It is said that two enthusiastic American tourists had met at Liverpool, on the eve of embarkation for home. After exchanging their raptures over rural England, they asked each other

what bit of country each had most admired. It was agreed that they should write it down, and cross papers. One wrote, "The road from Kenilworth to Warwick;" the other, "The road from Warwick to Kenilworth." Be that as it may, it is a pretty road, where you may listen to an enchanting concert of singing birds, and a very appropriate approach to Guy's Cliff. Of Guy's Cliff there is little to be said, except that the situation is singularly beautiful. For ourselves, we should rather look at the house than live in it, though Dugdale praises "the dry and wholesome situation." Standing low, clasped closely between the steep wooded cliff behind and the river, we should fancy that it could hardly fail to be damp. But had one been bred a Dutchman, and nursed on *schnaps* and tobacco, or were we indifferent to all that might "nourish agues" ("Henry IV.," Part I.), we know few spots that a "mind innocent and quiet" would sooner "take for a hermitage"—except, indeed, of a Sunday, when it is beleaguered from Leamington and Warwick. That was evidently the opinion of the chivalrous Guy, who came thither after

his feuds in war and love, to tell his beads in a hermit's cell, and moralise on the text that "All is vanity." The mansion is grey and grave and dignified, though somewhat fantastic. The rising amphitheatre of wood behind is singularly rich in leafery, even for southern Warwickshire, with the black-green and russet-like columns of the tall Scotch firs dominating the lighter foliage. Beneath is the gentle Avon, meandering among flags and sedges; opposite are the fat meadows, fed by heavy beeves and by hunters summering among frolicsome colts and fillies. And the opposite slope is crowned by the little parish church of Milverton, with its "God's acre" shaded in the clump of timber. But the most seductive corner in the enchanting precincts is that where a foot-bridge is flung across the Avon, in front of the old mill with the open oaken galleries extending under the broad eaves of its granges. And with that characteristic bit of Warwickshire scenery we bring our article to a conclusion, expressing a hope that we may have fairly succeeded in our attempt to touch lightly on the salient points in the guide-books.

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## LORD RIPON'S "SMALL MEASURE."

THE internal condition of the Indian empire is such as to justify the gravest anxiety. Lord Ripon's Government have attempted to deal with three burning questions all at the same time, and the result is that they have succeeded in setting the peninsula in a blaze from one end of it to the other. The Bengal Rent Law has stirred very deeply the numerous classes who are interested in the land of Bengal. It is a heavy blow aimed at the powerful zemindary interest. The Local Government Bill exhibits the design of revolutionising the administration in a way which creates a maximum of disturbance. An unwise proposal to amend criminal procedure, in the teeth of a well considered compromise made in 1872, and ratified in 1882, has fanned to a flame the smouldering embers of race animosity beyond anything which has been seen in India, except the mutiny, to an extent which has astounded the most experienced observers. A correspondent in the 'Daily News' of June 7 describes our Indian empire as "a seething mass of discontent and agitation"; and a bulky report which we have perused of the official proceedings and published literature on the last of these measures, fully bears out the description, at least as regards the Anglo-Indian portion of the community. Private letters amply confirm it, and represent a state of things which is serious to the last degree. The good results from the conciliatory measures adopted at the proclamation at Delhi, and in bringing native troops to Malta, Egypt, and even to England, are apparently thrown away. With opinion in this excited condition, the humb-

lest incident is pregnant with consequences. An English judge ordered, in a civil case between Hindus, after consulting the native attorneys on both sides and his Hindu interpreter, that an idol should be brought to the corridor of the Court. We have ourselves known an idol brought into Court and laid before the judge without disturbance of any kind. But the recent incident has been seized upon, and the cry of religion in danger has spread far and wide throughout the empire. The spark has fallen on very inflammable materials, which have been strewn to the right and to the left by the action of the Government. A state of things like this reflects no credit on the sagacity or judgment of Lord Ripon's administration. We will however assume, though the probabilities appear to be all the other way, that both the Rent Law and the Local Government scheme are wise and prudent measures, and that there were sound reasons for urging both forward at the same time, notwithstanding the resistance and opposition which they were sure to occasion. But as regards the Bill which is known as Mr Ilbert's Bill, the Government themselves practically admit that if they had foreseen the angry vehemence with which it would have been opposed, they would have abided by the golden rule of *quieta non movere*. They have proposed, in one word, to subject Englishmen, and certain others who stand on the same footing as Englishmen, to the criminal jurisdiction of native magistrates and judges; and they have proposed that this should be done throughout the length and breadth of the

peninsula, in districts however remote from the public eye.

Every one who knows anything of the history of British rule in India, knows that this is one of its most burning questions. It is also one of the most difficult; for it involves the consideration of a number of principles, all of which must necessarily be limited in their application, and not one of which has been so consistently recognised as to command general acquiescence. But any one can understand and appreciate the deep reluctance with which a whole district of English planters, with their wives and families, would accept the criminal jurisdiction of a native planted in their midst. Whether it is subject to appeal or not is merely a question of mitigation. There he lives amongst them, alien in race, religion, habits, and sympathies, but vested with that last attribute of power, the power of punishment. Nothing stands between him and its exercise, in cases however false, but his own wish to do justice, and his capacity to discriminate. If neither of these failed him, if both were above suspicion, there remains the inborn antipathy of a white man to be subject, actually or potentially, to a black one; there remains also the political difficulty of maintaining the authority of a handful of whites over a vast population when the symbols and exercise of that authority are thrown away. In an empire where personal laws and personal privileges meet you at every turn, the sole personal privileges which the Englishman (whom we may venture to term without offence a member of the dominant conquering race) claims relate to criminal jurisdiction, the most important of which is that of being tried in criminal cases by a jury of his own coun-

trymen and a judge of his own race. He is amenable, and has been for more than twenty years, to the same criminal law as natives, in a large degree to the same criminal tribunals; but he claims, with all the energy of passion, that it is his privilege and birth-right that his jury shall be a jury of Englishmen, his judge a fellow-countryman of his own. The questions are, whether this is intrinsically a reasonable claim; whether it has been so recognised; whether any circumstances have arisen to justify its denial.

We are aware how difficult it is to interest a large majority of the English people in a question which concerns the internal administration of India. But this is one which comes home to us all, and is a personal one to every family in the country which has, or may at any time have, sons and daughters in India. Are we prepared, in deference to the theories and sentiments of a few *doctrinaires*, and against the advice and opinion of many Indian statesmen of practical experience, to sanction the principle that those of our countrymen who, with their wives and families, take up their residence in the East, either to defend our empire by arms, develop its resources by their energy and capital, promote its education, or carry on missionary enterprise, shall be, contrary to all the practice of the past, in violation of their personal dignity and self-respect, and without reasonable cause or present necessity shown, subjected to the criminal jurisdiction of the natives of the country? If such principle is once admitted, in deference to mere sentiment, and not to political necessity, it will then become a mere question of time whether the other privileges which they have hitherto retained, and which have

been recognised by two centuries of parliamentary legislation, will one by one disappear. There is not a family in the country to which this question may not at any time become one of practical personal interest. We think it desirable to put the case before them.

Lord Salisbury has spoken out upon this question, and put the case before a Birmingham audience in these terse and vigorous words:—

"There is only one other matter with respect to which I wish to point out to you the importance of a truly national policy, as opposed to the various theories and sentiments which are suggested now. I do not know if you have looked at the papers lately sufficiently to be aware that a great and vital question has been raised in India, . . . the question whether Englishmen in that part of the empire shall or shall not be placed at the mercy of native judges. . . . What would your feelings be if you were in some distant and thinly populated land, far from all English succour, and your life or honour were exposed to the decision of some tribunal consisting of a coloured man? . . . What will be the effect of this ill-advised measure, which has been adopted in defiance of national interests, and for the sake of those theories and sentiments of which I spoke?"

That is the point of view from which an English statesman of authority and Indian experience (he has, as our readers recollect, been twice Secretary of State for India for lengthened periods) regards the subject. We need hardly say that he is criticising the broad principle which lets in native jurisdiction as to life, and not the narrow proposal of to-day, which merely affects liberty and honour. Sir Arthur Hobhouse, however, who was for some years legal member of the Viceroy's Council, and who has come forward to re-

present the official opinion which is generated above the clouds at Simla, as against the non-official community, has chosen to refer these expressions to the particular words of the Bill, and not to the principle which underlies them. In an article in the 'Contemporary Review' of last month, he attacks it as "pregnant with misconception of the small measure now pending." But his whole article shows that the small measure now pending is not the subject which he, any more than Lord Salisbury, has in his mind. He argues that the small measure "removes a hurtful obstruction to a great policy." He recommends advancing "towards the highest ideal by the most cautious and well-considered steps," of which this small measure is one out of many. The great policy and the high ideal are the "welfare of the Indians," whoever they may be (and Lord Kimberley should send out a commission of inquiry to ascertain who they are), that Indians should learn the arts and practice of government, with a view eventually to replace our own. Half a century is placed under review, in order to demonstrate that this is the declared policy of Parliament, successive ministries, and the people of England. Granted that it is so,—that the wellbeing of the masses of India, the higher education of the Hindus (for the Mohammedans do not avail themselves so readily of our favours), and the increasing employment of natives in the higher posts of administration, are the immediate aims of the British with a view to ultimate retirement,—still the question whether the native is to exercise criminal jurisdiction over his benefactors during the long interval which must elapse before he is ripe to assume the burdens of empire,

stands clear of it. The present and future welfare of "Indians" may easily be made to harmonise with justice to our own fellow-countrymen. Their rights and privileges need not be confounded with the maintenance of a vicious supremacy of conquest. The brilliant future, the residuary estate in full proprietary right, rests with our Aryan brothers. Meanwhile, and in consideration of the gorgeous prospects which our policy is unfolding before their eyes, the European community resident in India claim that the Bengalee Baboo's lessons in the art of government may be all derived from practice on his own countrymen; and that his susceptibilities ought not to be wounded, if during the process, which is presently and prospectively so advantageous to him, he is required to respect the privileges of his benefactors. The facts of conquest and the relations of a victorious to a conquered race are far too harsh and unpleasant for the sentimental *doctrinaires* of our generation to be called upon to face. But may not the benefactors of the great Indian races retain one small privilege for themselves—the right in criminal cases to be judged and punished by their own countrymen? It is absurd to call that a right of conquest. It is a right of self-preservation. By all means let the Bengalee Baboo assimilate all that Western science can give him; let him learn to administer justice, and become versed in the arts and practice of administration and government. Far be it from us to restrict him to what Carlyle called "a penn'orth of oil to rub him down." But during the process of his development it will be a wise and graceful act on his part to decline the exercise of power over his benefactors, who at present had rather not live

under the ægis of his protection. His enthusiastic patrons, who go to India for a short time with incomes of fabulous amount, and codify and recodify till a legislative *monumentum ære perennius* is lucky if it lasts five years with constant tinkering, are eager to place him in a false position. Their desire for a philanthropic reputation blinds them to the real interests of their unfortunate clients. Even if Sir Arthur Hobhouse is right in thinking that opinion on Indian questions divides itself into two schools,—the ideal of the one being "our own supremacy" with a view to its permanence; the ideal of the other being "the welfare of the Indians," with a view eventually of transferring the empire to them,—still the principle of political justice should dominate either school. Whichever school is right, the immediate task is the same—viz., to weld together under our administration diverse races and religions, the white man and the black man, the Christian, the Hindoo, and the Mohammedan, the conquerors and the conquered, the artificers of empire with their ultimate beneficiaries. That is not by any means an easy task, and questions of difficulty, involving race and religious antipathy, from time to time inevitably arise. Sir Arthur Hobhouse's contribution to the solution of the present problem is singularly inadequate. His answer to an outburst of animosity, which wise rulers would never have provoked without adequate reasons, is as defective as a complete sense of personal security can make it. We, a small band of Indian legislators and Radical *doctrinaires*, declare that we have in view exclusively the welfare of "Indians;" you, the non-official European community, may be in a state of great excitement, but your excitement is

ridiculous, your fears are groundless, the step proposed is in pursuance of a great policy, and when circumstances render it practicable we shall take another, till we have removed every badge of conquest and privilege. It is easy to appreciate the charm which such a doctrine has for those who identify themselves with the wise and munificent patrons of most interesting *protégés*. They luxuriate in all the finer sentiments, with the ease and self-satisfaction of *petit* jurymen with their hands in a defendant's pocket in a case of breach of promise. Their disregard for the rights, the privileges, the sentiments of their non-official countrymen, is exhibited with all the *hauteur* of a privileged and secure position. But justice requires that it should be borne in mind that it is the non-official European community who have won the Indian Empire, who defend it, and develop its resources. The remonstrance against the criminal jurisdiction of natives comes from no single quarter with more vigour than from British officers and soldiers. The "welfare of Indians" is undoubtedly a sacred object to keep in view; but we need not, in our enthusiasm for it, lose sight of the safety and welfare of our own countrymen, and the welfare of all will be more readily and efficiently promoted by avoiding instead of precipitating occasions of strife. The bitter resentment which the proposal has called forth, the earnest hostility with which it is received, are circumstances to be taken into consideration in estimating whether this "small measure" is either wise or opportune. A claim on the part of our countrymen to maintain privileges which Parliament and the Indian Legislature have uniformly recognised, must be pronounced a reasonable one. It

is for those who invade it to show that the time has come when it is wise and right to call upon the European community to waive them, in deference to the interests of the empire and to secure the triumph of sound policy. Taunts to the effect that such privileges are unnecessary, that they are only valued from unworthy sentiments, because of an unworthy race rivalry, because of an exaggerated sense of their importance, and, worse and worse, because *impunity for crime is pleasant*, are utterly misplaced. Even if the changes proposed were right and opportune, that cannot be the spirit in which a wise statesman or legislator approaches a thorny, not to say a burning question. There is ample evidence to show that if ever the measure proposed becomes one of State necessity or high political convenience, and is approached in a wise and conciliatory spirit, the good sense of our fellow-countrymen will lead them to acquiesce in the future, as they have done in the past, in changes which sound policy really requires.

But in order to see whether sound policy calls for this measure at the present moment, let us briefly recall the extent to which the privileges of Englishmen have been recognised in the past, and the circumstances under which it is proposed to destroy them. We will not go into any dry detail, for the facts are not at all in controversy, and a very brief statement of them will suffice to show that, as regards the claim of natives to exercise criminal jurisdiction over Europeans, Lord Salisbury is right in saying that it raises a great and vital question, practically for the first time. So far from its being in accordance with the general tendency of legislation, it raises an entirely new question, different in

principle from former instances of vesting power in natives over Europeans; and it does so in the teeth of explicit legislation upon the subject, maturely considered in 1872, and ratified in 1882. The circumstances are these. The English, for their own safety and because impunity for crime was not pleasant to them, took to India their own law and their own tribunals, and long before any question of empire arose, justice was administered among them in pursuance of charters granted by their own sovereign. The Mogul emperor in his palmiest days never ventured to do what is claimed for the Bengalee Baboo now—exercise criminal jurisdiction over Englishmen. From the earliest charter of Queen Elizabeth down to the Battle of Plassey, which laid Bengal at our feet, a century and a half elapsed. British settlements had grown in the meantime, and British courts were firmly established amongst them, to deal out justice to the English. No native attempted the task. He attempted to do so amongst natives in English settlements, but was bribed to desist. After the victories of Clive the English were compelled, reluctantly and gradually, and after several attempts to shirk it, to undertake the administration of justice amongst the natives. The power was in English hands; they had, in the first place, to supervise native administration, gradually replace it, and assume the whole responsibility. The result has been, that it is admitted on all hands that the natives of India have never, in the whole course of history, had a more effective and impartial administration of justice, civil and criminal, as during the last century. We have given them the best in our power; but that is no reason why our own country-

men should be robbed of rights which they value.

The natives have, so to speak, assimilated our system, developed great aptitude for it, and, whether as judges, pleaders, or attorneys, take an active part in its administration. But during the greater part of that time, and down to 1836, English tribunals, planted in the country by the Crown and Parliament, and presided over by Englishmen, exclusively administered justice, civil and criminal, amongst the English. Meanwhile the English community in India had rapidly increased; and with increasing transactions, uniformity of law and of the method of administering it became an urgent political necessity.

An Indian Law Commission and a general Indian Legislature were established, and Macaulay sailed for Calcutta as the first law member of the Governor-General's council. It soon became apparent that the Royal courts were too few in number to carry on the whole civil litigious business of the country as regards the English. They only existed in the Presidency towns, and the English were scattered all over the country. It was necessary therefore that the courts of the country—that is, those established by the East India Company—should have their jurisdiction extended, so as to include civil cases in which the English were concerned. The only other alternative was to plant special courts all through the country, wherever Englishmen had settled, for their convenience; or to continue to bring all their cases, however trumpery, to the Presidency towns. The change effected was a great one. We had arrived at an epoch in the history of administering civil justice. The wants of the country had outgrown the old system, and the alternative



had arisen, that either the English must submit to the existing tribunals, or a new set of tribunals must be established at enormous expense, side by side with the old set, for their exclusive convenience. No doubt a great outcry and clamour were raised. Sir Arthur Hobhouse is quite right in that respect. He is right also in saying that they were overruled. And why? Because a case of urgent political necessity was satisfactorily made out; and if the same could be predicated of the present crisis, the same result would necessarily follow, that the good sense of the English community would teach them to yield—reluctantly it might be, but still with the sense and discretion of men accustomed to self-government. But no case of necessity has even been attempted to be made out, as we shall show further on. It is important to note that in 1836, when the transference of English civil cases to the provincial or Company courts was made, it was never suggested that their criminal cases should also be transferred. It was recognised that they stood on a different footing, and the Englishmen continued to be amenable only to the criminal jurisdiction of the exclusively English courts—that is, the Crown courts of the Presidency towns—except in petty cases, which are dealt with by English justices of the peace. Then, again, it would have been very inconvenient so to transfer them, for the Company's courts did not administer English criminal law, and were not acquainted with it. They administered a sort of modified Mohammedan criminal law, and Englishmen could hardly be subjected to a law of that nature. No doubt great inconvenience resulted from the criminal courts being located so far from the English community dispersed over the empire.

It gave to one class practical impunity for crime. Sir Arthur Hobhouse says that this impunity was pleasant to them. The imputation certainly is not pleasant to them, nor is the further imputation an agreeable one, that they resisted all attempts to deprive them of it. They resisted a remedy which was worse than the evil. If we only think of it, a state of civilised society in which impunity for crime is pleasant, or a single criminal welcome, is an impossible anomaly. The taunt ceases to be a libel, and becomes an absurdity. In 1872 a very great step was taken, which practically provided security against crime, by giving English judges on the spot power to punish with a year's imprisonment (a heavy penalty in an Indian climate), with fine, and with whipping; and to English magistrates power up to three months' imprisonment. The universal testimony is, that the whole English community "behaved very well," and at once acquiesced. They were, in fact, glad of it, and satisfied with the wise, conciliatory, and prudent manner in which Sir James Stephen proposed it. His words have been household words ever since. A general imputation of proneness to crime and desire of impunity would be a blunder in the heat of advocacy; calmly to write and print it of one's fellow-countrymen *en masse* is to reveal a tone of sentiment and opinion which is clearly not derived from contact with the non-official community in India, but is generated in the India Office or at Simla, and accounts for the anger and indignation with which proposals animated by that spirit have been received. The grounds upon which this impossible imputation is made are, that before either criminal law or criminal procedure had been

provided, and whilst the Company's servants knew nothing of English law, and were only trained to administer the Mohammedan system, the English residents objected to be tried by them, and the authorities at home and in India recognised the justice of the objection. Nothing that his countrymen can do is right in Sir Arthur Hobhouse's eyes; and whether they are successful or otherwise in this opposition, in either case he denounces them. The Penal Code was passed in 1860, and did away with Mohammedan criminal law. The increase of Europeans in the country rendered an alteration in procedure necessary; and the English residents, recognising its necessity, acquiesced in a reform which planted English magistrates in every district, with criminal jurisdiction over them. They were not asked in 1872, any more than they were asked in 1882, to submit to native criminal jurisdiction. The Government recognised, at both those dates, that there was no necessity for it, and forbore to violate a cherished privilege. Native magistrates, however, with criminal jurisdiction over Europeans, have been appointed in the Presidency towns of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Notwithstanding that the principle involved was in violation of their rights and privileges, the English people, conscious that in the Presidency towns the native was one amongst many English, the reverse of the country districts, where the Englishman is one amongst many natives, that they were hedged in by a strong legal profession and public opinion, recognised that in those towns no practical inconvenience was likely to arise. They therefore acquiesced. But we think it a fair inference from that, and from their acquiescence in the

large measure of 1872, that they are not so unreasonable and wrong-headed as Sir Arthur Hobhouse labours to make out. He is unfair in spirit to his fellow-countrymen, and does not disdain the easy device in political argument of seizing upon the strong language used at indignation meetings as representative of a cause and those dealing with it, as if it was intended to be a measured statement of a case.

Setting aside the excitement which marked the transition period of 1836, and the anger which has been evoked by the wholly unnecessary proposal of 1883, we think that the English non-official community has shown great forbearance and appreciation of such administrative exigencies as really existed. At other times since 1876—viz., in 1849 and 1855—their opposition was justified by success. We cannot help thinking that if sound policy and prudence have any charm for the Indian Government, the non-official community will be equally successful in 1883. For if our readers will follow us a little further, we will demonstrate that no case of either necessity or expediency has been made out for the very mischievous proposal which has been made; while the strong feeling which has been aroused is at least some evidence; to all who do not regard their fellow-countrymen as "mostly fools," or worse (revelling in impunity for crime), that the proposal is premature and mistimed, even if it could be demonstrated that its principle was sound, and one that must eventually succeed.

To judge of the necessity, let us bear in mind what the "small measure" really is. As the law at present stands, since 1872 any magistrate, native or English, can put the law in motion against a

European British subject. But while the provincial courts have full jurisdiction over natives, they cannot punish the privileged subject with more than one year's imprisonment and Rs. 1000 fine. In cases not adequately punished in that way, he must be brought before a jury in one of the Presidency towns. In addition to that, he has certain special privileges as to the rank of the magistrate who may try him, the mode of trial, the right of appeal, and the right to apply for release from custody. They are all founded upon special race privileges, which has always been held to confer a right to the protection of the High Courts, and of a jury of Englishmen. The circumstances of the country, with a government which stirs up animosity and indignation all the way round, may at any time render such a right one of vital importance. They were all recognised and affirmed by the Act of 1872, confirmed by that of 1882. It is not proposed to touch one of them. The only change proposed is to do away with that on which it is felt that all the other privileges, essential as they are, depend—viz., the provision that the magistrate or judge who tries him shall be of his own race. The necessity, therefore, which has arisen, whatever it is, is not to establish equality of race before the law. It is admitted on all hands that that is not yet expedient or practicable. The race privilege of the Englishman is not denied. It is invaded in one particular, which he feels, naturally enough, involves the whole. But the ground upon which it is put is not that it is necessary to do away with his privilege, but that its existence involves a correlative disqualification on the part of the magistrate or judge who is to try

him. Scattered throughout the empire there are, we believe, five natives who have attained positions which entitle them to try Europeans in respect of the limited range of offences for which they are triable by the provincial courts—five individuals out of the 250 millions of whom Mr Bright speaks as interested in this measure! Those five gentlemen, who no doubt have attained to a considerable position by most praiseworthy efforts, may, it is urged, be wounded in their feelings if they should feel themselves under disability or disqualification when the occasion arises. And that is the sole ground on which a change in the law has been proposed, which has exasperated the whole English community, and evoked a most painful and serious outburst of race animosity and hatred. It has been manifested in a variety of ways, and the Government which unnecessarily provoked it, within only a quarter of a century of the mutiny, and within only ten years of a sound and satisfactory settlement of the question, which might have lasted for at least a generation without producing any administrative inconvenience sufficient to call for stringent legislation, has incurred a great responsibility.

Let us take the facts in the order in which they occurred. Early in 1882 a great criminal procedure code was passed. If any necessity existed for the proposed change, then was the time to have proposed it. The whole subject was on the anvil; the attention of the public and the legislature was engrossed by it. But the code was prepared without a word being heard as to the proposed change. The necessity which is now represented, by way of argument, as urgent, did not occur to

the responsible framers of that code. If any inconvenience had been felt to result from the settlement of 1872 during the ten years which had elapsed, it would have been the duty of the framers of that code to make provision against it. On the contrary, they proposed, with all the authority of the responsible Government, to perpetuate the settlement of 1872. The Act of 1882 was accordingly passed and settled.

What occurred in the interval to render that necessary in 1883 which was overlooked or deliberately disregarded in 1882? During the discussions on the Criminal Procedure Bill, Mr B. L. Gupta, a native member of the civil service, wrote to the Government to repeat the arguments of 1872 against what he termed "the disability under which myself and other Indian members of the service labour." It was put forward as a purely personal claim. The race privileges of the Englishman involved disqualification on the part of five natives, whose number might increase; and on that personal private ground, without regard to the public considerations involved, the claim was put forward.

The next step was that Sir Ashby Eden, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, on the eve of his departure from India, submitted this letter of Mr Gupta's to the attention of the supreme Government. He did so in a document which was so hastily written and ill-considered, that while in part of it he recommended that "the matter should receive full and careful consideration whenever on any future occasion a fitting opportunity occurs,"—in another part of it he declared that "the time has now arrived" when these disabilities should be removed. But the inconsistency would never

have arisen if any urgent necessity or existing administrative inconvenience had been present to his mind.

The next step was, that the proposal was referred as to the principle to the local governments, and came back, generally speaking, stamped with their approval, except in the case of Coorg.

Meanwhile the European community, which had acquiesced in the native magistrates of the Presidency towns being vested with far greater powers (including imprisonment for two years and whipping), thereby showing that their race privilege is not insisted upon when circumstances are not considered to render it essential and desirable to do so, raised their voices in one unanimous and prolonged cry of anger, alarm, and astonishment. The whole subject, after being thoroughly ventilated in the press, and declaimed upon in indignation meetings with of course the usual amount of exaggeration and excitement, came on for discussion in the council of the Viceroy. Very able and well considered arguments were addressed to the council on both sides. We have considered them from the point of view, whether the time has come when, from necessity or motives of administrative convenience or general expediency, the time has come when the European community may be fairly asked to abandon the settlement of 1872 and 1882, and consent to a further deprivation of their race privileges, beyond what was imposed upon them by that settlement, as no longer required for the safety of themselves and their families. Race distinctions must fall as time goes on, and as empire becomes more and more socially welded together. In the meantime every proposed change

must be judged by whether it is opportune, required by circumstances, entitled to a just and generous acceptance by those who are affected by it.

It is fair to investigate the case put forward by the Government with these two uncontradicted facts in our hands. First, that the Government of India did not consider it necessary or expedient to propose any change by their great measure of last year. Secondly, that the whole European community, which acquiesced in a similar proposal as regards the Presidency towns, is to a man against it as regards the country at large. We lay great stress upon both those facts. In the first place, the statesmen who frame these codes are men of great experience and knowledge of Indian affairs, aware that the settled policy of Parliament is to do away with race distinctions wherever practicable, sure to be urged on from home along that course of policy. Their abstention therefore last year from proposing this change is most significant. Next, we hold the non-official European community in India, who are composed of all classes, and obviously of enterprising, active, and ambitious members of those classes, or they would not be in a distant country and a hostile climate, in much greater respect than Sir Arthur Hobhouse does. We do not regard them as fools, because they express themselves twice in half a century in terms of violent indignation, nor do we say that impunity for crime is pleasant to them. They are a law-abiding community, entitled to protection from the criminal classes, and entitled to prefer a European in their midst as the representative of law and order, officially responsible for the maintenance of the Queen's

peace. Their unanimous opinion is, in our judgment, entitled to respectful appreciation from any Government.

What has official opinion, as expressed in the Viceroy's council, to say on the subject? Sir Stuart Bayley has had upwards of thirty years' experience. He has held the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. In earlier years he had an extensive experience of the lives led by planters in the Mofussil, and he speaks with a full knowledge of the circumstances by which they are surrounded. This is what he says:—

"There is another aspect to the case of the opposition, which I think deserves most attentive consideration; and this is the real danger in which the isolated European living in the Mofussil runs from having these false cases trumped up against him. It is right that I should state publicly that this danger is a very real and a very serious one; for probably no member of this council has had the same experience as I have of the lives led by planters in the Mofussil. My own experience has given me a strong feeling on this matter, and any one who knows anything of the extreme bitterness with which disputes about land are fought out in the Mofussil, and the unscrupulous methods to which recourse is had in conducting those disputes before the court—methods to which a planter cannot have recourse—will understand how precarious his position may become, and how essential to him it is that the law should be well and wisely administered. So far, then, as the argument against the Bill is based on a fear that these dangers are perceptibly increased, and that under the new Bill the law will be less well and less wisely administered than at present, I consider the objections deserve a most careful examination."

Sir Stuart Bayley went on to argue that the "small measure now pending," as Sir Arthur Hobhouse calls it, was not nearly so dangerous

as was said, and that its effect had been exaggerated by the fear that it was only a stepping-stone to a larger measure. Far from adopting the tone of Sir Arthur Hobhouse, that this is only the removal of an obstruction to a great policy, a cautious step to a high ideal, he denies altogether that there is any intention to place all Europeans, *quoad* jurisdiction, on the same footing as natives. We note that he adds that such a proposal would be regarded as "dangerous and uncalled for." He can hardly be surprised if, under all the circumstances, the European community fastens on the grave and serious admission made as to the danger of tampering at all with the present administration of criminal justice, and distrusts the alleged finality of this Bill.

General Wilson, like most military men, was dead against the measure. "I maintain, as I have always maintained, distinct opposition to it; and believing it to be impolitic, I hope it will not become law." But he denounced the unnecessary violence and agitation against it, particularly the advice tendered to the volunteers to resign in a body. The Commander-in-Chief, on the other hand, "would have been very glad if matters could have been left as they are;" but he had been satisfied by the representations of the Home Department that "it was necessary to remove some of the disabilities of the native members of the civil service;"—in fact, the whole question, from a practical point of view, turns on that. He did not, however, say what the representations were; and we are left to find out for ourselves the real administrative inconvenience which it is desirable to remove, at the cost of all this turmoil and excitement, and display of race antagonism. We

must go to Lord Ripon's speech for the most authoritative and the most responsible statement of the grounds on which this measure is proposed. But before doing so, it is necessary to note that the present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal expressed his "conviction that this measure is unnecessary in the present condition and constitution of the Native Judicial Covenanted Service in Bengal, and that it is inopportune, having regard to the many claims which demand the most cordial relations between the Government and the European community in India." He forebore on that occasion to go fully into the matter, but he added that there were a great many facts that he could bring forward to show that there was no administrative difficulty in connection with the matter.

"No Government," he continued, "can deal with legislation or the withdrawal of legislation in the presence of a popular frenzy. Still I should be wanting in my duty if I failed to press on the Government that I hope that, in their absence of contact with popular feeling, they will not allow themselves to think that the calm which I hope will supervene is an indication of apathy or indifference. If it be the opinion of the Government of India that this is a case of temporary excitement which will soon die out, I am sure they are mistaken; for I feel that, in the whole of my experience in India, this is unmistakably the strongest and most united and unanimous expression of public discontent that I have ever known, and that the last state will be worse than the first. I could wish for myself that the Bill could be withdrawn; and I do so not only for myself, but as expressing the opinion of a great many who have spoken to me on the subject, even though they support the principle of the Bill."

The speech of Lord Ripon was a fair and temperate statement of

the whole case. He evidently was not prepared for the burst of resentment with which the Bill had been received. Some of the most experienced of his council admitted that they had not been prepared for it; and it is quite obvious that it would not have been worth while to encounter it on behalf of so small a measure which raises the maximum of disturbance for the minimum of result. He put his defence of the measure entirely upon the removal of the disqualification of the native judges and magistrates. He instanced two natives who had risen to sufficient *status* in the service to entitle them to try Europeans, and pointed out that the number must gradually and steadily increase. Times had changed since 1872 in this respect, "that some of these native gentlemen have acquired these important positions, and others will go on rising to them in increasing numbers in coming years." Then he added: "I say, administrative inconvenience has already begun to be felt, and it will increase." In other words, the settlement of 1872, so far as it provided that a European British subject could only be tried by one of his own race, should last only so long as there was no one of any other race in a position to try him. The moment that a native was competent from his position to infringe the settlement, an Act should be passed to enable him to do so. The Act of 1872 remedied the great inconvenience of having to take English prisoners in every case to the Presidency towns. It was an inconvenience which, owing to increased means of communication, diminished every year; but still it was necessary to remedy it, and the English community acquiesced at once. The inconvenience now suggested is, on the high autho-

riety of Lord Ripon himself, still in the future, and will not be sensibly felt until a large number of natives have attained the necessary position. Till that time, there will always be European magistrates in every district where European crime is likely to occur, or at the very worst in an adjoining district. Lord Ripon evidently felt that the moment he got to the question of administrative inconvenience, he was on very weak ground indeed. He accordingly argued that it was wiser to introduce this change now, "when the persons who would obtain the power are very limited in number; when the circumstances under which they enter the civil service insure their ability and character; and when all their proceedings can be carefully watched. Being few in number, it will be easier now than afterwards for the attention of local governments and the public to be directed to their proceedings. I hold it therefore to be wiser to introduce the measure now, gradually, cautiously, and tentatively, than to wait till the change is forced upon us by necessity." He thus gives up the ground of necessity, and even present convenience, and justifies his proposal on the ground that in a future which may be remote it will become necessary, and meanwhile all parties may gradually learn to accommodate themselves thereto. This view involves the theory that the Act of 1872 was a sham, and that the moment it became operative, however faintly, it was to be repealed. No wonder that the European community felt that good faith had not been observed, and that the proposal was premature, not to say precipitate. The policy which Parliament and the Crown are pursuing in India may, and probably

will, in time render some measure of this kind, perhaps even this particular measure, necessary and desirable. But in matters of this kind everything depends upon the time and mode. Race privileges, race and religious animosities, are, in such a heterogeneous empire as that of India, matters which require profound attention, and cautious, nay conciliatory treatment. Time is on the side, let us hope, of their adjusting themselves; and time is, in all probability, on the side of eventual uniformity in the criminal procedure and the administration of criminal law in India. But that result can only be expedited by wise and opportune measures: what may be prudent and practicable at one moment may be highly rash and impracticable at another; and measures which, intended to remove race distinctions, in reality exasperate race animosity to a white heat, are unwise, inopportune, and ought to be withdrawn. A far more sweeping measure than this in favour of native administration has been adopted for the Presidency towns. Its success justified its prudence, and it succeeded without objection because it was appropriate in the circumstances. The catastrophe of failure in which the present measure is landed is its condemnation, and shows that it has been singularly unfortunate in time, manner, and fitness to the occasion.

We do not care to argue in favour of maintaining native disqualifications in the case of natives of proved capacity. All we say is, that if race privileges involve, *pro tanto*, native disqualifications, these latter must endure so long as the former are justified by the circumstances of the past, present, and immediate future. When the time has come when it is either necessary or politically desirable to abol-

ish the race privilege, then, and not till then, the correlative native disqualification will cease. Till then the privilege is that of the accused, not that of the tribunal which is to try him. If the native thinks it unjust that he should hold office subject to a disqualification, it is part of a wise political education to teach him to digest a private grievance for the public good. The most enthusiastic exponents of the high ideal involved in the ultimate supremacy of the Bengalee Baboo over the more manly and famous races of Asia, are in favour of proceeding by cautious, tentative, and gradual steps. Several natives have achieved great distinction as High Court judges. It does not follow that any one of them could be prudently trusted to maintain the Queen's peace, either in a district of Sikhs, Rajpoots, Mahrattas, Pathans, or of English planters. And when we open the 'Times' of June 15, we find this ominous statement attributed by the Parliamentary reporter (we trust erroneously) to Mr Cross, the Under Secretary for India, who was asked why Mr Banerjea had been removed from the Indian Civil Service:—

"Mr Banerjea, as assistant magistrate, had to submit periodically a record of the state of business in his court. In order to prevent this record showing the extent of the arrears into which, through sheer neglect of duty, he had allowed the cause list to fall, he was guilty, in the words of the Governor-General in Council (Lord Northbrook) of 'dishonest fabrication of his judicial records,' of 'palpable abuse of his judicial powers,' and of 'the infliction of injustice upon innocent persons.'"

And on the very same day, in the same 'Times,' we read that Mr Bright, in that queer medley of topics on which he descanted at



Birmingham, was pleased, by way of parenthesis, to let fall the following rhetorical ejaculation:—

"You have seen in the public papers discussions as to what is taking place in India;—that the Europeans there, our countrymen, have been excited, most strangely excited to my mind, at a proposition of a very moderate and not an important change with regard to the administration of justice. They have been almost wild in their opposition to it. They say, or they seem to say, 'We have conquered India by the sword, and by the sword we will maintain our conquest. We will not rely at all upon the sympathies of millions, or on justice fairly administered to them.'"

And then he denounces "this blatant and unreasoning cry to dash and blight the hopes of the 250 millions." Does Mr Bright's imagination really run away with him to the extent of his believing *bona fide* that the hopes of 250 millions are set on five Anglicised Bengalee Baboos having criminal jurisdiction over Englishmen? or that justice will never be fairly administered till they have? The passage we have quoted is a disgrace to English statesmanship. The "small measure" has nothing whatever to do with the 250 millions, except so far as, in the remote future, it may prejudicially affect them. Does Mr Bright really believe that any section of the Jat peasantry or the *sirdars* of the Punjab, that any Pathans of Upper India, that any of the millions of the Dekkhan, Rajputana, and the Central Provinces, to say nothing of the North-West, are eager to have Bengali Baboos quartered amongst them with criminal jurisdiction? They are nothing of the kind; and they would regard it with jealousy and suspicion. Mr Bright's claptrap is directed by trenchant ignorance. He knows nothing of some of the

strongest race antipathies in the world. It is difficult to suggest a parallel. But suppose that Napoleon the Great had effected a permanent conquest of Europe, and some of the lower races—say the Neapolitans or Southern Italians—had developed a facility for passing competitive examinations, would all the other nations of Europe find their "hopes dashed" unless they were furnished with a due supply of Southern Italians amongst them with criminal jurisdiction. Their hopes would lie in a directly opposite direction. Would it have been a blatant outcry if Germans, English, French, Spanish,—all objected? Would the Neapolitans have had the sympathies of millions? It would soon have been found out that sound feeling consisted in not being in too great a hurry to invert the position of conquerors and conquered, to the advantage of the least worthy, morally and physically, of the latter. The best thing to do in the management of great as well as small affairs, is to recognise the fact and truth of things. There are such things in India as conquerors and conquered. We need not, and have not, legislated exclusively with that idea in our heads. Neither can we afford to disregard it. Lord Ripon has shown that these amiable enthusiasts, with their high ideas, and what they fancy are their cautious steps towards it, are always in mischief. The manly and straightforward course is that pursued by Sir James Stephen, who effected the settlement of 1872 on the basis of a great change, universally accepted, which he defended as a give-and-take compromise,—in other words, a wise and prudent adaptation to the requirements of the present and of the future, until circumstances should be materially altered. No

such alteration has occurred. Gentlemen with high ideas must condescend to be patient. It is not proposed all at once to make natives Lieutenant-Governors or Commanders-in-Chief of the British army. It is at least worthy of consideration whether we are rushing too rapidly forward in pursuit of our high ideals, when the only practical result likely to accrue from it at present or in the near future is undue favouritism to the Bengalee, over the nobler and more powerful of the Asiatic races. Our favourites will be of no use in time of trouble, and the manner in which we are thrusting them forward is calculated to give, and we believe does give, deep offence to those manlier but less lettered races of Upper and Central India, amongst whom the Bengalee has been regarded for ages with contempt and aversion.

The position in which the Indian Government is placed is an unpleasant one, and the only course left to it is to retreat with dignity and firmness. It cannot be wise to pursue, under circumstances

which had not been foreseen, Lord Ripon's policy, which is avowedly whittled away to one of testing by experience how two or three natives will comport themselves in a position in which it is unnecessary, and must now be considered inexpedient, to place them. It will be a relief to every one, in the present state of India, to hear that this measure has been withdrawn. Its proposal reflects no credit upon any one. At the present moment it would be singularly unwise to persist in it. To pass it without acting upon it would be worse than withdrawing it. And even the most ardent advocates for conferring this power upon natives must see that it would be hardly fair to them to make the experiment under existing circumstances, which would increase its difficulty and materially lessen the chances of its success. We trust that we shall shortly hear that the "small measure now pending" has been consigned to the limbo of abortive projects, gone with other good intentions to pave the floor of Pandemonium.

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## THE DYSPEPTIC MINISTRY.

THE Ministry is hipped. The high pressure at which legislation has been carried on during the last two years has brought about a natural reaction of lassitude which is pervading both the Government and its supporters, and is manifesting its effects in different ways among the different sections of the Liberal party. In the Cabinet the malady has taken the form of acute nervous debility, with all those symptoms of dizziness and drowsiness, loss of (legislative) appetite, flatulency—no new complaint in that quarter—and hallucinations, which are so eloquently described by the vendors of patent medicines. In other circles the distemper has assumed the shape of a predisposition to irritability and quarrelsomeness, which sometimes necessitates a slight rearrangement of offices. And among all classes of the Liberal party we notice a peevishness and impatience both with the Government and with themselves that indicate a disordered system, and suggest the necessity for a powerful tonic, which the country will no doubt prescribe in time.

We have said the Cabinet is labouring under hallucinations, and of these the most persistent is that Ministers in the House of Commons are zealously labouring to despatch the business of Parliament, but that their best efforts are thwarted by an obstruction which is only visible to themselves, and to which they can never by any chance point the finger at the time of its appearance. "Veiled obstruction" they call it; and veiled it must indeed be, for to all eyes except those of the Ministry and the Ministerial press it is wholly invisible. We might dismiss this

cry about obstruction as simply springing from the petulance of an arrogant majority, if it were not evident that the Government intends to urge obstruction as an excuse for its legislative shortcomings during the present session, and that its organs are sedulously preparing the minds of the constituencies for listening to the complaints which Ministers intend to make during the recess. Such a course is one unworthy of any Government, more especially of a Government that has been armed with the means of putting down obstruction so completely as has that of Mr Gladstone. With the new rules of procedure—to obtain which the Prime Minister may be said to have sacrificed a session—at his command, surely the course incumbent upon Mr Gladstone, if he finds that he has to combat obstruction, is to put it down with a firm hand, instead of whining to the country of the interruptions to which he is exposed. But, says the Ministerial press, obstruction is now "veiled," and it is impossible to bring it under the operation of rules that were intended to check only open and notorious attempts to impede the business of the House of Commons. But the new rules were so carefully framed in the interests of a Government with a large majority, that no obstruction, whether veiled or naked, need be allowed to stand in the way if the Ministry puts forth its powers. The most significant fact connected with the outcry is, that while the general charge is being loudly preferred, particular instances of obstruction are seldom if ever condescended upon. We may presume, then,

that by veiled obstruction the Liberals mean the exercise of that right of criticism which has always been deemed one of the most important functions of an Opposition, and which could only be waived at the risk of detriment to the best interests of the country, and to the credit and character of the Opposition itself. That the Conservatives have not abused this right, will be at once conceded by any one who takes the trouble to analyse the questions, motions, and votes of the party during the present session. It is notorious that a considerable number of Conservatives, both in and out of Parliament, are by no means satisfied with the temperate and patriotic course which the Opposition leaders have thought it wise to follow, and would have had the conduct of Ministers submitted to a much more searching scrutiny in both Houses. Unless the Conservatives were to be confined to giving a silent acquiescence to Ministerial measures, we fail to see what facilities the Government could want from them for the discharge of public business that it has not already got. Is it meant that if we are to enjoy the continued advantage of the present Liberal Administration, we shall require an addition to the new rules of procedure which will effectually muzzle the Opposition, except upon all such points of policy as the Ministry desire to be discussed for its own advantage? This is the only remedy that seems likely to relieve the anxiety of Government about "veiled obstruction." As for obstruction itself, it cannot be said to have showed its front in the House of Commons during the present session. Even the Home Rulers have confined their interposition to such questions as they may legitimately claim to exercise a voice upon;

and if any of the more reckless members of that party has for a moment overstepped his bounds, he has been made to feel the gag sharply.

We must therefore dismiss the cry of "veiled obstruction" as a Liberal delusion or a Liberal figment, intended to delude the country into the idea that the work of Parliament is being hindered by the Opposition, instead of being retarded by the inertness and timidity of the Ministry. On the other hand, the Government itself has extended full toleration, and in several instances direct encouragement, to obstruction from its own side of the House. The Liberal benches bristle with one-ideaed members, most of whom have been freely allowed to air their own particular "fads," while Ministers have solemnly taken part in the discussion. With these members, who form considerable units of its own strength, the Government cannot afford to quarrel, least of all at a season when there are signs of impatience gathering in the Liberal ranks; and they are consequently made welcome to waste the public time as may suit their views. Although such obstruction would scout even the pretence of using a "veil," the eyes of the Ministry can discern nothing in it save a legitimate desire to ventilate opinion, and it piously shrinks from any attempt to quench the Liberal spirit. It even feels the necessity of now and then taking a "fad" under its special protection, with a view to show its patronage of persistence, as when it threw its influence into the scale in favour of the abolition of the Contagious Diseases Act, in spite of the highest counsels, military, sanitary, and social, to the contrary. If we sum up the time wasted by Liberal members in the

ventilation and discussion of such whims during the present session, and the hours frittered away by the Government in showing its condescension for them, we shall readily arrive at one of the primary causes of the delay of public business.

Had there, however, been any sincere desire on the part of the Government to distinguish this session by active legislation, all interruptions must have at once given way before the means which it ought to possess of making its will felt in the Commons. But even before the Easter recess had been reached, it had become evident that the long list of measures enumerated in the Queen's Speech was simply an idle manifesto. The subject of Local Government, which the Liberals have all along put forward as one of their main claims upon public support, was among the first parts of the Ministerial programme to be thrown aside. Not only were we promised "proposals for the better government of the Metropolis," but "this"—if time should permit—"was to be followed by other measures relating to reform of Local Government." Scarcely, however, had the subject been mooted, when the Government became awake to the fact that there was less hazard in robbing all the landlords in Ireland than in plundering one Livery Company; and care was accordingly taken that time should not permit of the introduction of even the first instalment of the scheme of promised reform. Either Mr Gladstone, like a thrifty statesman, thinks that it is prudent to save his best Liberal baits to catch the constituencies at the next general election; or his Ministers are losing nerve to deal with the questions which they themselves have raised. The Conservancy of Rivers and the Prevention

of Floods Bill has also been shelved; and the Scotch Universities and Police measures, and the subject of education in Wales, will also in all probability furnish another paragraph for another Queen's Speech. The two measures which are to engross the House of Commons for the remainder of the session—the Corrupt Practices Bill and the subject of Compensation for Agricultural Improvements in England and Scotland—are being bandied about by the Ministry in a listless and uncertain manner,—now one obtaining precedence, now the other; and we shall not be surprised if some of these measures do not become law during the present year. The land-law reformers have only to exert themselves upon the Radical section of the House to make the Ministry again see the spectre of "veiled obstruction," and come before the country during the recess clamouring that their benevolent intentions towards the tenant farmers have been again thwarted, and that unless their hands are still further strengthened, they are powerless to effect the despatch of legislative business.

What work has been done has been accomplished in the Standing Committees; and the contrast between the results achieved by these sections and by the general body of the House is so marked as to raise a suspicion that the Government aims at establishing a reputation for these institutions of its own creation, to the detriment of the credit of the whole House, and to found on that a demand for a further extension of the Committee system. The work of the Committees has yet to be subjected to the judgment of the House, and we must wait for its decision before an estimate can be formed of their practical utility. To all intents they have been working

in the dark. The public has not yet learned to follow their proceedings, and the press in general appears to think that very meagre reports of their deliberations are sufficient to satisfy general interest. Yet enough has transpired to show that in the case of the Bankruptcy Act at least, the House of Commons will have to narrowly scrutinise the Committee's conclusions. It was urged at the time when these Grand Committees were first suggested by the Prime Minister, that their deliberations would be peculiarly liable to bear the impress of members' crotchets and pet theories, which the stronger current of opinion in the body of the House generally suffices to efface; and also that there would be less resistance to Ministerial pressure. Both these prognostications have been to some extent justified; and the reception of the Bankruptcy Bill by the House will not be less critical on account of the overbearing disposition which the President of the Board of Trade has shown with regard to some of its more important provisions, while the nerves of the Committee on Criminal Law have already given way before the immensity of the work.

The suspicion to which we pointed last month, that the inertness of the Government was due in some measure to a want of harmony among its members, has been verified by the retirement of Lord Rosebery from the management of Scotch affairs, and by other differences in the same department which appear to have been for the time accommodated. Elaborate explanations have been made—so elaborate that they at once arouse distrust of their sincerity—showing that Lord Rosebery's retirement had nothing to do with pique at Sir William Harcourt's insolent observa-

tions regarding his tenure of office, and was dictated by a spirit of pure loyalty for the convenience of his party. The unusual course has been adopted of publishing a Government memorandum to assure the public that Lord Rosebery was not at all aggrieved at the Home Secretary's remarks; and it must add greatly to any grief that may be felt at his lordship's retirement, that the State has temporarily lost the services of a nobleman who possesses such command over his feelings, and can bear impertinence in a true spirit of Christian forgiveness, when it is for the good of his party. The old proverb, *fer comme un Ecossais*, does not seem to hold good among the official Liberals from the north of the Tweed nowadays, for the Scotch papers have been chronicling that threats of resignation on the part of the Lord Advocate, called forth by the Home Secretary's "little ways," are now withdrawn, and that harmony is restored in that quarter also. If the retirement of these officials were the only matter in question, it would be a matter of comparative indifference how Mr Gladstone rearranged his departments; but when we are told that, to promote the comfort of the happy family gathered under Sir William Harcourt's wing, a special department for Scotch affairs is to be created, the Scotch must naturally be caused considerable uneasiness. If such a department is to be called into existence, we have no hesitation in saying that it is for the special advantage of some *protégé* of the Ministry—and not on account of any desire or need that exists in Scotland for a machinery to manage its affairs separate from that of the rest of the country. The experience which the Scotch have had of their interests being committed to

a particular Minister, was that such an arrangement never gave general satisfaction; nor was it until its politics were merged in those of the country generally, that it ever obtained legislative justice. The oppressive *régime* of the Stair family was as unpopular with the one side as the more equitable rule of the Dundases<sup>1</sup> was with the other; and it is quite certain that when Scotch affairs fell entirely within the control of the Home Office, local jobbery became less rampant, and the despatch of business more efficient. It seems rather inconsistent that a Government, whose zeal for centralisation led it to transfer the very efficient Scotch Education Department from Edinburgh to Whitehall in opposition to the unanimous wish of the country, should now consider it necessary to create a special Ministry for Scotch affairs; and the only conclusion that can be come to is, that the convenience of the Ministry and not the wish of the country is being consulted. With the exception of a handful of Scotch Liberal members who feel that their own importance would be enhanced, and a considerable group of place-hunters who would like to see the good old days of Caledonian jobbery revived, there exists no desire north of the Tweed for being cut off from the rest of the country. The time for such an experiment is also peculiarly malapropos. The Irish agitation for Home Rule has proved too lucrative a profession not to commend itself both to writers and stump orators in other parts of Britain; and in the present un-

settled condition of the Scottish Celts, we see unmistakable signs that the Irish ferment has not been lost upon the more ignorant masses of the Scottish Highlanders. When federalism is becoming so fashionable a doctrine, it is time to draw closer rather than to loosen any bonds of union that exist between the various members of the British empire. We can appeal to experience to corroborate the dangers that are attendant on such a course as Mr Gladstone is now proposing to adopt. A good deal more than thirty years ago, when Scotland was suffering grievously from the neglect of the Liberal Government and of the Scotch Crown officers, and when Scotch interests were being mercilessly sacrificed to Ministerial parsimony, a cry was raised for "Justice to Scotland," and an influential movement set on foot, in which the late public-spirited Earl of Eglinton, Sir Archibald Alison, and other distinguished Scotsmen, took a prominent part, and which was ably supported in the pages of this Magazine by Professor Aytoun. But the promoters speedily perceived that popular feelings, when once aroused, were liable to go too far on the subject, and even to include the Treaty of Union in their scope; and so the movement was let drop as speedily as possible.<sup>2</sup> The danger now of isolating Scotland is far greater than it was then. Not only ought the Government to take into account the condition of the Highlands, which, under the flatteries of sham philo-Celts and the intrigues of wire-pullers, is steadily assuming an anti-Saxon attitude, visible in

<sup>1</sup> A northern quatrain has preserved the popular sentiments of the Scotch with regard to their experience of such departments as Mr Gladstone now proposes to create—

"First came the men of many wimples  
Whom folks call commonly Dalrymples;  
And after them came the Dundases,  
Who rode our lords and lairds like asses."

<sup>2</sup> See Alison's *Autobiography*, vol. ii. pp. 30, 31.

agrarian disturbances and Sunday rioting, but it ought to remember that the chief cities in Scotland each contain their quota of the disciples of Mr Bradlaugh, as well as a large number of Irish Home-Rulers, all of whom would view with satisfaction what they would not greatly err in considering as a step in the direction of imperial disruption. We say nothing of the loss which Scotland would sustain by being reduced to the position of a province, and by having its laws characterised by the narrower impress of local feelings,—by being, in a word, thrown back into the position which it occupied in the last century, and from which it has always congratulated itself upon having escaped. The proposal was at the outset so obviously conceived in the interest of an individual, and to pay off personal obligations, that we have no doubt it will be dealt with by Parliament in a spirit of firm and effectual opposition; and we are inclined to think that the Government would have scarcely ventured to broach the subject had it not calculated upon finding adequate excuses, during the remainder of the session, for indefinitely postponing the creation of a Scotch department. The objection which was made to Lord Rosebery as a peer, would of course prevent him from filling the proposed office; and Mr Craig Sellar has been mentioned for the post, doubtless on account of the soothing effect which his name would be expected to produce upon the Northern Highlanders: but the measure will be generally looked upon as an attempt to convert Scotland into an appanage of Dalmeny.

The caution with which the Government has selected its two stock-subjects of legislation for the remainder of the session, contrasts very strongly with so rash a proposal as that which we have been

considering. Neither the Corrupt Practices Bill nor the two Agricultural Holdings Bills contain in principle much debatable matter; but at the same time, none of these measures can redound to the particular credit of the Liberal Ministry. They are measures due to the country, and must have fallen to be taken up by any Government that was holding office at the present time; but we see nothing in them of that boldness of conception or originality of design which would have been expected from a Ministry of All Talents with a strong majority at its back. The only statesmanship shown in the Government's scheme for the suppression of corrupt practices at elections, consists in the still further penalising professional agencies for the benefit of caucus leaders. Its cardinal defect is, that it recognises no other means of corruption except bribery, while experiences of the caucuses have made it clearly manifest that there are other ways of wooing these bodies not less corrupt in principle, not less objectionable in practice, than was the good old system of purchasing free and independent electors at so much per head. When professional men are employed by candidates, the course followed is much more easily traceable than when the question of agency becomes mixed up with the occult machinery of the caucus. The sympathy of members on both sides of the House must unquestionably be in favour of limiting electioneering expenditure; but there is also a danger that candidates may be driven, when the higher order of agents quit a field that has ceased to be remunerative, to call to their assistance canvassers who will hold their honour in very doubtful keeping. With a manifest desire upon both sides of the House to impose a decided check



upon electoral corruption, the conclusion to be drawn from the discussions in Parliament is, that no practical means of dealing with the evil has yet suggested itself, and that the Government has but little expectation itself that the present measure will secure complete purity of election. A not inconsiderable portion of the British tax-payers have always been in the habit of looking on a contested election as a harvest of gain; and when these find the old fields where they were wont to glean shut up, they will naturally search about until they can gather their store in other quarters. In the American caucuses bribery and corruption have ever been rampant; while the close way in which the tactics of these bodies are pursued, effectually baffles the intervention of the law. Mr Chamberlain's institutions are too correct copies of the transatlantic originals to warrant us in putting much faith in their superiority to venality. The 'Times' coolly meets such objections as these, by arguing that "as the Conservatives are making rapid progress in the art of caucusing, it does not appear that any great unfairness can arise." We cannot, however, admit as a fact that the system upon which Conservative organisations are based has any affinity to the secret and oppressive machinery which the President of the Board of Trade has imported into the country. Such criticisms, however, show that little is expected on any side from the Corrupt Practices Bill; and it seems, after all, a poor measure for the Government to waste its strength and the time of the House upon, during the remainder of a session in which so little has been accomplished, and in which it has constantly complained that it was prevented by obstruction from dealing with other measures

of which the country urgently stands in need.

The Agricultural Holdings Bills for England and Scotland are being regarded by the majority of the House with much the same spirit of passive apathy as is shown towards the Corrupt Practices measure. Like the latter, the subject of Compensation to Tenants for Improvements is accepted as a question with which Parliament has to deal, though many sections of the House of Commons would prefer to look upon it rather in the light of a future contingency than as a present necessity. Yet the bill is one that different sections of members approach from very different points of view. The old Whigs, faithful to Lord Palmerston's favourite maxim, that "tenants' rights are landlords' wrongs," are unwillingly dragged into supporting the measure, yet with a sense that they are powerless to refuse. The Radicals, on the other hand, are indignant that all the agrarian agitation which has been kept on foot during the last few years, and the high hopes which Mr Gladstone's Irish land legislation excited, should be followed by results which fall so far short of the demands which our land reformers were gathering courage to put forward. The Liberals, sensible of the want of sympathy with the measure on both wings, have little heart to push the bill forward; and we need not be surprised to hear that it also has been sacrificed to the shade of "veiled obstruction," or that Ministers are proposing to claim sympathy from the country during the recess for the failure of their efforts to do justice to the farmers. The Conservatives, however, have from the beginning been quite ready to co-operate with the Government in passing the Agricultural Bills, and indeed would have preferred to have seen pre-

cedence given to them over the Corrupt Practices measure, so that the House of Lords, from which more practical and searching criticism where land questions are concerned, is to be expected, might have full leisure to consider them. We trust the Government does not intend to treat the Upper House, with respect to the Agricultural Holdings Bills, in the same fashion of arbitrary discourtesy that it showed in the case of the Irish Land Act. The Lords are quite entitled to demand ample time for the consideration of measures sent to them from the Lower House. They are by no means dilatory in the despatch of business; but it is an encroachment upon their privileges, as an independent Chamber of the Legislature, to send up important bills at a period of the session when they have no alternative except to scurry over them or throw them out. An altercation with the hereditary legislators would come so handy to Mr Gladstone and his colleagues in their present ebbing state of popularity, that they will doubtless be glad to embrace any constitutional means of compassing a quarrel before the commencement of the recess. The Ministry would with little regret see the Agricultural Bills lost either in the Lords or the Commons, provided they could extract from the failure an outcry by means of which they might reconcile themselves with the land-reforming Radicals, whose gloomy looks have begun to occasion the Government manifest uneasiness.

It would seem, however, as if the Ministry are not quite so confident of their capacity for agrarian legislation as they were two years ago. The position which the Government took up towards Lord George Hamilton's demand for a revision of the purchase clauses of the Irish Land Act not only be-

trayed doubts of its own ability to remedy the defects of its Irish experiment, but showed that the Liberal views regarding the grievances of the Irish cultivators had undergone a marked change. The speech in which the Irish Secretary replied to Lord George is notable as containing an implied admission that the Liberals are now satisfied of the danger of seeking to conciliate Irish clamour by material concessions.

"The warmest admirers of the Land Act of 1881," said Mr Trevelyan, "would admit that, however necessary it might have been, it was nevertheless looked upon by the people of Ireland as being the fruit of political agitation. Nor could any one deny that the people of Ireland entertained the idea that by similar agitations in the future they would be able to get handed over to them portions of property which the land-owners still looked upon as belonging to themselves. That was one of the gravest political dangers of the future."

We look upon Mr Trevelyan's admission as the frankest confession we have yet heard from any member of the Government that Mr Gladstone's remedial Irish policy has proved a failure in the past, and has created a menace for the future. It was Mr Gladstone's Government who, by yielding to agitation, taught the Irish people its success; and whatever evils spring to Ireland now from the still unsatisfied appetites of the Irish people, or whatever danger there is in the future, must, on Mr Trevelyan's own showing, be set down to the fact that the Liberal Government bent before agrarian agitation, and may therefore reasonably be expected to again prove pliable if only sufficient pressure be exerted.

The chief political *divertissement* of the past month has been the descent of Mr Bright from his stilts at Birmingham to his marrow-

bones at Westminster. Mr Bright has always been a privileged person in politics, and has had a greater licence allowed his tongue by all parties than has been conceded to any other contemporary statesman. The troubles in which his unruly member has nevertheless so frequently involved him might have been expected at his age to have taught him wisdom; but in his habits as in his ideas, he has never advanced beyond the corn-law era of his existence. Both Mr Gladstone and Earl Granville have long ago experienced the difficulties in which Mr Bright's vituperative powers involve his friends and his party; and both have had before this time to disclaim both him and his language. Mr Bright's recent remarks on the Opposition, and the sequel to them in the House of Commons, recall his famous letter to the secretary of the Liberal Association in Birmingham on the House of Lords and the former Irish Land Bill; and the humiliation to which he was exposed on that occasion was not more complete than was the penance which Sir Stafford Northcote compelled him to perform for his mendacious statements regarding the Conservative party acting in alliance with the Irish Home-Rulers. It may be asked why the leaders of the Opposition, who know Mr Bright so well, and who have had so many opportunities of forming a correct estimate of the weight which the public attaches to his statements, should have thought it worth while to challenge him to make good his words. It is not, however, the first time that an attempt has been made by the supporters and organs of Government to create an impression that the Opposition has been acting in concert with the Irish malcontent members to obstruct the legislative work of Government; and it was decidedly the

duty of the Conservative chief in the Commons to seize the first opportunity of grappling with the charge in a tangible form. It is not unnatural that the copartners to the treaty of Kilmainham should be anxious to make out that the Opposition has no more sense of honour than they themselves have shown; and Mr Bright's indiscretion, if passed over unnoticed, would assuredly have been quoted as a verification of such a theory. The senior member for Birmingham's palinode took the form of a laboured and peevish explanation of his meaning, lighted up by no single spark of generosity or frankness. He practically withdrew his statement that the Conservatives had been acting in alliance with "an Irish rebel party"; and then justified his licence to have made the charge by a singularly infelicitous reference to the Kilmainham treaty, which must have sent a cold shiver through the frames of his late colleagues. If the Conservatives could charge Ministers with having made a "treaty" with the disaffected Irish leaders at Kilmainham, argued Mr Bright, why might not he retort by a charge of alliance against the Conservatives, when he found the Home-Rulers voting in the same lobby with them against the Affirmation Bill? There was this difference, that the Conservatives have pleaded hard for an opportunity of substantiating their statements regarding the treaty of Kilmainham, but have hitherto pleaded in vain; and that the Ministry, by its reticence on the subject, and its refusal to allow its conduct to be brought to the test of proof, practically pleaded guilty. On the other hand, Sir Stafford Northcote at once met Mr Bright's accusation by a challenge to make good his statement, and received in reply an explanation that the right honourable gentle-

man had used a word which was "liable to two explanations"—a clumsy apology, if his use of the word "alliance" had suggested a meaning which he really did not intend to convey. An element of ludicrousness was added to the situation by Mr Bright's appeal to the House to bear testimony to his character for courtesy. "Many honourable gentlemen opposite have known me for a long time—some for forty years," pleaded Mr Bright; "and they have never known me treat members with discourtesy, and so long as they sit here they never will know it"—an assertion which naturally produced exclamations of "Oh! oh!" We would readily acquit Mr Bright of any intention to be discourteous; but he is naturally so narrow, arrogant, and intolerant, that in political discussion he has no idea where the line between courtesy and discourtesy should fall. Mr Bright told his constituents at Birmingham that "it was greatly wise to talk with our past hours;" had he taken his advice home, he would doubtless have been able to inform himself of many occasions when his acrid judgments of his political opponents had approached what in everyday life would be termed slander. It was doubtless a recollection of this fact, and of the trouble to which he had himself been frequently exposed by Mr Bright's vehemence of speech, that prompted Mr Gladstone to confine himself to technically exempting the Birmingham speech from the cognisance of Parliament, instead of either justifying Mr Bright or aiding him in his somewhat imperfect explanation. In spite of the not very formidable majority which rescued the senior member for Birmingham from the penalties of a breach of privilege, Sir Stafford Northcote must be congratulated

on having secured a moral victory for the Conservative party. He has saved the Opposition from a slander to which, if it had been allowed to pass unnoticed, the Liberals would have given general currency; he has read the Ministerial side a lesson as to the extent to which they may be allowed to carry political vilification; and he has made the vapouring and exultation of the Birmingham celebration end in a *fiasco* which will quite obliterate the memory of it everywhere else except in that favoured city.

Mr Bright, however, did not stand alone at the Birmingham demonstrations in providing trouble for the perplexed Premier. Mr Chamberlain does not appear to advantage in a secondary position, and it is rarely his fault if he is allowed to remain in the background. The adulation which was so lavishly poured upon his colleague naturally demanded from him, in vindication of his own personality, a more than ordinary effort of assurance; and with all the importance of President of the Board of Trade and a member of the Cabinet, he launched, as the future programme of the Liberal party, a scheme of universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of members of Parliament. In both Houses a natural curiosity found expression as to whether Mr Chamberlain was speaking on the authority of the Cabinet or of his own personal views; and in both quarters Mr Chamberlain's programme was promptly repudiated. Lord Granville, who, all unconscious of the riot which the tongues of the two principal "celebrators" were to run, had ventured to take part in the demonstrations, drew a distinction between Mr Chamberlain in his Ministerial and Mr Chamberlain in his private capacity, which left the President of the Board of Trade in rather a worse position

than he occupied before. Even with the help of Lord Granville's explanation, that he spoke not as a Minister but as a member, there is, as Lord Salisbury put it, "some difficulty in understanding the divided responsibility of Mr Chamberlain."

"We have no precedent for this in our political history at all," said the Marquis. "Mr Chamberlain, when joined with her Majesty's Government, will repudiate manhood suffrage—he will decline equal electoral districts, and will refuse payment to members; but when he goes to Birmingham he will support all these things. I do not understand this plan of splitting Cabinet Ministers in two."

It thus turns out that the result of the Birmingham celebration, which was intended to promote a revival of the flagging energies of Liberalism at its fountain-head, has been to forcibly reveal the want of harmony that prevails inside the Liberal Cabinet, and to bring about the humiliation of the statesman in whose honour the demonstration was organised. When the various sources of "veiled obstruction" come to be enumerated, it must not be forgotten that the Birmingham speeches of Messrs Bright and Chamberlain, by forcing themselves upon the attention of the House, contributed something to the delay of public business.

Reticent as the Government is on all points connected with its foreign and colonial policy, indications are ever forcing themselves upon public notice which justify a belief that difficulties connected with these departments account in a great measure for the feebleness of the Government in the House of Commons. We all remember the outcry which the present Ministers raised against Lord Beaconsfield's Government because it did not, as they alleged, take the

House of Commons into the confidence of its executive policy. Any faults that might have been chargeable against the late Administration on the score of reticence have been repeated in an exaggerated form by Mr Gladstone's Government. Not only has it never spontaneously taken Parliament into its counsels upon any important point of foreign or colonial policy, but it has entrenched itself in the House of Commons behind such an impenetrable hedge of bureaucratic impertinence, that the usual channels of information have been hopelessly blocked up to questioners. There is this justification for pursuing a course of mystery, that in all points of importance the Government has been compelled to adopt a course directly at variance with the pledges which it gave before entering office. The torrent of indignation which was poured forth over the gratification of imperial views leaves us, when spent, in military possession of Egypt, with no prospect of being again able to abandon the country to native rule. The denunciations of "Jingoism" have been succeeded by a Chauvinistic swagger over the Egyptian campaign, which for party purposes has been magnified into a great war; and our naval and military commanders have been rewarded with peerages and pensions as if their achievements had eclipsed the renown of a Nelson or a Wellington. As to the Ministerial views of the situation in India, where Lord Ripon, by setting race against race, by rousing prejudices which had almost died a natural death, and by governing the country, not in accordance with the views and experiences of Anglo-Indian statesmen, but in the spirit of the "dreamy Radicalism" in which his whole life has been spent, has succeeded

in stirring up such a political ferment as has not been witnessed in the East since the days of the Mutiny, and which must throw serious impediments in the path of Indian progress for many years. The subject of Lord Ripon's administration is one on which different views must prevail inside the Cabinet; and we may expect to hear that the diversity of opinion which has been already shown to exist, will on this subject still further intensify the present want of harmony in the Cabinet, and among its supporters. With the troubles which the policy of the Government has stirred up for itself in the Transvaal and in Basutoland, with its *protégé* King Cetewayo on the war-path in Zululand, and with the fruits of our abandonment of Candahar beginning to ripen in Affghanistan, reasons readily suggest themselves for the Government having to devote its energies to other and more pressing duties than domestic legislation; and it is characteristic of its timidity that it should seek to conceal its foreign troubles from the public, and to put the blame of its parliamentary failure upon a fictitious "veiled obstruction."

Mr Gladstone's last utterance upon the situation does not suggest a cheerful frame of mind on the part of the Premier personally. He writes to his Mid-Lothian constituents, who are still mourning over the money vainly spent last year in providing a reception for him, conveying a vague "hope" that he will be able to visit them at "a later date" should there be "no impediment"; and he adds—

"I hope also that when the time comes I may still be able to say, as I can now say, that I do not perceive the action of the disintegrating forces which were visibly at work during the later years of the administration of 1868-74, nor find any reason to believe that the country has altered its mind on the important issue which was decided in 1880."

"*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" We may reasonably suppose that Mr Gladstone would not have made such a statement had he not been conscious that the weaknesses of his administration were forcing themselves upon public notice. The assertion contains one of these ambiguities in which the Premier is an unequalled adept. The causes of disintegration which brought about his fall in 1873-4 are of course dead and buried; but there are at the present time other and not less powerful agencies at work underground, if we may judge by the upheavals which every now and then crop above the surface,—such as the defection of the Duke of Argyll, the retirement of Mr Forster, the repudiation of Mr Chamberlain by his colleagues, and the wholesale withdrawal of Whigs from the Reform and Cobden Clubs. If the popularity of the Ministry is to last until that "later date" arrive when the Premier is to pay his promised visit to his constituents, there is still an indefinite period of office in store for the Liberal Government; but before that time arrives, there is every probability that the country will have stepped in and afforded Mr Gladstone a much more "seasonable release" than the Mid-Lothian Radicals gave him last recess.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXIV.

AUGUST 1883.

VOL. CXXXIV.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART V.

CHAPTER XVII.—AN ARTIST'S DREAM.

CREEK'S workshop—for he did not call it a studio—was not far from the quarter in which Margrave had taken up his abode. Here he worked when under the influence of his good genius ; here, too, he dreamt of all the great pictures which he meant to paint when he had first taken brush in hand. How far short of the design had fallen the fulfilment ! Perhaps there are few men whose pride is not humbled when they make the same retrospect—when they recall the plans which they formed in the sanguine period of life, and compare them with the work which they have actually done. If some things have turned out better than they looked for, others have gone away ; the favourite designs, as a rule, have not prospered the best. They are the spectres which stand by our sides at many an unlooked-for moment, and admonish us that whatever the world may say or think, life has realised far less than we expected from it. Even those

who fancy they have some cause to hold that they have done well, are compelled to face the stern fact that they have fallen short of the mark which they originally set up. The strong keep on, determined to make the best of it, even to the last—to fulfil the original plans even now, if there be time. That is the unknown condition which weighs upon them when they begin a new undertaking ; will there be time to complete it ? Most active-minded men have felt, as years rolled by, the all-pervading presence of this sense of uncertainty. The horizon becomes contracted ; the far distant has become near. So much the more reason is there, that not one of the precious grains of sand still remaining in the glass should be wasted. Bernard Creek told himself this very often ; and since Kate's arrival in London he had tried hard to carry out his good resolutions, not always without success.

He was now busily engaged in

examining several water-colour drawings which lay upon his table, and which, according to his judgment, displayed powers of a very uncommon kind. He had not, he declared to himself, done anything so good; and yet there were some touches of his own work in them, and those touches had greatly improved the original designs, although Creek was scarcely conscious of that. He honestly believed that the hand which drew them was possessed of greater skill than he could boast of. Perhaps this was not quite the fact; but a little exaggeration was pardonable, considering that the hand which he praised was that of Kate Margrave.

He had done much to guide and encourage Kate in her studies, and these drawings before him were to some extent the fruits of his resources and skill. He was far prouder of them than if they had been his own work. They were intended to be sent before the awful judges of the Royal Academy; to that height had Kate's ambition attained. Many good pictures are turned away from the Academy every year, and Kate's might meet with that fate; but Creek had been strongly in favour of her trying her fortune, and now he had picked out two little works which, with a reasonable share of good luck, could not, he thought, fail to be accepted. He was more interested in this than in his own success, and yet he scarcely dared to ask himself why. Some vague feeling there was in his mind that if the companionship which recent events had brought about could but be preserved to him, he might yet be able to show that there was something better in his composition than the stuff out of which picture-dealers and usurers made their hacks. But he knew that this

companionship might soon be interrupted, as it had been once before. Now that Kate lived in London, he saw her nearly every day, for she placed a far higher estimate upon his services in her artistic studies than he was disposed to do himself. The only hours out of the twenty-four which seemed to him worth counting were those which he spent in her society.

It was congenial to his nature and disposition to go on dreaming day after day, although he scarcely dared to interpret his dream even to himself. He was perfectly sure that Kate had no suspicion of his thoughts. She invariably treated him with a gentleness which she showed to no one else except her father; but many a man has taken a slight token like that to mean much more than was reasonable, and has suffered the consequences of his folly. Of late, however, Creek had almost been persuaded that his coming was watched for with peculiar interest, and often he had been asked by Margrave to remain long after his usual hour for departure. Then there were moments when the artist ventured to let his aspirations take a daring flight. After all, he had barely passed his fortieth year; and a man at forty is young—in these days, in fact, he is usually only just beginning to emerge from the general crowd, provided he is ever lucky enough to push among the foremost in the race. It was not too late to win the fight even now. With Kate Margrave to inspire a man by her example and her devotion, what might not be done?

In this way the artist went on building his castles in the air. On this particular day, when Kate's drawings were before him, he had indulged in these visions till the circumstances of real life had slipped completely into the back-



ground. He was rudely recalled to them by the sudden entrance of his too faithful patron, Moss Jacobs, who seldom took the trouble to have his presence announced in a more ceremonious fashion than by a slight tap at the door.

The dealer walked straight up to the table on which the drawings were laid, and began turning them over, to the great dissatisfaction of Creek, who made one or two ineffectual attempts to huddle them away into a drawer.

"Why, these are good," burst out Jacobs, in his coarse, vulgar voice—"very good, and not at all in your usual style. Trying something new, eh? Quite right; the public get sick of seeing the same thing year after year. They like a change. We all do, don't we?" He gave a wink and a leer which completed the artist's disgust.

"Your picters," continued Moss, quite indifferent to the effect he was producing, "do not go off so well as they used to do, my boy. 'Not fulfilled the early promise,' as the critics say—excuse my speaking plainly, as an old friend. Now in this drawing (holding one up) you've struck out a new line. What's the subject?"

"The drawings are not mine," said Creek, placing his hand upon them, and making a show of closing the portfolio.

"Well, I suppose I can look at them, can't I? I don't want to steal them." This the dealer said by way of a joke, but Creek did not seem disposed to treat it as a joke. He kept a very watchful eye upon the drawings.

"This head is very fine," continued the connoisseur, selecting an effective sketch of an old man, the original of which was one of Kate's pensioners at her beloved Grange. The man had been a tramp the greater part of his life,

but he had the face of a Hebrew seer. "Never knew you to do anything better," cried Moss, with unwonted enthusiasm. "And these flowers—tip-top! They look like the real thing. What's the name of them?"

"They are wild hyacinths and primroses," said Creek, now resigning himself to his fate. "Most children know those flowers."

"Very likely," retorted the dealer with a chuckle, "but I am not a child, as most people have found out. But never mind that—I like these flowers, and I tell you what I will do. I'll give you ten pounds apiece for these two little things—fifteen in cash, five to go towards the old account." And Moss placed his fat hand on two of the very best of the drawings; for although he was totally destitute of education or training, he had a sort of instinct which enabled him to recognise really good work, and to this he owed no small part of his success and his fortune.

"They are not for sale, so don't waste your time over them, Jacobs. I will show you what I have been doing myself lately, if you care to see it."

"Don't be in a hurry," said the dealer, throwing himself into an arm-chair; "plenty of time for that. I like them 'arebells—is that the name of them?—these here blue flowers in the corner, I mean. They remind me of 'Ampstead, where I generally have a party of a few friends on Sunday, just to break the day a little. A terrible long day is Sunday; sure to give you the blues if you don't get up a little fun of some sort or other. Why don't you join us sometimes? Come next Sunday, and I will introduce you to a very pretty friend of mine, Rose Violet—a screamer! Violet is her stage

name, you understand: I got her the first engagement she ever had—that's why she's so fond of me. She is the daughter of old Jeremiah Flint, who keeps the junk-shop down there close to the London Docks. Old friend of mine is Jerry—a knowing hand, I can tell you. He's made a nice little pile of money, some in one way and some in another—mostly in the *other*. This gal of his might have had a tidy little fortune if she'd kept to the shop, but she got stage-struck, and now the old man won't even own her. Did you ever see her dance, Creek?"

"I never did," replied the artist, half hidden in the dense smoke from his pipe, which he had taken up to enable him to go through his present trials.

"Well, then, come next Sunday to dinner with us, and I'll try to get her to show you what she can do. It will cheer you up. What you want is to see a little more life, instead of moping about all day, cussing your hard luck. Come and see Rose. Her father won't be there—no fear of that! She never sees the old man now, especially since he had that little trouble the other day. I suppose you saw all about it in the papers."

"I never read the papers," muttered Creek.

"No? Well, then, more's the pity. I don't think much of newspapers myself, but *you* ought to read them, and get acquainted with some of the art critics. Nothing much to be done without them now. Why don't you give swell breakfasts like Tommy Tiddler, and invite all the nobs? They'd come fast enough; they will go anywhere now. Literature and art are all the go in these days; and if you'd only take a little trouble, you might have a lot of carriages at

the door, and fashionable beauties would be running all over your house like tame cats. That's the way to get on, my boy; nothing like advertising yourself. A little paragraph creeps in here, and another one there, and it all helps to bring grist to your mill, while no one ever suspects where they come from. Cultivate the newspaper men—they can make or unmake you in less than no time. I always have one of them to dinner every Sunday, but never more than one at a time, they quarrel so infernally. Stick two of 'em down opposite to each other, and there's pretty sure to be a row. But what was I going to tell you—something about Jerry Flint, wasn't it?"

"It is his daughter who seems to interest you most, Jacobs."

"Never you mind about *her*. I'll bring her round here some of these days, if you behave yourself properly. You ought to paint her—not but what she can do that for herself middling well, when she thinks she's a little run down after a week's work. Between ourselves, that fair hair of hers is only a wig. I believe I'm the solitary man that knows it, and I wouldn't tell even you how I found *that* out." Here the patron of the arts gave another knowing wink, and slapped his leg with great enjoyment. "A wig," he went on, "a regular scratch, my boy, as sure as you live. I never was so much surprised in my life as when she took it off; but now I'm letting out the secret. It was almost as much of a sell as that which her father, old Jerry, palmed off upon Lord Flue, when he sold him an Italian cabinet for five hundred guineas, which turned out to have been made at the back of his junk-shop in Wapping. You see Rose knows Lord Flue—who doesn't?—and that makes things

rather awkward for her. If you see her next Sunday, don't let out about the scratch, and don't let her see that you know who her father is. She's 'nobody's child'—see?"

"Perfectly."

"Then that matter's settled. And now, what shall we say for these two drawings? I suppose they're by some amatoor; but, in any case, I'll take them off your hands if you say the word."

"I tell you they are not mine to sell. They belong to a friend."

"Oh, a friend; I understand."

Here Jacobs put a grimy finger by the side of his long nose, and repeated his favourite wink a number of times in rapid succession. "*That's* where you are, my boy, is it? I hope she's got some tin, for a woman's no good without it. She may as well bring it with her, for she's sure to send it flying fast enough. So the young lady won't sell her picters; wants 'em to ornament her bedroom, I suppose, and a doosid good idea too. You'll have quite a fine gallery between you," added the dealer, with a wicked laugh, which disclosed to view a remarkable row of yellow tusks, in which envious time had made some cruel gaps.

"Enough of this, Jacobs," said Creek, whose patience was now thoroughly exhausted. He walked to the door, opened it, and stood there till the old dealer took up his hat with a grunt, and shuffled out of the room. "Might be a little more civil, considering all I have done for him," said he, as he hobbled down-stairs; "but I'll have them 'arebells and primroses yet, and hang me if I don't keep them a year or two! They won't spile."

But the drawings were already packed up, and in a few minutes they were under Creek's arm, and on their way back to the fair

owner. Two of them at least should be sent before the dreaded tribunal which had the power to open the gates of fame,—even if it could not keep them open. The "'arebells" might eventually go to Mr Jacobs; but Creek resolved that if they did, he would make a better bargain for Kate than ever he had made for himself. He fixed the price in his own mind as he walked towards Lilac Villa, where at this house he knew that he was expected. And the truth was, that Kate not only expected him, but had been thinking about him a great deal that day, trying to solve the riddle which his life presented. It was quite certain that he had been a very faithful friend to her and her father,—perhaps the most faithful which they had left to boast of. Sally Peters would, no doubt, have been most ready to show her sympathy; but Kate felt that she did not want sympathy—at least not such as that which Sally Peters would probably offer. In any case, the widow was enjoying herself in Paris, and Kate had carefully concealed her father's troubles from her. She had written to say that they were about to go up to London for a time, and that was all she deemed it necessary to tell. Concerning what had really happened, Sally Peters was entirely in the dark.

The artist's sympathy and help were altogether another affair. There was no reason for rejecting them. Creek's judgment, as Kate detected, was good, and his knowledge was wide and varied; and yet it was unquestionable that he had not greatly distinguished himself in his calling. How had that happened? How was it that a man of so much ability had broken down in the contest with the world? Above all, why had he chosen his solitary life? Once or twice Kate

fancied that the artist was about to throw some light upon these mysteries; but she was mistaken. Of himself he never spoke. There were few who knew anything of him or his affairs. Unsuccessful men are generally allowed to live in as much seclusion as they please, and no one sought to draw Creek from his isolation.

Kate laughed over his description of the narrow escape which her drawings had run from falling into the ruthless hands of Moss Jacobs. Creek also told the story of the invitation to Hampstead, with certain judicious omissions, and then the undefined hopes and fears which had so often occurred to him of late again presented themselves, and he began to think that it would be well for him to make his visit a short one.

"You will not go to this wretched man's dinner on Sunday, Mr Creek?" said Kate, looking up from her work with curiosity at the artist, lost in his own gloomy thoughts. "You know we shall expect you, unless you prefer to dine with your friend, Mr Jacobs."

"I see too much of old Jacobs now, without going to dine with him," answered Creek, making an effort to rouse himself.

"You have known him a long time?"

"Since I was a young man. But it would weary you to tell you all about that. There were not so many dealers when I began as there are now; Jacobs was one of the few, and sometimes it was necessary to do business with him. But do not let us talk of him—let me show you what I think might be done with this drawing of yours."

"Not now, Mr Creek," said Kate, slightly touching his arm as he advanced towards the easel. "Have you not done enough for

me to-day? Pray forgive me for saying so, but I cannot help wishing that you would sometimes think a little more of yourself."

The artist sat down again, silent and thoughtful, and he remained with his head resting upon his hand.

"Tell me," said Kate, in a soft voice, "what your own plans are. What are you doing for yourself?"

"For myself? I can scarcely tell you—I have no plans. My own affairs now are a matter of little consequence."

"Do not say so. We are all of importance to some one or other; and I am sure that you, with your kind heart and generous nature, must be so."

"I am not, and I never was," replied the artist moodily. "That may seem strange to you, but it is true."

"Never was?" repeated Kate, with a look upon her face in which the artist saw traces of a deeper feeling than he had dared to think it was possible for him to arouse. For a few moments the darkness and cloud which hung so heavily over his life seemed to roll away. He looked up into Kate's face, and saw something in her eyes which tempted him to go on. His nervousness and hesitation, much to his own surprise, suddenly disappeared.

"When I was younger," he said, "there was one in whose happiness my own seemed to be entirely bound up, although it was by very slow degrees that the truth dawned upon me. She could have aroused in me all that was noble and good—if, indeed, there was anything—and enabled me to realise all my dreams. She was about your age, and—and—we were friends—as you and I are now." His voice was low and grave, and he did

not again raise his eyes from the floor.

“She was passionately fond of art, and nature had bestowed upon her gifts which would have rendered her worthy even of that art. We were much together—was I to blame if I could not help thinking, often and often, of the happiness it would be to go through life with her?”

“You loved her, then?” said Kate, in a voice lower than his own.

“Alas, yes!”

“But why regret it? She did not fail to love you in return—she could not.” Scarcely had she uttered these words than a sense of uneasiness, almost of pain, darted through Kate’s mind. A new light broke swiftly in upon her. “What have I said?” she kept repeating to herself; and with nervous eagerness she listened for her father’s footsteps upon the stairs.

Had the artist but glanced at her, he might have divined that which was in her thoughts. But his eyes were bent down, and he went on almost like a man in a dream.

“I know not whether she even

suspected my affection for her—I never dared to tell her. To her I was no more than a friend, older than herself, poor, with but a slender chance of success before him. At first the strength of my own feelings misled me; they induced me to hope for the impossible; sometimes it even seemed that the day might come when she would perceive what I had not the courage to reveal, and perhaps—so daring was my imagination!—be willing to share my lot. It did not so fall out.”

“You kept your secret,” said Kate, looking at him earnestly.

“We remained friends—and I kept my secret.” He paused, and for the first time his eyes met hers. His face was very pale, and his hands trembled. For a minute or two there was a dead silence in the room.

“Do you think I acted rightly?” said he at length, in tones which he in vain endeavoured to render firm.

“I think you did,” was the sorrowful reply. The artist rose, and gently took the hand which was extended to him, touched it with his lips, and was gone.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—TWO AFTERNOON CALLS.

Reginald Tresham was installed in one of those old-fashioned Government offices near St James’s Park, which still retain a few relics of the time when the service of the State sometimes carried with it a sumptuous home as well as a good income. The massive mahogany doors, the carved fireplaces, the elaborate mouldings and cornices round the rooms, the decorated ceilings, all help to suggest the comfort in which the heads of the department lived half a century ago. After the labours of the day

were over, they could entertain their friends in some of the best houses which London had to boast of; and nobody thought the worse of their dinners because the wines served up were from the choicest vineyards of France, Portugal, or Madeira, brought over in his Majesty’s ships, without inconvenient charges for freight or duty. All is changed now; the private residences are turned into offices, and the once pleasant gardens, which opened into the Park, are covered with rank grass, in

the midst of which there may be seen a few melancholy shrubs standing like cypresses in a graveyard of dead cats. The cosy sinecures, and the *bons vivants* who enjoyed them, are all gone; there is not a good bottle of Madeira or old India sherry left in all the spacious cellars which are now littered up with empty boxes or piles of musty papers. An important part of the business of the country, however, continues to be carried on within these dingy and straggling walls,—and Tresham was at this time assisting in the work, under the direction of his chief, Sir Harmonious Strut.

This distinguished man had first brought himself into notice by frequent and rather clever advertisements in the newspapers of his profound knowledge and varied accomplishments. No matter what might be the question of the day, a very long, and, as people conveniently assumed, a very masterly exposition of it, speedily appeared from the pen of Strut. Having once gained the public attention, he took care to keep it, partly by never making the mistake of dropping out of sight, and partly by assuming a grand and imposing demeanour, which is usually accepted by the multitude as a sure sign of intellectual superiority. Many a man has made a good position for himself by a domineering manner. It was at first not quite clear to Strut which of the two parties would be likely to form the highest estimate of his services, but eventually he decided to allow Mr Spinner to have the advantage of them, although there was no one who had so often been made the subject of his smart sayings and “epigrams” as Mr Spinner himself. But a man who has a careful regard for his own future, naturally desires to

get in on the winning side as soon as he can, and a careful study of the situation led Strut to perceive that Spinner was the man. His personal prejudices he put into his pocket, as men must do in the present day if they mean to get on; and very soon he began to talk of his “life-long” convictions and his delicate conscience in a style which would have done no discredit to Mr Spinner himself.

At this particular moment Strut was suffering from a sore throat, and consequently the House of Commons was for a time deprived of his presence. This accident was so far favourable to Tresham, that it gave him an occasional opportunity of bringing into notice his readiness of speech and aptitude for business; and although he did not get so much praise from the party organs as Mr Chirp—who never opened his mouth without the whole country being summoned to admire the pearls which fell from it—still he received a very fair share of the applause which his political friends reserved for each other.

Now it happened one day that notice had been given of a question of some importance relating to Strut’s department, and it was deemed necessary that unusual care should be taken in answering it. It was one of Mr Spinner’s peculiarities that he insisted upon looking personally into all the details of business, for he believed that nothing could be done well without his assistance and supervision,—and perhaps he was right. At any rate, he gave some time to the consideration of this particular question, and felt almost tempted to answer it himself,—for some little mystification was desirable, and that was an art in which he had no rival. But ultimately he decided to prime the Under-Secre-

tary for the duty, and therefore he sent for Reginald Tresham, in order that the words of statecraft, if not of statesmanship, might be poured into his ears.

“And how do you get on?” said the Minister, after he had asked in the most obliging manner for Lady Tresham; for there was nothing about which Mr Spinner was more particular than in inquiring, with an air of deep solicitude, about the health of everybody’s father and mother. He was standing with his back to the fire when Reginald entered, and was somewhat flushed and warm, for he had just been receiving a deputation, and had sent them away wrangling and quarrelling furiously among each other as to what he had actually *said*; for as to what he had *meant*, they unanimously abandoned all attempt even to guess at that. A success of this kind delighted Mr Spinner, and therefore he was in a particularly good humour when his young colleague appeared.

“What very pleasant weather we are having!” he said graciously, —“and how gay the town is! At your age I took great enjoyment in all this bustle and movement: it is a great privilege to be young. What might not one do if one were but young again?”

“You do more now than all the rest put together.”

“In a certain sense, yes—I acknowledge it, with a deep sense of humility. But it cannot last, as I am continually reminding the country. ‘Make the most of me,’ I am compelled to say, ‘for you will not have me long with you.’ That kind of allusion never fails to touch an audience. Indeed it is not a bad plan at times to come forward and say good-bye—to take, as it were, your last farewell. You see how thoroughly actors understand that, and all public men

should be actors. Never forget one thing—namely, that the English are a sentimental people, contrary to their own idea of themselves, which is that they are peculiarly hard-headed and practical. There could not be a greater delusion. Go to a popular concert and watch the audience while a tall clout sings a sentimental ballad about his grandmother’s grave, or Tommy’s cradle, or his sweetheart’s tear, or some nonsense of that kind. Half the women are crying, and the men are blowing their noses. I believe the English to be the most sentimental people in the world, and my knowledge of that fact has enabled me many a time to recover my hold upon them. By the by, did you ever hear me sing?”

“I never had that pleasure,” said the Under-Secretary, a little astonished.

“Ah, well, you are a little too late now. That is one of the pastimes which I have given up. A Minister may make a joke—if he can; but I do not think he could afford to be found singing, not even about his grandmother’s grave. And talking of joking reminds me that I do not think very much of some of your friend Sir Harmonious Strut’s witticisms. They seem to me thin and poor—sometimes even vulgar. How do they strike you?”

“Well, sir, I am scarcely a fair judge. Every man is bound to laugh at his chief’s jokes.”

“True—very true. There you show the tact which I should have expected from your father’s son. I have laughed at many a joke in my time on that principle; now I laugh but seldom, for a man of my peculiar reputation for earnestness—I may even say, for solemnity—cannot afford to indulge in levity. Be earnest, be sincere, even in your amusements. At the same time,

deem nothing too trivial to be made the subject of serious reflection. Take the question of sheep's tails, for instance,—did you ever turn your attention to that?"

"I cannot say that I have," replied Tresham, beginning to fear that the great man's wits were wandering.

"You never have!—and yet it is one of the great questions of the day. Our friend, Mr Chirp, would no doubt claim the credit of directing my mind on that theme as well as all others, but Chirp, I fear, is not a sincere man; I cannot say positively that he is not a man of truth, for I do not know, and have no right to judge him. There is room, I think, for anxiety respecting him. Mark you, he understands the new-fangled electioneering machinery, which I do not, and he can work the Press. These are great arts, but it requires a very peculiar order of intellect—and of moral principles—to master them. Do you understand?"

"I think I do."

"I hope you do. But what was I talking about—was it umbrellas? I am a great collector of umbrellas. I should like to show you my store before you go—many of them testimonials."

"You were mentioning sheep's tails, I believe," said the Under-Secretary, with all the gravity he could muster.

"To be sure—so I was. Well, now, are you aware that under present circumstances most of these oleaginous appendages, which might contribute so bountifully to the nourishment and prosperity of the nation, are thrown away—wantonly thrown away? Why should that be so? Let me remind you that the ox meets with greater consideration from men: his tail is converted, by the due exercise of culin-

ary skill, into one of the most mollifying of soups. Did you ever hear of sheep's-tail soup? You never did. And yet this nation pretends that it is overtaxed, and the poor complain that they have not enough meat to eat. Such a people deserve to have a Flummer to rule over them in perpetuity. But now let us come to the point. The question which you have to answer to-night is, whether your department did or did not issue certain orders which have given great offence. To your mind, perhaps, that question seems a very simple one?"

"Well, yes, I confess it does."

"And yet it is not so. Nothing in the world is simple, if you approach it in the right manner. The public, moreover, does not love simplicity—it likes to be transported into the region of haze and obscurity. Endeavour to be clear, and it will be said that you are superficial. Multiply your words, and take care that they shall mean as little as possible. Observe to what a great destiny I have been brought, and yet I never gave a direct answer to a question in my life. Your instinct would probably lead you to say yes or no to this particular question, but it would be a great blunder, more especially as we cannot afford to make any admissions."

"Then what am I to say?"

"I am coming to that. You will point out that the exigencies of the public service indicate more urgent and immediate duties than the determination of subjects still in controversy, and that the consideration of such a question as this does not enter definitely into the concerns of the present moment—if there be such a thing as the present moment—and that your information and means of judgment (not that you admit you possess any information) have not been



augmented by anything which has reached you in the course of the present discussion; but that what you have said in no way precludes you from giving further information when you receive it, on the sentiments of the community (if they have any) concerning the case—if there *be* a case. This will be short, and to the purpose. You think you can manage this?"

"I will try," replied Tresham, much impressed with the lesson he had received.

"Just so; and recollect that if you cannot remember the precise thread of the argument I have given you, almost anything else will do as well, provided that you give it the requisite sonorous sound. In your leisure moments you should prepare a few sentences—not too brief or sententious—which may always be handy for every occasion; and they will be successful in proportion to the skill with which you have disguised your meaning. And now, good-day; I daresay you are going to some very pleasant engagement, while I—I am just going to call on Mr Chirp." The Minister sighed heavily, and took up a testimonial umbrella, with a portrait of himself carved on the handle, and prepared to go forth upon his errand.

As for the Under-Secretary, he, too, had another call to make, and it was one which caused him more anxiety than his interview with the Minister had done. A day or two previously he had found out that Mrs Peters had arrived in London, and he knew perfectly well that she would lose no time in finding out Kate Margrave. From her, then, he might obtain some clue to guide him in the course which he ought to take—he could, at least, ascertain whether Kate had seriously meant her letter to be a final leave-taking between them. His

own wishes and feelings were more and more opposed to that interpretation of it. No doubt he did not deserve to be called a romantic lover, but he was a perfectly faithful one, and ought not to be judged too harshly because he had a way of regarding everything from a common-sense point of view. He did not desire to become rich by marriage, but he was reluctant to rush headlong into straitened circumstances, and drag another life after him into the same dismal swamp. In the old days, according to playwrights and novelists, men did not pause to think of such matters. When they were in love they could not rest till they were married; and they would have been indignant with any one who had ventured to suggest that the regular payment of tradesmen's bills, and a modest overplus at the banker's, were quite as essential to happiness as love itself. Reginald Tresham had no claim to belong to this "old school" of lovers. He felt tolerably confident that in a household where debt is continually haunting the fireside, and where at the end of each year a man finds himself sinking deeper and deeper into embarrassments, there may be friendship, and even love, still left; but there can be no happiness. In spite of all this, however, he had no intention of accepting Kate's decision. It might be better that for a time they should not meet—so far, she was probably right. But he resolved that Kate Margrave, and none other, should be his wife; provided, indeed, that the hope she had once given him was not to be finally recalled. It was upon that point that he expected to receive some assurance from Mrs Peters.

"You know why I have come," he said to her, "and I hope you have some good news for me. You have seen her?"

“Yes, I have seen her,” said the widow, taking his hand cordially, for she believed in him, and felt absolute confidence in his fidelity. “I have been with her all the morning. How foolish of her, and of all of you, not to have told me what was going on long before! I heard of it quite by accident only the other day, and now it is too late to do any good. Friends should stand by each other in such troubles as these, or of what use are they?”

Reginald fancied that these words implied some reflection upon his own conduct. “I would have stood by these friends of mine,” he said, “to the last, and I *will* do so now, come what may. But how could I have been of any service? Do you know of the letter which Kate wrote to me?”

“She told me all about it. It was a letter which cost her much sorrow to write. You must consider how she was placed, and recollect that she is a proud girl—one who would not stoop to accept a favour from any of us; not from me, and least of all from you. Her father was comparatively a rich man when you became engaged to her, and he is now a poor one. She did what few girls would have done, perhaps—she voluntarily broke off the engagement. It was her duty to do it, as she thought; and I have told her that she was right.”

“Then you also are against me?”

“I am not against you; but I think Kate took the proper view of her position. When a woman loves a man, she does not seek to become a burden to him—at least, not always. In your circumstances, a poor wife must necessarily be a burden. It would be so even in America; can it be otherwise in England, where you all think so

much of keeping up appearances? Kate was right, and in your heart you must admit it.”

“There might at least have been delay,” said Tresham, ignoring this personal appeal; “there was no necessity to make the sentence a final one.”

“It is always in a man’s power,” said the widow smiling at him, and putting the tips of her fingers upon his arm, “to prevent such sentences being final—at least, if the girl he loves has any love for *him*.”

“Ay, that is a great ‘if’! *Has* she any love for me?”

“Can you doubt it? Have you not known her quite long enough to feel confident that her heart is neither to be lightly won nor lightly lost? You are an ungrateful creature. I was with her two hours, and she talked of nothing but you. I cannot say it was very lively for *me*; and now I suppose you want to keep me two hours talking of nothing but *her*. I shall get back to Paris this very night.”

“You will not go, my dear Mrs Peters, till you have seen Kate again, and carried her a message from me. Come now, be my friend! Promise me that you will do this one thing for me.”

The widow was walking up and down the room in a state, so far as Tresham could judge, of considerable indignation. “I am getting tired,” she said, with a little scornful laugh, “of you Englishmen. You do not know everything, as you fancy; but we American women always supposed you knew how to make love. I see it is all a mistake. You no longer shine even in that.”

“You have never given us a chance.”

“Well, I will give *you* a chance,” said the widow, suddenly changing her tone. “Begin.”

“It is not a fair chance. I am

too much in love already, and you know it,—two fatal obstacles.”

“You in love?”

“Decidedly.”

“Then you have a poor way of showing it. It would not be *my* way, if I were a man.”

“What would you do? Tell me, and I will do it.”

“Marry Kate Margrave.”

“The very thing I have been trying to do. But she will not have me.”

“No man ever said that about a woman he really cared for. Where is all this English pluck we hear so much about?”

“I really don’t know; but after what you have said it requires a little of it to beg you still to take my message.”

“It all depends,” said the widow, looking shyly at him out of the corners of her eyes. “What is the message like.”

“Tell her that I loyally accept her decision—for the present. That I will not obtrude upon her against her will, or in any way seek to disturb the plans which she has formed; but that I will never give her up, no matter how long she may keep me from her side. Need I say to you that I honour her more than ever for her courage and noble spirit; or that her devotion to her father increases, if that be possible, my love for her? I will wait as long as she may please, but it will

always be with the same hope before me—the hope of making her my wife. Will you tell her that?”

“You silly man,” said the widow, trying to hide the tears which were in her eyes, “do you think I would see her and *not* tell her how sure I was of all that to begin with? Every word of it she heard this morning,—but perhaps she did not believe it, because I had not come straight from you. I think you have put it a little better than I did. That comes of being in Parliament! I relent”—here she went close to him, and looked into his face with an expression which highly amused her visitor,—“you are good enough, almost, to be an American. I really fancy you *might* learn how to make love properly, under good tuition.”

“I wish you would teach me.”

“Beware!—every word shall be repeated to Kate.”

“That is the very thing I have been begging of you.”

“Then I will tell her all that has taken place—with reservations.”

“There is no necessity for any reservations,” said the young man, kissing her hand, perhaps a trifle too fervently.

“I am not so sure about that,” replied Sally Peters, wickedly; “but I will see how you behave. Now be off to the bear-garden which you call the House of Commons.”

#### CHAPTER XIX.—MR DEXTER FILE MAKES A MOVE.

Mr Dexter File did not entirely dismiss Margrave and his affairs from his mind after he had despatched the letter which has already found a place in these pages. For certain reasons which seemed strong in his own eyes, he would not only have been willing to avert misfortune from Mar-

grave’s household, if that were in his power, but even to assist him out of it if the blow actually fell. Few indeed were the human beings for whom File would have been disposed to take the trouble to stretch forth a hand in either direction. From his point of view, there was no reason why he should

do so. His fellow-creatures had done nothing for him, and he regarded them with entire indifference, except in so far as they might either be useful to him, or a source of danger. Life was a great game, which he had won with all the odds against him, and he could scarcely remember one of the players who had not striven to gain an unfair advantage, except Hosea Mink. Years ago, Mink might have done him an evil turn, and if he had done it, File's position would have been rendered extremely unpleasant. Mink chose to do him a good turn instead, and File was so astonished, that he always looked upon him afterwards as a genuine curiosity—the one example of a variety of the human race which he had heard people talk about, but which never before had come within the range of his own observation.

For Mink, therefore, he had as warm a regard as he was ever likely to feel for any man—or woman either. The rest of the world had tried to trip him up in the race, and now they hated him because he had gained the prize which they were all wild to obtain. He had heard many sermons—for File went occasionally to the Presbyterian church hard by his house, to listen to the stirring discourses of the pastor, the Rev. Enoch Tarbox—and he had noticed that the congregation was warned very frequently and earnestly against the dangers of riches and the love of money. But he had never known anybody whatever, whether preacher or politician, lawyer or writer, who did not privately set quite as much store by money as he did himself, or even more. For File did not care much for money—it was the excitement of playing high stakes for it, against the keenest and most daring gamblers in the

world, which alone afforded him pleasure. What difference did the possession of a million more or less make to a man who had many millions already, who never went into society, and who dined every day at one o'clock upon a mutton-chop or a beef-steak? He had long enjoyed all that he desired. There are two things which are said to be invincible in their power over mankind—immense riches and great beauty. File had found that the greater included the less. Beauty was always ready to fall down and worship riches. He possessed the chief source of power, and, to say the truth, he was indifferent to the other.

Woman, in fact, however lovely—or otherwise—had no influence over Dexter File. He had come to New York a solitary man, and alone he had remained ever since. Some people said that he had not always shunned female society; it was even whispered at one time that he had been married, but that was soon rejected as a wild fiction. After he became a great power in the financial world, many and persevering were the inquiries which were made into his past life, sometimes by his friends, more frequently by his enemies; but in all the narratives thus produced there was a blank. The only man who knew everything—for he had been acquainted with File from boyhood onwards—was Hosea Mink, and Mink had made up his mind once for all that fidelity to his friend was his chief business in life. Now fidelity meant, in some things, absolute silence; and Mink, like File himself, was by nature and disposition a man of few words. The two had been known to travel together from one end of the Continent to the other without exchanging a dozen sentences. They believed in the virtue of silence, and, unlike some distinguished philoso-

phers, they practised what they believed.

Hence it was that Mink was not a likely man to gratify the curiosity which was ever on the alert concerning the great financier. The newspapers were always eager to get "items" about File, and Mink could have supplied the materials for a good many; but the most hardened of interviewers fled from him in despair. At last they satisfied themselves that Mink said nothing because he knew nothing, but in this they were mistaken. The secrets of Dexter File's business were known to no one but himself; but there were some incidents in his life with which Mink had long been acquainted, and one of these was, that the great capitalist had not always led a solitary existence. The story which had been rejected as a romantic fiction was in the main true—File had not only been a husband, but a father, although neither wife nor child had ever been made known to the people of New York. He had not hidden them in a mysterious chamber, or buried them in a cellar; but when he came to try his fortunes in the great city they were not with him, nor had he taken any trouble to apprise the world of their existence since. It may have been that marriage had not opened up to File an earthly paradise; no man can expect to succeed in all his speculations. To make a fortune in the stock-market, and keep it, is a great achievement; but to get one of the great prizes in the matrimonial market, and keep *that*, is a still rarer dispensation: and if File had won the "double event" he would probably have been seized by Barnum, and exhibited as a greater marvel than the famous woolly horse.

Long before his greatest successes were gained, his wife died—

an event which made very little difference to File, for he had not seen her for many years. It was his rule to take all things which befell him with perfect serenity, and he did not depart from his custom on this occasion. No doubt he was free to marry again, if that could be looked upon as an advantage; but at the thought of any such enterprise he smiled grimly, and continued on his way alone. There were not wanting sympathetic hearts which felt for him in his solitude, and would willingly have enlivened it for him, but the gentle ministrations of the other sex had no attractions for File. He never went anywhere, except to Wall Street. So rarely was he seen at any social festivities, that his appearance at Margrave's marriage surprised the city almost as much as the mysterious wedding-guests surprised the Ancient Mariner. What could have taken him there? What was going to happen? It was known that Margrave was often at his house, and that there was a sort of intimacy between them, which, in the ordinary intercourse of life, might perhaps have been dignified with the name of friendship; but surely it must be something more even than a sentiment of friendship which induced File to go to a wedding. And then his present to the bride—that Treasury note of which mention has already been made—was that also a sign of mere friendship? The incident was the talk of the city, and it mystified everybody but Hosea Mink. He understood all about File's motives from beginning to end, but nobody else was any the wiser for what he knew. He and File went home from the wedding together, and the only allusion to the occurrence was made by Mink when he took his departure, and all he said then

was, "Dexter, you have done what you didn't like to please me, and some day you will not be sorry for it." Mink showed some traces of emotion, but Dexter's face was like a block of stone. He never expected or desired praise from any man.

The fact was, that he really liked Margrave, in his silent, secret way, and would have been willing to do anything in reason for him. Margrave at that time stood in no need of money; and as for the other troubles which afterwards fell upon him, for them no help was possible. His child was worse than motherless, and File, with all his power, could furnish no remedy for that. Then came the news of Margrave's recall to his inheritance, and in that File rejoiced more than was usual with him. He even gave a dinner in celebration of the event, and to that dinner ladies were invited, and among them was Kate Margrave. It was the only time she had ever seen the man whose name was a tower of strength in every market in the world, and she had ample opportunity of observing him, for he placed her by his side. People, as a rule, called him dull and sullen, but Kate did not find him either the one or the other. His manner to her was gentle and kindly; and when he bade her good-night, he told her that she was always to look upon him as one of the most faithful friends she had. Many people would have accepted that assurance as the equivalent of a promise to pay a round sum of money whenever it was called for; but Kate was not at the mercenary time of life, and she thought no more of the words which had been uttered.

But File thought of them when he heard of the changes which had taken place at Four Yew Grange; and the truth is, that had he been

a free man, he would have gone over to England to see what he could make of that affair. He was prevented from indulging in this desire by various obstacles, the chief of which was that he had too much money. A millionaire is never his own master. He holds his wealth only on condition of perpetual vigilance. Day and night he must watch over it, especially if it happens to be invested, not in land, which never runs away, but in divers securities, written upon paper, which often do. No one knew better than File how rapidly and unexpectedly such riches take to themselves wings, and fly off to somebody else. A good deal had thus flown to him, and he had managed to keep a tight hold upon the greater part of it. There were times when, if he had not been able to "plank down," as it was called, an immense sum of money—say a million or two—he would have been caught in a trap from which he might never have escaped, notwithstanding all his skill. The life of a millionaire is by no means to be envied, if people only knew it; and yet we should all be millionaires if we could, and calmly face the consequences.

In addition to the usual intrigues which beset him, File was at this time engaged in a life-and-death struggle with another famous, though lesser, speculator—none other, in fact, than the California giant. It was a war without quarter on either side. There had been many previous skirmishes, but it was well understood that this was to be the crowning and decisive engagement. Not only Wall Street, but every commercial capital in the world, was interested in the contest. News of its progress was flashed every day over the cable to London and Paris. At first no

one could tell how this desperate encounter would terminate. On the second or third day of the battle, File obtained an order from an accommodating judge—and he knew some judges who were marvellously accommodating—for the seizure of all the giant's books and papers. But the giant also "owned" a judge, and from him he secured, no doubt on the best and purest grounds, an order for the arrest of File for contempt of court. This was a tremendous *coup*, and for a few hours it struck terror into the hearts of File's followers, although it left the capitalist himself as cool as ever. For the warrant was issued in a neighbouring State, and it could only be executed in that State, and the attractions of New Jersey were not strong enough to tempt File to go there at that particular moment. Then the California giant took a still bolder step. He decided to "kidnap" File, and take him across the river by force, and deliver him over to the hands of outraged justice. At this juncture the faithful Dandy Clinch stepped in. He offered himself to the giant to lead the band of kidnapers, and his services were eagerly accepted, for no one knew of his secret relations with File. Then he led the kidnapers night after night to the places where their man was not, and kept File informed of the movements and plans of his pursuers. In a week it was all over. The giant, to use File's picturesque phrase, found himself with his "tail in the crack," and was numbered with the slain. Then it was that the millionaire sent for Mink, and announced to him, with his customary brevity, that he wanted him to go to England.

"I will go wherever you like," said the docile Mink; "but why to England?"

"Because I think we might pick up the Tuscarora railroad pretty nearly on our own terms. Sooner or later it must come to me; even Englishmen will not go on for ever throwing good money after bad. Find out Morgan the lawyer, and try to get him to fix a deal. The shareholders and directors are all under his thumb. Of course we shall make it worth his while."

"It will require a good deal of money," answered Mink, a little startled by the magnitude of his commission.

"Don't let that trouble you. Find out the price, and let me know. It may cost twenty millions to get the control, but it will be worth forty. The money shall be paid at an hour's notice."

"Good. And is that all?"

"Not quite," said File, after a moment's hesitation. "I want you to go and see the Margraves. You recollect them?"

"Perfectly," replied Mink, who now began to suspect that he was to learn the real object of his mission. For as to the railroad, File could buy that, if he wanted it, without his assistance.

"That girl of Margrave's," continued File slowly, his eyes bent upon the ground, "ought not to be allowed to want for anything, and I doubt if her father is very well able to help her just now. It kind o' seems to me that I ought to do something for her."

"Her mother, at any rate, had some claim upon you," said Mink, with much hesitation.

"So you have told me often before. I do not acknowledge it, but I will act as if it were so. Will that satisfy you? All you have to do is to ascertain what will make the Margraves comfortable, and choose any means you like of settling their affairs. I will give you a line to my banker's;

it will leave you with unlimited powers. I only impose one condition: you will say nothing about the girl's mother to her, and as little as you can about *me*."

"Why should I? It would do no good."

"It would do harm, especially if the mother is still living. She might get it into her head, as everybody else does, that I have nothing to do but to give away money."

"She is not likely to think that, no matter what may have become of her. She has never heard of you except as a stranger."

"How else would you have had her hear of me?" asked File, with a look and tone which, as Mink well knew, boded a storm.

"Well, if you ask me," he said, boldly, "I should say that you might have done a little more for her before her marriage. It might have prevented some of the mischief that happened afterwards. Recollect she had neither father nor mother to look after her."

"And you think I ought to have adopted her?" said File.

"If you like to put it that way—yes."

"And have treated her as my own child?" continued the financier, with a smile upon his lips which Mink hated to see.

"I would," said the faithful friend, still undismayed. The two men looked hard at each other for a moment or two, and then the sneer vanished from File's countenance, and he began to pace slowly up and down the room.

"If I could have believed what you told me then and since," said he, presently, "I should have taken your advice. But I did not believe it then, and I do not believe it now. Her mother was bad, and the daughter was like her. Now we have the third generation to

deal with. She stands a better chance, for at least she has not been neglected. Margrave has been a good father, as I have always understood,—as for the mother——"

"Suppose we say no more about her," said Mink, with a sigh.

"I want you to understand," persisted File, "that you are wrong about her. You jumped to false conclusions. Nothing that you have ever discovered has changed my mind about that."

"We have often talked this matter over, Dexter, and no good ever comes of it. Perhaps you are right in your view,—at any rate, I have no more to say. You know all that I think about it, but I cannot prove that you are wrong. It is an old story; suppose we let it drop."

"Then we understand each other," resumed File, after a brief pause. "Good night and good-bye. There is a steamer going out to-morrow; no doubt you will sail by that. Does your wife go with you?"

"I think not," said Mink, doubtfully, not knowing precisely what the millionaire's views were on that point.

"Perhaps it would be better not," said File. "Some of these days we will all go over together and have a good time. I have half a mind to settle down in England for a year or two, just to see how the ropes are worked on that side. It is a fine field; seems a shame to leave it unworked." The financier's eyes glistened as Alexander's might have done when he *had* found a new world to conquer.

"You could teach them two or three new things," said Mink, drily.

"You mean, I *have* taught them two or three. But they still have something to learn. Take a good



look at the ground when you are there, and we will see what can be done. Ask Morgan to introduce you to Mr Bounce ; don't forget that."

"Who is Mr Bounce?"

"The chairman of the railroad you are going to try to get hold of. Smart man, that Bounce. Makes speeches to the shareholders which keeps them quiet all the year. I should like to go to one of those meetings, and watch the gonies sitting with open mouths listening to Bounce. Instead of dividends, they take it out in gammon. I wish I had them to deal with."

"Well, I will go to one if I can, and tell you what it is like."

"Do,—get Bounce to take you. High-toned man, remember; slings about long words like a Fourth of July orator, and mixes them up with a lot about honour, principle, and patriotism. You know the style?"

"Well, I guess so," replied Mink,

getting up to go; "there are some specimens nearer home than England, are there not? They haven't got a monopoly of them over there, I reckon?"

Dexter File's eyes twinkled as he recalled some examples of the species,—senators, judges, authors, ministers: decidedly "intellect" was well represented among them. No temptation which wealth could offer would draw a man of them for a single moment from the path of duty. Such was the judgment of the world; and when File thought of it, knowing what he knew, he was confirmed in a conclusion that long ago had been suggested to him by his experience of life—namely, that nothing succeeds like humbug, with a varnish of sincerity; and that a man may do anything he likes, provided he can once manage to earn a reputation for being always in earnest and always conscientious.

#### CHAPTER XX.—DIPLOMATISTS AT WORK.

Hosea Mink could scarcely have been despatched on a more congenial mission than that which now lay before him. He had known Kate Margrave from childhood; and if his means had been equal to his desires when he first heard of her father's troubles, he would have gone forth gallantly to the rescue. But although he had made at various times some good round sums at the great game of speculation, he had not failed to lose them in the same expeditious manner; and as all rivers flow to the sea, so, doubtless, some of these losings found their way eventually into the capacious pockets of Dexter File. It need not be said that even the king of speculators lost occasionally, and even heavily, but he could afford to hold on; whereas

Mink and the smaller fry were soon swamped by an adverse storm.

On the morning after his arrival in England, he made his appearance at Morgan's office, and was received by the lawyer with the deference which was due to the agent of the great railroad magnate of the epoch. His first business was to ascertain where he could find the Margraves, and the moment he touched upon that Morgan's curiosity was aroused; for he liked to make himself acquainted with the details of everybody's personal history, on the principle that knowledge of that kind was sure to turn in handy some day or other.

"So you want to see the Margraves," said the lawyer. "That

will be easy enough, but you will find them greatly changed in circumstances. I believe the daughter almost earns a living for both. Clever girl, but the father rather the other way, I should think. Must have a screw loose somewhere."

"Why do you think so?"

"Look at that marriage in America. What sense can a man have had to allow himself to be disinherited for any woman? People may do it in romances, but I can tell you that you don't catch them at it in real life—at least not here in England. You have your own way of managing things on the other side."

"So we have; and we find it a pretty good way in the long-run. There was nothing against Margrave's wife when he married her."

"You knew her, then?"

"I did," answered Mink, briefly.

"Well, who was she, and what became of her? And why on earth did he marry her?"

"He married her because he was in love. Do you never do that in England either?"

"Sometimes," said the lawyer, with a grin; "but I don't know that much good ever comes of it, unless one party or other has plenty of money: then you can throw as much love in as you like—it can't do any harm. In this case, you see, a man lost a very pretty fortune by his sentimental tomfoolery; and if you can respect him after that, why, you must be very easily pleased. The odd thing is that he didn't even know the girl's father."

"Well, I do."

"You do? Come, that is something. Was he what we call a respectable man?"

"You would say he was, I reckon."

"Why does Mr Dexter File take so much interest in Margrave?"

asked the lawyer, with a keen look at his visitor.

"Who told you that he does so?"

"I inferred that from your inquiring about him so particularly."

"You lawyers are all the same—fancy you see through a millstone the first time. One would think you were never wrong, instead of being so seldom right. I want to see Margrave on a little affair of my own. My real business here is with you."

"And pray, what is it? Can you tell me briefly, for unluckily I am just off to a meeting."

"Very briefly—in half-a-dozen words. Will you sell us the Tuscarora railroad?"

Now Morgan was used to transactions on a large scale, but this question staggered him. Sell an interest in a railroad worth ever so many millions, and without any preliminary negotiations! He began to look upon his visitor as a man who might, perhaps, by too much contact with a millionaire, have been driven mad.

"Are you authorised to treat?" he asked, suspiciously.

"I am, or I should not be here."

"To any amount?"

"To any amount we think necessary."

"Then the best thing you can do is to come with me to a meeting of the shareholders, which takes place this very morning. Then you can see how the cat jumps."

Nothing could have suited Mink's arrangements more perfectly; and in a few minutes the pair were on their way to the City, and soon found themselves in a large room where a great crowd was assembled, preparing, in their phlegmatic and muddle-headed way, to see the cat jump. On the platform, the most striking figure which greeted Mink's eye was a bustling, shrewd-

looking gentleman, of ruddy complexion and imposing appearance, who was to preside over the meeting, and who was introduced to Mr Mink as the chairman of the trustees—the great Mr Bounce,—whose persuasive powers were held to be unrivalled, in his own special line, in a country where everything is settled by eloquence.

“Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr Bounce,” said Mink, after the American fashion.

“And yours too,” replied Mr Bounce, after a few whispered words with Morgan, amid which Mink could distinguish the magic name of Dexter File. “Anybody,” said the chairman, “who comes from Mr Dexter File, is welcome here. A wonderful man, sir—a genius! Would you like to address the meeting?”

“I guess not,” said Mink, hurriedly. “Chin-music is not in my line. I came to hear you talk.”

“Well, then, suppose we get to business,” and without further ado Mr Bounce rapped on the table; and after some formalities had been gone through, the chairman had begun his oration. It was undeniably a very splendid affair, and Mink listened to it with genuine admiration. If people must have shareholders’ meetings, clearly this was the proper way to have them. The shareholders here present had not received a dividend for years; but when one or two of their number began to put questions on the subject, they were hooted down by the others, and Mr Bounce assumed a lofty air of injured innocence, and denounced the intruders as spies who were in the pay of evil-disposed persons, anxious only to ruin their magnificent property. At the end of the chairman’s speech, the audience looked, and perhaps felt, as if they already had their dividends in their

pockets; and they voted a large increase of salary to their faithful and self-denying servants, the trustees.

“That is how we manage things over here,” said Morgan, as he tied up his papers.

“I guess it is a pretty good way too. Your Mr Bounce is a right smart man. He would have done well in our country, I reckon; knows how to pull the wool over people’s eyes, and that’s everything. And now, what about the sale?”

“Why should we want to sell while we have people like these to deal with? Nothing could be gained by giving up a gold-mine like this. If your friend Mr File bought the railroad, what would become of us? Now, if he himself would come over, we might perhaps do something. He would understand that we could not be thrown overboard like a damaged cargo. The question is, are you prepared to treat with us on our terms?”

“Only for a sale outright.”

“And you would take the management into your own hands?”

“That’s so. You’ve struck it this time, that’s a fact.”

“Then, Mr Mink, we will wind up our talk on that matter at once. It wouldn’t do at any price. If Mr File will come to our terms, well and good. If not, here we stick. So that matter is settled. And now, can I do anything to serve you personally?”

“Nothing, except to tell me how to get to this place,” and he handed over a card on which he had written Margrave’s address.

“You are going there at once?”

“If I can. I may as well go there, and go back to New York too, for I reckon our business is about done.”

The lawyer was eager to put a few questions in regard to the other

business, but he had already seen enough to convince him that Mink was not a hopeful subject for examination. And it might be better to leave him at the moment when the success of the meeting was still strong and fresh in his recollection.

“Jump into that cab,” said he, as he reached the door, “and you will be at Margrave’s in less than half an hour.”

Thus Mink was already “through,” as he said, with one half of his errand. The other half might be more difficult, and this was the half in which the agent was particularly anxious to succeed. For Margrave, he did not doubt, was a proud man; and what if he refused to receive the aid which was now to be offered? That might offend Dexter File, and Mink did not want to have him offended. Could he explain to Margrave why File intervened at all? A very short period of reflection convinced him that it would be impossible for him to take a single step in that direction. He could only trust to the chapter of accidents, and play his part with what skill he could muster.

“If I can straighten this matter out,” he said to himself as he reached Margrave’s door, “a good many wrongs will be partly set right. If I cannot, I must try to persuade File to come and do it himself. I almost think I could manage even that in time.” And with this hope in reserve, he knocked boldly at the door.

When, however, he was in the presence of his old acquaintance, he did not find that it was a very easy matter even to approach the subject which was uppermost in his mind. He was received with great cordiality by both Margrave and his daughter; and the tidings which he could give of many of their old friends was gladly wel-

comed. Mink was “everybody’s friend;” no one was more popular in all the best houses and clubs of his native city. His good temper was proverbial; he remembered his friends a little longer than Americans generally are in the habit of doing. He had a great weakness for shooting and yachting; and in many an expedition of one kind or the other, Margrave had been his companion. Kate herself had more than once joined Mink’s gay yachting-parties in a cruise on Long Island Sound, or down the Bay; and many a pleasant recollection was associated with these trips. It would be hard to devise a more agreeable method of passing a summer’s day than to spend it with a well-chosen party on a crack American yacht. There is beautiful scenery to lure the voyagers, like Ulysses, to “sail beyond the sunset, and the baths of all the western stars.” The sun is sure to shine brightly; and it must be a very unlucky day when the breezes are coy, and refuse to waft the wanderers on. Then, when evening comes, there is the well-lit saloon—for the twilights are short—with a dinner spread upon the table such as might have inspired the great Frenchman to add a chapter to his famous work, similar to that on the wonderful wild turkey which he killed near “Hartford, dans le Connecticut,” and which, when it was divided among the guests, caused them to cry out with rapture, “Oh, dear sir, what a glorious bit!”

There were thus not a few agreeable associations connected with their old friend in the minds of both Margrave and his daughter, and perhaps the regret which Mink expressed that they should ever have deserted the New World for the Old was not entirely unshared by them.

“I don’t care whether you have

a fortune to spend, or whether you want to make one, America is the best place to live in," said Mink, who was already home-sick. "We help each other over there; it is part of the tradition, you see, of our old colonial life. In those days, a man was always ready to lend a hand in running up his neighbour's log-hut, or to go and reap his corn for him if he happened to be down with the shakes. We like to see everybody have a fair chance; and if a man tumbles down, we want to put him on his feet again. That's so," added Mink, slapping the crown of his hat emphatically.

"Well, we have nothing much to complain of, Kate and I. She works, and I work, and between us we keep the pot boiling."

"And you mean to say that Miss Kate works too?"

"That I do," said Kate, laughing; "and why not? You would not have me sit down and cry because we lost all our property? I think it would be a very good thing if every woman could earn her own living, or at least do something towards it. We should all be better off if we were less dependent upon men."

"Well, now," cried Mink, with strong approval, "there's some sense in that sort of woman's rights. Excuse my saying so, Miss Kate, but I admire you more than ever for those sentiments. Stick to them. Never give in. That's the sort of spirit I like to see;" and honest Mink walked over to Kate, and shook hands with her as solemnly as if he had been the President beginning his first reception.

"But that's no reason," he continued, with considerable less confidence in his manner, "why friends should not help one another. Now there is Dexter File—he likes you both, and he wants to be of some

use to you. Why not let him have his own way?"

"Will he buy my pictures?" said Kate, with a merry smile.

"As fast as you can paint them. I guess I'll take back as many as you can get ready, at your own price. But I want to do something more than that, if you don't mind. I want to make you rich."

Margrave looked up surprised, and Kate burst out laughing. "What! and stop my painting for ever—just as I am beginning to make a stir in the world? For, let me tell you, I have got a picture accepted at the Academy, and I would not exchange that honour for all Mr File's money."

"Then you are easily satisfied, my dear," said Mink. "When you get a little older, you will know that the power to buy just as many pictures as you want—and everything else besides—is a great deal pleasanter than the power to handle a paint-brush. It's the only thing worth trying all you know to get, is money."

"And fame—is that worth nothing?"

"I guess *not*," said Mink, with great contempt. "I never heard of any kind of fame that was worth a red cent unless it made a man rich—raised his price in the market, you understand."

"I think I should be the happier for having it," replied Kate, with sparkling eyes.

"You would not,—you would find out, as they all do, that it's terribly overrated. But nobody thinks that way of money. I like your ideas of independence, mark you; but why not carry them out by a shorter cut than by painting pictures?"

"By accepting a stranger's money," interposed Margrave, quietly.

“By taking a little of Dexter File’s. That is a very different thing.”

“I do not see it. Is not File a stranger, so far as regards a matter of this sort?”

“Well, according to my ideas, he is not. Would you let File have his own way if he could show you that he has a pretty fair claim to stand by you in your troubles?”

“You speak in parables,” said Margrave, thoroughly mystified. “Come, Mink, be a little more explicit. You never had much difficulty in making one understand what you were driving at, but now you are dealing in riddles.”

“I cannot help it,” said Mink, feeling more and more convinced that he was not cut out for a diplomatist. “You will know some day why I was so anxious to bring you over to my way of thinking about it. At present I can only tell you that, in accepting Dexter File’s offer, you will not be doing anything you will afterwards be ashamed of. Is that enough?”

“Not nearly enough,” said Margrave, taking his daughter’s hand and smiling. “We are for the pen and the pencil against the wand of Midas. Avaunt, tempter! Leave us to our honest toil—and to our own ideas of independence.”

Mink sat down looking a miserable man. “Then I have failed in everything I came here for,” said he, sorrowfully, and there was no doubt that he took this second failure very much to heart. I may as well go back and tell File what a mess I have made of it. Hang me if I ever go out on a diplomatic mission again!”

“Not one of this kind, at any rate,” said Margrave. “And now let me see you to your hotel; for if it should get about that you are Mr Dexter File’s confidential friend, you would be bound and gagged,

and we should have to ransom you. Millionaires are not over plentiful about here just now.”

“You have quite decided,” said Mink to Kate, with some slight hope that the female nature would be less insensible to the power of gold than the man’s.

“I always do as my father tells me,” replied Kate, with mock humility.

“Then good-bye — I reckon there’s not many of your sort in London to-day, big city as it is. But mind what I tell you—you have not heard the last of Dexter File yet.” Kate shook her head, and as soon as the door was closed she resumed her work. But it was destined that this was to be a broken day, for Margrave and his visitor had scarcely turned the corner of the street before another diplomatist drove up in hot haste, and in a few minutes burst into the room. This time the intruder was Sally Peters; and if Kate had been an artist of the other sex, the interruption would have been gladly forgiven, and even welcomed—for Sally was far prettier than anything to be seen on the walls of picture-galleries; and a new bonnet of a provokingly coquettish pattern, arrived that very morning from Paris, gave her a jaunty air which detracted nothing from the charm of her mischievous eyes and her graceful figure.

“My dear, I have seen him,” she cried, breathlessly, as she ran up to Kate with both hands outstretched. The warm impulsiveness of her nature had not yet been toned down by an elaborate study of French or English models of “deportment.”

“Seen him? Seen whom?” asked Kate, with as much apparent surprise as though she had not guessed all about it at the very first moment.

“Kate, don’t be absurd. I de-

clare I have a good mind to go away without telling you another word." Sally's eyes were moist; for the truth is, that the little drama of love always aroused in her an extraordinary degree of interest, perhaps because thus far she had only been a spectator at the entertainment. All wives love their husbands, no doubt; but it was not a severe form of the malady which Sally had experienced during her brief pilgrimage with the Skinner.

"This is a day of mysteries," said Kate, leading her friend to a chair, and putting her arm round her waist. "We have just had a man here who wanted to make us rich, without rhyme or reason; now you have come with some terrible secret, which you threaten never to reveal because I cannot guess it off-hand. What does it all mean? Are you in a conspiracy, Sally, with Mr Mink?"

"Mink!—who and what is Mink? Isn't it a kind of fur? At any rate, I have not come to talk to you about any such nonsense. You know very well whom it is that I have seen; and oh, Kate! if you could have heard what he said, and if you knew how anxious he was to see you again, I am sure you would forgive him."

"Forgive him? What is there to forgive?" Kate's playful manner had now entirely disappeared, and her voice was hard and cold.

"I know that he has not written to you, and has not seen you, since you left that wretched Grange. No good could come of any house which had those dreadful yew-trees near it. But *he* never knew what caused you to send him that cruel letter."

"Perhaps we had better not talk about it," said Kate, carelessly. "Everything is better as it is. My father is happier than when he had his estate—and do you

think I do not know the reason? It is because he no longer lives under the fear that we shall have to part."

"But you must not sacrifice yourself for your father, nor for any one else."

"Certainly not for any one else. It is no sacrifice to remain with my father. He will not think the worse of me for being poor."

"Nor does Reginald Tresham," said Sally, warmly. "How unjust you are to him!"

"You are wrong, Sally. Lady Tresham never regarded me as rich enough for her son—what must she think now? Rely upon it, I will never marry her son while I am poor—as I am now."

"Then what will you do?"

"Do, you foolish Sally! Do as I am doing now. Shall I be the first woman whose ideal was not realised, and who made up her mind to live in her own way, undisturbed by vain dreams? Depend upon it, I shall be happy enough."

"Then it will be because you have no heart. Reginald Tresham would give up everything for you, and you have forbidden him even to see you. No man alive could speak more nobly than he has done about you to me."

He is at any rate fortunate in his champion. How long is it since you have been so enthusiastic in his behalf?"

"And what is more," continued the faithful Sally, undismayed by Kate's little shaft, "he would remain true to you, even if you wrote him twenty such letters as the foolish one you sent. And he bade me tell you that though he submits to your decision now, he never will give up the hope that you will become his wife. Oh, Kate," added the poor little woman, suddenly breaking down, "how can you be so hard with him?"

What *could* he do after you had shut the door in his face?"

"Have I blamed him, then, so very severely?" asked Kate, with a slightly softening manner.

"You have done what is worse—you have told him that all is over between you. Why did you do that?"

"Because it is for the best. It shall never be said that I was a clog upon his career."

"A clog! You a clog!" repeated Sally, not in the least understanding what Kate meant.

"A poor wife is always a clog to a man in his position."

"He never would think so. How perverse and unjust you have suddenly become!"

"You do not know what he thinks. And I do not want to know his opinions on the subject to form my own. Believe me, I am right," added the young girl, once more drawing her friend to her, and kissing her on the cheek. "To awake to the knowledge that one is regarded as a burden and an encumbrance must be a terrible thing; it shall never come to me. You do not know Reginald's mother! She would hate me. And in time, perhaps, he would be won over to her view—who can tell? I tell you again, while I am poor, as I am now, I will never marry him. And so you see how useless it would be for us to talk any more about it."

"You are much changed since you came to London, Kate, and not for the better, I think. You are so worldly in your way of looking at things—and so obstinate. I am afraid I shall have to give you up." The widow fondled Kate's hand tenderly in her own as she spake.

"'Obstinate'—so be it; but ought I not to be so? Do you

think that what I have just said to you is right or wrong?"

"I don't know," said Sally, looking down, apparently trying to think it all out. "I was a poor woman when I married, and my husband did not consider me an encumbrance in the house—at least he never said he did."

"I should think he did not. But the circumstances were all very different, dear—of course you see that. And what is more, I know that in your heart you approve of my views. Now, is it not so?"

"I suppose I do," replied Sally, fast becoming conquered. "But it would be a cruel shame if Reginald were to be made miserable all his life by what *may* be a mistaken sense of pride. Have you thought of that?"

"Men do not make themselves miserable all their lives about women—at least not about *one* woman. Do not be afraid. Say no more, Sally," and Kate put her hand over the widow's pretty mouth: "what is to be, will be; you admit that, I suppose?"

"You will make me admit anything."

"So we will wait patiently, and see what is to be; and meanwhile you will take me into the Park, for I am tired and stupid to-day, and cannot work, and must go somewhere and see a little movement and bustle. Wait for me—I will not be a moment."

"She is as firm as a rock," said Sally half aloud, when she found herself alone, "but she shall not have her own way over *this* matter. Yet how am I to prevent it?" It took her all the afternoon to sift that question thoroughly, and then she had not found an answer to it which seemed to be thoroughly satisfactory.



## THE BELKA ARABS.

BY A PALESTINE EXPLORER.

THE Belka, or "empty" land, is that great plateau which extends eastwards above the Jordan valley from Arnon on the south to Jabok on the north, and from the crest of the mountains on the west to the Syrian desert on the east. It is about 3000 feet above the Mediterranean, and 4000 feet above the Jordan valley, and consists of rolling downs, which are for the most part so bare that the trees can be counted on the fingers of one hand. This last remark, however, does not apply to the country north of Heshbon, which is dotted here and there with firs and terebinths.

The name Belka has been thought to be connected with that of Balak, who was king here when Israel, like the later Arabs, came up from the south and spread over the plateau. It is the land of Reuben and Gad, and the Moab of the later historic period, when kings of Judah came over to attack its strong places—not always with success, as the Moabite stone shows us. Whatever the origin of the modern name, it is very appropriate to the country. The Belka is indeed an empty land. Empty of inhabitants, for the nomads do not number more than ten souls to the square mile; empty of houses and of corn; empty of water, and covered with huge ruined empty reservoirs; empty of trees and of vegetation,—a grey and fawn-coloured wilderness, where the eye ranges for miles with but few objects distinguishable amid the barren ridges, though here and there the shattered walls of an old tower, the crumbling

arches of once magnificent buildings, the ghost-like pillars of Roman cities, stand up against the sky-line. On the slopes of the hills, it is true, we have evidence of the former existence of great and energetic races; their dolmens are sown in hundreds on the mountainsides above the gushing streams, which break out of the mountains some 500 feet below the plateau, and rush down with a ceaseless murmur, in cascades or over rocky bottoms fringed with cane, to join the turbid Jordan. The menhirs, the great circles, the huge cairns, which cover the tops and slopes of the long spurs projecting westwards from the plateau, are the delight of the antiquarian, and are often indisputably connected with episodes in earlier Hebrew life; but in them also we see the evidence of an empty land, where the ploughman does not come to destroy the antiquities of the district, nor the European tourist to deface or to remove.

In the great age of the Antonines, or in the later period of Constantine and Justinian, the Belka supported a teeming population. Cities, temples, and cathedrals rose in the wilderness, as if by magic, at the emperor's command; sculptured pillar-capitals, cornices, and friezes, long inscriptions in Greek and Latin, attest the wealth and civilisation of the land under Antoninus Pius, or under the bishops who signed their names at the Council of Chalcedon.

But with Omar came the change which has lasted ever since. The black tent takes the place of the palace, the rude worship of trees

and stones is substituted for the ritual of the lofty cathedral. The Hebrew, the Roman, and the Crusader have each had his day, and the inevitable Arab has reappeared on the scene of his ancestors' primeval wanderings; the 'Adwân or the Ruala repeat the story of the Midianites and Moabites, or of the Nabatheans and Himyarites, and the Koreish under Omar.

Another startling contrast is that between the plateau of the Belka and the slopes of the mountain-spurs beneath. It is a contrast similar to that which is so often noticed in approaching Damascus; for in the burning East the zone of luxuriant vegetation is confined generally to the immediate vicinity of water. The river is green, and hidden among trees and shrubs; but the mountains on either hand are as bare and dry as any in tracts where no streams exist. Below the Belka the great gorges all run with clear perennial streams; but the ridges are either quite bare and of grey limestone, or else sparsely dotted with terebinth, oak, and fir. Lower down, the sides of the huge ravines are coloured with yellow, orange, and purple—for the Nubian sandstone here becomes visible under the dolomite limestone. From the spurs a great landscape opens out on the west, including the dark mountains of Judea and Samaria, the white Jordan plain, with thorn groves and black streams fringed with tamarisk; the Dead Sea, shining like oil, and hemmed in with high precipices, rusty or black, topped with peaks of white marl, and scarred with wintry water-courses.

Again, the Belka contrasts with fertile Gilead on the north, which, though also very rocky, possesses a rich red soil and abundant springs. Here, all day long, the horseman may wind among the oak woods,

or through glades alternating with corn-fields, beside the clear brooks and frequent springs. He sees the deer flitting under the trees, and hears the note of the blackbird and thrush. In spring, the English flowers deck the meadows of Gilead,—the delicate flush of the phlox, the glory of the red anemone, of the wild tulip, the cyclamen and purple lupines and lilies, refreshes the eye, weary of the glare of the rocks. But it is with Moab, not with Gilead, we have now to deal, and with the inhabitants rather than with scenery and archæology that we are more immediately concerned.

A residence of three months in Moab, combined with former experience, allows of some degree of familiarity with the tribes of the district, and permits of a judgment being formed, at least on those Arab clans which claim to represent in Syria the pure blood of the Nejed and of Yemen.

The recent campaign in Egypt, with its sad accompanying drama in Sinai, has given prominence for the moment to the question of Bedawin character; and the Nejed Bedawin have found a champion in Mr Blunt, apparently convinced of the superiority of their race and of the high destiny which awaits them.

From the little tribes of the Judean desert or of the Jordan valley, and from the impoverished clans round Beersheba and Gaza, or those "cousins of the gypsies," who represent in Galilee the once powerful tribe of Akil Agha, it may not be possible to form a judgment of the Bedawin at their best; but the 'Adwân, or "enemies," who once held Judea in a continual condition of terror, and who raided as far as Jerusalem, and even to Jaffa, are proud sons of the desert, who

yet range over a district of a thousand square miles, and who feign to consider the smaller and older tribes, such as the 'Ajermeḥ, 'Abbâd, or Ghaneimât, as their tributaries or serfs, although they have of late years so decreased in power and prestige that the inferior tribes now hold the position of allies and friends rather than that of dependants.

The 'Adwân own all the Jordan valley and Mount Gilead to the Jabbok, and on the south their influence extends to the valley of Callirhoe and to Tell Ma'in. Their eastern boundary runs from near this last place to Samik, and thence to Yedûdeh and El Kahf, and east of Ammân to the Kala't Zerka. On the east and south-east the dominant tribe is that of the Sakhûr, or Beni Sakhr, "sons of the rock," superior if anything in power to the 'Adwân, whose country they appear to enter at pleasure—at all events, in time of peace—to water their camels at the springs of Hesbân, 'Ammân, and in intermediate valleys. The 'Adwân possess far the richest country, and their chiefs own lands at Kefrein, Nimrîn, and in the hills, which are rudely tilled for them by the Ghawârneh, or "men of the Ghor," and by other Arabs of lower caste. The 'Adwân also own sheep, goats, and cows, whereas the wealth of the Beni Sakhr consists almost entirely of camels.

South of the Zerka Ma'in, or ravine of Callirhoe, dwell various small tribes known collectively as Hameidi, who have no superior chief, and who are in fact dependants of the Beni Sakhr, as are the 'Abbâd and others of the 'Adwân. The proper method of treating the Hameidi appears to be

to enter into treaty with the Beni Sakhr chiefs, and visit this district under their escort. The Hameidi are, however, allied to the notorious sheikh of Kerak; and the only hold which the explorer has over them lies in the fact that they often carry corn to Jerusalem, and may there be detained by the Turks as hostages. The Hameidi are a very degraded and turbulent set, and without proper escort the traveller would probably be pillaged in their country.

East of the Beni Sakhr, on the borders of the Syrian desert, are found many tribes of the great nation of the 'Anazeh, or "goat" Arabs, who extend northwards east of Haurân. The tribes of Jebel Ajlûn (the Beni Hasan) appear to be scattered and powerless, as the settled population here holds its own. For practical purposes the explorer need therefore only deal in the Belka with the 'Adwân and the Beni Sakhr.

The 'Adwân have two principal divisions: the elder branch of Diab, whose present chief is 'Aly, and who live chiefly in the district north of Heshbon, descending in winter to Nimrîn; and the younger branch of the Nimr, those who follow Sheikh Goblan, and who encamp near Heshbon, and descend to Kefrein. Both these divisions of the tribe are now very much diminished in numbers and in power; and since they have begun to cultivate the land they have also fallen off in martial reputation. The young chief, 'Aly Diab, a man of perhaps forty, has thrown in his lot with the Turks; while Goblan represents the native opposition, and adheres to the old traditions of independence.

The Beni Sakhr<sup>1</sup> were until lately a united and powerful tribe

<sup>1</sup> Some one, not apparently a philologist, has suggested that the Beni Sakhr are

under a famous chieftain, Fendi el Faiz. He left eight sons, and after his death they quarrelled. The tribe was thus split into two factions, one allying itself with the 'Adwân, the other under Satm making a league with the 'Anazeh, once the bitterest of the Beni Sakhr enemies.

In May 1881 these parties came in collision near the 'Adwân border, and Satm was slain in a skirmish. Nevertheless in the autumn of the same year, while we were yet in Moab, the sons of Fendi el Faiz patched up their quarrels, and were consequently regarded with much suspicion by the 'Adwân. The principal chief Satâm, brother of Satm, was in league with the Turks, to whom he gave information of our presence; and the malcontents of the Nimr are thus shut up in a corner between Satâm on the east and the Turks in Es Salt, aided by their own relatives of the elder branch. Such, roughly sketched, have been the results of Turkish diplomacy beyond Jordan during the last fifteen years, and to these causes of decay among the Belka tribes is added the fear of incursion from the south; for when Ibn Rashîd and the Arabs of the Nejed came up in 1880 as far as Bozrah, the Belka Arabs all huddled together in the Jordan valley and the lower hills, and their invading kinsmen feasted joyously on captured camels of the Beni Sakhr and the 'Anazeh.

The history of the 'Adwân tribe as related by Sheikh Goblan is as follows. About three centuries ago (or nine generations all known by name) Fowzân Ibn es Suweit, one of the Defîr tribe in the Nejed,

fled, in consequence of having slain his cousin, to the Moab plateau, and found refuge with the Korda tribe at Sâmik, east of Heshbon. He afterwards married a daughter of Abu Heider, chief of this Korda tribe, and had two sons,—Saleh, from whom descend the elder 'Adwân branch called 'Ashîret Saleh, of whom 'Aly Diab is now chief; and Shadid, from whom Goblan claims to be the eighth descendant. The heir of 'Aly Diab is a boy named Sultan; the heir of the Nimr or younger branch is Goblan's son Fahed, "the lynx," who has a boy named Fowaz. The names of the intermediate generations have no special interest. It may be noted, however, that Shadid and his descendants all married into the Korda tribe (which has now disappeared or become merged with the 'Adwân) down to the time of Goblan's grandfather Nimr, who took a bride of the Beni Sakhr. Goblan's father Fadl married one of the 'Ajermeah, and he has thus in his veins some of the best and oldest Arab blood of the country; for the 'Ajermeah, though now a small and poor tribe, belong to one of the clans which the 'Adwân found in the Belka when their fugitive ancestor sought hospitality with the Korda in the sixteenth century.

The ease with which Goblan recounted these pedigrees gives a good example of the way in which such knowledge is orally preserved among a people entirely illiterate. It is also remarkable that the tribes which came most recently from the Nejed are those which consider themselves the most noble, and which practically are the dominant clans.

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representatives of Beni Issachar, and represent a "lost tribe"; but without considering the question whether the old Jewish notion of "lost tribes," which we find perhaps first in 2 Esdras (xiii. 40-46), has any foundation in fact, it may be remarked that the words Sakhr and Issachar have only one letter—the final *r*—in common.

The names of the smaller tribes of the Moab plateau we carefully collected ; but it would be uninteresting here to enumerate them. The 'Ajermeh near Heshbon, the Ghaneimât north of the Zerka Ma'in, four divisions of the 'Abbâd round 'Arâk el Emîr, and the D'aja further east, appear to be the most important of the thirty-five tribes whose names, with those of their living chiefs, I collected in 1881 within the boundaries of the 'Adwân country. The groups of the Beni Sakhr are equally numerous, and we found that there were six principal divisions of this great clan stretching from near Kerak as far as the Haurân, and including at least twenty-four families or smaller tribes, of which the Fâiz family is the most important, Fendi el Faiz having ruled the whole of the Beni Sakhr, and leaving eight sons, of whom Satâm, since the death of his brother Satm, has now become the leader.

As regards the numbers of these tribes, it is most difficult to form an estimate. Every father of a family has, however, his tent, and five souls may as a rule be counted to a tent. The differences of rank and wealth are shown, not by the number of tents, but by the length and newness of the family mansion. The longest tent I ever saw was that of 'Aly Diab, and his camp consisted of eighty tents or 400 souls. The smallest camp will consist of perhaps three or four tents, generally found, however, not far from a larger settlement ; and these arrangements are constantly changing, as the Arabs seem rarely to remain more than ten days or a fortnight in one place. Goblan estimated the various Beni Sakhr tribes as ranging from 200 to 20 tents, and the average would probably be about 60 tents. The Beni Sakhr, not including those in the

Haurân, number, according to his estimate, 1500 tents, representing a population of 7500 souls. This is not likely to be an exaggerated estimate, as Goblan would not wish to make them out more numerous than they really are. Taking the same average for the 'Adwân and their allies, we obtain a total of some 2200 tents or 11,000 souls, giving a density of ten persons per square mile, which appears to be a very probable result for such a district as that of the Belka. These figures may not be without value at a time when it becomes important to be able to estimate the probable numbers of various Bedawin clans concerning which but little is as yet known.

Although the power of the dominant tribes 'Adwân or Beni Sakhr has been materially diminished of late years, such chiefs as 'Aly and Goblan still enjoy the position of great gentlemen in the desert. When crossing the Jordan in 1881, I was particularly struck by an incident which occurred. Goblan was standing among his retainers, all mounted on strong horses, when a poor Arab, with a wife and daughter, came down to the river from the east, driving a diminutive donkey. The women were afraid to trust themselves in the water, even on its back, and looked hopelessly at the rushing stream ; but the man invoked the help of Goblan with that peculiar mixture of affectionate respect and simple familiarity which is one charm of nomadic society, and his womenkind were promptly hoisted on the two tallest horses, behind two of Goblan's relatives, who went back on purpose to the western shore, and again crossed the ford to the east.

Nor was this the only instance of liberality and courtesy which we remarked among the 'Adwân

chiefs. Although most exasperatingly greedy for money, it must be confessed that Goblan spent it with a princely lavish hand. The guests of his autumn feast, and the poor pilgrim to Mecca, alike received a large share of the presents and wages given by the Survey party; and it is by such lordly munificence and hospitality that a great sheikh retains his influence among poorer and weaker tribes in time of peace.

It is interesting in this connection to mark, among a people entirely unable to write, the way in which the virtues of the dead are recorded. We found that on the tombs of great chiefs were modelled in plaster the horseman with his sword and bow on one side; and on another, the coffee-cups, pestle and mortar, jug and spoon for roasting—the paraphernalia, in short, of Arab hospitality. In this rude manner the prowess and liberality of the dead man were set forth by descendants who could only mark the tribe to which he belonged, and were obliged to commit his name to the pious memory of his children.

As regards Arab character generally, the result of several years' experience is not by any means satisfactory; nor have recent events tended to increase our respect for the Bedawin. The noble nomad, ranging free as air in the desert, is an original creation of Arab poetry, which has been somewhat clumsily copied by those who see the possibility of turning him to political account. He is represented as naturally high-minded, hospitable, and observant of his word or oath, brave to a fault, and generous to prodigality. But what we have learned of his actual character in Egypt or in Sinai only serves to strengthen the impression made by a sojourn of several months in the

Belka. The recluse who would wish to flee from the hard struggle of Western civilised existence,—who is disgusted with the insincerity, the jobbery, the schemes and jealousies of European society, the strife and the meanness of public life, and the *banalité* of domesticity,—will not find peace in the wilderness. He will find only the same passions, the same objects, the same insincerity and absence of good faith among the mass of the Bedawin which he has deplored at home; and although exceptions may exist, and men of higher character may be recognised in the desert, the European will certainly find that he has made a change for the worse, and will miss that which is best and noblest among his fellow-countrymen.

A web of petty intrigue is spread all over the Bedawin country. Their quarrels, jealousies, and infidelities are as petty and shortsighted as any in the West. There is but one object which the Arab places steadily before his face, and that is the acquisition of wealth. The influence which a European may exert over them depends, no doubt, in great measure on personal character, and on knowledge of the language, customs, and ideas of those among whom he dwells. It does so in every quarter of the world; but the mainspring of that influence proceeds from the idea that the Frank is master of untold wealth, to be obtained, if not by terrorism, then by flattery and servility, by an affectation of affectionate esteem which it is not in Arab nature to feel for a stranger, and also by secret intrigue and petty larceny. The Arab will betray his friend for gold not less readily than the Frank. The Arab will cringe to the rich and powerful, and will be cold or cruel to the poor and helpless, not less

than the civilised dweller in Western cities. Exceptions may, I believe, be found; and I have known Arabs who appeared worthy of trust, and who might perhaps be believed, when they spoke, to be telling the truth. But as regards the Arabs in general, it seems probable that they may be divided into two great categories,—those who have become sordidly avaricious and degraded by contact with civilisation, who have acquired some new ideas, such as those of cultivation, of keeping cows and goats—nay, who have even, like Goblan, sent children to school, and trod the deck of a gunboat; and, on the other hand, the category of the Arab in all his aboriginal savagery, stalking the desert with nothing but his shirt and his long tuft or pigtail, a cautious, crafty, not to say cowardly barbarian, lurking for the stray stranger, filching the camel of his friend, or joining the noble contest of ten against one. Every man, every family, every tribe of the Arabs has its own character. Some are rich, powerful, and hospitable, of high reputation and great courage. Some are poor and evil, with broken fortunes, flying the consequences of a deed of violence, or joined to the gangs of miserable thieves and outlaws who skulk in the valley in summer, or shiver in mountain caves in winter, and who are shot without mercy if their thieving expedition be clumsily managed. Human nature is perhaps at the bottom not much different in the desert and in the city, but the Arab is without any such incentives to improvement as spring from the religion and cultivation of the West; and the idea of the noble dweller in the wilderness, superior in morality and motive to the Western Frank, is an enthusiast's dream, as mischievous as it

is unfounded. There are those who seem to believe the camel to be a superior method of transport to the locomotive, the fleet Arab runner preferable to the telegraph, the Bedawi greater than the Briton; but to such there is only one answer—if they wish to study the question fairly and without motive, “go to the desert and see for yourselves.”

Loving, warring, feasting, singing (but not whistling to Eblis), marrying, and rejoicing over the first-born; dying under the accursed cairn or in the foray, or mourned by many friends; hating, backbiting, slandering, envying, quarrelling, cursing, lying, running away, cringing, bullying, flattering, turning the cold shoulder; flirting with maidens, beating (or stoning) wives, weeping over the dead, swearing brotherhood (and forgetting the oath), proud among his sons, scolded by his womenkind, happy and irritated, anxious or expectant, grasping, avaricious, untrustworthy, even stupid, but also lavish and courteous, intelligent and full of information; superstitious and sceptical; fearing God and conscience, or without regard to either; rich and poor, good, bad, and indifferent,—I can recall the Arab under all such circumstances and aspects, but I never was able to discover that he therein differed from the rest of mankind. I never found a wilderness where peace and goodwill reigned among the whole people, or a tribe where all the moral virtues flourished unadulterated.

The courage of the Bedawin is one of their most lauded virtues, but one which within the present century has not been conspicuously vindicated. I have seen more than once a tribe on a raid, and have heard more than one tale of Bedawin battles. As a rule, the bulletin seems to be to the follow-

ing effect: "We bravely attacked the enemy, which made its appearance in a force of one to our ten. We took several prisoners, and the enemy lost heavily, two horses and several cows being slain. At length his remaining forces withdrew, and we found our casualties to include one mare hurt in the leg by a spear. We cut off the forefingers of our prisoners in remembrance of those of our tribe whose beards and hair had been burned off on a former occasion, and letting them go, drove off the captured camels, and endeavoured to conceal as far as possible the direction of our victorious retreat."

Such are the deeds which I have heard recounted; and although men are sometimes slain in battle, and Fahed en Nimr has legs which have been peppered with small shot, it must be remembered that to initiate a blood-feud is a most serious circumstance in tribe life, and that the whole policy of the leaders will for many years be directed to the healing of the breach thus caused, and to the settlement of blood-money. When a disagreement occurs between two tribes, they will gather their spearmen, concentrate their encampments, and square up, so to speak, towards each other; but they generally contrive, before matters come to an open breach, to find a third party willing to mediate, and a compromise is established, to the great relief of the bold warriors on either side. Such an event as that of Satm's death, slain apparently in hot blood in a quarrel concerning a corn-field, is one of the greatest importance in the annals of the tribes concerned. He was a sheikh of a most important tribe (the Beni Sakhr), and his death is still, I believe, unavenged; and I found the 'Adwân unwilling to speak on the subject, with exception of the stout Goblan, whose

hate of the Beni Sakhr—a tribe sworn to take his life—caused him to gloat with satisfaction over the death of a promising and popular chief. Yet in spite of this occurrence, one division of the clan of which Satm was leader had allied itself to the elder branch of the 'Adwân within a year of their sheikh's death or murder.

I have been attacked more than once by Arabs on the war-path in the usual proportion of ten to one. On the first occasion I escaped because I was described as being a consul; on another, the horsemen who fell on my native follower rode away rapidly as soon as they saw me turn back and gallop with one companion towards them; on a third, a group of horsemen who were threatening our servants disappeared on seeing a pigeon fall to my gun in the distance. On two or three other occasions, groups of spearmen who galloped up brandishing lances, and curveting their steeds, became at first quiet and cautious, and then friendly, on seeing that their evolutions produced no visible effect on our conduct. It was the same in Egypt. Gaudy chiefs caracolled in sight of our pickets, but their followers disappeared immediately when one man was hit; and on the morning of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, where were the clouds of five thousand Arab horsemen who were to assist Arabi Pasha?

It is not, then, on account of his courage that the Arab is dangerous, but rather on account of his crafty strategy. It was at first a wonder to me that our guides should be so much alarmed at the appearance of a single Harâmi or bandit, when both the guide and the explorer were well armed and mounted; but I learned by experience that the single man is not alone, and that even a single



boy may be the fogleman of a whole gang of the worst class of outlaws. The ability of the Bedawi in hiding in folds of the ground, in approaching his victim as the hunter does the stag, in springing suddenly in numbers from behind rocks or gullies, so that armed men seem literally to rise from the earth; the ambush; the treacherous league with an enemy; the rapidity with which news is conveyed over the desert from hill to hill by signals and runners,—these are the true dangers against which the traveller who trusts himself to the honour of the Arab has constantly to provide. Let it be known that he has a power behind him, whether political or military, and he is safe in all districts where it is known. Let him even but look over his shoulder as though to observe his distance from unseen support, and he will see the advancing robber checked at once, or behold him suddenly swallowed up by the earth. The eye attains to unusual quickness in the wilderness, where a single head, or even a broken bush, shows a danger, and where the guide appears to note every impress on the soil and every shadow in the distance. Silence and solitude are all around at one instant, and at the next moment a rude inquisitive crowd may have surrounded the traveller.

So long as we were able to countenance the belief in 'Adwân minds that we were forerunners of an unseen power, which had no need to fear the Turk, we were safe; but the great difficulty in our recent visit lay in the fact that it became necessary to swagger and to retreat at the same time. The Beni Sakhr had betrayed us; the 'Adwân had deserted us; and intrigues were certainly being woven against our small and unprotected party.

It was only the good faith (or political fancies) of Goblan which prevented such an "accident" as Turkish governors deplore with satisfaction.

The Arab of the Belka is a shrewd politician. Party feeling runs high, and is divided between the advantages of alliance (temporary, of course) with the Turk or of stubborn resistance to his will. The patriotic party (if one may so term it) sees its champion in Goblan; the time-servers are the followers of 'Aly Diab. The Beni Sakhr are divided in the same way; but Goblan, the rebel and outlaw, as he is regarded by the established government, is far the most popular man in Moab, in spite of his unamiable characteristics.

The power of the 'Adwân lies in their alliance with the Belka Arabs—the smaller tribes already enumerated. Without these their numbers are so few that they would be eaten up by the Beni Sakhr, or the 'Anazeh who dwell in more sterile districts. It was therefore considered most ill-advised on the part of 'Aly Diab to quarrel with the 'Ajermeh concerning certain lands round Hesbân, well known to belong from time immemorial to the older tribe, yet awarded to 'Aly by the Turkish governor. The dispute caused a mighty gathering of tents at Hesbân, but it was patched up by a mediator. The injustice will, however, probably recoil on the Diab line in the shape of diminished popularity and influence among their allies, and will yet more widen the breach between the two branches of the 'Adwân family.

During my stay at Hesbân I received visits from many 'Adwân and Beni Sakhr chiefs, but none from 'Aly Diab. He sent orders that a sheep should be slain in our honour, and he despatched his ven-

erable father to interview the Frank; but he was too wise to compromise himself by a personal visit to travellers not recognised by the Turkish Government, and who were escorted by Goblan. The aged chieftain Diab, or "the Wolf," was a little old man of commanding appearance, whom Goblan treated with the respect due to an elder relative. He has either abdicated or been deposed in favour of his son 'Aly, and has a broken leg in consequence of the barbarity of his captors, when some years ago he, with others, was trapped by the governor of Nâblus into a visit to that town. It was the desire of money and Government rewards which led the chiefs of the elder branch into the snare against the advice of Goblan. They paid dearly for a return to liberty, and their mentor was shown to have been only too correct in his distrust of the enemy, even when "bearing gifts."

The conversation on occasion of this visit was most instructive. The old gentleman, who came in a private, not in an official capacity, hobbled in, aided by his grey junior, and leaned on his crooked cane, arrayed in a fine white-and-amber abba, with a warm lamb's-wool jacket beneath. It was not long after the taking of Tunis by the French, and their war with the Beni Helal, or "sons of the crescent," as the 'Adwân term the Arabs of North Africa, for whom they have a great respect. The English, he remarked, had as yet taken nothing in the East. I reminded him of Cyprus. "No," he answered; "you hold that as tributaries of the Sultan." He then asked if the French would take Tripoli also. I replied that it belonged to the Sultan. "So did Tunis," he drily answered. I told him that the English, having

a country as fair as that of the 'Adwân, and being a righteous people, did not desire to seize the lands of the Sultan or of any one else; and this final announcement he received in silence, with an air of courteous incredulity.

The interview was thus of considerable interest. It is not surprising that the Maronites and the Christians of Damascus and Jerusalem should be keenly watching the political horizon; or that they should know Lord Beaconsfield and Mr Gladstone by name, and have their own opinion as to the policies of English statesmen: but it was somewhat startling to find in the wilds of Moab an old gentleman with a stiff leg, who had certainly not been over Jordan for several years, yet who understood the nature of our tenure of Cyprus, and dimly foresaw the probability of such an event as the occupation of Egypt.

Another question which excited my interest greatly was that of the religion of the transjordanic Arabs. West of the river we had often found our guides anxious to pray at all shady streams, rather than to ride fast in the heat. We had seen them kiss the headstones of their fathers' graves, and heard them swear continually "as the Lord liveth"; but it always appeared that such religion had been acquired through knowledge of cities and mosques, and that the wilder the tribe the less pious, or at all events the less orthodox, its members. This view was confirmed by a sojourn among the 'Adwân, for in three months I never once saw Goblan offer a prayer; nor did any of our guides, with the exception of one who could read and write (Sheikh Fellah, the brother of Goblan), ever attempt to recite the *fat-hah*, or go through the ordinary routine of prostration.

But, on the other hand, we found that the more ignorant of our guards were firmly convinced that the dolmens were inhabited by ghouls, an idea at which the sceptical and rationalistic Fahed mocked, saying that educated people knew them to be watch-towers, but that "some persons had no understanding,"—a fine satire, be it remarked, on some civilised opinions; for the dolmen, whether altar or tomb, was certainly not a watch-tower, and was also probably connected with old superstitious worship of demons.

The existence of fairy tales, which we found to be a peculiarity of the Arabs, as contrasted with the Western Fellahin, has no direct connection with their religion; but one of the 'Ajermeh pointed out to us the Hajr el Mena, or "stone of desire," which was a wishing-stone on which the hand should be placed by those who have a desire to be fulfilled. This also was pronounced by Goblan to be only an ignorant fancy; yet it is probably as much a popular belief as is that in the demon-slave of Solomon who lives in the valley of Callirhoe, and to whom sacrifices are offered.

On another occasion Goblan, stopping his horse at two little piles of stone, dismounted and brushed away the dust from a slab of rock, where he showed me a natural erosion in the form of a footprint, with a second smaller and artificially cut beside it. This is called *Mâta et Turkoma Niyeh*—"the place of pressing of the Turkoman woman"—and tradition says that a travelling prophetess from Mecca here made the mark when alighting from her camel. It is considered pious to clear away the dust, and the relic is greatly venerated by the Arabs.

Trees in Moab are scarce, and this may account for their being

sacred. They are hung with rags, and a sacred tomb-circle is often found beside them. In one at *Rujm Bel'ath* we may perhaps recognise an old Baal-shrine; another is called *Sheikh Terki*, and a third *Sa'ûr* or "flaming," reminding us of the Tree of Light of the Ghatafan Arabs, sacred to Allat, and of the older Assyrian thorn-tree, which was called "the tree of the great light." Cairns or pillars (*Meshâhed*) are raised along all the roads in Moab, where *Neby Musa* on the west, or *Neby Osh'a* on the north, can be seen, and it even seemed that in some cases they had a connection with dolmen groups. But there is another cultus among the Bedawin equally important with the preceding—namely, the veneration shown for the graves of their ancestors. "Ancestor-worship" is, no doubt, a term liable to misapplication, and the oldest religious ideas are connected with life rather than with the dead. Man has probably never conceived his forefathers to have been, when alive, materially different from himself, though he may have been afraid of their ghosts after death. But, on the other hand, no student of Brahmin or Chinese creeds can fail to recognise how ancient races have ever venerated their ancestors, and conceived them to be ever present and interested in the welfare of their descendants. It is, in fact, only in the advanced civilisation of the West that men have begun to despise ancient birth, and to consider that ancestors are a marketable commodity.

The Arab, then, surrounds the grave of a man of noted sanctity with a circle of stones, and places on one side (almost invariably on the west) a little dolmen altar about three feet high, consisting of two stones supporting a third laid flat on the top. Whenever he

visits the spot he kisses this stone, and invokes the dead man's aid, placing his forehead on the altar, and then depositing a gift—a stick, a bullet, a copper coin, a berry, a piece of blue pottery, or some other memorial of his visit. He faces east as he does so, and mutters his prayer. This cultus appears to be one of the most important rites generally observed by the Belka tribes.

It is true that the Bedawin observe the fast of Ramadan and the ensuing feast. The great day of their year is that on which the Mecca pilgrims visit Mount Arafat; and on this day (as we witnessed in 1881) even the man who has but two or three camels will kill one as a feast for his family and a sacrifice to his God. Then the tents of the chiefs are scenes of unbounded hospitality, and then for once in the year even the beggar tastes flesh. But this observance of the great feast by no means proves the Arabs to be strict Moslems. Mecca and its pilgrimage, its sacred stone, its naked pilgrims, was an institution long before Mohammed was born. He purified the Arab paganism, but he was unable entirely to eradicate ancient superstitions, in some of which he may probably have been himself a believer. We did not, it is true, find moon-worship or sun-worship, such as has been thought to survive in these districts among the 'Adwân; but what we did find was the survival of the original paganism of the *Jâhalin*, or "ignorant," before Islam was preached,—stone-worship, tree-worship, the veneration of ancestors, of streams and springs, like that which Herodotus or Porphyry describes, or which is the religion of non-Aryans in India. The Bedawin, as we knew them, were a prayerless people, without

mosque, imam, or even dervish—superstitiously afraid of the desert demons, and adoring the graves of the dead and the relics of former prophets. They possess also a mythology of most interesting character, and their only approach to Moslem custom is in those points where Islam is founded on ancient Arab paganism.

The Beni Sakhr and other tribes do, it is true, annually escort the dwindling procession of the Syrian Hâj from Damascus; but this is no indication of pious belief in the duty of pilgrimage. The Bedawin are paid by the Turk to prevent that inevitable pillage of the pilgrims which would result from the neglect of a time-honoured right, to levy black-mail as protectors of the faithful.

In connection with this question the names of the Arabs become important. They are not the ordinary Moslem names of the peasantry, but such as express the qualities most admired. Nimr "the leopard," Fahed "the lynx," Dhib "the wolf," 'Adu "the foe," Shedid "the strong," Kablan (better known as Goblan), "satisfaction," Fowâz "the victorious," are common names. Mr Drake once heard of a boy who was named Mukta', or "ford," because he was born when his mother was crossing a ford. The tribe names are sometimes those of animals—as 'Anazeh, "he-goats," Sakr, "falcons," &c.; but this is not, as a recent writer seems to have fancied, because any ancient Totem-worship survives, but rather because—as in early mythology—abstract qualities are denoted by the names of animals popularly connected with such qualities by reputation. No trace of the American idea of the Totem seems ever as yet to have been shown to exist among Aryan or Semitic peoples, whose original re-

ligious ideas are of quite another order.

The graves of the dead are variously ornamented with sticks, stones, and hair. Of the sticks and the hair of the Arabs a few words may therefore be further added. Sticks are often placed beside the grave of a chief, or hung upon his monument. The sheikhs, while living, carry such sticks as emblems of authority—rude sceptres, in fact—while the spears and swords are borne by their followers, some of whom may in war-time be seen clothed in chain-mail, with the round steel cap of the middle ages; and crusading arms and armour are indeed yet to be found with two-handed crusading swords, taken probably at Hattin in 1187 A.D., and still preserved by Sakr or 'Anezeh chiefs. As regards the sceptres, we found two forms to be in use; the one a stick about two or three feet long, with a sort of crutch head—the other almost exactly resembling the *lituus*, a crosier or shepherd's crook. It is worthy of remark that both these forms are recognisable in the sceptres of Osiris or Horus in Egypt. The crutch, the flail, and the *lituus* are sometimes all held by one deity, but never by a goddess, for the female sceptre ends in the cup or lotus-flower. The crook is also an emblem of Siva and Krishna in India, and of Ormuzd in Persia. The crutch is found in the hands of Anubis, Seb, Kneph, Ptah, and even of Athor.

The sacrifice of hair as a token of grief is common among the Arab women, who have often long and beautiful locks. Thus at El Kuweijîyeh I found a cemetery with two principal graves inside circles. Beside these were laid sticks and small strips of red and green cloth. Ploughs, coffee-mills,

and similar articles of property were placed within the circles, where no thief would ever dare to touch them. A stick at the head and another at the foot of the grave were connected by a string, and from this string depended, in one case forty-five pigtails (or plaits of women's hair), and in the other case thirty-three. Similar collections of hair-offerings, much bleached by exposure, were found in other instances; and it appears either that the women vow their hair to some departed worthy, or that the female relatives cut off their locks on the death of the head of the family. As regards the wearing of hair in their lifetime, there is some difference among the tribes. The girls have a tangled mop of bleached elf-locks under a simple kerchief. The married women have shining black, well-combed hair, plaited in tails or concealed under the head-dress, or cut in a fringe over the forehead. Some of the men wear their hair the natural length, but the Arab is much less hairy naturally than the Fellah. Some have a plait, like a Jewish love-lock (only the Jews never plait theirs), on either side of the face; but many have the head shaven all but one lock or tuft on the top, which is also worn by the boys. This is a very ancient custom, for Herodotus mentions this lock (the Moslem *Shûshêh*) among the Arabs of his own day; and it is well known how, in Egypt, the young Horus wears the same tuft; and how, in India, a religious ceremony of shaving the head in the second or third year, leaving only the single tuft, is mentioned in the laws of Manu as distinctive of the "twice born" castes. The sacrifice of hair by women is also to be traced in Phœnicia in connection with the worship of Ashtoreth; and it is considered by some that Abso- lom polled his hair annually as a

religious duty, the weight in silver or gold being given to the poor (2 Sam. xiv. 26). Lane also mentions that a goat is sacrificed when an Arab child's hair is first cut, and becomes the child's ransom or substitute. On Carmel I have seen the hair of a Druse boy cut and offered to Elijah in the grotto beneath the altar of the Carmelite Chapel in the Latin monastery.

The Belka Arabs are physically a finer and handsomer race than any of the Fellahin or degraded Arabs west of Jordan. In Moab we actually saw pretty women—a sight only to be noticed west of the river at Nazareth and Bethlehem, or farther north among the Maronites and the grey-eyed Druses. The men of the 'Adwân who accompanied us were nearly all conspicuous for stature, strength, and fine features. The girls at the springs did not hesitate (when good-looking) to let their faces be seen; and more than once we encountered a beauty with white dazzling teeth, large dark eyes, graceful form, sweeping dark-blue robes, and that peculiar gait which is so much admired that dozens of Arab words have been coined to express its variations. The majority of the matrons are disfigured by the blue under-lip and extensive tattooing which they seem to consider ornamental; but an 'Adwân maiden, with tangled hair red with henna, delicate aquiline features, eyes blackened with kohl, finger-nails and palms pink, and one or two dots like a Court lady's patch on the face, is an extremely picturesque figure. The more beautiful seem to enjoy privileges which will be recognised as most unfair by their western sisters. They are much sought after in marriage, and fetch a handsome dowry; they are petted and allowed to remain idle in the tent; they are not obliged to toil

to the spring with the donkey and the heavy goat-skin bag of water; they lay their commands on the male sex; and they appear occasionally to exhibit a capricious temper, which is, of course, quite unknown to the European beauty. Goblan, who was negotiating his marriage with a princess from the Eastern Desert while we were in Moab (a bridegroom of more than seventy years of age, with grandsons of his own), appeared to have a general and fatherly interest in pretty faces which contrasted with the usual grave dignity of his manners among men.

Yet domestic life is not without its drawbacks even in the desert. I was on one occasion invited to the tent of a minor chief, who was my guide and most humble servant. He concocted, for my benefit and that of several guests from neighbouring tents, a brew of very thin coffee with an immense quantity of sugar—a sort of syrup which had hardly any taste save of sugar; and having a small piece of the sugar-loaf left, he gave it to me on our parting as the only present he was able to offer. We sat in this tent for more than an hour admiring the "masterly inactivity" of the Arabs, who can apparently sit silent and quite unemployed for whole days, and who thus appear to await with endless patience the day when civilised races shall have worn themselves out by their struggles for existence, and the Arab survivor be left master of the field. This inactivity is, however, delusive; for let it be thought that the guest is dosing in the evening, and he may perhaps see these grave listless men creeping like cats, or hopping nimbly round his person like birds, feeling his pockets with a delicate touch, or endeavouring to abstract his saddle-bags from beneath his head. The Arab is

indeed a continual actor. His haughty frowning air, his gravity and laziness, his courage and courtesy, are all assumed as a mask hiding a soul which is often mean, grasping, cowardly, and treacherous. His appearance in the eyes of the European is nothing better than a sham, and it is only his brother Arab who knows how to estimate it at its proper value.

As I sat reflecting on these matters, a noise as of women quarrelling arose on the covered side of the tent. My host assumed an injured air, and went to pacify the contending parties. His brother, sitting by him, manifested on his countenance a disgust and irritation such as I have rarely seen an Arab betray. The sheikh returned, the quarrelling continued, and I endeavoured to console him by the reflection that women always quarrelled in all countries in the same way; but at length the brother's patience was worn out, and he arose with a large stone in his hand and looked over the partition dividing the Harim from the open part of the tent in which we sat. Without a word, he hurled the stone into the unseen, and a sound of wailing took the place of the angry chatter which preceded this assertion of the rights of a guest to peace and quiet during his visit.

The head wife had already appeared with the first cup of coffee, and it may have been on a question of a second chance of peeping at the strange Franjis that the dispute arose. Soon after a spoilt baby of eighteen months appeared in a dirty shirt and a gorgeous green jacket. It was affectionately kissed by all the men present, and then carried off with a lump of sugar by two handsome boys of nine or ten, each with his sling of hair in his hand, with which the

young Bedawi is able to perform wonders.

The Arab women enjoy far more freedom and consideration than do the wives and daughters of the peasantry. They salute the traveller with the Moslem formula, "Peace be upon you, O my brother;" and they rarely hide their faces at all, though some will hold a sleeve or head veil between their teeth. Goplan would sometimes send his compliments to the mother as well as the father of any group of children we met. The women ride camels to the spring when the men are employed, and spin, as they go, the dark wool with an ordinary spindle, but without a distaff, the hank being passed over the hand. They wear bracelets, a signet-ring, and even in some cases a jewel in the nose.

The Arabs are not totally devoid of astronomical knowledge, as was found by Lieutenant Mantell in the course of conversations with his guides. The Milky Way they call "Derb et Tibn," "the track of the chaff;" and the morning-star and Pleiades (Tereiyeh) they also pointed out. *N'ash* or the Great Bear, and *el Mizân*, "the balance," or Orion, seem also to be known; and Aldebaran is called *Nejm el Gharârah*, "the deceitful star," because it is sometimes mistaken for the morning-star. It is, of course, well known that our astronomical nomenclature is mainly Arabic, but this belongs to the civilisation of Baghdad in the ninth century. The early Arabs of Yemen used to worship certain fixed stars, in addition to a few of the planets, including *Keis* or Sirius, *Tay* or Canopus, and *Tasm* or Aldebaran. The rising and setting of these and others was then supposed to be connected with the rain.

It is not proposed here to re-

peat what has been written of the Bedawin in 'Tent Work in Palestine,' but something may be said of the riches and possessions of the Belka Arabs, which far surpass those of the small western tribes. The 'Adwân, who own lands tilled for them by the Ghawârneh and other inferior tribes, possess also sheep, goats, and cows in numbers; but the Beni Sakhr and 'Anazeh, living in the less well-watered districts, have only camels, and in autumn are often obliged to send these more than a day's journey into the 'Adwân lands to drink. Sometimes the camels will remain a day at the spring, and return on the third to camp, when they are obliged almost immediately to travel back again to the water. The number of these camels appeared to be countless, and they were driven like goats or sheep in herds, without either bridle or saddle. To see perhaps five hundred camels in a company, followed by other flocks of equal numbers descending to the spring, was an interesting sight. The grave elders stalked along with the sulky dignity which their owners seem to copy; the little colts, and sometimes the younger of the full-grown, executed the most extraordinary gambols with sprawling legs which seemed jointless and wooden. The man or boy in charge rode in front guiding his beast with a switch, and shouting Ya-ho! Ya-ho! all day long. The chorus of grunts and grumbles from the flocks of these beasts at the water was ceaseless by day. We once saw a negro woman driving a young dromedary without any bridle. She dropped her spindle, and was obliged to stop: as the beast knelt she jumped off, and ran back like lightning, but before she could get back, the dromedary with many grunts was on its legs again, and she had only

time to seize it by the neck. Here she hung, her toes touching the ground, her wool in her teeth, and was thus carried for some hundred yards, until by constantly striking with her switch on the dromedary's neck, she stopped it, obliged it to kneel, and mounting with great dexterity, cantered off in triumph.

The Arabs only leave two of the mother camel's udders for the colt to suck, tying up the others with slips of wood. The colt is weaned at eight months of age, and the rest of the milk is drunk by the tribe. This is the only use ever made apparently of the camel, save in moving camp, or when one is killed for the feast. There are many thousand camels belonging to each tribe, and, like sheep or goats, they are in fact a clumsy substitute for money, which is almost unknown in these districts. The Bedawi carries about his capital in the shape of camels, but his wealth is mainly useful for the influence and consideration which it gains him, rather than on account of intrinsic value. The ordinary price of a baggage-camel varies from £12 to £20, and a Hajin or blood animal for riding from £30 to £200. Calculated on this proportion, the money value of the herds we saw in Moab was very considerable.

We were much disappointed with the horses of the 'Adwân, and I only saw two or three colts of pure blood. The Belka tribes seem to have hardly any horses, but it is possible that the Ruala or the 'Anazeh may still possess fine mares. As a rule, however, the breeding of horses among the Eastern Arabs seems to have declined, and donkeys are extensively used—a sure indication of decay in warlike character.

The camels and other property are marked or branded on the neck and flank with the *wusm* or "sign"



of the tribe. We collected a great many of these signs, and found that each had a distinctive name. The original 'Adwân mark is a vertical stroke, but the younger or Nimr branch bear two, and the 'Abbâd—a yet younger offshoot—have three, thus approaching the system of heraldic differences. This mark is called the *Mutluk*. The original Beni Sakhr mark is the *Mihmasah*, or "spoon" for roasting coffee, a circle with a vertical stroke below. The Fâiz family bear this with two short strokes on the right, extending horizontally from the vertical stroke, and this variation is called *Tuweikeh*, the "little bracelet." The Kurshân have a circle with a dot, and one family of this subdivision of the Beni Sakhr has also two strokes by the circle. The Khâdir have a mark not unlike the Cheth in square Hebrew called *El Bâb*, "the door." They are a subdivision of the 'Anazeh, whose general mark is a sort of narrow C laid sidewise. The Jibbûr (a division of the Beni Sakhr) seem to use a cross, though this is not quite certain, and also the "raven's foot," a rounded trident like the Indian *Trisul* caste-mark. All these marks are simple enough, but it should be noted that the *Mihmasah* is exactly like the Himyaritic Koph; the *Mutluk* is the Aleph; the "raven's foot" is very near the Cheth of the same alphabet. The connection may be a real one, but the traveller is liable to make the mistake into which at least three careful observers are known to have fallen, of diligently copying what he supposes to be a Himyaritic inscription, but which is really a collection of various tribe-marks scrawled either by shepherds when idle, or deliberately placed on stones in buildings and elsewhere where treasure is believed to lie hid, and is thus claimed by the tribe in

whose territory the spot may be included.

The Arabs are subject, as are the Fellahin, to the depredations of thieves, even when no raid from a distance need be feared. We found that the valleys near the Dead Sea swarmed with these bandits, outlaws of every tribe, who are obliged to migrate to the mountains in winter when the camps are in the valley. Sometimes they are found dead of hunger in the snow; and on one occasion two of them were seen by our party enjoying a feast off a fox which they had shot. Goblan used nightly to perambulate the great Hadânieh circle at W. Jideid within which we were encamped, addressing in stern tones imaginary or unseen robbers with these words: "Come out, you cowards! may Allah destroy you! there are no goats or cows here, but only men and bullets." He erected a pillar of stones six feet high, as a dummy-guard or bogey at night; and, generally speaking, he and his men seemed to live in great fear of these thieves.

This apprehension was not by any means groundless, for during the moonless nights we were constantly attacked by thieves who endeavoured to steal our animals. More than once we pursued them and fired small shot at them, but our immunity from loss was due chiefly to the vigilance of our dogs and to the defensive arrangements of the camp. The straying donkeys of our careless muleteer were snapped up before we had been a week in the country.

Near the Jordan valley Goblan showed us a cairn erected over the body of a thief who was shot at night near the camp some quarter of a mile or more below, and found in the morning lying dead. Such cairns are common in Moab, as well as the larger ones which cover the

dead slain in some foray on the spot. Women also seemed to be buried in a common grave, by laying them together on the ground and heaping stones over them. Corpses, bones, and fragments of clothing, could often be seen beneath the cairn, so that in some cases, at least, it was clear that no excavation had been attempted.

Goblan also showed us a sort of depression in the ground, which he said was used in the punishment of thieves who had stolen corn. They were laid there, and sacks of barley placed over them. It was not clear whether they were induced thus to confess where the corn was hidden, or whether the punishment was merely a revenge. On asking, however, how long they were kept, the answer was, "Sometimes we leave them there."

The old custom of the ordeal is also still in use among the Arabs. The man who swears innocence of any accusation is made to drink boiling water with flour in it. If this does not appear to hurt him he is judged to have sworn truly, and the natural deduction appears therefore to be that the Bedawin inside must be constructed of iron or his forehead of brass.

The Arab cannot afford generally to expend shot in hunting, although he makes his own gunpowder, as we discovered by finding the little mills in the rocks. The sling is much used, and partridges are knocked down with sticks. I once saw an Arab hunting with a shield, composed of a white skin painted with circles and spots, so as to resemble a stone heap, and stretched on two cross sticks in X shape. It folded up like an umbrella, and was five feet high. From behind this he shot, but missed his aim. The hunting of gazelles with the *sluki* or greyhound, and the falcon, which flies at the head, and, settling

between the horns, flaps its wings in the victim's face, thus impeding its flight till the dog drags it down, is also said to be still practised.

The Arabs on a raid generally take a woman with them as cook. The old practice of placing one of the beauties of the tribe in a kind of palanquin made of ostrich-feathers, on a gaily caparisoned camel, and putting her in front of the party, is said still to survive among the Ruala and the 'Anazeh. One of the black slaves of the 'Adwân was considered a great hero in the last generation, because he succeeded single-handed in cutting off a camel with this *utfâ* or ostrich-feather palanquin, and brought the captured beauty to his master's camp. The slaves still are found in numbers among the 'Adwân, but their valour is not what it was of old.

The palanquin called Mahmal, which conveys to Mecca the so-called "Holy Carpet," or new covering for the Kaaba, is akin to the *utfâ* or "hoop." It appears to be an institution older than Islam, and answers probably to the Arks of Egyptians and of Indians. A camel with a Mahmal not only accompanies the Hâj from Damascus and Cairo, but also forms part of the procession on such occasions as a circumcision of the richer Moslems. In Egypt it is traditionally connected with the somewhat mythical princess called "Moon of the Age."

And now at length we must bid farewell to the Arabs of the Belka—not, let us hope, with the feelings which the 'Adwân aroused in my mind, when it was discovered that after protestations of the most lofty sentiments of courtesy and gentlemanly feeling, one great chief had placed our pewter teapot in his saddle-bag. The Arab is an unimprovable savage, with all the

craft, the cruelty, the deceit, and the cowardice which are usual among savages, and with all the affectation of courage, nobility, and honesty which is equally common to the wilder races. When civilisation is at a low ebb, and government is weak, the Bedawi chief flourishes and spreads terror; before a strong, settled population he retreats to the howling wilderness, which he does not love, or sinks to the level of a poor cultivator or despised "cousin-of gipsies." Yet it must not be forgotten that he has his rights also. The lands in the Jordan valley have distinct owners, and are rudely tilled. The 'Adwân are acknowledged by the Turk to be proprietors of the country in which they dwell, and the colonist must buy them out if he wishes for their lands. The 'Adwân are on a downhill path, and with the death of Goblan and his generation their future seems

to be that they will either become tillers of their own lands, or else sink to the ignoble position of tourist-guides, abused and perhaps ill-paid by the dragoman who as yet hardly ventures over Jordan. The 'Anazeh and Beni Sakhr are wilder and more capable of living in the desert; they must either fall back as the settled population spreads from Salt and the 'Ajlûn villages, and confine themselves to the eastern hills, or they must be ground between the Pasha on the west and other fiercer 'Anazeh clans on the east, and, like the 'Adwân, finally disappear. Much as one may regret all that is romantic and picturesque in decaying Bedawin life, it is the fate of wild races so to yield to the more energetic and civilised, and the material for a future conquering and progressive race is not to be discovered among the Semitic nomads of Syria or Arabia.

## RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.

IN an article in the March number of the 'Magazine,' we reviewed the general tone of contemporary French fiction. We felt constrained to remark that under the Republic the worst faults of the Empire were being perpetuated, while the vices of the realistic school were rarely redeemed by any remarkable display of original talent. We said that French fiction seemed to be revolving in a vicious circle, where the writers deliberately pandered to the depraved tastes of society. Had there been no exceptions to a too universal rule, we should never have found material for a safe article. But happily there are still novelists in France, and not the least distinguished, whose works can be recommended with reasonable confidence; and among them we were glad to cite M. Malot, and to call attention to the conversion of M. Ludovic Halévy. And as it happens, both M. Malot and M. Halévy have just published books of unquestionable merit—while we have a clever novel, moreover, by Victor Cherbuliez, to which no one need take exception on moral grounds. Consequently, we seize an occasion which does not occur every day of noticing a trio of talented stories, of which the lustre is undimmed by prurieness or indecency. Although for our own part we prefer M. Halévy's 'Criquette,' perhaps we ought to give the precedence to M. Victor Cherbuliez, as he has the honour of occupying a *fauteuil* in the Aca-

demy. For M. Cherbuliez had long ago made his mark, and the author of 'Meta Holdenis' and 'Samuel Brohl et Cie' had become celebrated through a series of comparative successes. As for 'La Ferme du Choquard,' it will hardly rank with his best work, and yet it nowhere falls far below the average. The fault is chiefly in his somewhat startling heroine, who comes naturally to the front in a group of rustic figures; and on her he seems never to have laid firm hold. As for the hero, though relatively commonplace, in his strong individuality he leaves little to desire; the numerous subordinate characters are for the most part admirable—while the sketches of country life give an impression of picturesque fidelity. The main idea of the simple plot is daring and decidedly original. It is merely developing in a little country girl the ambitions which we usually look for in higher spheres; it is enacting in the country such a drama of innate perversity of disposition as we have been familiarised with in the stories of cities and courts. The lovely Aleth Guépie is devoured by ambition, but her ambition is modestly limited to the society of which she has some knowledge, and to aspirations that seem within her reach. At least she has realised the great truth that all grandeurs are relative—that all contentment is comparative. If she can marry one of the wealthy farmers in the neighbourhood, she will secure as

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La Ferme du Choquard. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Hachette et Cie. 1883.

Criquette. Par Ludovic Halévy. Calmann Levy. 1883.

Paulette. Par Hector Malot. E. Dentu. 1883.

Vingt Contes Nouveaux. Par François Coppée. Alphonse Lemerre. 1883.

much luxury as she cares to enjoy ; while her overweening vanity will be sufficiently gratified if she can outshine the more fortunate school companions who had sent her to a French Coventry in her girlhood. The difficulty is to believe in her as she is presented ; and we doubt, as we have said, whether M. Victor Cherbuliez had ever thoroughly understood her himself. Judging her off-hand, we should pronounce her absolutely heartless ; and that, apparently, has been the author's dominating idea. It is sure that if she has warm passions, she can keep them thoroughly under control : she entraps her handsome husband by cool self-restraint in delicate situations ; and when she foolishly proves false to her marriage vows, it is from deliberate miscalculations that are due to her inexperience. From follies she is led on by insensible degrees to attempt the perpetration of a most unnatural crime ; for in her heartlessness and absolute want of a moral sense, Aleth is capable of anything. The experience of her past amply ensures her against future inconvenience from a tormenting conscience, although she is keenly alive to the disagreeables that may follow discovery and detection. Yet this monster in a beautiful shape, who, in looks as well as her relentless remorselessness, much reminds us of Dumas' "Miladi" in the '*Trois Mousquetaires*,' would seem on the point of being softened by the joys of maternity. When she hopes to give her husband an heir to his farm, she is tending after a fashion of her own towards a somewhat better frame of mind ; and though it is true that the motive which actuates her is a low one, yet it is apparently awakening the gentler emotions. Making every allowance for the influence of maternal ties

on the most worldly of women, if we are to accept young Madame Paluel as she is otherwise presented to us, we may question whether the mere prospect of them would have had any considerable effect on her. There would have been greater probability in giving her the child, who might possibly have been the innocent instrument of its mother's redemption ; and yet, though love will throw its tendrils into the least likely places, we scarcely expect to see them striking root in a heart of stone. But as it suited M. Cherbuliez and the exigencies of his story to treat Madame Paluel and her perversities as he has done, the result is what we may call a phenomenon of unsophisticated vice, which seems false to nature, and which certainly revolts us.

As for the scenery of the story, it is singularly pleasing ; and we are introduced at once into the rural paradise over which the serpent is to draw its trail. Our readers may remember how the socialist Eugène Sue delighted to paint degraded aspects of peasant life, in the miserable and plague-stricken farms of the Sologne. M. Cherbuliez shows a very different picture ; and, so far as our experience goes, a far more truthful one, although there are districts and districts in agricultural France. The '*Ferme du Choquard*' is in the rich department of the Seine-et-Marne, the fulness of which overflows into the markets of Paris in the shape of grain and fruits, poultry and dairy produce. The mistress, Madame Paluel, is so greatly to be envied, that she has to get up little artificial anxieties to give excitement to her easy life. And indeed it is the blessed lot of well-conditioned ladies like her, who govern a troop of farming-folk despotically in the midst of peace

and plenty, which has sown and fostered the seeds of envy and ambition in the scheming brain of Aleth Guépie. We see the bustling little woman as she receives the visit of the doctor, an old friend of the family, and a familiar of the farm. Though unexpected, and in the morning, the visit does not take her by surprise, and Madame Paluel is in the full costume of the country. Here is her portrait:—

“Coming out of the cow-house, the doctor was aware of a little woman, turning grey, either peasant or bourgeoisie, according to circumstances, but generally rather bourgeoisie than peasant, who having seen him arrive, was awaiting his approach with her head in the air on the threshold of her kitchen. With wooden clogs on her feet, with a fluted cap on her head, its irreproachable purity contrasting with her lean sun-burned bosom and gingerbread-coloured neck, she wore over her gown of ticking a great apron of grey stuff, bulging out at the hip over the heavy bunch of keys she never parted from. On the ring-finger of her right hand, brown as her neck, there sparkled a massive gold circlet that might have made five ordinary rings. Always brisk, always bustling, slightly angular as to the shoulders, with a sharp-pointed chin, quick-tempered, warm-blooded, the little eyes glowing like hot coals, with looks that seemed to sparkle or crackle, a dry sharp voice that hammered out the words, made for command, such was Madame Paluel, regarded by all the farming aristocracy of the neighbourhood as the model of irreproachable managers; by her servants and labourers as a person not unfrequently hard to the poor; by Catherine her cook as the most quick-sighted of mistresses, and the one who most heartily detested all waste.”

No wonder that Madame assumed airs of impatience, and that, with all her phantom cares, in her heart she was thoroughly self-satisfied. In these times of

agricultural distress, M. Cherbuliez's picture of the Paluel farm seems an ideal vision of prosperity. The good doctor looks admiringly on a familiar scene, which would have had equal charm for the artist and the agriculturist. There was a pile of such venerable, old-fashioned buildings as George Sand loved to depict. They had risen among the remains of an ancient abbey, and still preserved a character of ecclesiastical antiquity. There was the chapel, with its belfry and cross, though long since turned into a granary. There was the crenelated tower that had once been the abbey dovecot, and was still covered with pigeons cooing and love-making. There were the long rows of the stables and cattle-houses, and the cart-sheds that sheltered the carts and waggons, with country-made carriages besides for the use of the masters. There were the rich dung-heaps that might have shocked more delicate susceptibilities, distilling their fertilising streams; and the kitchen-gardens and the orchards, and the turkeys and tame rabbits, that were suffered to peck or nibble among the strawberries and cabbages.

“Two enormous waggons, the one of oats, the other of hay, had just entered the courtyard on their creaking axles. The oats had the colour of honey, the hay scented the air, and with its perfume was mingled an odour of cows, of cream, of leg of mutton turning on the spit, of new bread, of well-baked cakes, of flowering privet, of ripening fruits, of luxurious life and rich abundance. The horses, in very lightness of heart, plunged in the traces, or snapped playfully at each other, and the waggons swore. Six cats and three dogs, accustomed to the sight, had stretched themselves in the sunshine and peacefully slumbered. Fowls were pecking on the dung-heap; while others gone in quest of the cool,

had huddled themselves together in the shade under an unharnessed wagon. With their clocking, chimed in the distant bleating of the lambs, captive and desolate, that their mothers had abandoned to follow the flock into the fields!"

Such is the residence of the fortunate M. Robert Paluel, whose parent has been designated "the Queen-mother" by Dr Larrazet,—and the description is equally charming and suggestive. If not actually acknowledged as crowned kings, the Paluels have always been considered as petty princes, who held fast to the good old Conservative ideas, and who did not so much marry as make matrimonial alliances. As Robert is the last scion in the direct line of that illustrious stock, Madame Paluel is naturally anxious as to the succession. At the same time, she is loath to abdicate. Theoretically, she likes to expatiate on the responsibilities of her son's position, and the duty of forming a suitable connection. Practically, she objects to the most eligible step-daughters. So we may imagine what a shock it is to the purse-proud and domineering old lady when Robert makes the most unsuitable choice that can be conceived. Accompanying Dr Larrazet on the round of his professional visits, from the farm of the Choquard, we are carried off to the *auberge* of the "Renommée des Gibelottes." Nothing can be in more pitiful contrast. Everything about the paltry tavern is as deceptive as its name; and the poverty-stricken landlord is an unscrupulous scoundrel, ready to turn a profit on everything in his possession. He has a family of disreputable grown-up sons, whose conduct has long been a scandal to the neighbourhood. And the only piece of property on which he can hope to speculate to advantage is his beautiful daughter

by a second marriage. Devoting his ample leisure to castle-building, he dreams that her beauty may dazzle some distinguished foreign prince; nor is the dream so extravagantly improbable as it might appear, since Aleth, owing to lucky circumstances, has received a decent education. But being fully conscious, in his abasement, of the vast social gulf that divides him from the Paluels, he would never for one moment aspire to bridge it. His daughter is more daring; though at first she is daunted by the difficulties of her enterprise, and the probabilities of success only gradually break upon her. But when once she learns that Robert Paluel is a man like other men, and when she has been clasped for a moment in his impulsive embrace, her self-confidence answers for everything. She issues peremptory instructions to her parents; they servilely obey that mistress-mind, and become her accomplices in spreading snares for the farmer. That he should walk into them blindfold is natural enough: wiser men have been befooled by such "lissome Viviens," in all ages. But before obtaining the queen-mother's consent, of course there must be a succession of battles-royal; and we should be inclined to "bet our pile," as the Americans say, on Madame Paluel refusing consent on any terms. M. Cherbuliez surmounts the difficulty ingeniously. Robert had a fancy for a seafaring life; he prefers the free air of the ocean to that of his farmyard; and should his mother draw the reins too tight, they are likely to be dragged through her fingers. Aleth Guépie, with her calculating astuteness, has her way; and Madame Paluel drains the cup of humiliation to the dregs. There is a good deal of almost grotesque comedy in the description of the grand wedding-feast, where Pal-

uels and Guépies meet without mixing. Those first formal invitations to the Guépie family were indispensable: their absence would have marked the *mésalliance* even more conspicuously than their vulgar company. But to do Aleth justice, she has no idea of embarrassing her future by having objectionable relations clinging to her skirts. She takes her line from the first, and sticks to it, protecting her husband's purse from the claims of her penniless family. It comes all the easier to her, that she has no spark of natural affection. That is a discovery her husband is evidently doomed to make sooner or later. For a time he contents himself with being permitted to caress his wife, though his caresses are accepted rather than returned. Her very frigidity seems to feed his flame, and his mother has some reason to say that his green-eyed wife has bewitched him. It is a blessing in disguise for him when his eyes are opened at last by Aleth's feather-brained imprudence; and the second act of his life-drama comes to a close ere it is altogether too late.

Paluel's is the old, old story, repeated in 'David Copperfield' and scores of other novels by "eminent hands," of a sensible man overlooking the quiet lustre of a pearl of price for the garish glitter of a false diamond. The pathos of it is in the long endurance of a girl who has always worshipped the superb lord of the Choquard. Mariette Sorris had been taken in as a castaway by the charity of his mother; and charity in that case had an ample reward. Mariette is modest and virtuous, and can turn her hand to anything. She adores Robert, as we said, and is never so happy as when doing him some little service. But she holds him in even higher reverence than

his mother does, and would never have dreamed of his throwing his handkerchief to her. All the same, Mariette suffers keenly when he marries another; and her sufferings become almost excruciating when she has to look on at his idolatry of the worthless Aleth. She is subjected, besides, to all manner of mortifications, for Madame Paluel the elder makes her a *souffre-douleur*, and seldom misses an occasion of humiliating her; while Madame Paluel the younger is ingeniously and malevolently aggressive, though Mariette, in her disinterested passion for Robert, has risked her character to screen the other's frailties. We are glad to say that the unselfish girl has her reward; and a stormy drama has a peaceful ending, while the pride of the queen-mother is visited by retributive justice, when for the second time she sees her son marry infinitely beneath him. The form of his second proposal is characteristic of the manners of high agricultural society in the Seine-et-Marne. Having decided that he will seat the humble Mariette on the throne of the Choquard, he treats her with gracious condescension *de haut en bas*. He leads up to the *dénouement*, which he knows will enchant her, by giving her a shocking fright as a piece of graceful rustic pleasantry. "Mariette," he said to her bluntly, "I am sorry to vex you, but you can no longer remain in my service." The poor girl timidly expostulates, suggesting that her butter may not have given satisfaction. "What are you talking to me about? You have faults, very serious faults. I ought to have considered them sooner. . . . Nor is that all: you have no regard for other people's property. I have found out that you had slipped away with a book, and passed



a whole evening in wasting candles over reading it." Judge, then, of the delight, faintly dawning through feelings of incredulous stupefaction, when she hears her master solve all suggested difficulties with the words, "The way to settle everything is simply to marry me." Another admirable character is "Monsieur" Lesape, the astute foreman or bailiff of the Choquard, who reminds us of Sardou's inimitable rustic heroes in the play of 'Nos Paysans.' Nothing can be better than the scene where Lesape is exposed to a hot cross-fire of questions, backed up with threats expressed or implied, by his old and young mistresses, who have very opposite interests to serve. He is forced from confession to confession, and from contradiction to contradiction, till finally he breaks down in confusion and despair. Altogether, if we omit the leading figure, which seems fanciful, the 'Ferme du Choquard' gives exceedingly clever sketches of characters and manners in districts within easy reach of the *banlieue* of Paris.

So far as the scenery and the character of the incidents are concerned, 'Criquelette' is in every respect a contrast to the 'Ferme du Choquard.' We are transported from the country to the turmoil of the town; from orchards and stack-yards to the *coulisses* of the Paris theatres. In many ways Criquelette herself reminds us of the charming American heroine of the 'Abbé Constantin,' which we reviewed last March. She is as bright, as beautiful, as loving, and as impulsive; and one of the incidents in the former novel almost exactly repeats itself here, when the heroine offers her hand, or at all events herself, to the hero. But the fortunes of Criquelette are very different from those of the wealthy Miss

Percival, inasmuch as the former is a *gamin* of Belleville, and may be said to have been bred in its gutters. She begins life with less than nothing, though she might have risen to much had she not been hampered by gratitude and the constancy of her attachments. The story is consistently sparkling throughout; but to our mind the opening chapters are at once the most touching and the most amusing. The little Criquelette, whose ailing mother keeps a fruit-stall, finds a champion and precocious admirer in a boy scarcely older than herself. Pascal, who sells cakes in the streets on commission for a pastry-cook, proposes to launch her in some similar trade. The premature gravity with which he discusses the question of ways and means is inimitable. "And besides, there's another thing I have been thinking about since yesterday. There's no school on Sundays. You might come with me. I should sell my cakes; you your flowers. Your mamma would make up some for you in a little basket. You are taking, you are amusing, you would please people. I'm sure of it. *C'est important dans le commerce. Nous ferions des affaires.*" Pascal and his big-eyed little companion never neglect business; but their passion is the stage — which one of them has never seen — and their pleasure is revelling in the rodomontades of the most atrocious melodrama. They have the happy knack, besides, of blending instruction with amusement. Pascal teaches his *protégée* to read and spell, while delighting her with the passionate transports of popular dramatists. It might be a bit from one of Murillo's *sujets de genre*, — the tiny couple sitting during the refreshment hour in a sequestered nook. They live well; for Pascal is sup-

plied with stale cakes by his employer; and the commerce in barley-sugar goes forward so briskly, that they can afford to indulge in childish delicacies. And they develop their budding intellects with such delectable fragments as this, culled from masterpieces like 'The Three-faced Man; or, the Proscript of Venice': "I know that if I am to succeed, obstacles are to be overcome; I know that, bearing the name of Vivaldi, I cannot escape the decree that sets a ransom on my head," &c., &c. With such dispositions, their *début* upon the stage is inevitable, should Providence only send them a chance; and the chance is sure to come—in fiction. They learn that there are troubles in real life as in the world of imagination. The mother of Criquette is taken seriously ill; and when his little friend is in the depths of poverty and despair, Pascal places all his modest earnings at her disposal. She consents reluctantly to accept that generous sacrifice; but thereafter they are to be brother and sister, and inseparable. It is together that they make their simultaneous appearance on the staff of the theatre of Belleville—not indeed upon the boards, but as cake-sellers in the galleries. The children, who are already well known in that democratic neighbourhood, have an immense success; and the pleasure of being transported every night into the world of all their dreams is even more to them than their pecuniary profits. We don't know how it is, but even a very moderate novelist always seems to assure a certain success for himself when he throws himself into the successes of one of his creations. And in this case all our sympathies would be with the happy children, who devote their savings to soothing the sickbed of Criquette's dying

mother. But here M. Halévy very ingeniously makes a double appeal to our better feelings. We are at once gratified and anxious. What is to become of those two unprotected little beings, thrown so early into the most careless, if not the worst, of company? Criquette promises to be very lovely, and Pascal is impulsive: the one and the other are likely to have their heads turned; and they have launched their barks with flowing sail on the ocean of life, with nothing on board in the shape of ballast or anchors.

Criquette's *début* at no less a place than the Porte St Martin is characteristic and pregnant with consequences. She is fetched thither on an emergency by a comedian who had seen her playing at acting, to figure as the brilliant princess in a *Féridé*. Pascal, as her man of business, attends to the financial part of the arrangement; but there are preliminaries to which Criquette must see herself. If she is to try her fortunes as the Princess Colibri, Pascal must certainly have an engagement as well. And nothing does greater honour to that precocious *gamin* than the complacency with which he falls into the background, and the enthusiasm with which he assists at the triumph of Criquette. By her manner of interpreting the grand scene in which the Princess makes a "*piéd de nez*" to a plain though princely *pretendant* to her hand, Criquette "brings down the house," and opens a new era in dramatic criticism. A *piéd de nez*, we may remark for the information of the uninitiated, is that expressive pantomimic gesture immortalised by Ingoldsby in his 'Nell Cook,' where the sceptical sacristan

"Said no word to indicate a doubt,  
But he put his thumb unto his nose,  
and spread his fingers out."

And while it seems probable that the little actress may be smothered in a shower of bouquets, as Tarpeia was crushed under a weight of shields for bracelets, poor Pascal must be content to play the part of a monkey at a paltry fifteen sous per night. It is a pathetic and humorous picture when between the performances the pair throw themselves into each other's arms, the princess coquettishly magnificent in flowers and jewellery, the monkey in his suit of yellow fur, carrying his tail tucked away under his arm. But already they are being initiated in the trials and temptations of life; for the success of *Criquette* is the mortification of another. And it is still more touching when, in the raptures of her triumph, *Criquette* almost stumbles over the incompetent performer she has replaced. The shock has been severe, but she does her best to console the other, emptying into her lap the boxes of bouillons which had just been bestowed on herself.

There is a powerful scene, though perhaps not very original, where *Criquette* is called away, to assist at the deathbed of her mother. With the preliminaries, it recalls the hapless buffoon in '*Rigoletto*,' and clowns come to grin behind their paint through horse-collars, when they have left their dying wives. But in this case it is the more painfully piquant, that it is a child who experiences those melancholy contrasts. *Criquette's* mother is dangerously ill, and the child has been detained. The whole of the *Porte St Martin* is in agitation at the absence of the all-important little personage; but *Criquette* is imbued with the conscientiousness of her art: moreover, a gratification of a hundred francs depends on the punctuality of her appearance, and the money may be of immense consequence to her

mother. She arrives out of breath and extremely late, gasping out—

"Oh sir, don't scold me. It's mamma. She has been spitting blood all through the day. She is sadly ill—sadly ill."

The good-natured and sympathetic people are disarmed; but business is business. The gay trappings are flung on to the princess, and half-breathless she is pushed forward on the stage. But before she goes on she has a word to say that she has forgotten.

"Ah, Monsieur, I had forgotten to tell you—you must excuse—Pascal. He has stayed with mamma—and you won't fine him. As there are ten monkeys in the monkey tableau, I thought that one more or less would not much matter. As for me, I came because I had a rôle to play. Missing my part would have put you in a difficulty." And afterwards the child is taken back to her mother by a good-natured actress who has been making a pet of her; and the lights and liveries of the stage favourite's brilliant equipage startle the belated inhabitants of *Belleville* in the small hours.

The rest of the story is rather more commonplace; and therein it falls short of '*L'Abbé Constantin*,' which is sparkling and admirably sustained throughout. *Mademoiselle Rosita* soothes the last moments of the anxious mother, by promising to adopt the little orphan; and *Criquette* could hardly have fallen into kinder or more unfortunate hands. *Rosita* is one of those lights of the green-room to whom the actual stage appointments are comparatively indifferent. She has ruined several *roulés* of fortune; she has been the cause of more than one suicide; at present she is busily engaged in devouring a Russian Prince, who usually obeys her slightest wish, although

sometimes, when he is scratched, she comes upon the Tartar. With all that, she is the most good-natured woman in the world; and for some weeks we see her absolutely *raffolée* of Criquette. She takes the child up seriously; she means formally to adopt her; she intends regularly to bring her up—to give her, above all things, a good and pious education. It is lucky for Criquette, perhaps, that Rosita's caprices seldom last long, and that her Russian peremptorily summons her to Russia. Criquette finds a new protector in Rosita's grim confidante and waiting-maid, who has amassed a snug little fortune in making her services almost indispensable. For purposes of her own, which we are not concerned to explain, Mademoiselle Aurelia gives Criquette an excellent convent education—promising to dower the girl, should she marry according to her wishes. And the character of Criquette, as we have realised it, is consistently maintained when it becomes a question of bestowing her in marriage on a youthful burst of Beauvais. Having long lost sight of Pascal, who apparently must have forgotten her, she has no great objection to a *mariage de convenance*. She has been trained to be eminently practical; and she knows that a woman must live. But though she had been cast into dissipated company, her honesty had never deteriorated; and before espousing any honest man, she must be entirely frank as to her antecedents. Quixotic and gratuitous candour of the kind would be fatal to the plans of her mother by adoption. Criquette is confined to her chamber under lock and key; and there are some exceedingly pretty passages of love between her and the great Newfoundland dog, who comes beneath the window to console his playmate. But the poor

animal's fondness does not suffice: in despair she escapes from her prison, and goes to Paris in search of Pascal. The story of the meeting of these old acquaintances, with all that came of it, strikes us as being something of a mistake in point of art, although possibly Pascal's conduct may be true to nature. Their delight at meeting again is natural, and they would have been married at once, had they not been prevented by misconceptions as to the powers of guardians. They take to living in the old *camaraderie* as brother and sister; and it is Criquette herself who cuts the knot, by passionately telling her friend "to take her." It is a repetition of the crowning scene in 'L'Abbé Constantin,' if a less innocent one; but then we must remember that if Criquette has been educated in a convent, she had struggled up through her childhood with no moral training. She is absolutely ignorant of men, too, as she learns subsequently, when she is touched by the admiration and dazzled by the talk of a brilliant young nobleman who had been a great traveller. She sends the Count de Serignan summarily away with frank explanations, when she finds that he threatens her constancy to Pascal; and Pascal, with the selfishness too common in men, repays her devotion very indifferently. There is a sad ending to a tale that had opened brightly; although unquestionably the *dénouement* illustrates with effective consistency the candour and constancy of Criquette's nature. Adoring art, and in love with gaiety, those lighter feelings were merged in her feminine passions, and when her heart was given away, it was given unreservedly. While with Pascal, amiable and generous as he is represented, the feelings and emotions fell into the second place; and he subordinated everything to his am-

bition and his attachment to the drama.

In Hector Malot's 'Paulette' we are again "in full Bohemia"; but this time it is with artists instead of actors. As in 'La Petite Sœur,' and sundry other of his stories, M. Malot puts forward two heroines in succession—first a mother, and then her daughter. In this case the prologue, which chiefly concerns the mother, is out of all proportion in point of length to what, if we were to be guided by the name, we should assume to be the actual novel. But in reality the two women are kept in the background, or are only brought into action to illustrate M. Cintrat, who is the grand central figure. And Cintrat, the fantastic painter, the Bohemian *par excellence*, is made a noble and engaging character, though with some considerable strain on probabilities. For his faults or vices are those of training or temperament, while the natural tenderness of his heart almost rises to the sublimity of virtue. How far such a character is credible, may be a question for the curious in psychology. At all events there can be little doubt as to the originality of the author's treatment. Enthusiastic in his art and reckless in his distractions, Cintrat is naturally weak as water. He achieves a very creditable amount of work,—thanks to his marvellous facility of execution, and to the legitimate satisfaction he feels in the consciousness of his easy successes. But in his habits of life he is thoroughly Bohemian: he drinks hard; he dissipates his lightly won gains; he abandons himself to his besetting impulses towards idleness,—when the brilliant scapegrace is suddenly reclaimed; and it is love that has wrought the miracle. He becomes not only domestic, but pertinaciously indus-

trious; and dogged industry had seemed altogether foreign to his nature. Then his rosy day-dreams of lasting happiness are dissipated, and Cintrat is going directly "to the bad," when another and a more touching attachment accomplishes even more of a miracle; and the maniac, who had taken again to his old habits of drinking,—who had cast self-respect and all his lucrative engagements behind him,—is arrested a second time on the slippery slopes that seemed certain to land him in the depths of Avernus. And more simple, and consequently more credible, is the painter's chosen companion or *âme damnée*, who is, of course, in his society when we first make their acquaintance.

M. Malot delights in descriptions of the country or the seaside, as he knows that he excels in them. His story of 'Paulette' begins in the little Vendean watering-place of Pornic, where the listless inhabitants are excited in the dead season by the advent of a couple of distinguished strangers; although, superficially at least, the arrivals are only distinguished by the marked eccentricity of their costumes. With their *sans gêne*, they are not at all in the style of the chivalrous heroes who used invariably to appear by pairs in the opening pages of the late Mr G. P. R. James. For though the one, who seemed about thirty, was tall and powerfully built, with a florid complexion and a calm, handsome, bearded face, the shorter of the two decidedly lent himself to ridicule.

"The other appeared to be some ten years older,—though it was very difficult to tell his age, which might be anything from thirty-five to forty-eight. As doubtful too was his complexion, neither red nor white nor brown; as doubtful were his hair and beard, neither black nor grey nor blond; as doubtful his faltering demeanour and listless attitudes. He did

not walk straightforward, but swayed to the right, then to the left, going as if he was in terror of breaking eggs with the broad feet that were shod in sandals."

And his clothes were at least as odd as his personality; which seems to us the less surprising when we learn that the little gentleman is his own tailor and shoemaker. Unprepossessing as this M. Badiche appears at first sight, he strikes us on more intimate acquaintance as one of the quaintest and most engaging individuals we have ever met in Bohemian fiction. For Badiche is even more Bohemian than his friend, to whom he has sacrificed himself entirely with his interests and his future. He has a profound belief in the genius of Cintrat; nor is that belief misplaced. Cintrat has admittedly "*la patte*,"—that is to say, a ready hand, as his comrades of the studios acknowledge. His conceptions are as rapid as his execution is bold; and although there are critics who abuse as others load him with commendation, he would be sure to "arrive" sooner or later, were it not for the indolence and the habit of drinking which M. Badiche fears may be likely to gain upon him, if he be not carefully watched. Both the friends describe themselves in the hotel book as painters; but the inhabitants of Pornic, who interest themselves in their habits, remark that it is only the younger man who ever touches a brush. Cintrat is indefatigable in transferring the landscapes to his canvas; while Badiche, with pipe in mouth, and heels in air, is invariably to be seen prone on the grass, looking on, admiring, criticising, and superintending,—the fact being that Badiche, for all we can learn of him, is merely an artist in theory. His own account of it is, that he is "collecting himself" and

communing with nature, in preparation for the grand masterpiece which are some day to be given to the world. Meanwhile he has constituted himself the shadow and the dry nurse of Cintrat, whose failings he sees almost as clearly as his talents. He labours to keep the other up to his business; he strives to withhold the wine-bottle from his lips; he directs the bargains and balances the accounts. Nor is the worthy fellow anything of a parasite; for he is in the enjoyment of a certain though very modest independence, on which he manages to support his frugal existence.

It was an evil day for the friends that brought them to that back-of-the-world bathing-place on the Loire. Immediately opposite the little hotel where the two have settled down, a spider sits spinning her cobwebs for Cintrat. Mademoiselle Alice Roberjot, the handsome daughter of an insolvent druggist, has resolved to dare everything to have a distinguished husband. Her dream of becoming the wife of the rising painter seems at first sight to be a bootless ambition. Cintrat, with all his faults of head, has a certain rough common-sense—he has persuaded himself that he can only be happy as a chartered libertine. Badiche, of course, is suspicious of feminine influences, and believes besides that though Cintrat may be the most fascinating of friends, he is scarcely likely to prove a model husband. In the dashing *coups* by which Mademoiselle Alice carries her point, the characters of the two Bohemians are admirably and sympathetically illustrated. Nothing, as we know, is more delicate than volunteering advice when a man has been dazzled by female attractions. When Badiche proposes to open Cintrat's eyes, we should be inclined, in ordinary circumstances,

to predict the dissolution of their friendship. There is nothing of the kind. The fact is, that the pair have the most absolute confidence in each other. The honest Badiche speaks as much for Alice as for Cintrat: he believes his friend is not a marrying man, and he knows too that he would be loath to make any woman miserable. The comradeship between them has been so thoroughly proved, that Cintrat is grateful instead of angry; and indeed, although he is flattered by Mademoiselle Roberjot's evident admiration, we suspect that she has left his heart untouched. But even the unsusceptible Badiche is obliged to admit that Cintrat can hardly leave Pornic without bidding farewell to the young lady; and in that final interview he rushes upon his doom. Thoroughly good-natured as he is, he cannot bear to make the girl unhappy; he knows nothing of the wiles of which an apparently candid little *bourgeoise* may be capable; and indeed it would have taken a shrewd spirit than his to penetrate the resources of the astute enchantress. So he marries and enters on his *ménage* with a worthless and heartless woman who has speculated on his softness and inexperience.

In that second stage of his existence nothing surprises him so much as his own complete reformation. Madame Cintrat flatters him; rubs him down like a cat; and lays herself out to *exploiter* his talents remorselessly to her own advantage. She sends him to his easel, and keeps him there, in season and out of season; it is she who makes all the bargains for his pictures, as Badiche used to do before. The ambitious daughter of the Pornic druggist shows considerable knowledge of life, and raises money freely on her husband's prospects. She advertises him by

painting the fantastic façade of their new house, so as to attract the curiosity of the Parisian public; and it is a touch almost worthy of Balzac when M. Malot makes her select the situation immediately opposite to the gates of the cemetery of Montmartre. She knows that the trains of mourners who are following the biers will be specially interested by any distraction in the circumstances. And Madame Cintrat comes to have her *salon*, where she actually receives. Her half-broken husband is a little restive at first, but she finds that she can lead him where she likes, so long as he fancies that she loves him. Even his Bohemian recklessness had been startled at the idea of running deeply in debt; for having hitherto had no credit, he had never been tempted to abuse any. But there is no answering his wife's practical arguments, based on her flattering convictions of his brilliant future. As he had always set comfort before show, he objects strenuously to having all the house sacrificed to the show-rooms; but he is easily soothed into consenting to occupy a bedroom no bigger than one of the Pornic bathing-machines. And though he has lost none of his affection and regard for Badiche, he even consents to see his friend more seldom or by stealth, since Badiche and Madame unfortunately do not "hit it off." In fact, Badiche, whose intelligence has been sharpened by dislike and jealousy, has long perceived with anxiety and pain that his friend's domestic happiness is hollow. It is everything to Madame to have a liberal paymaster in her husband, so it is as much as ever her interest to cajole him. Besides, she has a real pride in his talent, as it reflects lustre on herself. As the wife of the painter Cintrat, she has something of a personality. But as

she struggles upwards in society, she is more and more ashamed of him socially. Yet the poor Bohemian has had hard times of it : he has tried in vain to conform himself to his wife's ideas of suitable dress ; but in a couple of days the most fashionably cut clothes look as if they had been picked up in the second-hand stalls of the Temple. As it strikes him that his wife cares less for him,—as he realises that though lavish on herself she is parsimonious for him and for their child,—consequently the submissive slave becomes recalcitrant. He protests that he will not paint by contract, against time, and at so much the yard, that he may pay the milliner's bills she runs up indefatigably. He will not prostitute his art and compromise his fame by laying himself out for flattering portraits of vulgar men and women. Naturally, when Cintrat ceases to be pliable, his wife begins to feel an active dislike for him, which she takes little pains to conceal. Irritation and her stupid vanity make her indiscreet : there is a scandal and a separation. In an exceedingly cleverly managed scene, the worthy Badiche labours unsuccessfully, for the sake of his friend, to save Madame Cintrat from shame and exposure. He knows too well what will be the consequences to that affectionate and impressionable nature of having its idol shattered and their home made desolate.

Indeed there is so much that is dramatic in the novel, that we believe it might be successfully adapted to the stage. A dozen of years or so are supposed to have elapsed, and in scene the third and last we find the once famous painter has fallen far below the stand-point he had occupied at Pornic ; though even then he had indulged much too freely in idleness and dissipation. Cintrat is prematurely aged,

and has become a habitual drunkard ; for his wife when she took to flight had dealt him a second and more deadly blow, in carrying away his child and concealing it. But the faithful Badiche still clings to him, directing the affairs of the miserable household as in the old days, and doing his best to make the two ends meet. Badiche, although no austere moralist, deploras the fall he understands and excuses. The light he had so fervently admired, and from whose lustre he had expected so much, is going out in dimness and evil odour, like an unsnuffed tallow candle. It is all over, and there can be nothing for it, sooner or later, but to sing the requiem of a self-ruined genius. He little suspects the revolution that Fortune is preparing for them. One evening the pair receive an angelic visitor, in the person of Cintrat's daughter, the long-lost Paulette. The young girl, after being abandoned by her unnatural mother, and having had more than her share of trouble and hardships, has walked all the way from Italy to Paris with a trifling sum of money she had saved or borrowed. At the moment of her arrival, the only member of the joint establishment that is at home to receive her is the dog Barbouillon, a very remarkable character, and even more of a vagrant than his masters. Badiche dwells proudly on the dog's eccentric idiosyncrasy, when Paulette subsequently demands—

“‘He is your pupil, then ?’

“‘He's nobody's pupil, Barbouillon ; he does exactly what he likes himself. Born of unknown parents, nobody knows where, he has adopted us because he has found with us the liberty that is indispensable to him before all things. Paris belongs to him and he belongs to nobody. One day you meet him in the Champs Elysées, and the day after at Charenton. There are certain restaurants that have his



confidence, and which he is always ready to patronise with any one he takes a fancy to; and there are others where he would never risk himself on any consideration."

In consequence of the intimate friendship that springs up between him and Paulette, Barbouillon renounces his vagrant habits and becomes a thoroughly domesticated character. But the influence of the girl on her father is even more remarkable. She comes to him like a breath of the good old times, when his nature had expanded for a season in the happiness of a home. His child is absolutely dependent on him, and he has once more a motive for exertion. The very morning after her arrival, if he does not formally take the pledge, he announces to Badiche that he has done with strong drink. Nor is it the least touching proof of the old Bohemian's devotion, that Badiche, who loves to drink in moderation, becomes an abstainer that he may not tempt his friend. Who could have imagined, only a few weeks before, that the day would come when Cintrat would have alcohol surreptitiously administered in sauces to recruit the strength that has been shattered by excessive self-denial. But this is only the first miracle that Paulette has wrought. Scarcely less heroic are the efforts by which, in spite of discouragement and repeated failures, the painter slowly recovers his assurance of touch. And then he becomes even a greater celebrity than before, since the earnestness of his later style reflects his sad experiences. As for Paulette, she has her father's warm heart, while her unprotected walk to Paris showed that she had much of her mother's resolution. But although she is undoubtedly a pleasing and determined little person, she is rather commonplace; and, as we remarked already, the

interest throughout is made to centre in Cintrat. Nor are his trials altogether at an end with the return of prosperity. We say nothing of the unwelcome reappearance of his wife, with claims upon his income which he is compelled to compromise. Cintrat is freehanded enough, and careless in pecuniary questions. But it is another affair when he finds that the daughter who has become all in all to him, has gone and given the innermost place in her heart to another. For once, excess of love renders him selfish, and selfishness finds sophistical arguments to make him reject eligible proposals in what he persuades himself to be his daughter's interest. Of course, on reconsideration he gives reluctant consent; but all the same, his pangs continue to be acute, now that he knows that another is dearer to his daughter than himself. From first to last there is much that is pathetic in the novel; but the chief charm, after all, is in the beauty of the friendship that so closely unites Cintrat and Badiche. With taste and talents, though they may be theoretical rather than practical, Badiche devotes himself to the man to whom he has consecrated his life, with a love that surpasses the love of women: while Cintrat, with all his foibles, is by no means unworthy of that sublime attachment; and in the flush of prosperity, as in the extremes of ill-fortune, never does he either neglect his follower or misunderstand him.

By way of postscript to our article, we make very brief allusion to a collection of exceedingly short stories by M. François Coppée. Stories indeed they can hardly be called: they are rather the slightest possible sketches of incidents so entirely in outline, that it is for the imagination of the reader to fill in most of the details. Some

of them are humorous, most are more or less pathetic, but the greater part are exceedingly clever; and we admire the self-restraint of the author, who seems to have wasted much good material by compressing what might have been almost indefinitely expanded. As is often the case with similar collections, the first of these sketches is perhaps the best, though there is another—"La Fenêtre Éclairée"—very noteworthy. "Le Morceau de Pain" is a melancholy souvenir of the Franco-German war. The Duc de Hardimont, a *petit crevé* of the Empire, hears with horror, while in *villegiatura* at Aix-les-Bains, of the terrible disaster of Reichshoffen. The dissipated descendant of the crusaders has hitherto lived altogether for pleasure; at that particular moment he is caught in the toils of a venal siren of the "Nudités-Parisiennes." The news appeals to his patriotism and his pride of race: in an hour or two his portmanteaus are packed, and he is hurrying by first-class express to Paris. He enlists as a private in a regiment of the line, and we find him participating in the defence of the capital. Nibbling daintily at his rough rations behind a battery under the guns of Bicêtre, he dreams fondly of the good old times and the *cuisine* of the Café Anglais, and throws away his crust of the *pain de munition* in disgust. A comrade is ready enough to pick it up out of the mud, and the gentlemanly spirit of the Duke induces him to apologise for his wastefulness. The two fall into conversation, and De Hardimont learns from the revelations of the other that there are men to whom starvation is familiar, and to whom military rations may be a luxury. Touched to the heart, humiliated and self-condemned, he presses the hand of

Jean-Victor as comrade to comrade, and promises that the other shall hear of him when the war comes to an end. For one of the two, it is sooner over than they had supposed. At midnight there is a summons for the relief for the advanced posts. The Duke should be on duty, but he is sound asleep. The grateful Jean-Victor, who has a rude appetite, has been awakened by hunger, and he eagerly volunteers to take the place of his new acquaintance. In a Prussian onslaught on the outlying pickets the half-famished peasant is put out of all his miseries; and the Duke learns, on awakening, that his life has probably been saved by this unexpected substitution. None of these tales carry any very impressive moral lessons, and the teaching of adversity seems to have had slight effect on De Hardimont. When peace has been made, and when the Germans have been bought off, we find he has once more gone in search of the pleasures of Paris; and he is strolling homewards from the club with a companion, after an evening of heavy play. But he had a good heart, as M. Coppée has pointed out before; and a trivial occurrence awakens a melancholy recollection. The aristocratic Comte de Saulnes sees, to his stupefaction, the Duc de Hardimont pick up a muddy crust, which he had kicked aside by accident, wipe it carefully with the handkerchief emblazoned with the ducal arms, and lay it on a bench of the Boulevards in the full blaze of a gas-lamp.

"What in the world are you about?' said the Count, bursting out laughing. 'Have you gone mad?'

"It is in memory of a poor man who died for me,' replied the Duke, in a voice that was slightly tremulous. 'Do not laugh, my dear fellow; you would disoblige me.'

## REMINISCENCES OF A ROSS-SHIRE FOREST.

SOME eight or ten years ago I was asked to go up to Ross-shire to stalk deer, and I refused, to my everlasting shame be it spoken. I preferred shooting grouse, partridges, and other vermin, in a southern county. I had arrived at the conclusion, knowing nothing whatever of the subject, that deer-stalking was a delusion and a snare—a very much overrated sport. I had heard of men wading up burns for a few miles, crawling on their stomachs for a few more, lying behind a rock for an hour or two in a cold October day, and then nearly getting a shot at a stag; and I had made up my mind such sport wouldn't suit me. Next season, however, I got another chance, and thinking there might be something in it after all, I resolved to go. "And then you got to like it?" Well, no, not exactly—the first season didn't quite convert me: I was too *ignorant* to enjoy myself. Half the pleasure—nay, more than half—consists in finding your deer with the aid of the glass; and to use a glass quickly and effectively is not to be learned in a fortnight's practice. That first season it was always the same. Before I had got myself into a comfortable position for "spying" the hill, before I had got my glass adjusted to a proper focus, a low whispering in Gaelic would divert my attention, and glancing over my shoulder, there I would see Donald and Duncan with their glasses pointed perfectly steady on the hill-side in front of us. Before I could ask what they saw, I would most probably get the caution, "Don't move, sir, if you please—we're in sight of some hinds;" or, "There is a stag in

the corrie, sir, away up near the top."

Thus, accepting the inferior position, I would eagerly ask, "Where is he, Donald? what's he like? is he a good one?"

Even when told where the stag is, a young hand will sometimes have great difficulty in finding him. He may be a mile away, with nothing but his head and neck visible; or a mist may be on the hill, and the light so bad, that even if you have the glass on him, you may not be able to distinguish him from his surroundings. Several times, after a long try, I have fairly given in; then Donald would come to the rescue.

"D'ye see yon big white scaur, sir, running straight up the hill face? follow that to the top, then about thirty yairds to the left you'll see three or four big rocks, and below them a patch o' heather: the stag is lying in the middle o' the heather, sir; you can see his head quite plain."

Determined now to find him, you take a long look. "By jingo, Donald, I've got him; he's a grand one—I can see nine points at least."

"To which Donald, closing his glass and beginning to fill his pipe with great deliberation, will possibly reply very slowly,—they speak slowly, and never use superlatives,—“Well, sir, he's a very fair beast, and he's not in a very bad place whatever.”

Yes, to use the glass effectively requires great patience and constant practice. Then, again, at first I didn't believe in the gillies, or "stalkers," as the Southron is pleased now to term them. I thought the precautions they took were ridiculous, and that I was

being humbugged—a thought repulsive to the mind of a true-born Briton. I wanted to “go for” the prey in a less roundabout manner, somewhat in the fashion of a French nobleman, who, on being shown by his host, a well-known Highland chief, a large herd of deer in the plain below, pulled himself together, looked to his “priming,” and exclaimed, “Eh bien, attaquons!” He proposed, risk or no risk, to descend and advance on them in line, even as the Highlanders with Hamley and Alison at their head advanced on the foe at Tel-el-Kebir. But a man, if he’s anything of a sportsman, and eager to learn, will soon master the rudiments of the art; then with a better knowledge of the sport a keener relish comes. Deer-stalking, like fox-hunting, grows on one: the more you get, the more you want, and as season after season comes round, you look forward to your month or six weeks in the forest with a schoolboy enthusiasm easier to imagine than describe.

What can equal the delights of a journey up the Highland Railway in a lovely clear day—or in a beastly thick night? What does it matter, so long as you have the season before you? And then the arrival at “the lodge,” and the welcome you get as you drive up to the door. All the gillies except those on duty are there,—for haven’t they heard you were coming? And Duncan and Donald, Kenneth and Hector, appear in quick succession from the gun-room, and stables, and kennels across the burn. Then a hearty grip of the hand to all—as heartily returned (none of your Southern coldness here)—and in five minutes you are hearing all their jokes and getting all their news;—how “the captain” got two yesterday “doon

the loch-side,” and how “the colonel” missed a real good one the day before, feeding quietly broadside on, “just about sixty yairds off.” Then, with the darkness, in come your friends from the different beats in the forest, and you have now an account of the “Colonel’s miss” from that gallant warrior himself. It differs in some material particulars from what you had previously heard. Duncan’s “sixty yairds” is now, “as far as I could judge, about a hundred and ten;” the quietly feeding stag is described as a “restless brute;” the beggar was evidently suspicious, and just going to bolt,” and “he wasn’t much of a beast after all!” Those discrepancies in the evidence would puzzle any Q.C. that ever wore a wig. I remember a sporting parson coming up one season. I knew him to be a first-rate shot. At “rocketing” pheasants or “driven grouse” he had few superiors, but somehow or other he didn’t answer in the forest; his nerve seemed to fail him in presence of the “antlered monarch.” The first day he was out he came home very late—“clean,” as they say of a Dundee whaler after an unlucky season. He told us he had had a shot. We commiserated him much, and asked for particulars. After hearing his narrative, I came to the conclusion that had he killed that stag, the deeds of Horatio Ross would have been utterly and absolutely eclipsed.

“I *am* disgusted, old chap,” I exclaimed with effusion, “that you didn’t get him: that *would* have been a shot!”

With the morrow, however, cool reflection came; and feeling that in a case of this sort corroborative evidence is very satisfactory, when you can get it, I thought I would walk up the glen and see “old Duncan,” the gillie who had been

out with him. I had been told off that day to shoot grouse, an occupation for which I had now no inclination. To go out with a couple of setters and a "fowling-piece" when the red deer is roaring in the neighbourhood, borders on the contemptible. After a pleasant stretch of six miles I got to Duncan's cottage. I found the veteran at home, very glad to see me, but looking rather subdued. Eager to hear all about the parson's experiences, I plunged without preface *in medias res*.

"What a pity it was," I said, "that you couldn't get Mr B. a bit nearer yesterday. That must have been an uncommonly difficult shot."

Duncan looked me straight in the face, and, seeing I was serious, "Did the minister say the shot was a difficult one, sir?" he asked.

"Of course he did," I replied. "And so it was, was it not?"

"If I had to choose a shot for a gentleman, sir," said Duncan, very deliberately but emphatically, "I would choose the shot I gave the minister yesterday;" and then followed a full and particular account of the day's proceedings.

"'Et tu, Brute,' I said to myself as I walked home, apostrophising the absent divine,—"even you are not to be depended on." Now I don't mean to impute wilful misrepresentation to this estimable individual,—very far from it. It was only his first stag, and eagerness unnerved him; and when all was over, he scarcely knew what had happened. I proved this afterwards by asking him what the stag was like. He had forgot to ask, and he hadn't the remotest idea! The animal, as Duncan told me, was lying quietly down. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the odds were that, if undisturbed, he would have lain there for two or three hours.

The parson had time for an early luncheon, and a comfortable smoke thereafter; then he might have built himself a rest for his rifle with bricks and mortar, had such articles been handy—but no. As soon as he peeped over the rock he got the rifle in his hand, took a hurried sight, and fired, as he would have done at a woodcock in a thick covert. Most beginners, as soon as they see the quarry, do the same. They "let it off" at once, like Mr Tupman. Sometimes they kill,—the worst possible result for their future career, they get lots of praise: "The quickest thing ever you saw, sir; as soon as I showed him the beast he was down." The shot is extolled as a splendid one, it being in reality a fluke of the ghastliest possible description. Of course occasionally you must fire in a hurry, but in nine cases out of ten you have heaps of time. I recollect on one occasion I was lying with a good stag in front of me. There was only his head and neck visible, and although I was within fair shooting distance, I made up my mind to wait till he should give me a better chance. I waited till I got tired, and then determined to risk it as he lay. Just as I was getting into position I had a hurried and excited warning from the gillie who was with me.

"He's suspicious, sir; he'll be ower the hill in a minute."

"All right, Kenneth," I replied, "let him go. It's a most difficult shot where he is. We've two or three hours before us. I won't fire now. I'll follow him up, and stalk him again."

And this advice I would give to any one under similar circumstances. Never take a very difficult shot as long as you have some daylight to come and go on. Wait till the stag shifts his position,

even though there is a likelihood of his going out of sight, and follow him up again in the hope he'll give you a better chance next time. The stag on this occasion did not move, as Kenneth anticipated. I then thought of "whistling him on to his legs," but what little I saw of him seemed so very steady, that, after waiting some time longer, I took him as he lay, and, I am ashamed to say, missed him clean.

Some years ago I was shooting at a "hot corner" with a Harrow boy on one side and an Eton ditto on the other, jealous for the honour of their respective seats of learning. "Seats of learning!" that's good," says the "indignant father," who has just finished a column to the 'Times' on the length of the holidays, and what he gets for his money. Lord, that was a warm five minutes! Pheasants, male and female after their kind—for both youths shot "not wisely but too well"—fell on my head like the leaves in October. Hares—it was before the days of the present popular and affable Home Secretary—hares writhed in the agonies of death within a yard of the toe of my boot. A favourite retriever, with a dismal howl, nearly upset me once or twice in an abortive attempt to get shelter. (When that dog goes to the majority, I mean to have a "post-mortem" on him. I've a curiosity to know the exact quantity of "No. 5" he absorbed that day.) Even in such an awful position I managed to retain my presence of mind, and, after dodging a "right and left" from either flank, to kill a bird now and then on my own account. Still I admit I could not at first keep my head in presence of the "monarch of the forest." Excitement completely got the better of me. And

if you don't keep your head, depend upon it *he will keep his.*

And now a word about those Highland gillies with whom the deer-stalker spends in the season ten or twelve hours out of every twenty-four. Let us speak of things as we find them. I have found them uniformly first-rate fellows,—grand walkers, wonderfully patient under disappointment, with the keenest appreciation of a joke, whatever Sydney Smith may say of Scotchmen and surgical operations, and with a desire to show sport that no difficulties can overcome. I have heard them called greedy, and I have heard them called sulky. As to their greed, they are very badly off some of them, poor fellows, inhabiting cottages little better than those we read of in the "Joyce Country," and a sovereign is acceptable now and then. Can you wonder at it? But that they think only of the "tips" at the end of the season, and don't care for the sport itself, is a very erroneous idea, the fallacy of which, on one occasion at least, I had brought before me in a most unmistakable manner. An Englishman of large property took a great fancy to a Ross-shire gillie with whom he had spent many a long day on the hill, and being in want of a head keeper, he offered him the post. Here was a future of tips looming in the distance, and of luxuries to which all his life he had been a stranger, but Murdoch wouldn't have it. Next year, to my unbounded surprise, when I went North, there I found him located in his cottage on the edge of the forest, a most miserable place six miles from anywhere.

"Why, Murdoch," I said, "I thought you were comfortably settled in Warwickshire."

"No, sir," he replied. "Mr S. was very kind to me. He took me

to the South, and paid all my travelling there and back. I was anxious to see the sport, and he showed it to me—the partridge-shooting, sir (you should have heard the tone in which he mentioned this popular pastime); and I would sooner”—giving me a sort of “I-don’t-care-what-you-think look”—“see one stag killed than all the partridges in the county of Warwick.”

What could I say? The sentiments were my own. What I did say was this:—

“Well, Murdoch, I only hope you’ll see a stag killed to-day;”—and he did, and a good one, too.

Offer a man like this—and there are many of the same sort—the alternative of going out with a really sure shot or with a very bad one, the former a man of few sovereigns, the latter of many, he would choose the former without a moment’s hesitation.

How about their bad temper? Well, they are jealous of one another, very—exactly as their betters are; they regard the deer they stalk as theirs. In the dining-room it is yours or mine; in the gun-room, remember, it is Donald’s or Duncan’s. Looking at it in this light, what can be more disappointing or trying to the temper, after miles and miles of walking and hours of patient waiting, sometimes in awful weather, than to see a grand stag clean missed at sixty yards? Why, it would demoralise a bishop, let alone a Highland gillie; and such disappointments I have known an unlucky man meet with on two or three consecutive days. The worst I ever heard of, by the way, befell “old Duncan,” of whom I have previously spoken. He was out one day in September with a gentleman in a part of the forest not generally much frequented by

deer. Some months previously a wire fence had been run across from one hill-side to another, one end terminating in a ledge of rocks, and forming with them a *cul de sac*. What did they see huddled together in the corner but seven good stags! The wind was all right, and, some big rocks intervening, enabled them to get within about eighty yards, when Duncan counselled opening fire. He had, poor old beggar, by this time mentally bagged the whole covey! The sportsman took aim and pulled; but beyond letting the deer know that he was in the neighbourhood, nothing particular followed. The second shot had a like result. A horrible suspicion now flashed across Duncan, even as it did across Cameron of “The Standard” on the Majuba Hill, that “the day might yet be lost,” and creeping close up to the sportsman he whispered, “Take plenty of time, sir, and fire low,”—excellent advice, whether you’re firing at man or beast. It was followed, too, for the third shot or fourth, I’m not sure which, hit a stag about the shins, but (that part not being in the red deer, as in the negro, the most vulnerable) didn’t bring him down. How many shots were fired I am not prepared to state, but the grand total of this battue was one stag wounded. Patience in the lower animals, as in ourselves, has its limits, and the deer feeling no doubt they had given the sportsman chances enough, prepared to bolt. Lowering their heads, and led by a fine old ten-pointer, they ran the gauntlet, rushed along the fence, and were off, wounded one and all, a parting shot at about twenty yards’ rise being fired over their backs to speed them on their way. This story is almost incredible, but it is a fact, and “facts are stubborn

things." I had it from Duncan himself; and if ever you wish to see a despondent man, or a face of anguish seldom seen off the scaffold, just you lead quietly up to it again. It always ends the same way: "He is a nice gentleman, sir, a very nice gentleman; but he is not a good shot." Capable men as those gillies undoubtedly are, a sportsman, especially after a season or two, ought to have an opinion of his own. Callum Beg averred that the Sunday seldom "cam aboon the pass of Bally-Brough." I am not quite sure where the pass of Bally-Brough is, but it appears to me that many men leave their intellects annually—to be recovered on the homeward journey—far south of where I imagine that classic spot to be; Donald's decision, "You missed him, sir," or "He's hit," being accepted without a murmur. On three different occasions I have been assured—by gillies of experience too—that my stag was clean missed. Each time I stuck to my own opinion, and all three stags found their way to the larder. The following is a case in point: One cold, wet October day, some years ago, I was out in the forest with old Duncan, and a very young gillie answering to the name of Rory. Youth and inexperience, coupled with a very imperfect knowledge of the English language, were Rory's only failings. To the pedestrian powers of Mr E. P. Weston or "Blower" Brown, he added the eye of a hawk with the strength of a Galloway bull. That day I saw more deer together than I ever saw in my life before; and from that very reason—that there were so many of them, and that they were scattered over a flat piece of ground like a Lowland grouse moor—they were almost impossible to approach. It was, without exception, the coldest,

wettest, and most difficult stalk I ever attempted; and it was not till late in the afternoon, about four o'clock (we had been at it since eleven), that I found myself within reasonable distance of what we had decided was the best beast. The shot was not a nice one either, but I was perfectly certain I was on him. Both gillies, however—experienced and inexperienced—promptly decided he wasn't touched. I didn't say much, but I didn't think the less. Walking forward to a ridge over which the herd had disappeared, and followed reluctantly by the men, I cast my eye to the westward. There stood the stag, not a quarter of a mile off, poor beast! deserted by his friends, on the lone hillside, motionless, with his head between his legs, in the attitude of an old cab-horse after having taken a "four-wheeler" with a family for Margate, and a corresponding amount of luggage, from the salubrious St John's Wood to Victoria.

"He's hit, sir,—he's hit!" exclaimed Rory, intensely excited.

"Rather so, my man," I replied. "Keep your head down. Take your glass, Duncan, and tell me where."

To show yourself to a wounded stag, however badly he may appear hit, is of all fatal mistakes the most fatal. I was just thinking how best to get up and finish him, when Rory, actuated no doubt by the best possible motives, and thinking to put us all, stag included, out of suspense, went off at his very best pace with the rifle in his hand and a pocketful of cartridges!

"Stop, man!" I called as loudly as I dared. It was no manner of use; he was clean away, like a fifty-guinea "pedigree" retriever with a hare in front of him. My feelings were now, I fancy, very similar to those of the late Lord



Ullin when he saw his daughter disappearing from his gaze "across this stormy water." "Come back, come back!" he cried in grief; but his lordship's efforts were unsuccessful on that occasion, as were mine on this. The more he cried, the less the erring young lady heard; and the more I holloaed after Rory, the faster the beggar ran. There was nothing for it but to follow, which Duncan and I did as fast as age and infirmities would permit of. Rory kept well out of sight of the stag till he got tolerably close; then dropping on one knee he fired right and left, the second barrel being put in with the rapidity of Dr Carver's at Hurlingham or Shepherd's Bush. On went the stag, and on went Rory. The ground was rough, and both very soon were lost to view. Blowing like a grampus, and in a towering passion, panting and perspiring, I stumbled along, making superhuman efforts to catch him up. Presently another right and left, a long way farther off, and still I staggered on. Old Duncan, a very indifferent third almost from the commencement, was now hopelessly tailed off. In other five minutes I had to call a halt, and sit down on a stone, done to a turn, and feeling very much "amidst the ruins of Carthage." "If I only had you, you bloody Highland thief," I soliloquised, "I'd mur——" Bang! came a solitary report, reverberating over the hills, and all was silent as the grave. "He's either shot himself this time,"—and at this conception I chuckled with delight,—"or he's got the beast, or he's come to the end of his ammunition." Of those three surmises, two were, as I presently discovered, correct. With his last cartridge he had smitten the stag on the head, stopping him at last, but

breaking one of the antlers off by the roots. I thought I'd have something to take home now,—in my present state of mind quadruped or biped was immaterial to me,—so getting on my legs, I made for the high ground, whence I knew I should have a clear look in front. Seating myself again, with trembling hands I adjusted the glass. Two white, or, comparatively speaking, white, objects in the far distance—Rory's shirt sleeves. A slaughterhouse-looking mass in the immediate vicinity—the entrails of the "noble animal." "Faith, he's got him—no mistake about that," I said to myself, as I strode down the hill, preparing an address which, for impassioned eloquence, would contrast favourably with the happiest efforts of the right honourable gentleman, the member for Mid-Lothian. That address, like others we have been promised lately, was postponed till a more convenient season. Rory never heard me till I was standing over him: then looking up, his face beaming with smiles, he pointed with his blood-stained knife to the rifle at his feet. "It's just seven shots I fire oot of her," he said, triumphantly, evidently thinking that, considering the amount of ammunition expended, the result had been highly satisfactory. I tried hard to be angry with him, but broke down in the attempt. "You'll be a grand shot one of those days, Rory," I said, clapping him on the back, and we were as good friends as ever; *but* that stag was uncommon nearly lost.

And now, after all this talk of disappointments, misfortunes, and youthful indiscretion, gentle reader, will you follow me to the wilds of Ross-shire for three days' stalking? You will? Then I'll show you that stags are well killed occasionally, as well as wounded and

missed. I choose these three days because they were consecutive, because on one of them I killed by far the finest stag I have ever got near, and because I think they are fairly representative of a deerstalker's life. Imagine then Thursday, the 5th of October, no longer ago than the year 1882. On that morning—a lovely morning it was, and positively as warm as summer—having breakfasted at seven, after a drive of six miles “down the loch,” through scenery unsurpassed in Scotland, I delivered myself at “the stable,” a convenient hut capable of sheltering two ponies and half a dozen men if necessary. Many an hour have I spent there on those tantalising mornings when a thick mist was on the hills, and when even the most experienced gillie could not decide what it was going to do—clear off as the day advanced, or remain utterly hopeless for sport. At the stable I found “little Duncan,”—not to be confounded with “old Duncan” above mentioned,—a Sutherlandshire man, and as good a one as ever trod the heather, awaiting me, and a younger gillie with a pony for the deer, should I be fortunate enough to get one. Duncan gave him his directions, I gave the groom mine—to be back at six o'clock—after which we started, as we had many and many a day before on our lonely walk through the forest. We began badly. At the top of “the path,” five miles from the stable, we looked the hill, and found two stags very far up among the rocks.

“We'll have to go to the top and come down on them, sir,” Duncan said.

“So I feared,” I replied. “I believe that infernal hill gets steeper every year.”

It was a climb and no mistake, in some places almost dangerous. After getting to the top and making a very long circuit, we began, with a gentle breeze blowing in our faces, to come down slowly and cautiously. I was just beginning to think we were close on them, when, looking at Duncan, I saw he was in difficulties. His usual decision had deserted him, and he was turning anxiously round in all directions. He had brought me straight as a die to the place, but the deer had moved. We thought we had them well on our right. They were close to us on our left; and while Duncan was looking in rather a bewildered way at where they had been, they were inspecting his curly head, and very much puzzled thereby. I was close behind him, with the rifle in my hand, but they were too quick for us. Having satisfied themselves that our intentions were far from friendly, they turned their heads down hill and were off before I could get the rifle out of its cover.<sup>1</sup>

“Never mind, Duncan,” I said; “it's not the first time you and I have been served that trick, but we'll be upsides with them yet. *Tout peut se rétablir*, as the third Napoleon said after the ‘set-to’ at Saarbruck; we've the best part of the ground in front of us yet.”

<sup>1</sup> “And serve you right, too,” I hear some one say. “Why didn't you have your rifle ready?” Why? for the following sufficient reasons: We were not, as we imagined, very near the deer, and it is far safer to keep the rifle in its cover till you think you are. It has often to be handed over rocks in all sorts of positions, and dragged along soft ground muzzle first; and a gleam of sun across your barrels will not improve your chance of getting near a stag—take my word for it—any more than will a quarter of a pound of peat in the muzzle your chance of killing him when you are near.

Duncan is not a French scholar, but the latter part of my remark he did understand, and shouldering the rifle, he made off down the hill at his best pace. After half an hour's work, we came to a very likely place,—a beautiful glen, with high hills on either side, down the middle of which ran the river, being the march between ourselves and the forest of G—. Having got to a convenient place, with great confidence we turned our glasses on the hillside. Not one solitary beast, stag or hind, could we discover.

"The game's up now," I said, morosely; "there's nothing for it but home."

Duncan, not having any consolation to offer, prudently held his tongue.

"They must be somewhere," I remarked, after a pause; "if they're not on this side, they're bound to be on the other."

"Very likely, sir," replied Duncan, as he turned his glass on the opposite side.

Yes, there they were, three good stags, quite visible to the naked eye about half a mile down the river, and, what made it more provoking, only about two hundred yards over our march.

"Perhaps they'll cross?" I eagerly asked.

"I'm afraid not, sir," was the reply.

However, we had something to look at now, and all ideas of home were promptly abandoned. Lighting our pipes, we lay down comfortably among the heather. An hour went past, and yet another; the "Bristol bird's-eye" was getting low. I'll wait till four, I said to myself, and then I'll try it. With the arrival of that hour I reached out my hand for the rifle.

"As there's no sport to be had, Duncan," I said, "I think I'll

have some practice. I wonder if I could hit that rock there," indicating one a good five hundred yards across the river.

"You would never fire the rifle off, sir," said Duncan, taking the pipe out of his mouth, horror-struck at the idea.

"That's exactly the operation I mean to go through," I replied, extracting the implement in question from its cover. Duncan watched my movements intently, and at last a gleam of intelligence came over his good-natured countenance. With his head and shoulders against the rock behind him, and his glass stretched out over his knees, he looked up as if to say "I'm ready." Taking aim at the rock, I fired. Whether I hit it or not, doesn't much matter. The deer heard the shot, and were off in an instant.

"Well, Duncan?" I said, hurriedly laying down the rifle and taking up my glass.

"They're clean down the river, sir; they're coming our way. No, they're not! Yes, they are! It's all right."

We were now both intently watching them. They ran down parallel with the river, about half a mile, stopped, hesitated,—then turning at right angles, made straight our way. Just as the leading stag was plunging in to cross to our side, round he turned, and back they all went whence they came. Duncan gave vent to a Gaelic oath. I solaced myself with an English one.

"What turned them, Duncan?"

"A wild duck, sir; the—ahem—female dog rose from under the bank, just as they got to it."

But the deer, thinking the danger was on their side, had determined to cross, and cross they did in another quarter of an hour. Duncan closed his glass as the

"great Duke" did on that June afternoon, but the day wasn't won yet. I looked my watch; we hadn't an hour of daylight. Jumping into the bed of the river, the banks of which gave ample cover, we ran down to where the deer had crossed, and looking cautiously over the bank, we saw them not five hundred yards up the hill. In a very few minutes we had reduced that distance to about ninety. The ground was rather bare, and the wind, what little there was, very "catchy." The best stag was broadside on—a beautiful shot; but just as I was getting ready, he turned and faced us. Very grand he looked, with his head in the air, his nostrils giving him, I fancy, just a slight indication of danger.

"No time to lose, sir," whispered Duncan.

Taking a steady aim at his chest, I fired. Round he swung, galloped about thirty yards, fell on his knees, and rolled over stone dead. A fine stag he was, with a fair head of eight points, and very exultant we were at the way we had got him. There was nothing for it but to leave him out for the night, so after "cleaning" him, covering him over with heather, and tying a pocket-handkerchief to his horns to scare the vermin, we made for the stable.

"I'll tell you what it is, Duncan," I remarked, as we walked along, "that was just a little like poaching."

"Oh no, sir," he replied; "better we should get him than other folk. They're terrible greedy ower the water, and he might have crossed himself to our side—whatever."

"So he might—of course; I hadn't thought of that. But, I say, Duncan, some people want to know far more than is good for them, so we'll just keep this story to ourselves."

Next morning, Friday the 6th, I got to the stable in good time. Duncan jumped up, and we drove on other four miles to the river, where we found a gillie who had been sent on early with a pony. We followed the river up for a couple of miles, till we came to our stag of yesterday. Him we lifted up, laid across the pony, and sent home, after which we started on our travels. We hadn't walked ten minutes till we saw in front of us a very large wild goat, only the second animal of the kind I had ever seen in the forest. I wanted to leave him alone, but Duncan was bent on slaughter.

"He has a splendid head, sir,—he'll look grand stuffed: we'll run down the brae, get that bit hill between him and us, and we'll have him in ten minutes."

Down the brae we went, and soon got to the bottom of the hill: it was only a mound, not twenty yards high, on the other side of which "Billy" was feeding. This old gentleman, like most of his genus, was of a suspicious character; and just as I was crawling up one side of the mound, he was walking up the other to have a look at the adjacent country, and see that all was safe. We met face to face on the top, not six yards from one another.

"Shoot him, sir," cried Duncan.

"Not exactly," I said to myself. At that distance I should have blown his head off, or more probably have missed him altogether. No; I let him run down the hill, and as he was making off at his best pace—it wasn't very fast, poor old beggar!—I bowled him over with a shot in the ribs. Duncan was quite delighted, but a little shy of going near him.

"I never cleaned a beast like that in my life, sir," he said. "I suppose he's just like other beasts."

"You'll find him constructed much on the same principles," I replied, seating myself on the windward side at a respectful distance ("quite the same, but with a material difference, as you'll find out presently," I thought); "get to work, and we'll be off."

At the first insertion of the knife Duncan drew back, and shook his head. That goat made him sneeze; but although he had to leave off half a dozen times, he stuck to it like a man, reminding me much of a Skye terrier engaged with a hedgehog, conscious that the job he has on hand is a nasty one, but determined to finish it at whatever personal inconvenience. When the obsequies were over, Billy was stretched out behind a rock, and left "to be called for."

"We have wasted just an hour over that stinking brute," I said, acrimoniously; "do come along."

"He has a fine head, sir," said Duncan again, "but he has a very bad smell."

"Not an uncommon thing with the he-goat," I replied. "You're not particularly sweet yourself now, Duncan; if we get near a deer to-day, I shall be a good deal surprised. Why, I could wind you half a mile off."

Duncan took a sniff at his coat-sleeve, which had been in close proximity to the deceased, and looked rather ashamed of himself. Meanwhile we were getting up the hill again, and having reached the top we made straight down the centre of the forest. We walked for the better part of an hour, when Duncan pulled up.

"There were some hinds here, sir, the other day,—we had better have a look." Almost as soon as he put the glass to his eye it stopped steady as a rock. "The hinds are there, sir," he said.

"Anything with them?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said Duncan slowly, and breathing very hard; "there is a stag."

"A good one "

"He's your own stag, sir," was the reply. "I see the mark on his haunch! Oh, sir, you will be careful?"

(Two years previously, almost to a day, and within a couple of miles of where we stood, we came on a stag, which Duncan unhesitatingly pronounced the finest he had ever seen. I had a bad chance at him, but thought I had wounded him mortally. The result proved, however, that it was only a deep flesh wound. He made his way over the river, and was missed at thirty yards by a sportsman in the forest of G——, who came on him suddenly as he was hobbling along, looking very sorry for himself. Nothing more was heard of him for fully a year, when he returned to his old haunts. I was told he had been seen, and here he was prepared to give me another chance.) I had shot many a good stag "over" "little Duncan," but I never saw him half so excited before. Almost equally eager, I turned my glass on the place. Yes, there was the big stag—there was no mistake about it—not half a mile down the hill from where we stood, and to our intense satisfaction he had only four hinds with him.

"He's in a good place, Duncan."

"Couldn't be better, sir," he replied.

We were standing under a dark perpendicular rock. Keeping this as a background, we cautiously crept down a short way; then being out of their sight, we got on our feet, and made for them. Easier work couldn't be imagined till we got within about three hundred yards, when caution became the order of the day. Getting on our hands and knees, we insinuated

ourselves round the corner of a rock, and began to crawl, in single file, quietly ahead.

"You will stop when I stop, sir?"

"All right, Duncan; no fear."

"All-fours," albeit a favourite mode of progression with those who have dined well, is more conducive to safety than speed, and that hundred and fifty yards took a good deal of time. Then under the lee of some high heather I crept up alongside, and abreast we lay contemplating the scene.

"If I don't get him this time, Duncan," I whispered, "I'll make straight for the Atlantic Ocean, hail a passing steamer, and land myself at New York or the Broomielaw. I don't care a damn which, but I'm not going back to the Lodge." Duncan was always ready with a smile, and he produced one on this occasion as usual, but it was a good deal on one side of his mouth. He had put his cap in his pocket,—a sure sign with him when business was meant,—and the drops of sweat were standing on his forehead.

"Take a pull at the whisky," I said, "and get along."

Duncan took the proffered alcohol, but showed no symptoms whatever of getting along. Instinctively I felt he was going to "jib."

"We can't get a yard farther, sir," he whispered.

"Now, Duncan," I replied in the same tone, "I never take a shot at a hundred and fifty yards when I can get one at a hundred and ten. You ought to know that by this time. Do you see that stone forward there,"—indicating one quite forty yards off—"that's where I mean to shoot him from; so get along, and I'll follow."

He gave me an appealing look, but I was inexorable, and off he

crawled. *It was* rather risky, that last forty yards, but he got to the stone all right, and I was soon by his side. Here was the situation: about seventy yards in front of us was a small ravine, say forty yards across, on the other side of which, and exactly opposite us, the stag was feeding, the hinds being some little distance above him. He didn't disappoint us on a closer inspection. I had never seen anything to compare to him. He had a head of only eight points, but these points—like the plums in the sailor's pudding—weren't "within hail of one another." I've seen "royals" that would have gone comfortably inside his horns. He was making noise for half a dozen, roaring continuously; and as he put his head in the air to bellow out his challenge, his horns fell over his arched back, stretching half way down it—reminding me, as it did vividly, of one of Landseer's glorious pictures. After admiring him for a few minutes I put my hand on the rifle, but at that very moment he turned away from us, "end on." He was not even then a difficult shot, but I determined to make sure, and wait patiently till he was inclined to give me a broadside, or something like it. I had scarcely formed the resolution when he turned up the hill again to look at the hinds, raised his head in the air, and roared his challenge.

"Now, sir," said Duncan in an agonised whisper.

Taking steady aim, I sighted him behind the shoulder, and almost before his roar was finished the big stag fell over as dead as Julius Cæsar. With a yell like a "scalp hunter," Duncan was upon him, feeling in his pocket for his knife as he ran, and ere I could get up it was in his throat. He was indeed a splendid beast; and

as I gazed at him I almost felt as if I should like to end my stalking career with him. Not an hour afterwards Duncan and I were once more on "all-fours," stealing on our prey, and just about as eager as before; but I am anticipating. After cleaning him we came very reluctantly to the conclusion that it was impossible to get him home that day, so we sat down beside him for a bit.

"There's no hurry, Duncan," I said—"we've done a good day's work;" and we talked, and smoked, and "fought the battle o'er again."

"I wouldn't have seen him missed, no, not for ten pounds," said Duncan; and then I found he had been suffering for some weeks from a kind of nightmare. "I was always feared, sir, that some one else would get him."

"Just a wee drop more, Duncan, and we'll be off;" and taking one fond look at the "muckle hart" we went on our way. We walked perhaps for a couple of miles, when something caught my eye in the rocky ground above us.

"Uncommon like a beast that," I remarked.

Sinking back in the heather, Duncan pulled me down beside him. As soon as I spoke his quick eye had satisfied him I was right. We lay as still as mice,—so far so good. Evidently they had not seen us.

"Get back to that rock, sir, if you can; there's a lot of deer above us."

Back we crept feet foremost, and getting our glasses out, turned them up the hill. "One, two, three, four." We counted nine hinds and a stag,—a really good one, too.

"Why, he's got twice the number of wives the big one had; that's a queer thing, Duncan."

"He's a determined-looking cus-

tomer that, sir," was the reply, "with a fine strong black horn. I shouldn't wonder if he was a real good fighter; but I wish I was sure we saw all the wives he has got. It's terrible rough ground up there."

We saw this was going to be a more difficult job than the last, but the morning's work had given us confidence.

"Get me up to him, Duncan," I said, "and I'll make cold meat of him, as sure as the Lord made Ribston pippins." At this horticultural simile Duncan grinned.

"Wait just a little, sir; it's best to make sure."

It was curious to watch the stag. No wonder they get thin. He wasn't quiet for two minutes at a time—running first after one hind, then after another, as they showed symptoms of straying. Lying still for ten or fifteen minutes, we satisfied ourselves that the nine hinds in sight were the full strength of his harem; and in as many minutes more I was within sixty yards of him. Like the big stag, he gave me an easy broadside.

"Missed him, by all that's wonderful!" I exclaimed, as I jumped on my feet.

"You have that, sir," said Duncan.

And from the shoulder as I stood I put in the second barrel. That stopped him with a vengeance. Over he rolled like a rabbit; but had I known the position of the first shot, I should never have fired the second, for both bullets were within a foot of one another. It was only the "death run" that carried him on. Before we had cleaned him and "laid him out" it was nearly dark, so we made for the stable at our best pace. Thanking him heartily for the grand sport he had given me, and listening with becoming modesty to a warm eulo-

gium on my shooting, I bade Duncan good-night, and in an hour and a half thereafter was seated comfortably at dinner, at peace with all mankind.

Next morning, determined to bring home my deer in daylight, I was early astir. Picking up Duncan at the stable, I was driving quietly down the road to the river, when he laid his hand on my arm.

"Deer above us, sir, quite close; don't stop. Drive on till we get round the corner."

When we got out of sight we jumped off, and not twenty minutes afterwards I was back in the trap, having missed a stag "right and left."

"Did that hind wind us or see us, Duncan?" I inquired.

"She winded us, sir, I'm sure. I was very doubtful of the wind as we were going up the hill."

"Did you see the stag at all? I'm blessed if I did, bar his haunches, and he certainly gave me a very good view of them."

"He wasn't a bad beast at all, sir; he had six or seven points."

"And a hind for every point, Duncan?"

"That's just about what he had, sir."

Driving on other three miles, we left the trap, and taking the ponies with us, made our way up the banks of the river. We were intent only on bringing home our game, when what should we come on but the very same stag I had missed not an hour previously! Instead of making into the heart of the forest, he must have run down parallel with the road.

"He's determined to be killed, sir," said Duncan.

"Well, we won't disappoint him," I replied; and killed he was before he was half an hour older. Here we were ten miles from home, with three dead stags disseminated over the forest, and "Billy" yet a mile in front of us, and only two ponies to take home the lot.

"We must leave *him*, sir," said Duncan, indicating with a jerk of his head our odoriferous friend—a proposal to which I readily assented.

We then sat down and matured our plans, and eventually, by aid of the dog-cart and the two ponies, reached home about nine P.M., Duncan deserting the family circle to spend Sunday at the lodge.

"What will the wife say?" I asked.

"Oh, she won't mind, sir," he replied. "And the head, sir"—here he dropped his voice as if talking of a departed relative—"the head, sir, will be off to Inverness early on Monday morning."

He spent most of the Sunday in the larder.

That was a long, hard day's work, and both of us were thoroughly tired; but when we saw our three stags laid out on the grass in front of the larder door—in their death they were not divided; when we saw every one flocking up to the inspection by the light of the midnight oil—or tallow, by the way, I think it was; when we saw the big head turned over again and again by every inhabitant of the lodge—ladies, gillies, footmen, and all, down to the gardener's boy; when we heard the deep admiration expressed in English and in Gaelic,—then we had our reward.



## KING MTÉSA.

A TELEGRAM from Zanzibar has announced the death of the most remarkable of African potentates—a king who has never ceased to interest Europeans since he was introduced to them more than twenty years ago by Captain Speke. The figure of Mtésa, King of Uganda, with his barbaric court, hedged in by even more formality and ceremoniousness than the *aula* of the Holy Roman Empire; his teeming harem; his summary and often indiscriminate justice; and his curious mixture of shrewd cunning and childishness,—stood forth in such bold relief on Speke's brilliant pages, that it has never since failed to claim an attention denied to any other African prince, with the exception of those like Cete-wayo and King Coffee, with whom we have been brought into actual hostility. Of Speke's and Grant's discoveries, Mtésa was not the least interesting item; and to the accounts given of him by these distinguished travellers is due the notice which his death has attracted. Since the time of Speke and Grant other explorers and missionaries have visited the court of Uganda, and each of them has added his testimony to the striking character of its ruler. The most prominent was Mr Stanley, whose account of the king's later years offers many notable points of contrast to the experiences of the first Europeans who visited Mtésa.

From the attractions of its court and its geographical position on Victoria Nyanza, Uganda has been a magnet drawing people of many tribes and nations; and Mtésa was brought more into contact with external civilisation than any of his fellow-potentates in the equato-

rial region. How accessible he was to outside influence may readily be inferred from a comparison of Stanley's observations with those of Speke and Grant. The illustrations to Speke's 'Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile' show the king and his court in the costume and manners of primitive African barbarism, but invested with a rude dignity that was imposing from its very simplicity.

"A more theatrical sight I never saw," says Speke. "The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new *mbügü*. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cockscomb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring, of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognisance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff officers,

with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side ; and on the other was a band of Wichwézi, or lady-sorcerers."

The plates which illustrate the more recent works of travel are significant of the enlarged ideas which, in the course of twenty years, intercourse with explorers, and a more free communication with the Mohammedans of the coast, had opened up in the king's mind. The king appears in a semi-Moslem attire. The bark-clothes and beautiful skins of the country, worn down to the ankles, had given place to the tawdry muslins of the Arabs, and taken away the primitive and national appearance which the king and his courtiers wore when girt in their simple robes of *mbügü*, without shoes, stockings, or hats. The change which came over Mtésa seems to have corresponded with the alteration in his outward appearance. He was young, brave, handsome, and fearless, full of dignity and dash, when seen at the early age of twenty-five—viz., in 1862—by Captains Speke and Grant. He had not then been long on the throne. He had been chosen by the chiefs of Uganda from among forty or fifty brothers, the sons of King Sunna, and his career fully justified the wisdom of his selection. In the 'Journal' we have a most amusing account of the struggles made by the young monarch to safeguard his dignity, and at the same time gratify his curiosity during Speke's visit. The efforts made by the explorer to have himself recognised as standing on a footing of equality with the king, and the skilful persistency with which Mtésa evaded his demands, and also succeeded in retaining Speke at his court, is a comical proof of the success with which the arts of diplomacy may be cul-

tivated among even the most primitive peoples. The talents which Mtésa unfolded in his intercourse with Speke appear to have become fully developed in succeeding years. Though apparently a despotic and frequently cruel ruler, he acted under the control of his ministry, and exerted, by diplomacy or force, a paramount influence over all the States on his borders and around the shores of his Lake. He had a large army at his command—a hundred and twenty-five thousand fighting men, according to Stanley ; and he appears to have found constant occupation for these outside his own territories, for almost every traveller who has visited Uganda has found Mtésa's forces engaged in expeditionary operations against some of his rival neighbours or recalcitrant feudatories. Like most African monarchs, he placed little or no value on human life. Speke declared that during his residence in Mtésa's palace, he witnessed almost every day one, two, or three of the wretched palace-women led past with heartrending cries to instant death ; and the executioner was one of the great officers of state, as seems usual in African courts. On the other hand, Mtésa appeared to be easily accessible to appeals for mercy, and readily granted to Captain Speke the life of one of his courtiers who had been ordered for execution, thinking that the matter was so trivial a one as not to be worth disobliging a distinguished stranger for. A free exercise of his power to inflict death was, in Mtésa's estimation, necessary to the maintenance of his dignity ; besides, it was the traditionary custom of his country : and, by way of impressing his importance on Colonel Long, he had some thirty of his subjects killed on the occasion of that traveller's

first visit to his palace, while a smaller number was sacrificed at each of his successive receptions.

At the time of Speke's visit Mtésa's religion was the ordinary paganism of the country; and he had a profound belief in witchcraft and magic. Every article presented to the king had previously to be touched by some of the witch-doctors of his court, in order that all possible harm from poison or magic might be removed from it; but by the time that Stanley visited Uganda, the king and his court had adopted a corrupt species of Mohammedanism which had been picked up from the Arab traders of the east coast. King Mtésa, however, certainly never possessed more than the merest smattering of the faith of Islam, which supplemented rather than superseded his former beliefs; and down to his latest days the witch-doctors and witch-priestesses played an important part in all court ceremonies. Mr Stanley claims credit for having made a convert to Christianity of Mtésa. He took some pains to explain its leading doctrines to the king, who listened attentively, and received its truths in an unquestioning spirit, according to his teacher; but though he made a formal profession of his belief in the superiority of Christianity to Islamism, he cannot be said in practice to have shown any grasp or appreciation of the doctrines of the Gospel, or to have abandoned his belief in his early paganism. When we contrast the accounts which Stanley gives of his conversations on religious matters with Mtésa, with the unvarnished but striking narrative of Speke, we cannot forbear the suspicion that the former has allowed his prepossessions and imagination to give, perhaps unconsciously, a colour to his facts; and even Stanley him-

self was forced to admit that when the chances of war placed his enemies in Mtésa's hands, the precepts of Christianity had little influence in restraining him from exercising the natural barbarity of the African conqueror. Yet Mtésa personally was not cruel: his dignity as King of Uganda, and the maintenance of his prestige among his neighbours of the Lake country, required such manifestations of his power as would strike terror into the hearts of his enemies and subjects.

All travellers who have made Mtésa's acquaintance agree in assuring us that he was a great ruler, and possessed of personal qualities which raised him far above the level of the ordinary African despot. He had none of the fierce brutality of Theodore, the late *Negus* of Abyssinia; and no one who knew his character would for a moment compare him with such bloated tyrants as Cete-wayo,<sup>1</sup> or with the savage kings with whom we have been brought into contact in Western Africa. Considering his isolated position, he exercised greater power and showed higher administrative qualities than any of these; and all over the wide Nyanza country the tribes feared his name and power quite as much as the name and power of the first Napoleon were feared, eighty years ago, throughout the European States. He was an African Louis XIV. in his observance of all those formalities and minutiae which fence in the person of a king, and keep him clearly separated from the common herd. He upheld his popularity, and the rigorous etiquette of the court of Uganda — accounted a most brilliant one throughout equatorial Africa — with the firmness and decorum which in the early days of his reign so greatly

impressed Captain Speke. It was an everyday occurrence that from one to two hundred generals, with little armies of their followers, attended his receptions at the palace in levee costume; and several hundred women, the pick of equatorial African beauty, daily waited at the "drawing-room" parties held by the king. Each and every one present, from the commander-in-chief to the page of ten years old, was dressed with scrupulous neatness on these occasions; and though the alterations in court costume which were carried out in Mtésa's later years deprived these ceremonials of the primitive dignity which characterised them in the days of Speke and Grant, the innovations appear to have been accepted by the people as great marks of progress and evidences of the increased wisdom and power of the monarch. Explorers are all agreed as to the element of personal dignity which Mtésa threw into the discharge of his duties, which, to those who had as keen a sense of the ludicrous as Captain Speke was possessed of, was sometimes very amusing.

"The king's gait in retiring," says Captain Speke, "was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realise a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person."

Stanley found him to be "a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking man, clad in a tarbush black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold"; and greater familiarity with Europeans had rendered him less exacting in in-

sisting upon homage from them than he had been with Speke—the first white man whom he had ever seen. His imperiousness, however, with regard to his own power, remained undiminished. A comparison of the accounts given of the kingdom of Uganda by Speke with those of Stanley, lead to the conclusion that the twelve or thirteen years that had intervened between their two visits had been actively employed by Mtésa in consolidating his power and extending his dominion. In addition to his 125,000 soldiers, the king was able to put upon the Victoria Nyanza a fleet of 500 war-canoes, capable of floating a force of from sixteen to twenty thousand men. If we roughly multiply these figures by ten, we may estimate the population over which Mtésa had supreme power at a million of souls. His territory extended twenty to fifty miles inland from the lake; and he levied tribute and acknowledgments of supremacy far beyond these limits. So that this king, at whom the world has only been able to obtain infrequent though interesting glances, was no insignificant chieftain, when we reflect that he reigned over so large a proportion of the population of the globe.

The name of Mtésa will be remembered more in connection with the history of African exploration than with reference to his wars and conquests; although, rather by accident than intentionally, he has done more service to the cause of African exploration than any other prince of the interior. He, like his father, had *invited* strangers from the south to enter his country, provided they had sufficient property to barter with; but from the Egyptian side of Uganda the route was closed, and trade there was none, till, after much

persuasion from Speke, he opened the way between Zanzibar and Egypt—for Mtésa held the golden key of this line—and we thus have learnt the source and course of the Nile through him and him alone. After he had made the acquaintance of Speke and Grant, he never ceased to render assistance to white travellers—most notably to Baker and Stanley, who have frankly acknowledged his services in their works; and throughout the tribes of his Lake country Europeans have never had to invoke the name and influence of Mtésa in vain. Not a single European has been killed in his kingdom before or since 1862, when he first had the acuteness to make friends with the English. He tolerated and befriended missionaries of all sects; he sent an embassy to Queen Victoria; and, above all, he trained his people by rigid discipline to respect his guests, and to obey his government. A remarkable man, whose natural abilities, though of the most primitive and barbaric order, were sufficiently striking and strong enough to attract the regard of nineteenth-century civilisation!

We have yet to learn how Mtésa's death befell. Was he murdered? Did he die in battle? We think neither. It is more probable that he died from a malady which has afflicted him for

the past ten years—a malady which Mr Felkin, the physician who attended him a few years ago, has told us he might have cured without danger had the chieftains permitted him to make an operation. Africans are known to submit to amputations and incisions when performed by one of their own race; yet in this case the chiefs did not accept Mr Felkin's advice, and preferred to allow their king to linger in pain, lose his nerve, and die from a malady which European skill would in all probability have overcome. The chiefs, however, must be absolved from blame: they knew no better, and they loved their king dearly.

With the disappearance of the most interesting of African monarchs, the question arises upon whose shoulders the royal mantle of Uganda is to fall. As to his successor we have no information; and can only hope that the chiefs will show as much discrimination as when they chose Mtésa for their ruler. The future of the interesting country of the African lakes, the prosecution of further exploration, the opening up of Central Africa to commerce, the establishment of civilised institutions, and it may be of colonial enterprise, are all largely bound up in the character of the ruler who is to come after King Mtésa.

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## ON THE ROAD TO ROSCOFF REGATTA.

THIS wall will do. The top is covered with turf and moss, enthroned whereon one can note the humours of the road, and watch all Armorica go down in its Sunday best to see the regatta in the Bay of Roscoff.

What a view! This great estuary of St Pol de Léon is like a child's drawing; for a child, when first it wields the pencil, begins of course with mysteries, and symbols perhaps of something passing through the baby mind, but not to be understood by spectators generally, though a mother's pride may challenge our faith or shock our understanding by fond interpretation. The next step is, I believe, invariable. *All* children draw kings and queens, especially queens; and these sovereigns always have crowns composed of many points. This is what I was coming to,—that children's drawings are full of sharp points, and if you set them to draw an imaginary sea-coast, they will draw it like the one before me now, making a straight line for the sea, and then cramming in as many acutely pointed islands as the paper can conveniently hold.

Was it, I wonder, in the exuberance of child-like fancy that those noble early Italian and German painters did the very same thing? For look at the landscape that frames in their saints and angels under a pure and open sky, and what does it consist of? A carpet of pointed grasses and flowers with rays, a middle distance with lance-like cypresses and towns with many spires, and far-away fantastic rocks and blue mountains with a thousand peaks.

The bay that I see from my wall has as many rocky islands as there

are doctors in Harley Street. One can almost see the Avalon group, true home of the Arthurian legend in its highest form; and beyond them the isles of St Gildas,—though it was not here, but on the coast of Morbihan, that the beatified chronicler disputed with St Cadoc about the soul of Virgil. Gildas had his doubts, but good liberal old St Cadoc was sure that the Mantuan was with the blest.

Perhaps it was on that very strip of beach—it was certainly somewhere on this coast—that Maud's poor mad lover, turning his eyes moodily to the ground, saw at his feet a little sea-beast dead, and sang over it a dirge of surpassing beauty:—

“The tiny cell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill?  
Did he push, when he was uncurled,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Through his dim water-world?”

Beyond the bay, now shimmering in the sun and wind, a threatening bank of clouds is rising from the sea, piled like the mountains of the Titans half-way up to heaven, glowing as yet with orange light, but ominous of a squall by-and-by. How awful must a great storm be in these wide, shallow, island-studded bays! No wonder, when she looked at them, that Dorigen, with “careful sikes,” declared of these very same “grisly fiendly rockes black,” that they

“Siemen rather a foul confusion  
Of work than any fair creation.

See ye not, Lord, how mankind it destroyeth?  
A hundred thousand bodies of mankind  
Have rockes slain.”

So they have ; and many thousands more since Chaucer's time. There is a little church at Perros, on the headland overlooking the archipelago of Bréhat, of which the porch is full of tablets ; and on every single tablet is the word *Disparu*, suggestive of many things. In the hurricanes that sweep this coast, whole crews are swept utterly out of human ken, and whole villages are left to mourn and fill the porches of their churches with memorials to fathers and husbands, sons and brothers, all " *Disparus dans l'ouragan. Priez pour eux.* "

That is one reason perhaps why these dark-eyed thin-jawed fellows coming down the road look rather grave ; and it is said that they *are* rather grave. No wonder, if they have to carry over by night boat-loads of ghosts, as they used to do some centuries ago. Claudian tells us—

" *Est locus extremum pandit qua Gallia  
littus  
Oceani prætentus aquis, quo fertur  
Ulysses,  
Sanguine libato, populum movisse silen-  
tem ;  
Illic, umbrarum tenui stridore volantum,  
Flebilis auditur quæstus : simulacra  
coloni  
Pallida, defunctasque vident migrare  
figuras.* "

" *Migrare* " (if we reject the alternative reading " *mugire*," to which the attention of the Delphin is duly called) is explained by the weird story told by Procopius, how at midnight the Breton sailors hear a knock at the door, but when they rise there is no one there. Their boats are on the shore, empty to all appearance ; yet when they put to sea, they are weighed down to the water's-edge by invisible passengers. These they must convey across to the shores of Great Britain, and they do it in a single

hour, instead of toiling the whole night.

Probably some change has come with time, and in these days perhaps they carry more vegetables than ghosts. The countless fleets of little ships that fill our seaport towns with dark-eyed Bretons, in hats bound with velvet, carrying strings of onions, still come over laden to the water's-edge ; but they are weighted, not with the cares and sorrows of worn-out lives, going to rest on the shores of an unknown Thule, but with every sort and kind of garden produce to feed the millions of modern England.

No, child ! I don't want to see the dolmen in your garden. I have seen dolmens enough. Besides, I can survey nearly the whole of your garden from where I sit ; and there can be no stone in it of any size—nothing taller than that gauntest of lean Breton pigs, which I see, and hear, and am otherwise aware of. Did I not lie in the stubble of a field near Dôl, partly corn-field, partly orchard, and gaze with wonder at the great dolmen there, rising high above the apple-trees in the blazing heat, with the shadow of a wheat-sheaf thrown upon it sharp and black, and on the top a crucifix, to remind one that Brittany is "an old Druidess baptised" ? And have I not seen whole hosts and armies of dolmens at Carnac, arrayed, as it seemed, over miles of country ? Unlike Deucalion, who turned stones into men, St Cornelius turned all those men into dolmens, because they teased him. Child ! do you hear ? How do you know that I am not a saint ? Be off, do ! and let me look at the people in peace ; or maybe I shall turn you into a dolmen for the gaunt pig to rub against.

These Breton children are not pretty : perhaps a little maid is

not set off to best advantage with an ugly tight cap, which quite conceals the hair and makes the back of her head look like a tennis-ball. (In the *pays de Treguier* the caps are red, and the head accordingly looks like a cricket-ball.) I don't admire you, you little monotonous persistency; but you will be well-looking by-and-by—for of all these matrons that are coming trooping past, there are few that have not the comeliness of health and strength, and they have a sturdy, honest, God-fearing look which is pleasant to gaze upon. Moreover, *their* caps are a brave sight,—even the plain linen ones, which predominate, are large and clean, cunningly folded, and unspoilt by ugly bonnets; so that the wearers, with their black dresses, look like those little people in an old Flemish picture, who kneel up, on a very small scale and quite in the corner, to remind us that they caused that picture to be painted five or six hundred years ago. But there is a good sprinkling of more splendid ones, rich with embroidery, and of that ancient and stately shape which the young student of history admires in the illustrations of Mrs Markham. One thing about these women is especially commendable—they do not deteriorate with age; the lovely child of six does not become at sixty a petrifying Gorgon.

Henry Kingsley, that genial optimist, declares that *all* old women are beautiful. It is a pleasant saying, and yet withal a hard one; for I remember, many years ago, when I was a child, seeing in Rome, and elsewhere in Italy, several old women whom I could not consider beautiful. They had no visible means of subsistence, but to most of them something very disagreeable had happened—something which, by de-

stroying or distorting a limb or a feature, really constituted their stock-in-trade, and set them up in life. Truly they were, as Evelyn rather spitefully says of Queen Catherine's maids of honour, "sufficiently unagreeable," so that I was both disgusted and frightened at them, and am so still whenever I think of them.

Now here there are no such Hecates; but troops of worthy-looking old ladies, strong on their legs and well preserved, come streaming down the road with their sons and grandsons, comfortable and dignified in dress and demeanour, preparing for their day's amusement in rather graver fashion than is usual in other countries, and perhaps for that reason among others displaying a notable absence of vulgarity.

Ah, monsieur! that will never do; it is not a bit like an English four-in-hand—it isn't indeed. In vain are the dust-coat and the plum-pudding dog. Why, one of the leaders is piebald like a circus horse, and it is of no use to fold one's arms, groom fashion, in a kind of black blouse. No—one or two old families have gone by in patriarchal chariots, looking quite the right thing; but you are modern, and *not* quite the right thing. Go again to Chantilly and learn your lesson better.

Fie! what ugly music is this coming along? It is a wonderful old hurdy-gurdy group: a blind old man making sounds on his instrument that would be better left unmade; an old woman, surely not from these parts, for no white cap relieves the chaos of brown odds and ends of which she seems to be made up; and lastly, an aged dog, who, being provided by nature with four legs, all of which can be used when desired, nevertheless prefers as a rule to employ



only three at a time. This "conservation of energy," which is very common in certain kinds of dogs, is a strange and parsimonious habit, for which it is hard to see any valid and sufficient reason.

There is my friend "the Buzard" giving the old man a coin, and extracting change out of him—heaps and heaps of change—while admiring peasants stand around and marvel at the wealth to which their own poverty has contributed not five minutes ago.

Now, sir! where are you coming to? driving that great camel of a horse so close to my wall that you nearly carried both my feet away and sent me spinning backwards into the buckwheat. Get out of the way! Ewch oddiar y ffordd! He understood that Welsh, or at least he made some reply. The driver has no control over his horse whatever: half the horses that I have seen to-day go as if they were in harness for the first time (as they probably are), and rule of the road there is none. Every colt and filly for miles around, let alone mules and asses, is put in harness to-day. In endless procession down every lane they come, leaving for once their daily drudgery on the scattered farms. What wonder that they are excited, and go, in one respect at any rate, like the wind, precisely where they list?

Here comes an old man from the Quimper region, quite a contrast to the Léonais in their uniformly black suits and red or blue sashes. This old fellow has his hair all down his back, a very wide-brimmed low hat, a blue jacket with gold embroidery, a mighty staff, and, last not least, the Bragon Bras—those huge balloon-like pantaloons, said to have been imposed on their tenants by the noblesse "afin qu'ils ne puissent

marcher trop vite sur la route de la révolte." For this purpose they are certainly well adapted: the wonder is that they permit the wearer to march on any route at all.

Why, his companion looks like —no, it cannot be the girl we saw in the cathedral at St Brieuc a fortnight ago; she would not be holiday-making to-day. What could have been that woman's story? In the crowded church, crammed and packed in every corner, there were others who had no seat—people who came late, or poor men in sabots stuffed with straw, who had no sou to pay for a chair. But she was there early, and she was not poor; yet in a line of quiet, honest-looking *bourgeoises* she alone had no chair, but knelt upon the stones, a harmless, gentle-looking thing, a grave white face in a clean white wimple, with that curious shadow on the forehead which is more pathetic than the developed line or wrinkle. There she knelt till I could suffer it no longer, and offered her my chair. There was a momentary gesture of declining it; then, with instinctive good manners, she took it, but not to sit on. She only made believe to use it; then, after a little while, with a quiet smile of thanks, she returned it, and withdrew, to kneel again, no doubt, in some still obscurer corner of the church, where no one would disturb or trouble her. It all took place before a throng of peasants, men and women, but no one turned or stared: they showed true courtesy, just looking up with a sympathetic glance, and then at once turning back their eyes to their books or towards the altar. What was it, that heaven should be thus besieged? Was it hail on the ripening corn? or trouble and sickness in the house? or was it——

There's the camel right across the road, and a runaway coming down from St Pol! Good heavens! are you hurt, madame? The horse is all right, if we can disentangle the two shays. That's it: and now let us get some of the broken glass off the road. Well, you all take it quietly enough, though it seemed to be a bad smash; but then you are Bretons, not French people to scream and gabble. Besides, I daresay the same thing happened last year, and will happen again many a time.

Dear me!—that is the second or third idiot that I have seen to-day. Now what amount of amusement will that poor fellow get out of the day's proceedings? and is it, on the whole, better for him and his that he should be free to come grimacing to the regatta? or that he should be shut up with a hundred others, under care that may (or may not) make him something less idiotic than he is? Probably he has some one talent in a high degree,—he has perhaps unrivalled skill at bowls, or he can delicately carve little toys of wood, or sing at times like Morvan in Souvestre's story.

In 1530 a little party of Breton poets were assembled in the *auberge* of the Resurrection at Loudeac, while all the world around them was hushed in the silence of a deep snow. There were Ives-with-the-big-feet, and Peter-of-the-Wood-by-the-Sea, and Jacques Colinée, drinking their cider at a table by the fire; and to them Tanguy the Kernevot told his charming story of Triffine, the wife of Arthur—a story far nobler, to my mind, than that of Guinevere. The hearers listened enthralled, and then they all fell to talking over the good old times of Brittany. "Ah," sighed one, as perhaps some Breton village poet sighs still, "we

have no more saints among us now, since the French are come. There is an end of Brittany, and soon our language will be forgotten." "Nay," cried another: "let the nobles be as French as they please, we will be Bretons still, with our own tongue, our own saints, our own poetry!" Talking and enthusiasm made them thirsty. "More cider, widow Flohic!" "No more now," said she. "Listen,—'tis midnight!" Then out in the darkness they heard a bell, and the sound of a voice passing over the snow—

"Awake! all ye that sleep:  
Pray for the dead! Pray for the dead!"

"'Tis the *Sonneur des âmes*," said Peter, "come to us like Death amid our joys and hopes, to remind us of those in our cemeteries who now await our prayers. Let the innocent now demand pardon of God for the souls of the suffering." Then there crawled out from under the table a thing which had crouched there like a dog—a creature in which gleams of reason shone but rarely, all human semblance being wellnigh crushed out by that most horrible of misfortunes that beset mankind. "The boon companions left their cups and knelt, and there came a great silence. Outside the wind was heard, sighing among the angles of the roof, and making the iron pulley of the rude well squeak mournfully; the bell of the *Sonneur des âmes* tinkled in the distance, and his monotonous cry came fitfully, mixed with a confused sound of mills and falling water. Suddenly, in the midst of all these murmurs of the night and death, gently, sadly, sweetly rose the voice of the idiot, intoning the *De Profundis* for the repose of the souls of the dead."

What thousands of people, and

how I should like to know a little more about them! Are any of these fellows wreckers and exhibitors of false lights tied to a heifer's head? Is the Chouan spirit still smouldering in them? Do they still write sad little madrigals, and *guerz*, and *chansons*, and act strange indigenous plays—half republican, half theocratic—under the trees in the forest country, with a Celtic Thespis as *choragus*? Will such a spirit ever come upon them again as did when their own Duchess Anne twice wore the crown of France, and they protested by a great national revival; when there was a great outbreak of Breton poetry, and under the hands of vast guilds of Breton craftsmen, wandering hither and thither through town and country, the *Logeurs du Bon Dieu*, forms of beauty rose in every hamlet—tall towers of granite and lace-like screens of oak, all as a protest against French dominion? Perhaps it may, but one fears it won't. National revivals against foreign domination are not *constructive* nowadays, especially among the Celts.

Well, I must think of getting home. It's going to rain; the day's fun is nearly over, and the stream of people already sets the other way. All the world will soon be going back to the scattered farms and *bartons* among the uplands between St Pol and Lesneven.

Here comes a little man who has had rather too much cider (a common failing among the Bretons, so it is said; but on the whole, there is little sign of it). This object comes making the most extraordinary noise I ever heard in my life: for to begin with, he has that within him which makes him garrulous; secondly, he is a Breton, and therefore by nature prone to speak a guttural tongue; and

thirdly, he is somewhat "afflicted," and has no roof to his mouth. The result is, that with a powerful organ and a limited choice of letters (only *r*, *n*, *g*, and *h* being apparently at his disposal), he makes a sound such as Gulliver might have heard from a Brobdingnag cricket. How marvellous are the gyrations of one "disguised in liquor"! That powerful, sensible-looking woman who plods on straight ahead up the road is, I suppose, his wife, and to her, though all unheeding, is addressed the ceaseless stream of guttural indignation which seems to fill the whole air. Across and across, tacking hither and thither with futile shots and efforts to attach himself to his sturdy spouse, lo! where he makes his devious way. And is it not a standing miracle, that amid a crowd of horses as wayward and uncontrolled as he is himself, he still wins through unhurt? When he gets home, let him do two things: let him receive with due submission what that good woman is reserving to say to him, accompanied by any discipline that may seem good in her eyes; and to-morrow, when he reflects on what Providence has done for him among the horses, let him order a little votive *shandrydan* to hang up in his parish church, alongside of the three-masted frigate which neighbour Yves Keramanach hung there after the great hurricane some years ago.

Here comes the rain, and I must be off, or Madame Phelipot will rebuke me for being late for dinner, and the fat man with nasty manners will have eaten up all the *vol au ventres* (or whatever madame calls them), leaving nothing but those lying peaches, blushing crimson at the hardness of their own hearts.

It has been a pleasant time on

the wall—much to see and more to think about—though this is not perhaps quite that ancient Brittany where Briareus still holds the Time God sound asleep: one must go into the wilds of Cornouaille or Morbihan for that. Still if one could have a quiet chat with some of these good country folks, strange things would still be told of what befalls by night when the family are all shut up in their *lits clos*. How the Poulpiquet changeling is the trouble of the young matron's life, and how the cattle kneel in their stalls when the Biniou sounds, and quaint canticles are sung at the cross-road Calvaries on Christmas Eve; how the siren Mary Morgan sings and combs her hair on the lake of Vannes, and the skeletons hear Mass at dead of night in Carnac church; how the tailor is still the accredited agent in matrimonial matters throughout the villages of Cornouaille, and the coming epidemic is heralded by terrible forms of women draped in red.

All these and a thousand other things one might hear even now, for the Bretons still hold their way, and yield but slowly to the influx of French ideas. In matters of more serious import than ghosts and fairies, they bid defiance to the "spirit of the age"; for they are still building great churches, still putting up granite Calvaries of much beauty at every cross-road, side by side with the remains of thousands destroyed in '93. In short, they still raise the hat and bend the knee where the Parisian would throw the stone.

The change, we are told, must come; though even so one cannot but sometimes wonder whether there may not be elements of strength in this simple-minded people that will resist the kind of enlightenment of which Paris is the capital (is it true that Brit-

tany increases and France does not?). At any rate, I am glad to have seen this ancient corner of the earth before its domestic life is that depicted by Zola or the 'Petit Journal pour Rire,' and its civilisation completed on the pattern drawn out for it by M. Paul Bert.

On the way back towards St Pol, among the returning throng, there come into my mind the gentle and regretful words in which the great master of Breton romance looks back on what has been, and forward to what is to be: "Children of progress," he says, "we are resigned to all that may be in store for us. We know that for the painful march on which it has entered, humanity has been obliged to strip itself of its ancient garb, to say farewell to the roof and altars of its forefathers, without looking back on the shadows of its ancestral home, the prayers said by the cradle's side, or the stories told at night, to the hum of the old nurse's spinning-wheel," and so on;—it all reminds one of Charles Lamb's apostrophe to antiquity, that wondrous charm that turns us into Januses, who cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we ever revert. Souvestre cannot paint for his native province a happy future in the vivid colours which he lavishes on its past (and possibly there is a tameness in all Utopias—a want of shadow to throw out the light); but a future for it better than its past he hopes there will be.

So do I, and so does every one who has been there; and one may perhaps be allowed the further hope that, with the improvement of which there is no doubt a crying need, there will not be entire departure from the traditions of a serious, thoughtful, imaginative race.

## TRYING THE YACHT.

*A Poem in Sonnets.*

## I.—THE COUNTRY FENCED AND FORBIDDEN.

Now, while the breath of summer up the street  
 Comes with the freshness of the dewy fern,  
 And hearts, baked in the town's black oven, yearn  
 For freedom and the country, it were sweet  
 In some far grassy wild or hill retreat,  
 Where whin and broom in fragrant beauty burn,  
 And unconsumed, to feel where'er we turn  
 The ground all holy to our naked feet!  
 Filled with the pious thought I rise and go,  
 Repeating to myself—*This very day*  
*I, I will stand where heaven's own winds shall blow*  
*The town-dust from my choking heart away.*  
 But, *No!* shouts o'er the fence the keeper,—*No!*  
 And holds me with a trespass-board at bay.

## II.—THE MOUNTAINS ONLY A MEMORY.

Therefore blaze on, ye vernal altar fires  
 Of crag and knoll, unvisited of me;  
 From the rough highway only must I see  
 Your golden beauty burn through caging wires  
 And fencing thorns,—smothering my quick desires  
 To worship at your flame: but there would be  
 A high priest at your altars were I free  
 To set my feet where my whole heart aspires!  
 'Tis sweet at least to know the fields are green  
 With waters wandering through them far and near;  
 That in the quiet drawing-rooms serene  
 Of the far hills the sun is shining clear,  
 And that the feelings—calm and free and clean—  
 Which they inspire, may reach us even here.

## III.—FREEDOM ON THE SEA.

O Thou that madest Scotland, haugh and hill,  
 Sharp-cleaving craig and river-channelled lea,  
 Moor, marsh, and loch—my heart-warm thanks to Thee  
 Grateful and glad I pay, and ever will.  
 But there are gifts of Thine more valued still  
 Which to all men Thou gavest ever free;  
 Of these I mention, Mind, and Sun, and Sea—  
 Which force has never fenced, nor fraud, nor skill!  
 No castle holds the MIND, no cage the SUN,

And OCEAN frolics in primeval pride;  
 Servant of all, he will be slave to none,  
 Nor own control throughout his empire wide,  
 But free of foot his little waves shall run,  
 And unrestrained shall roll his giant tide!

IV.—DISCOVERY OF LEVIATHAN AT PLAY.

Forth, therefore, o'er the blue triumphant bay,  
 While the sun shines this dewy morning tide,  
 Borne on the back of billows! Soft they glide  
 Under our keel that cuts through wind and spray.  
 Forth till we view Leviathan at play  
 Out on the wilderness of ocean wide,  
 With all the green waves gambolling by his side  
 In solitary mirth the long bright day!  
 Our yacht disturbs him not: we veer and tack  
 With larger freedom, now the winds arise;  
 Thrills every board, and rope and cordage crack,  
 And up we go half flying to the skies,  
 Scaling the monster's corrugated back,  
 Then downward like a driven bolt that flies!

V.—THE ARK IN DANGER.

As from beneath us slips his living bulk,  
 Leaving us for a moment poised on air,  
 Downward as to abysmal depths we fare,  
 While off the laughing monster seems to skulk.  
 Haste to the succour of our sinking hulk  
 The little waves, that buoy us up, and bear  
 The ark we had given over to despair  
 Onward—to other fears! No place to sulk!  
 If Neptune slaps you with a sloppy fin,  
 Fling him your dignity; you were as well!  
 What matters for a drenched and dripping skin  
 If yet you feel, and yet you live to tell  
 The joyful fear and freedom you were in?  
 Stand by the sheet, my boy, and take your spell!

VI.—SEA-SICK ON A HOLIDAY.

Brave must he be that with the storm would toy  
 In midmost ocean in a nutshell bark—  
 Brave must he be! And with th' increasing dark  
 His bravery must increase! A calmer joy  
 Sits on the sea, as past the rocking buoy  
 Glides the sea-loving landsman in some ark  
 Away on a smooth keel from all the cark  
 And all the cares that life on land annoy!  
 But ocean's joys, the gentlest yet that be,  
 Are not without their tax; and he, poor squirrel!

That from his cage has hastened to be free—  
 Sick, and bewildered, with his wits awirl,  
 Now groans to windward and now pukes to lee,  
 And for his wheel longs like a home-sick girl!

VII.—EARTH'S ONE POSSESSOR.

Glorious in all thy phases—black or bright,  
 In storm or sun, both when thy surges flee  
 Like horses of the desert shaking free  
 The glory of their necks, stately in flight;  
 And when they pause under the spell of Night  
 Like the same herd pasturing a level lea  
 With lowered heads—thou seem'st, O living sea,  
 Earth's one possessor in thy strong delight!  
 Thy arms alone enclasp the mighty round,  
 Straining it to thy bosom: it is thine!  
 The various vermin of the land are found  
 In what escapes thy clasp: they grow, they pine,  
 They sink again into the sordid ground;  
 But thou art strong, and deathless, and divine!

VIII.—THE FOAM-BELLS OF THE LAND.

O fair is life, as foam-bells on the wave;  
 Yet frail as fair, as fragile as the bell;  
 A little while to flourish and look well,  
 And a long while to moulder in the grave!  
 The beauty born of flesh what, what can save?  
 The lion's eye, the leopard's glossy fell,  
 The visionary grace of the gazelle,  
 Life at its loveliest—graceful, brilliant, brave?  
*The land has bubbles as the water has,*  
*And these are of them!* Comes the natal hour,  
 They lighten in the sun; comes fate, they pass  
 After a little, little lease of power—  
 Heedlessly o'er them runs the feeble grass,  
 And all their monument's an alien flower.

JAMES LOGIE ROBERTSON.

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## MASTER TOMMY'S EXPERIMENT:

## A HEATHER-BURNING STORY.

ONE breezy morning in late March, the factor, his grieve, and a couple of keepers stood on an occupation road, at a gate leading out on to a great stretch of moorland. The heather was black in many places, or rather there were black spots and long lanes running through the heather, showing where it had been recently burnt, and the men were discussing the advisability of continuing their work and burning more. The wind was so high, and the ling which came next in turn was so dry and parched by it, helped by occasional blinks of a March sun, that the keeper was afraid the fire might get "the head of them," and burn more than would be good for his department: and the forester, who arrived shortly after the discussion began, concurred in these views. But the grieve, a man of weight, both in opinion and substance, vehemently scoffed at the possibility of such a thing happening. "We've plenty of hands," he said; "the season is getting on, and we've still lots to do, and if we don't do it now, we shan't do it at all this year—that's *my* opinion. When the head keeper suggested that even if half the moor was burnt, he, the grieve, would not be much put out, that official threw the taunt aside with a grunt, and fixed his eyes on the factor, awaiting his decision. And the factor, being interested in the keeper's grouse and the grieve's sheep, as well as in the plantation which the forester was always trying to persuade his master to make on part of that hill-side, considered the matter fairly and dispassionately,

and thus gave it: "We'll try it, anyhow, and we'll take plenty of men." Then the grieve blew a joyous whistle, putting a forefinger of each hand in his mouth, causing to issue thence a shrill sound, which went far over hill and dale; and in a short time a goodly array of men appeared from all parts of the compass—from the steading below, and from various bothies and cottages round, some of them finishing their breakfasts as they arrived, and all armed with one or two long switches of birch, called technically "beaters," or "trees." They, too, had been discussing the wind, uncertain as to what would prove the order of the day; but when it came they came also, like good soldiers, keeping their private opinions to themselves, whatever they might be—or at all events, not obtruding them upon their betters.

This small army, twenty or so in number, climbed the hill above them, and soon reached the place where the day's work was to commence. The factor lit a match—the wind had it out in a second, but not before the thin white grass, to which it was applied, caught fire. The grieve thrust a long withered bunch of heather into the young flame, and in a few seconds ran out a line of fire twenty yards long. The men ranged themselves up against it, and with their birch switches beat out the flame on the windward side,—not always easy work, for it ran through the undergrowth with wonderful quickness, and care, and sometimes a few minutes' hard work, was necessary to prevent it spreading in a wrong direction. In an hour, a very



long line of fire was established, ever eating up against the breeze, crackling and sputtering, and reducing to soft black powder or burnt stalks everything that came in its way. Then—when this line was four or five feet wide—the heather, fifty yards off, was kindled in a parallel, and a rush of red flame and grey dense smoke tore over the strip, raging and fuming with irresistible fury till it reached the black boundary, where it immediately died harmlessly out. The first line was ever carried on well in advance of the second, and before midday a long black trail was left behind, carried up hill and down dale, straight and even, measured and kept in check by the careful eyes of men trained and experienced in such work. The men had brought what they called “a dry piece” with them, and the factor supplied the moisture which they considered necessary for its proper digestion—whisky. They all had a glass at dinner-time, and about six o’clock were preparing for another as a strengthener for the last hour’s work, when an accident happened which made them all change their plans, and prevented many an honest fellow from eating his porridge at home that night, or sleeping in his own bed.

That morning Master Tommy, aged ten, son of the laird, went through the programme which he had for some time chalked out for himself as being necessary. He hid himself in a barn, then in a shrubbery, was discovered, admonished, howled, had his ears boxed, and then consented to set out on his daily visit to the kind minister who was teaching him Latin—a governess accompanying him to the gate of the manse, and watching him safely inside the door. Master Tommy had not advanced far enough into the mysteries of

the noble language to become greatly enamoured of it; and never had the verb “amo” seemed more hollow to him, or more meaningless, than on that fine March morning. On the previous day—a half-holiday—he had, for the first time, assisted at the annual ceremony of “muir-burn.” A good-natured keeper had got him a birchen switch suitable to his age and dimensions, and Tommy, most exceedingly to his edification, had spent three hours in thrashing away at any bit of flame he could reach. He got greatly in the way of everybody. Now and then he tumbled into a hag, and had to be pulled out. Two or three times he lost himself in the smoke, and announced his condition to all whom it might concern with wild and mournful howls. He was voted a nuisance by every one on the hill; but this did not lessen his enjoyment in the least, and he was much put out when the last flames were extinguished, and he was told the fun was over for the day. Then he went home; and a more grimy, smoky urchin never entered his father’s house. His clothes were torn and his face black, and he carried with him into the drawing-room an atmosphere which caused him to be promptly ejected, a housemaid being sent in chase, with orders to severely wash him. When the process had been carried out—not without much kicking—and the soap was well from his eyes, he informed her that burning heather was the grandest sport in which he had ever engaged, and that for his part, when he became a man, he intended to do little else. But the next morning, as we have related, his manœuvres to avoid lessons were detected and checkmated, and strict orders were given that he was to return to the house immediately the minister let him

go, and that on no account was he to think of going on the hill again. Tommy, without any intention of keeping it, gave his word, as being the easiest way of preventing a messenger being sent to conduct him home at night. But he was so inattentive and so troublesome to his tutor, that that gentleman, after a long lecture on his bad behaviour and evil ways, was glad to let him go at four o'clock—a full hour before his time. Tommy carefully reconnoitred the road near the manse, to see if any one was lying in wait to take him home, and then, climbing the dyke, set off with a beating heart, as fast as his small legs would let him, to the nearest hill-top, from which he expected to be able to see signs of the whereabouts of the workmen. His sagacity was rewarded. He saw a long line of fire slowly burning up against the wind, but at a great distance: he could not make out the figures of the men attending it. Tommy, however, was not so disheartened at this as might have been supposed. Crushed into a shapeless mass in one of his hot knickerbocker pockets was an emblem of great power—a box of matches, warranted to strike on anything. He drew this treasure out, and with a shaking hand struck one, and lit a small isolated tuft of heather. Then with a larger tuft, which he managed to pull up, he beat out the flame almost before it had well kindled. There was shelter in this hollow, though on the open moor the wind was blowing as freshly as ever, and he had no difficulty in accomplishing this. So for a long time he amused himself mightily, burning tiny patches here and there; and as the ground was damp and the heather poor and thin, he easily put out his conflagrations. Tommy was a sharp and clever

boy, and he had sense enough to know that a big flame would be the means of bringing people down to see what was the matter and inquire as to the kindler,—and he did not want to betray himself and curtail his delightful amusement. But the spirit of mischief was abroad on those moors that March afternoon—whether in the shape of old Katherine Buchanan the witch, as some said afterwards, or merely as an impalpable essence, as is most likely, matters little—and this spirit led Tommy step by step from the safe and thinly covered marshy hollow towards the skirt of a long plantation. This plantation had been in some respects a failure. The ground was cold, and the larch and firs had made but small progress, rather inclining to bush out in width than exert themselves to stand up as forest trees. After the forester and his men had several times “beat up” the wood, making good the gaps among the plants, the owner got tired of their want of success. The fences were “let” down, and sheep and cattle could get in if they wanted. But there was little there to tempt them: the long rank heather, and the still longer sour white grass, would have been despised by any old blackface who stood on this side of starvation. This badly developed wood was about 800 yards long, and lay broadside on to a vast extent of moorland, terminated by older woods, and the latter stretched away in stately pride for miles and miles. The heather on the far side of the young wood at which Tommy had arrived was exceedingly dense and high. The authorities had meditated planting this also, but the failure in what had already been done made them delay the work, and meanwhile it had not been burnt or interfered

with, but left that it might be a shelter to the young trees, if ever they were put in: young wood does not do well on burnt ground.

If we have made the surroundings of this place clear to the reader, we have shown that a mischievous boy possessed of that most dangerous commodity, a little learning, and a box of matches to boot, could not well have been deposited in a locality where he could do more harm. Tommy eyed the long rank heather on the tumbled-down bank of the plantation, and a noble ambition shot into his mind. "I'll light it below," he thought, "and then run up the bank and put it out before it gets on. It'll burn splendidly!" This boy, after his late experiences, considered himself capable of coping with a very formidable conflagration. He had been timid in the hollow, where there was no need for fear, and now he was about to be fearfully rash where there was the greatest cause for alarm. "Be not too bold." Tommy had never read Spenser, and would have appreciated him as much as the Latin grammar. He struck one of his last matches, applied it to an inviting tussock of dry grass, and sprang up the bank, armed with his little heather switch. He did not stay there long, however, neither had he occasion to use any more of the treasures in his box. In two or three seconds Tommy jumped off this bank, dropped his switch, and ran off as fast as his legs would carry him; and the wish that predominated then in his small breast was that he had never been born.

The fire ran quickly up the sloping bank; then for a moment or two it seemed baffled, and a man with strong arms and a knowledge of using them, could have got the

mastery. But it slowly worked its way across the thin herbage on the turf dyke, and got inside the wood: a long venomous yellow flame shot out ahead, and touched a tuft of grass; ready fuel lay on every side, and the plantation was fairly alight in a few seconds. The fire spread out and took to itself ample ground. It ran furiously in a long red and yellow wall up the little brae where the trees first began, encouraged and fanned by the motion in the air its own blaze made, shrivelling up the stunted Scotch firs and spruce which had so long striven to make their livelihood out of the inhospitable soil, and had now to see and feel a moment's blaze and pain ruin the work of years. As it neared the top of the brae the fire got help from the wind, roughly blowing where there was no shelter, and it then went roaring and hissing through the plantation, driving out all its small tenants—the rabbits and hares—and proclaiming in a most unmistakable way to all within a wide radius that it had started off at last to do its work, and that it meant to do it thoroughly.

So, about six o'clock, the men legitimately burning, a mile and a half or so away from the scene of Master Tommy's little experiment, were thinking of their suppers, and impatiently watching the indefatigable grieve, who still kept running out his safety-lines and calling on them to stand by him lest the boundaries should be passed. Old Mungo M'Naughton had been sent a little way back to bring on the basket which held the whisky and the glasses. Mungo pulled out the cork of one bottle and tasted it, to see if any of the idle loons had been playing a trick on honest men by exchanging peat water for good liquor; and while

he was slowly tilting the bottle's base up against the dying sun, he became aware of something which alarmed him so much that he swallowed more in one gulp than he could manage, and nearly choked, and for a moment he could not call out. By the time the whisky had found out its way—some through his waistcoat, but the bulk down his shrivelled old throat—the other men had seen the blaze, and he lost for ever the credit and honour of having been the first to call attention to it. "What's that, forester?" "By —, what's that?" "The young wood's on fire!" "Away with you;—run, men, run;—get to it for God's sake, or we'll never manage that!" The factor called the oldest and steadiest boy to him: "Run for your life, lad, to the farm, and alarm everybody. Shout at all the bothies, and send up every living soul to the hill." The lad set off like a young deer, grieving to leave temporarily the scene of so much excitement, and yet proud of his task, and at being the first bearer of ill news. Two active men were detailed to cut fresh beaters in a neighbouring wood, and then the factor set off after his rapidly lessening men as hard as he could stretch, with that peculiar sinking about the knees and thumping of the heart which people feel when suddenly called on for exciting work which entails great physical labour. Wonderful stories were told afterwards as to the time taken by some active souls to cover that mile and a half. Robert M'Corquodale claimed to have been the first at the fire; but as he was reported to have slunk away half-an-hour previously, hoping not to be missed, and his house lay in the direction of the manse, he did not ultimately get as much credit for his nimbleness as he

thought due. However, in no long time every one was up, different emotions agitating different bosoms,—some of the youngsters merely excited at the prospect of seeing enormous damage caused; the older men understanding well the long and serious work which lay before them. The grieve and keepers were horrified at the sight, and the head forester almost out of his mind at the prospect of such ruin to his department.

The sight was an appalling one: the fire was sweeping up the whole breadth of the plantation, and not all the men in Scotland and all the fire-engines in London would have availed anything there. The wind drove it furiously on; great flames shot out on all sides—twisted, yellow, scorching flames—licking up with thirsty tongues everything that came in their way, shooting out with extraordinary rapidity twenty feet in advance, and seizing on everything they touched. Green or dry it made little difference, and the spreading spruce and silver firs, which would have burnt but languidly on a bonfire, changed in a moment their sappy luxuriance for a shrivelled mass of brown desolation. No one there, however little used to such a sight, but knew that to attempt to cope with the fire then was as useless as to start to bail Loch Awe with a stable bucket. The god would work his way in that wood at any rate, let who will say him nay. The men were as bold and hardy and daring as Scotch hillmen could be, but even they could do nothing against the mass of red edging from which flames shot out many feet, and fiercely licked round the forms of any standing within measurable distance of their possessions. The grieve pluckily tried it, darting in at a weak place and giving one mighty stroke with his beater.

The grievance went in,—a man clad in a hairy and woolly suit of homespun, a good curly beard and moustache adorning his cheerful face,—and he came out a singed and scorched creature, hardly recognised by his wife the next day, every hair on his knickerbockers and coat and stockings gone, and most of those on his face sadly curtailed.

The factor put most of his men in front of the wood, a few being left on either side to put out the flaming bits of grass which were now and then blown over into the heather. These latter had plenty of work to do. The light bent flew like small comets from the plantation; and the herbage being very dry, it took many quickly repeated blows of the beaters to put out even a tiny flame, so rapidly did the fire run along the ground. "Swish" would come a huge besom, driven with a will by a great strong fellow into a flaming tuft, and the blaze would seemingly go out; but even whilst he was raising his beater for another stroke, it would start up again, defying him, and the quickly applied strokes of two or three men might be wanted to keep it in check. The factor and some of the men stood at the end of the wood, inactive then, for the fire had not yet reached the boundary, but bracing themselves up as it were for work which they knew a few minutes would bring them. And then one man there compared small things with great, and remembered the description which Napier gives of how, in one of the great battles of the Peninsula, a lull came over the fight, and for a few moments after the explosion of a magazine the men of both armies stood idle on the bare Spanish hillside—idle for a moment, to get on with their work more fiercely after the short pause.

The sight of the great irregular wall of advancing flame was a very grand one, and it seemed grander to an onlooker a little removed from the smoke and splutter and minor noises which it created. Like Job's war-horse, it devoured the ground—all that stood upon the ground; a man did not need a poetical imagination to compare it with an army. Like an army it had its advanced guards—the long lurching flames which pioneered the way. The tufts of burning grass, which fell thickly on the sides, might be likened to spies sent out to see the lie of the land. And like an irresistible army it pressed on,—the bravest troops on earth would have to retreat before such a foe.

When the men first came round to the head of the wood, they set to work to lay a snare for the enemy they could not fairly meet, and they began to burn a line some hundred yards ahead of the last fence, so that he might exhaust his fury on bare ground. But the heather was so dense and rank and dry, and the breadth to be covered so great, that the factor stopped them. He was afraid of the new fire occupying their attention when they ought to be grappling with the old.

He wished to save their strength; the switches, too, were worn, and the new supply had not yet come. And lastly, though all this has taken some time to read, the doing of it was quickly carried out. Only a few stragglers had come up yet, and it was with divided forces, and weary arms, and inefficient weapons, that the enemy had to be met. A few seconds would show whether men were to sleep in bed that night, or spend it in grappling with the wildest conflagration the oldest inhabitant had ever seen. The great irregular wall of fire came threateningly on; already stray bits

of lighted stuff flew on ahead, each one kindling the heather outside, and being hastily beaten and trampled out by hurrying men. But the flames were still some way back from the plantation fence when most saw that nothing but a miracle could save them from spreading over that frail march. The wind seemed to exult in giving help to their enemy,—a hundred burning tufts flew out on to the moor—five hundred—a thousand: panting men beating out one in their front found two or three blazing up at their backs, each demanding instant attention. Every blow of the beaters loosened lighted fragments of the wiry bent, dry as touchwood, and these in their turn kindled fresh places. By the time the reinforcements arrived, and fresh strength was added to the weary workers, the wood was left far behind, black and smouldering, and a great body of flame was driving through the heather, pressing across the moor towards the thousands of acres of wood which still rejoiced in their green beauty miles away, whilst a hundred and fifty men toiled in its wake, and thrust themselves on its flanks, and even unavailingly charged it in front. And the good men set their teeth and swore to themselves, that if men could put out that fire they would do it; and the skulkers idled and lit their pipes, and wondered how much whisky they would be able to get hold of, working prodigiously when the factor or any one in authority was near. Before nine o'clock the fire was a mile and a half on its way, with a head a quarter of a mile broad, the crowd following it, doing at present little more than follow it, but yet in some measure guiding it and preventing it from spreading and carrying utter desolation over the whole length and breadth of the

moors. The frightened grouse and black game flew before it; the wood-cocks nestled in the heather, hardly stirring till the heat compelled them; and the beetles and snails and ants, and all manner of creeping things, "perished in the flaming night of their last judgment."

An idle man would have found much to interest him in the way in which different people did their work that night, and could have made many studies of character by that fierce light. The estate on which all this happened was a very large one, and many different trades were represented on the hill. There was the clerk of works, summoned from his office by a shrieking lass telling him that "the property was on fire." It was not his business to meddle with such things, but he was there as soon as any one, manfully lashing at the fierce red edge, and retiring at intervals into the dark background to cough and groan out the smoke which penetrated into the inmost recesses of his honest interior. Many of his men were there too,—masons and joiners and plumbers, in the main good fellows,—working hard and diligently at the unaccustomed job. The cattleman left his cattle; the butler asked leave for absence from dinner, and had to return after coming half the way, to change his dress coat. Many shepherds were there: they hurried from their homes in lonely glens, guided by the great blaze which their knowledge of the ground told them had no right to be where it was. These men understood their business: they did not rush at their work with the fury of inexperience, but quietly and determinedly stuck to it in a way which was in the long-run the most serviceable. In fact, every able-bodied man in the district, and many who were exceedingly de-

crepid, reached during the night the place of action. And all these men worked according to their inclinations and lights,—no one had time to see in the smoke and confusion that individuals scattered over a large space did what they ought.

“We’ll no’ manage it unless the wind gaes down,” said a shepherd.

“We *must* manage it,” said the factor.

“We’ll no’ manage it, wind or no’,” said an old saw-miller, who had been attracted by the blaze and the hope of whisky, and who had not done one stroke of real work.

“It’ll be in Langwell wood in an hour,” said another.

“If it gets into Langwell,” said the forester, “it’ll get into Creildarrach; and if it gets into Creildarrach——”

Perhaps the factor should have gone on at once and made sure of the safety of the Langwell woods by burning a strip outside, but that meant sacrificing most of the moor which lay in front of them. He was very anxious to save some part of it, and he knew that the shepherd had greatly overestimated the pace at which the work of destruction was being done. On him the responsibility rested, and it was not easy to decide,—it was almost painful. He compromised the matter.

“We will stay here for a bit,” he said, “and if the worst comes to the worst, we shall still have time to save the woods.”

The forester shook his head at this decision, and once more applied himself to his work. Soon there were two hundred men on the ground—nearly one half quite useless—and large supplies of bread and cheese and drink arrived; but birch-beaters were scarce, and they were wanted most of all. Great

big fellows were expending their strength in thrashing at the flames with sticks almost as thin and as “feckless” as a pitchfork would have been. It is not always easy to cut good ones by daylight, and it is exceedingly difficult to get them at night. So many that were brought up were useless—too heavy to wield, or too thin to do any good; and some of the men at last strapped bunches of heather to their sticks and used them. The food and its accompaniment tempted some to stray away and hold little impromptu picnics in the dark, and all this took time; and there are few seasons when time is more valuable than when fire of any kind has to be fought.

Then the factor saw he was beaten where he stood. The men were hardly gaining ground. Many of the good workers were worn out and unable to do more, and many were discouraged; and finding their feeble efforts of little use, became still feebler, and stood by, as it were, when they could, and wondered what would happen. He got hold of about five-and-twenty men, some good and some evil, and leaving the command and his last instructions to the forester, led his detachment, as quickly as he could get them to travel, across the rough moor to where the great woods began. It was a relief to feel the cool wind blowing, free from smoke and heat, and to leave behind for a little the din and roar and confusion of the huge tossing mass of flame. Arriving at the wood, they carefully began to use their enemy as a friend; and as a surgeon will sometimes stop a dangerous bleeding by cutting an artery, and causing for a moment a greater flow of blood, so did they set fire against fire by burning a line of defence for the

plantation. It was no easy task : the night was now very dark, the switches almost useless ; the heather here also was so rank and high that the greatest caution was necessary to keep it from spreading. A boy lit the line too far ahead, and it got away from them and passed on to the wood ; and at one time it seemed to the half-distracted factor that by their coming they had merely hastened the advent of the fire. It was put out, however, by immense exertion ; and they got back to their old stations, owing to the increasing strength of the wind, and, to some extent, to the withdrawal of the small force sent on, before the old fire burned more fiercely than ever. There were no brooks in its way, few sheep drains, and these well filled in and harmless ; and the flames swept on, meeting with small opposition : if they lost ground for a moment in one place at a temporary obstacle, at another they were sure to gain. A band of wearied, blackened, silent men followed it, doing what they could. Some had fallen out of the ranks and were left far behind, and those for the most part the best. A sturdy Highlander is bad to beat at anything on which his mind is deeply set, but even his sinews and limbs will fail at last if no rest is given them. Few of the workers waste their strength in shouts now, though at the first there had been no lack of shouting.

"We're no' fit for it," said an ancient 'bodach' who for hours had done nothing but give advice and smoke ; and this feeling was probably more or less strong in most of the men's minds.

If the factor got his track burnt in time, the fire was beaten ; if not, they were. It seemed doubtful if the track would be burnt

in time. Part of it was well done,—a broad band of smouldering turf lay like a black moat round its fortress—the forest ; but lower down the hill, and yet well within the scope of the approaching fire, the wood was still undefended. The heather there had to be burnt slowly and cautiously for the reasons given, and the most part of it remained unburnt when the old fire was within a hundred yards,—a wide strip of dense high ling keeping up the dangerous communication between the moor and the trees. Then the factor called off all his men, and took them to meet their enemy. He knew that as the greedy blaze rolled up it, it would die out harmlessly on reaching his burnt strip, and that its power would be concentrated on the narrower lane which ran into the wood, and that it must be beaten there if anywhere. He shouted this out to the men,—some heard, and some not ; but all, at any rate, knew that a few seconds would show whether the woods of half a county were to go down or not.

Those men who had not already left their coats behind took them off now, and used them as beaters. The flames were so long and hot that it was quite impossible to tackle them in front, almost impossible from the sides ; but a gap had to be made in them for a start, and after a second's pause, a shepherd threw himself into the fiery mass,—a brave jump, and brought his heavy beater down. He was badly burnt about the legs and face, and had to come out at once and go home, but his daring saved the woods. A dozen followed him, and a gap was made in the long bright line of fire. Then the shouting began again—"Out with it ! out with it ! out with it ! Now we have her : into her



men, into her *now!*" and a stumbling, half-suffocated, yelling mass pressed forward hard on the flames, beating them with coats and what switches were left, trampling on them, gaining on them rapidly, extinguishing them by sheer weight. There was no shirking *then*. The top of a knoll was reached, and all saw the tall dark pines of the old woods standing mistily out above the smoke against the dim sky. They saw, too, the head of the fire just thirty yards in front of them, burning almost as hotly as ever, but narrowed by want of fuel on one side. But its assailants were close upon it, and their goal was in sight; and the men gave a mighty roar, and rushed at their prey. Peter M'Doodle, and Roderick M'Gilp, and Johnnie M'Howdie, were the first down from that knoll. But as the griever said the next day—"It was no' *their* fault; the deevils had no choice gi'en them: they had to gae down on their legs or lie down on their stummacks and be run ower."

In twenty seconds the fire was extinguished. A shepherd smashed out the last blazing bit, and an old mole-catcher, having neither wind nor strength left him to raise his aching arm, just eyed for a moment a dangerous mass of red-hot ashes, and then sat down on it. The woods were saved.

The next morning the fire was naturally a topic of conversation at the big house, and many were the surmises as to how it originated. The laird, soon after breakfast, called for Tommy to go with him up to the hill and

see the mischief that had been done.

"Where's Master Tommy?"

"I think he is at the manse, sir."

"But it's not his time," said the astonished father, who well knew his son's proclivities. And then a suspicion shot through his breast. Ah, Tommy! foolish, foolish Tommy! *that* was not a wise move of yours. You might have known it was one which would attract attention at any time. *You* go voluntarily to school? Not without reason. Later, the whole matter was explained—matches were found in his greasy knickerbocker pockets. A note to the minister brought back a reply stating at what time he had left the manse. He had been late in returning home. How did he explain the hiatus? Tommy declined to explain anything. It is the duty of an upright historian not to blink facts, however unpleasant, but mercifully custom permits him to draw a veil over minute and unpleasant detail. So it is sufficient to say that a tall woman, of severe countenance and great muscular development—his nurse—spent some time in a copse, apparently cutting a heather beater of birch, to be ready in case of an emergency. With this in one hand, and Master Tommy, so to speak, in the other, she disappeared into an inner chamber, where it would be unbecoming to follow. Master Tommy has, during the last few days, quite lost his taste for "muir-burn." He looks askance at the beaters, and vows that the smell of heather smoke almost makes him sick.

## JAMES FERGUSON, THE "ASTRONOMER."

THIS generation has given a great deal of honour to self-made men. There is no class which has been more glorified, more admired and dwelt upon. The Self-Help which makes a great engineer, a great trader, a vast power-wielding moneyed personage, out of nothing, out of a quick-witted boy, to all outward appearance such as we see by the hundred in our streets, is a curious and striking agent in the history of the human race. It is a kind of genius, a faculty incommunicable,—a thing which, like a poet, is born, not made. But it is not the same genius as that which makes a poet: it does not even invariably accompany any other form of intellect. Sometimes it occurs to a man to possess this simply, without any aiding force at all. Among Dr Smiles' heroes there is one who was the king of commercial travellers. A commercial traveller may be a most respectable and worthy person indeed, but his trade is not of an elevated character; nevertheless, if he has the gift, it may make him a millionaire, though never anything more than a bagman from the beginning to the end. It is very difficult to define what this potential faculty is. It may exist on a small scale, and give an industrious boy, a worthy man, an appreciable hoist upwards in society, without reaching the point at which it can be pointed out to men and angels as the inspiration of the self-made. In such cases it means a great many admirable moral qualities,—temperance, industry, all the circle of minor excellence which is summed up in the word steadiness, and perhaps a mixture of something less desirable: but always with this

incommunicable faculty, this luck or favour of nature added, which makes success. Perhaps it is this mild development of the power, that which advances a family generation after generation a gradual step or two, without any shock or revolutionary violence, which is the most happy. But the strange endowment which makes the ordinary course of life into a sort of fairy tale, and flings one man up over the heads of others not perceptibly inferior to him, into an incredible, romantic paradise of success, is far more striking to the spectator, and far less accountable. But it may be doubted whether this faculty of fortune, even at its best, produces much happiness. Commerce alone, in one way or other, undiluted or flavoured with even the highest science, but still commerce, can so elevate the self-made as to keep the advantages of their comet-like career always in the foreground, and reduce its disadvantages to an invisible quantity. Perhaps, for all we can tell, even the simplest form of self-making, that of the merchant who begins with the proverbial half-crown, and ends in millions, may have private stings that neutralise his bliss. Such a man may have regretful thoughts of the humble life far away from which he is severed; he may wince at the supposed contempt of a fine-gentleman son, or the silent, yet not altogether silent, anguish of a lady daughter, over his imperfections. When he has gained most, he may feel by times as if he had lost all, and regret the creation which has been his own doing, although it has served to point many a moral, and over it many pæans have been sung.

Self-making, however, on this large practical scale, is, apart from sentiment, satisfactory enough to look upon. Fancy may please itself with a dream of inevitable compensations which make the milkmaid more happy than the countess, and the man whose thoughts have never strayed beyond his few paternal acres a finer impersonation of wellbeing than his schoolfellow who has got the world at his feet; but it is only a superficial and conventional fancy which indulges in such thoughts, and we are all very well aware that, as a matter of fact, the virtuous peasant is not more, but generally much less, exempt from the troubles of life than the rich man who has found a way for himself out of his native lowliness. And there are probably fewer drawbacks in the career of the man who attains great wealth than of any other self-made individual. It was a shrewd observer who said that if you could not get what you wanted, to get money was always the next best. It cannot buy happiness, but it can purchase more in the way of those substitutes for happiness which most of us manage to exist by than almost anything else; and it is your only real leveller, the one infallible open sesame of modern times. Even Dr Smiles, perhaps, does not press it upon the imagination of his youthful readers in exactly this point of view, but it is a perfectly legitimate one all the same. In other spheres the self-made are not so certainly or so universally enviable. We all know what examples there have been of fame acquired and elevation gained by individual exertion. In the end of last century there were two self-made men, in the highest circle of public life, whose object was so completely attained that nothing now can obliterate their names

from the roll of English statesmen,—an elevation far more difficult to attain than wealth. In many points they were curiously alike—they were both the sons of their own genius, and both are pointed to as examples of what genius can do. Without interest or adventitious help, by the force of eloquence and a fortunate inspiration, both these men rose from obscurity, poverty, and the unknown, into a position which princes might envy among the rulers of England. No reader will hesitate to allow, when he reads the names of Burke and Sheridan, that both have a right to historical place and honour. And yet what was the end of these two self-made men? They did so much that it is hard to understand how it was that they did not do a great deal more: they sprang into fame, into social reputation, into what seemed from outside the highest eminence. Yet though both of them maintained the standard of their party with a brilliancy and dauntlessness unparalleled, there was no room for these two dazzling intruders among the serried ranks of the Whig aristocratic leaders—among the real possessors of power. They were little more than an embarrassment to their party, and when they had done all, had done nothing. They might lead, nay overawe and enthral, the House of Commons on an occasion—and their names might seem to the ignorant to stand among the first of living powers—but the world knew better even when all seemed going well with them; and looking back, we stand dumb and bewildered now to perceive of that great rumour and outcry of fame how little was genuine. Pitt and Fox are less dazzling figures than those two Irishmen, who owed their pre-eminence entirely to their own exertions. But what did that

eminence consist of? An accidental and empty triumph now and then, which nobody could take from them, and for the rest scraps of office such as might have suited clever young gentlemen not long from college. Edmund Burke, Paymaster of the Forces! That was the best. Sheridan had a poor secretaryship of the navy. In Parliament they were foremost figures; in real power this was what they attained to. And they both died poor, disappointed, forsaken. Alas for the self-made man! Lives more full of bitterness and failure were never lived. Yet their successes were extraordinary. To get to stand in that sublime place, and sway the Commons of England for hours, so that the first men of the age could scarce draw breath for excitement and suspense and enthusiasm,—what an achievement for an ambitious youth to set before him! But what youth would not be damped by the thought that this was poor Sherry the bankrupt, the abandoned—yet the man of genius who had made himself? Burke had not Sheridan's weaknesses, but he was the trouble of his party,—how not to do something for him which would be equal to his merit; how to keep him in the subordinate place which was all he was to have. The lives of these two men are pure tragedy. They never got the recompense of their work; and yet they had successes which were almost miraculous, which were incredible, which are renowned everywhere, as instances of what may be attained by individual exertion. Perhaps we might cite happier instances nearer our own day. There was Lord Campbell, who was not a man of genius, yet got to be Lord-Chancellor, and was none the worse for his unexciting triumphs. And there is another, more remarkable, whose

career, though he had various bitter episodes for years to pass through, ended at last perhaps in something as near the perfection of political rank and fame as ever was attained. But Lord Beaconsfield, though the creator of his own great position, was not in the same sense as the others a self-made man.

We might go on to prove that the troubles of the self-made are as well worth consideration as their advantages, through almost as many varieties of existence as men have conquered fortune in. The pangs of a family and friends abandoned by the remorseless practitioner who finds himself encumbered with them in his efforts to rise, or the sacrifice almost more painful made by the more sensitive adventurer who hates himself for his own meanness, yet shrinks with shame unutterable from the appearance of his humble connections among his new and finer friends—are in themselves a most melancholy item on the other side. The tortures that may arise from such a combination of circumstances, though of little importance to any public record, are among the most poignant that human nature can bear. The honest parents finding out that their son is above all things anxious that they should not be seen or known to belong to him; the wife, perhaps married in youth before these greater prospects began, who learns that she is a clog and burden upon her husband, and knows that he feels her so,—what bitterness, not to be calculated by any standard of measure, is in their hearts when they make such a discovery! and with what sharp alloy of pain does his shame of them, and his sense of the unworthiness of his shame, debase his success to himself when this is one of its issues. Even if he is as loyal as the day, his

triumphal car will go over hearts, his own among them. An officer risen (in the true sense of the words) from the ranks is, for example, a man whom it is impossible to think of without compassion, though, according to every theory, both of reason and romance, he ought to have nothing from us but admiration and sympathy. When it was a marshal's baton he carried in his knapsack, and fortune went fast and far, things were different: but supposing him to be a mere lieutenant, a captain young enough to feel every sting, how little desirable is the elevation! Such an instance of the self-made will almost certainly have some education, ambition, and high spirit. How does he bear, wherever he may go, the little glance aside, the whisper that he must divine, the vulgar murmur of "Ranker," the more polished proviso, "Not a gentleman, you know"? Is it worth his while to undergo all these inevitable heart-piercing pin-points for the sake of his commission? It is a great thing he has done, far greater probably than the *coup* by which an ambitious office-boy will leap into the way of becoming a millionaire; but how bitterly he will have to pay for it. We think that, side by side with Dr Smiles' library of encouraging examples, there should be a little volume of consolation. "To that woman when she has done most, yet will I add an honour, a great patience," says Queen Katherine, in her anguish. And to these men, when they have attained the height of their hopes, we should be disposed to offer the same little considered virtue. We should bid them believe that the draught, when it is at their lips, may be more bitter than sweet, and that every aloe of humiliation is often mixed in the cup of victory.

It is happily, however, no example of this tragic kind that we have to produce in the person of James Ferguson, the peasant boy, who acquired for himself the title of astronomer, fought his way somehow through the fields of knowledge, out of the wilds of Banffshire got to London, and has left a name still sufficiently recognisable, though not among the greatest lights. He never came to anything great; and perhaps, if it were not for the interest of the brief autobiography, in which he describes his pursuit of knowledge, would have been little interesting to any audience. But whatever our opinion may be about the self-made, there is no doubt that the process of self-making (when it is not merely mercantile—and sometimes even then, if there is any individuality in the operator) is one of the most interesting at which it is possible to look; and as it was in Ferguson's case of the simplest and prettiest kind, something like what a baby Adam might have accomplished had he been placed in Eden, not in manhood, but childhood, with everything to teach himself, it is as charming a spectacle as could be contemplated. Ferguson was born in the north of Scotland, in Banffshire, in the early beginning of the eighteenth century. His editor and biographer will not allow that he knew exactly even where this event took place, but it was in one of two or three tiny thatched cottages set down among the braes, in all the stillness of the northern landscape—a blue hill behind, a few ash-trees about—"the Core of Mayen" being the pretty name of the little cluster of houses. The walls have all crumbled to pieces long ago, and corn grows, though with some danger of not ripening, a local authority says, so close is the circle

of the enclosing hills, over the spot where the rustic philosopher was born. He had the advantage of Adam in possessing a father, who, the cottage thatch having sunk down in the middle, employed a lever, that classic instrument, to raise it. The little, short-coated, barefooted boy looked on amazed at this first example he had ever witnessed of science put to use. And from that moment his keen curiosity had no rest, and his infant intellect took the bent it was to retain through life. He was at this time between seven and eight. Before this he had taught himself to read—that is, he had listened and profited while his father, after a hard day's work, sat down in the evening by the fireside and taught the eldest of the family, little Jamie's brother, his lesson from the Catechism. It was a curious primer for the two little ruddy cotter children, by the smoky aromatic glow of the peat fire, that hard text-book of theology, with its long words and longer doctrinal expositions. No doubt both Johnnie and Jamie "could screech ye aff Effectual Calling" before they were many years older; but we wonder what the modern critics of education would think of the Shorter Catechism as a First Book. Did it do the children good or harm to spell out that "chief end of man," the "first question," by his answer to which, in old days, a Scotsman could be tested all the world over? Or did they ever forget the "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, unchangeable," which would swell under the lowly roof into a sort of organ note and high proclamation of truth? It can scarcely be doubted that such a beginning of learning had much to do with the "stately speech" which Wordsworth describes, "such as grave livers do in Scotland use."

Little James Ferguson had not the benefit of this instruction at first hand; and it is curious to think of the little rustic sitting, with round eyes intent, listening to phrases so far above his understanding sounded forth in the father's deep bass, or in the unwilling gasps of the other childish voice, to which the gates of knowledge were thus being painfully opened. Jamie would sit apart, with another well-thumbed "carritch," listening, eager but bewildered, while the mother stirred the popping porridge on the fire, or mashed the potatoes for supper with a cupful of milk, and the big wooden "beetle" that rubbed the mass into smoothness. That the child should have managed to pick up an acquaintance with printed characters in this way is strange enough; but Dogberry was more right than we suppose, when he said that reading and writing come by nature.

"Ashamed to ask my father to instruct me, I used, when he and my brother were abroad, to take the Catechism and study the lesson he was teaching my brother; and when any difficulty occurred, I went to a neighbouring old woman, who gave me such help as enabled me to read tolerably well before my father had thought of teaching me." This is put under the date 1716, so that the small student would be six, who was too shy (which is what is meant by ashamed in the formal record) to ask his father to teach him. And it was after this that he saw the wonderful and awe-inspiring mystery of the lever which sent him to science after his alphabet. He goes on to say: "Some time after he [the father] was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself; he therefore gave me further instruction, and also taught me to write, which, with about three months I

had afterwards at Keith Grammar School, was all the education I ever received." And it was no bad essay in the way of education—though, perhaps, not quite enough for a future Fellow of the Royal Society.

The lever had a great effect on the little fellow's mind. It was like a miracle to him; and the idea of being able himself to perform the prodigies effected by it filled him with inspiration. The father, evidently no mere clodhopper, had a turning-lathe, and Jamie plunged into the enthusiasm of creation—arranging bars and making wheels so as to increase the power of this mysterious force. Such a rapture might have filled the mind of Aristotle; and it was as new, as entrancing, as much a discovery to little Jamie. Finally, at the mature age of nine, like other inventors and originators in science, he began to write "a short account of the machines he had made, sketching out figures of them with a pen, and imagining it to be the first treatise of the kind ever written." But, alas, disappointment was in store for the little philosopher. "I afterwards showed it to a gentleman," he says, "who told me that these things were known long before, and showed me a printed book in which they were treated of." It is scarcely possible to believe that this could be other than discouraging, and a trial of youthful fortitude. It was a pang that recurred again and again in the career of the self-taught man. But either he had forgotten what he once felt, or his temperament was robust and unsensitive. For he has the courage to say of this first check upon his childish ardour, that "I was much pleased when I found that my account agreed with the principles of mechanics in the

book he showed me;"—a magnanimous humble-minded little hero, affected by no early spite against fate.

At ten he went out upon the world, such as it was in these northern solitudes, and became a shepherd boy—the most poetical and primitive of trades. Had he grown into a great *Maestro di color che sanno*, the little picture he makes of himself at this point would have taken its place with the picture of young Giotto in his sheepskin, drawing his silly sheep with whatever bit of chalk or pointed stone might come to hand, as the wandering painter found him on the Umbrian plains. The little Scot is still more picturesque.

"In the evenings, when my work was over, I went into a field with a blanket about me—lay down on my back, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it at arm's length between my eyes and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eyes, in order to take their apparent distances from each other; and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me."

There could not be a prettier picture. The boy, according to his own dates, would be fourteen or fifteen by this time,—the scene no balmy Italian plain, but the bare hills of Banff; the materials childish, and even the aim,—a sort of groping after knowledge, without much comprehension of what he wanted; but the sentiment, the atmosphere, the young ardent soul, the sacred fire of meaning, all perfect. Good John Glashan, the farmer, could not think what took the boy afield in the frosty clearness of those penetrating winter nights. He was too young for courting, that favourite rustic pastime; and he must have been a good boy, giv-

ing satisfaction in his place. The kind goodman stole out after him to see what the laddie was after; and this was what he saw, guided, no doubt, by the earthly star of some old lantern gleaming with its candle on the brae amid the stony ridges and bushes of gorse. Knowledge, and the search after it, is always sublime to a Scotch peasant. The farmer watched the boy's proceedings with admiration and sympathy; he "laughed at first" more tenderly than the boy knew, and after hearing all the young astronomer's reasons, threw himself into the course of study with an interest of the most practical and effective kind. "That I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself," Ferguson says. And when, some time after, the shepherd lad, sent on an errand to the manse, heard from the minister the astounding information that "the earth was round like a ball," and got a map to copy, the kind farmer "took the thrashing-flail out of my hands," and did the work, with now and then a pleased glance at the student, busy with compasses and rules in the barn beside him, carefully executing this not too-important work. The good Glashan! Sympathy is a pretty thing, but it seldom goes the length of taking the thrashing-flail; and it is to be hoped that when the young man of science got the length of printing "Rotulas" and tables by which to determine all about the moon, he took care to send his first proofs to the little farm-house among the hills, to be hung up in the warm, peat-scented, smoky dwelling, and proudly explained and commented upon by the goodman, who must have felt, with a swelling breast, that in these great works he too counted for something. "I shall always have a re-

spect," the philosopher adds, "for the memory of that man."

Glashan, however, was not alone in helping and encouraging the student. The minister gave not only maps and elucidation, but compasses, pens, ink, and paper, along with an admonition not to neglect the master's work, even for those implements of art; and other patrons of the budding genius turned up on every hand. It is one charm, indeed, of personal narrative of this description, that it never fails to exhibit, where we least expect to find anything of the kind, another and another circle of honest intelligences and good hearts, taking an eager interest in, and giving the most generous encouragement to, every effort of the struggling scholar; and scarcely ever fails to afford us a glimpse of some gifted individual known only to the country-side, some lowly Newton of the fields, who has never found his way into the foreground, but is not the less the light of his village. Here is one of these "gems of purest ray serene."

"When I had finished the copy, I asked leave to carry home the map; he (the farmer) told me I was at liberty to do so, and might stay two hours to converse with the minister. On my way thither I happened to pass by the school at which I had been before, and saw a genteel-looking man, whose name I afterwards heard was Cantley, painting a sun-dial on the wall. I stopped a while to observe him, and the schoolmaster came out and asked me what parcel it was I had under my arm. I showed him the map and the copy I had made of it, wherewith he appeared to be very well pleased, and asked me whether I should not like to learn of Mr Cantley to make sun-dials? Mr Cantley looked at the copy of the map and commended it much, telling the schoolmaster, Mr John Skinner, that it was a pity I did not meet with notice and encouragement. I had a



good deal of conversation with him, and found him to be quite affable and communicative, which made me think I should be extremely happy if I could be further acquainted with him."

After this little open-air conference upon the roadside, the boy went on, his head full of pleasant applause and excitement, and admiration of the great yet affable stranger who could draw sundials, to the manse, where the minister, too, was pleased with his work; and a neighbouring laird, who had come into the study for a talk, took up the rustic prodigy with interest, and grew so warm in the conversation that at last he proposed to Jamie to go and live in his house (as servant, it is to be supposed), and that he would order "his butler, Alexander Cantley, to give me a great deal of instruction." Here was the hand of Providence indeed: and the lad, all aglow with the thought of serving under such a genius, consented eagerly, as soon as his engagement with his present kind master should be out. This, no doubt, was the turning-point of Ferguson's fate; for the bare, austere mansion-house of Achwynannie brought him within the reach of other influences and aids than he could have found in the little hillside farm. In the first place, however, "the genteel-looking man," who was Mr Grant's butler, was the lord of the occasion.

"When the term of my servitude was out, I left my good master, and went to the gentleman's house, where I quickly found myself with a most humane good family. Mr Cantley, the butler, soon became my friend, and continued so to his death. He was the most extraordinary man that I ever was acquainted with, or perhaps shall ever see; for he was a complete master of arithmetic, a good mathematician, a master of music on every known instrument except the

harp, understood Latin, French, and Greek, let blood extremely well, and could even prescribe as a physician upon any urgent occasion. He was what is generally termed self-taught, but I think he might, with much greater propriety, have been termed God Almighty's scholar. He immediately began to teach me decimal arithmetic and algebra, for I had already learnt vulgar arithmetic, at my leisure, from books. He then proceeded to teach me the elements of geometry; but to my inexpressible grief, just as I was beginning that branch of science, he left Mr Grant, and went to the late Earl of Fife's, at several miles' distance. The good family I was then with could not prevail on me to stay with them after he was gone, so I left them and went to my father."

It is perhaps less easy to realise the presence of this benignant and affable scholar employing his moments of leisure in measuring sundials out of doors, and instructing his young aid within in algebra and geometry, in the pantry, than in a much poorer place. But why should not a butler be an Admirable Crichton as well as a weaver or a shoemaker? The kindly patronage and indulgence with which a small Scotch laird not much less than two centuries ago accepted the learning and gifts of his domestic servant, and gave him the young prodigy of the place for his pupil, is both interesting and remarkable. The country gentry has not ranked too high anywhere in respect to good taste and social wisdom,—therefore the Laird of Achwynannie demands the higher praise.

One of the gifts received by Ferguson from the learned butler was an old-fashioned geographical book, in which was a description of a globe and the manner of its use. Following this description, the boy made himself a globe as soon as he got back to his father's house, turning the ball by means of the

old turning-lathe, and covering it with paper, on which he painted a map of the world. It was the first globe he ever saw.

After his severance from Cantley—which seems to have been complete—Ferguson fell into a kind of quiescence and depression. He took service with a miller, thinking that, while attending to the intermittent business of the mill, he would have time for his sines and decimals. But the miller was a sot, giving him all the work to do, and no better fare than cold brose—oatmeal mixed with cold water—to eat. At the end of this unsuccessful venture he made another, engaging with "a neighbouring farmer who practised as a physician"—an odd conjunction. Ferguson, by his father's advice, went to service as a labourer with this incongruous person, in the equally incongruous hope "that the doctor might instruct me in that part of the business." But this proved a great failure, which perhaps was as well for the constitutions of the Banffshire peasantry. These misfortunes, with an illness incurred in one place, and weakness produced by insufficient food in the other, were sad interruptions to the young peasant's career. He was now over twenty, and it was important that he should cease experimenting upon life and mechanics, and find a certain and fixed way of getting his own living. His father's poor house seems to have received him ungrudgingly while he was ill and weak; but that was of course an impossibility save for the time of sickness. While he lay recovering and unable to work, he exercised his ingenuity in various ways. He made a clock for one thing, on the only model he knew—a wooden clock, with the neck of a broken bottle inserted as the bell on which the hours were

struck; and puzzled his brains much how it could be possible to make any other kind of time-keeping machine, and how a watch could keep itself going in a man's pocket, or on a table, without weights or pendulum. It is to be supposed that watches were rare in the country-side, or he must have solved this difficulty sooner. As it was, he pondered much over it, and was sorry he had not asked Cantley, that universal guide to knowledge, "who could very easily have informed me," he says, with proud belief in his friend's gifts. But one day a gentleman rode by, passing the little cot-houses of the Core of Mayen, with seals dangling, and proud evidence of the possession of that admired and incomprehensible instrument, while young James, a gaunt convalescent, was sitting in the sun, still unable to work, but with his eyes open to every occurrence. "I asked him what o'clock it was; he looked at his watch and told me. As he did that with so much good-nature, I begged of him to show me the inside of the watch; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hands." Imagine the excitement, the eagerness, the almost awe, as keen curiosity and dormant faculty peeped, panting, into that turnip-case of wonders. A steel spring was it? but James had never seen a spring but that of the lock of his father's gun. How could a spring turn within a box so as to wind round and round the necessary chain? The stranger expounded good-naturedly, bidding the inquirer experiment with a piece of whalebone, and so smilingly rode away, with the subject of the lecture safe in his pocket, no doubt a great deal of amusement in his mind at the thought of the young rustic's questions,

and perhaps with a pleased sense that he had done the explanation very well. But what James did was to go back to the cottage, to some nook he must have had "ben the house" for his clippings and whittlings, and there set to work without delay to make a watch! He constructed one, in faithful observance of his chance informant's illustration, with a main-spring of whalebone and wooden wheels, enclosing the whole in a wooden box "very little bigger than a breakfast teacup,"—a nice serviceable size, though not perhaps adapted for the pocket. But alas! a clumsy neighbour examining the prodigy, let this miraculous production fall, and set his heavy rustic foot upon it in clumsy haste to pick it up. The father in his rage "was almost ready to beat the man"; but James, sagaciously perceiving that he could never do much more with it, took the misfortune peaceably, and perhaps was rather glad to see the monster go.

There now arrived, however, a final crisis in his fortunes. "As soon as I was able to go abroad, I carried my globe, clock, and copies of some maps to the late Sir James Dunbar of Durn, about twelve miles from where my father lived, as I had heard that Sir James was a very good-natured, friendly, inquisitive gentleman." The perfect confidence with which the peasant lad addresses himself to the neighbouring gentlemen, and the admirable friendliness with which they respond, is one of the most charming side-lights in the simple history. Sir James received the young experimenter with the greatest kindness. Perhaps it was an amusement in the stillness of country life to pick up a village prodigy, and see his experiments and inventions, and shrewd guesses at science, and hear him talk. In

the hospitality of the country-side another guest at the table, either above-stairs or below, would never be missed. The Baron of Bradwardine would not have turned Jamie away; and it is easy to imagine what interest his globes and clocks would have caused throughout Tully-Veolan, and how the beards would have wagged over the achievements of the young genius, and the ladies would send for him to the withdrawing-room and inquire into his capabilities. It was a dozen years before the period at which Scott opens up to us that delightful ancient mansion, that James Ferguson knocked at the door of the mansion-house of Durn—a straggling, white, high-gabled Scotch house, not so imposing as Tully-Veolan, with a square stone gateway, the pillars of which were crowned, not with heraldic supporters like the Baron's, but with the commoner ornament of two large balls of stone. Half in jest, no doubt, half to amuse the new visitor with something to do, he was set to work to turn these balls into a pair of globes. One can imagine the tremendous gravity and sense of importance with which the rustic philosopher and artist must have begun this great work; while good Sir James, highly delighted with the joke, would come out to watch his progress, and all the village idlers bring their hints, and the ladies trip out with smiles and pleasant jests, but too courteous to hurt the poor lad's feelings, as he stood aloft between them and the sky in all the responsibility of science, measuring and marking. Perhaps by degrees a little pride in it, and real interest, would mingle with this standing joke of the house; and when the sun shone out it would be pretty to see just what portions of the globe he was shining on, according to Jamie's calcula-

tions. While all this was going on, my Leddy Dipple—that is to say, Mrs Duff, Sir James's sister, the wife of the Laird of Dipple—arrived on a visit, and perhaps reproved the young people for making fun of the self-taught artist, but at all events took him kindly in hand, with a desire to find some work for his aspiring genius better than a return to hedging and ditching, or even to cleaning clocks. She asked him whether he could not draw patterns for embroidery, which Ferguson, delightfully ready to follow every new suggestion, turned his hand to at once. He had a certain success in this, his globes being finished, and began to make a little money among the country ladies, who sent for him to arrange designs for their aprons and petticoats. In the fervour of this new pursuit, and in the hitherto unknown pleasure of seeing pictures and objects of art, the young man began to draw everything he saw, copying the prints on Sir James's walls in pen and ink, with that fine courage of ignorance and enthusiasm which shrank from no attempt. He must have become the favourite of the house, in the profound country leisure and ease of hospitality, doing what he pleased, free of the library and the parlour, though the guest of the servants' hall. It is the prettiest glimpse of rural friendliness and kindness that he thus gives us unawares. How unlikely now that any rural Sir James would cheerfully take in the cotten's son with his curiosities, and set him to work and permit him all the advantages of seeing and sharing the life of the educated and refined! One after another of the guests as they came and went took up Jamie with the same friendly interest. After Leddy Dipple, with her patterns, came a still more important in-

fluence, that of her son-in-law, the Laird of Auchmedden, who was the cause of another important step in the young man's life.

"Lady Dipple had been but a few weeks there when William Baird, Esq. of Auchmedden, came on a visit. He was the husband of one of that lady's daughters, and I found him to be very ingenious and communicative. He invited me to go to his house and stay some time with him, telling me I should have free access to his library, which was a very large one, and he would furnish me with all sorts of implements for drawing. I went thither and stayed about eight months, but was much disappointed in finding no books of astronomy in his library, except what was in the two volumes of Harris's 'Lexicon Technicum,' although there were many books on geography and other sciences. Several of these, indeed, were in Latin, and more in French, which being languages that I did not understand, I had recourse to him for what I wanted to know of their subjects, which he cheerfully read to me; and it was as easy for him at sight to read English from a Greek, Latin, or French book as from an English one. He furnished me with pencils and Indian ink, showing me how to draw with them; and although he had but an indifferent hand at that work, yet he was a very acute judge, and consequently a very fit person for showing me how to correct my work. He was the first who ever sat to me for a picture, and I found it was much easier to draw from the life than from any picture whatever, as nature was more striking than any imitation of it. Lady Dipple came to his house in about half a year after I went thither; and as they thought I had a genius for painting, they consulted together about what might be the best way to put me forward."

Thus these daring experimenters set about to establish a Scotch Sir Joshua. But the Edinburgh painters, when he was sent to them (having been offered a year's bed and board gratis by kind Leddy Dipple), shook their heads at the

rustic student. Mr John Alexander offered to teach him to paint in oils, "if I would serve him seven years and my friends would maintain me all the time," which was an impossibility. At last he came across a wise old clergyman, who advised him to copy from nature, "as all the rules for drawing signified but very little when one came to draw from the life." Ferguson adopted boldly this courageous advice, and henceforward appeared before the world as a "limner," taking portraits in Indian ink upon vellum. "Thus," he says piously, "a business was providentially put into my hands which I followed for six-and-twenty years."

In all likelihood he had that knack of hitting a likeness which is sometimes to be found in the humblest practitioners of art. It is impossible to suppose that with such a training anything more could be obtained even from genius; and as Ferguson does not seem to have aspired to anything higher, it is possible enough that study would have been thrown away upon him. But there was no photography in those days, and the humblest professors of the art of portraiture had a chance. He was recommended from one to another of the kindly northern gentlefolks, and even in Edinburgh found sitter after sitter, and was able not only "to put a good deal of money in my own pocket, but to spare what was sufficient to supply my father and mother in their old age." Leddy Dipple kept close watch over her young *protégé* in this singular change of his circumstances, reflecting, no doubt, that he who was the steadiest of rustics in the Core of Mayen, or when on his good behaviour at Durn or Auchmedden, might yield to the seductions of Edinburgh. "She made me give her an exact account

at night of what families I had been in throughout the day, and of the money I had received. She took the money each night, desiring I would keep an account of what I had put into her hands, telling me that I should duly have out of it what I wanted for clothes, and to send to my father." This strict supervision, however, lasted only for a while: his kind patroness found out how entirely Ferguson was to be trusted, and in less than six months gave up her charge, telling him that she would thenceforth trust him to be his own banker. Was it this, or was it a failure of sitters, or because his heart never was much in this hasty profession so suddenly picked up, that made him try another, and dash at Medicine in the same sudden way as he had done at Art? He tells us that he took "a foolish inclination to study anatomy, surgery, and physic, all from reading of books and conversing with gentlemen on these subjects." But the Muse is more coy in that direction, and when he went home, at the end of two years, thinking himself wise enough to be a doctor "in that part of the country," and with store of plasters and drugs, he found that even the stout stomachs of the Banffshire folks required a little more studying, and that though they were willing enough to take his medicines, "very few paid me." Therefore "I quite left off that business, and began to think of taking to the more sure one of drawing pictures again." It is very curious to see the untaught rustic thus stumbling about among the arts and sciences with unbounded pluck and modest assurance, and that daring of ignorance which nothing can surpass. He did not care for the business of drawing pictures, as he candidly allows a few years later, when he

goes to London. "I never strove to excel, because my mind was still pursuing things more agreeable." The pale images reproduced from photographs of his original drawings have a tea-board flatness, and perhaps the productions themselves were not much more important than those terrible black silhouettes in which our grandfathers and grand-mothers have a gloomy immortality. But there remained a higher ambition in him. At Durn and Auchmedden, while he amused and drew pictures of the gentle-folk, and painted the globes on the gate-posts, there was still a moment when he was again the poetic shepherd, the votary of the stars. When the heavens shone in the frosty nights, he would start out as of old with his thread and his lantern, and measure the starry heights and distance in the same absorbed and aimless way. "I was so impressed," he says, "as sometimes to imagine that I saw the ecliptic in the heavens among the stars, like a broad circular road for the sun's apparent course, and fancied the paths of the planets to resemble the narrow ruts made by cart wheels, sometimes on one side of the plain road and sometimes on the other, crossing the road at small angles, but never going far from either side of it." So high, yet so homely, was the imagination of this country boy.

It was during a professional (?) visit to Inverness, where he found occupation for eight months, "drawing pictures," that he took up his favourite study again; not with much added knowledge, for he records with regret his neglect of his favourite science in Edinburgh, where he might have found much help "in conversing with those who are very able to assist me,"

but with renewed enthusiasm. It is curious, indeed, to see throughout how extremely limited his ideas of study were. He was willing to make any number of painful calculations, groping at an end which, by more scientific methods, he could have attained with ease; but it never seems to have occurred to him to begin from the beginning, and work his way to a thorough knowledge of his subject. To pick up scraps of information here and there as he had done in his youth—to get a little aid from "a gentleman riding by," from the conversation of those who "were very well able to assist him"—to blunder along by experiment, copying, jumping at little discoveries which to him had all the delight of novelty, but to the instructed were simple as A B C,—these were the modes he delighted in. There must have been a certain perversity in the intellectual nature that exercised itself in this way; and in fact, after the early studies of his childhood, it is not a searcher after knowledge with whom we have to deal, so much as a headstrong player at that search—a man preferring to grope and jump at difficulties, and to whom the steady labour of a student was impossible. It was natural enough indeed that it should be so. He had jumped at many things, and got a great deal of applause in so doing; and perhaps it was scarcely to be expected that, after so many chance successes, he should have given himself the trouble of hard labour to attain a proficiency which he scarcely appreciated, and which would not perhaps have been half so entertaining as his own guesses at knowledge.

However, his renewed interest in his favourite pursuit resulted now in the first of those mathematical toys with which Ferguson

amused himself, and which established a sort of reputation for him. The Astronomical Rotula was conceived in his solitude at Inverness when perhaps he was a little homesick, missing the ladies who had petted him, and the kind and learned lairds who had read English out of Greek and Latin books for his gratification. Space does not permit us to describe the scientific plaything which, beginning with an arrangement "for showing the motions and places of the sun and moon in the ecliptic on each day of the year perpetually, and consequently the days of all the old and new moons," went on to the more elaborate circle of the moon's nodes, with all sorts of details as to the days of the month, difference of time in different places, tides of high water, &c. &c. One of the Inverness ministers, with some pretensions to science, examined and approved it; and the result was an introduction to the professor of mathematics in Edinburgh, who helped Ferguson to get up a subscription, and publish it. It went through several impressions, and sold well, until the year 1752, when the style was changed, and the instrument became useless.

The same professor, Maclaurin, himself a scientific writer of very high eminence, showed Ferguson an Orrery, the first he had seen, which once more inflamed his imagination. Though he could only see the outside of it, and not the manner of working, this was enough to set his brain in motion; and ere long he had puzzled out the mechanism, and made a corresponding machine. When he had completed this work, Professor Maclaurin desired him to lecture upon it to the young gentlemen who attended his classes,—“which I did,” says Ferguson, with his usual undaunted simplicity, “without any

hesitation, seeing I had no reason to be afraid of speaking before a great and good man who was my friend.” Shortly afterwards he sent this first effort “in a present” to one of the ministers of Elgin who had been kind to him; but from that time forth went on making orreries and other scientific implements with ever increasing zeal and industry. This, indeed, and not scientific discovery, seems to have been his delight. He had not education enough to unravel the mysteries of the heavens. Though he never ceased to love them, he got no further in his investigations among the stars than those aimless calculations with the beaded string that had given him the air of an infant Newton in his youth. It may be said, indeed, that all the poetry of his career was concentrated in those still hours when he lay on his back on the hill-side, a boy who might have turned into a great astronomer, scanning the heavens through the measured intervals of his little line. Perhaps, however, he would have gazed only, and not measured, had he been born to that elevation. As it turned out, it was the beads, not the stars, that were the objects of his life. His biographer concludes that his first orrery was most likely “a rude piece of work, made not for correct motions, but merely to *show them*.” And this, in fact, was the end of all his work. There is a *naïveté*, a simplicity in this predominating desire, which, though not very elevated, is attractive and engaging. It is as if his intelligence had never surmounted the shock of child-like pleasure with which the movements of the celestial sphere impressed it first. He had no ambition to find a new planet, to discover a comet, to trace the secrets of the shining armies overhead. But over and over again, with the

careful repetition of a workman determined to improve the special object to which he devotes his skill, he returned to his self-appointed task, and set all his faculties to show the movements of the heavens and the mechanism of the sky. Rotulas, orreries, dials, everything he could think of, his patient hands elaborated. He could not account for them, or attain even that perfect accuracy which mathematics can accomplish; but by all manner of cunning little wheels and elaborate contrivances, he could make it apparent how the sun and moon moved in their courses, how the tides rose, and how the night and day succeeded each other. It is too much to call him an astronomer. He was a sort of star-mechanic — the carpenter, the wheel-wright of the heavens.

With another of these ingenious instruments, made in an improved manner, with wheels cut in ivory, Ferguson set out in the year 1743 to seek his fortune in London, being then about thirty-three, at the height of early life. He had married a few years before, but had not yet attained to anything more solid and certain in the way of a livelihood than his trade of portrait-painting. He carried introductions with him,—among others, to Sir Stephen Poyntz, who had been tutor to the Duke of Cumberland. Sir Stephen suggested that Ferguson should prepare himself for a post of mathematical master to which he could appoint him; but, hearing that he was married, relinquished this idea. "He then asked me what business I intended to follow. I answered that I knew of none besides that of drawing pictures;" upon which this kind patron immediately gave him a commission "to draw the pictures of his lady and children," from which beginning Ferguson

soon found himself with as much work as he could do. But when he had secured daily bread by his drawing, he turned again to his beloved wheels, and set in hand an instrument intended to delineate the moon's course in the heavens, which he showed to the president of the Royal Society, and had the honour of exhibiting and explaining to that learned body as a new invention. He had afterwards the mortification of finding, however, that his discovery had been discovered more than once before, and in one case by a Mr Ellicott, a watchmaker, who courteously asked him to dinner at his house in Hackney, and showed him all his calculations for the Trajectorium Lunare, made twenty years before. Ferguson, however, published an engraving of his Moon's Path, which brought him some profit and much controversy; and from this time the tale, heretofore so full of pleasant glimpses of the society round him,—little open-air vignettes, friendly patrons, and simple progress,—becomes a record less entertaining of those toys of learning, the Trajectorium Eclipsareon, and the like.

In 1748 Ferguson began to deliver lectures on his favourite subjects, by way apparently of eking out his living, the thin little vein of possibility in the way of portraits beginning to wear out. "My eyes are too much failed to draw pictures," he writes to a friend some years later; "indeed I cannot say that I have drawn six these last twelve months. And as to Astronomy, there are at present more than double the number which might serve the place — peoples' tastes lying but little in that way." This does not give a very encouraging aspect to his struggling life. And so low in courage had he fallen,—*"poor Bell,"*



too, his wife, being very despondent,—that he inquires of his correspondent how little his family might "live soberly upon" in a small house at Elgin, evidently with the intention of throwing up the conflict. After this, however, affairs must have mended, and he congratulates himself that he is able "to leave off painting pictures, and employ myself in the much pleasanter topics of Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Electricity, and Astronomy," amid which his career and character disappear out of our sight, amid a whirl of little wheels, steel plates, and springs, and intricate movements. The finest career, when it reaches its climax, loses the dramatic interest of the rise and progress; and much more when all the efforts we have taken so lively an interest in, work out after all so small a result. The lecturer, with his formulas and machinery, his tours about the provinces, his advertisements of course after course, has a shabby air of limitation in comparison with the boundless hope and freshness of his early studies. It was delightful to waylay along with Jamie the gentleman riding by, and inspect the watch out of his pocket, with eager effort to penetrate its mysteries; but when it comes to the poor little hand-bills, and proposals, if so many persons will subscribe a guinea each, to read a course of lectures, the reader's interest, if it survives at all, turns into that pity with which we contemplate the course of the struggling poor man who has failed in life,—as indeed is always the case when the youthful phenomenon, the village prodigy, sinks and slips into a threadbare poor gentleman in a periwig, a little shabby, a little sad, though always with a firm confidence in his machinery, and

never weary of his Moon's Path, his Rotulas, his Trajectorium, and all the rest.

The life, however, which was not destined to be that of a great astronomer, or to mark any new beginning in science, was full of tragic elements. The "unfortunate family connections," which are referred to by two or three commentators, are attributed, with perhaps not much more certainty than a conjecture, in the first place, to the character of his wife, who is supposed on one occasion to have made a sudden irruption into a room where he was lecturing and destroyed his apparatus. But there seems no doubt about the terrible domestic calamity which befell him in the disappearance of his only daughter, a girl described with the adjectives proper to the period as "remarkable for the elegance of her person, the agreeableness and vivacity of her conversation, and in philosophical knowledge worthy such a father." "She was lost in a singular and mysterious manner," the same authority adds. A young pupil of Ferguson, the Eudosia of his dialogues, gives a sensational description of this unfortunate creature's disappearance, as occurring when she was walking with her father along the Strand. "Ferguson being occupied in some calculations, did not perceive when his daughter withdrew her arm; and when he did, he thought she had gone home to arrange some domestic affairs, and returned home in that idea, and expected her for days and weeks, but she never returned—he never saw her more." Of this terrible incident he himself makes no record. Indeed he says very little about his domestic circumstances; and the proud Scotch peasant, so keenly sensitive to family disgrace, was not likely to bring such a catastrophe before

the world. No doubt the poor people, in their dismal inquiries and searches, did what they could to think the best, and persuade themselves that their child was not altogether to blame. "Some circumstances attending the death of a young lady a few years afterwards, dying in London upon her arrival from the West Indies, led Ferguson to believe that she might be his daughter; but nothing definite was ever known." He lived in London for more than a dozen years after, with this miserable mystery unsolved; and save for a melancholy bequest in his will of a small sum to be paid to her after his decease, "in case she should demand the same," there is no mention of Agnes. It appears, however, from the researches of Ferguson's biographer, that the poor philosopher's daughter had fallen like many another, "inveigled from her father's house by gentlemen whom she had often seen at his lectures," and, deserted after the first charm of her beauty was over, had led a miserable life, divided between vice and the despairing attempts to escape from vice, which make up the profoundest tragedy of humanity. The strange thing in her case, however, is that she seems to have returned to London, and there struggled and suffered, now trying a little feeble literature, now the stage in spasmodic efforts, but without ever seeking shelter or pity from the home she had deserted. But whether this was because of distrust in the tenderness of that home, or from a sense of the poignant misery and shame which she must have brought upon it, no one can ever know.

Fortune, however, seems to have smiled upon the unhappy father at this moment of anguish, as happens at times when prosperity seems a kind of fiendish mockery

of the deeper ills that cannot be conjured away. He was elected a member of the Royal Society "on account of his singular merit," with remission of all fees and annual payments, in the winter of the same year 1763. In the previous year he had received a pension on the civil list, which he quaintly and formally describes as being "regularly paid without any deduction." It was but fifty pounds a year, but that was a larger sum then than now, and is said to have secured his comfort for the rest of his life. But there is not much in that dim and limited life in the London streets, with its tradesmanlike industries and scientific puzzles, broken now and then by a lecturing tour, even when illuminated by the high lights of the Royal Society, to attract the interest of the reader. Ferguson had the gratification of repeated interviews with the king at Kew and St James's, his Majesty having an inclination to amuse himself with the toys of science; and once at least "the self-taught philosopher" had the still greater honour of forming one of the company round Dr Johnson. But his evenings were perhaps ordinarily spent in less elevated company, as will be seen from a sketch in his old graphic vein to be quoted by and by. In none of his children would he seem to have found happiness. One of his sons died in early manhood; another was irregular and unsatisfactory in life. His orreries, his tables of tides and new moons, his combinations of fine-cut wheels and subtle movements, were the pleasures of his life. And public events have as little part as those more poignant records of the individual life in his narrative, or in anything known of him. One would have thought the north-country Scot

could not have passed over, without at least a passing mention, the great crisis of the '45; and one at least of his early patrons, that kind and learned Laird of Auchmedden, the last of his house, who had received him as his guest for months, and was his first sitter when he began to "draw pictures," was out with Prince Charlie, and lived the life of a fugitive and outlaw for some time after. But the Scotch peasant turned London citizen gives no sign of consciousness. His Lunarium, his Eclipsareon, or perhaps a new Rotula, came in his way, and eclipsed the course of history,—which indeed a very small individual matter will easily do, as against the greatest revolution outside.

To return to the lighter evidences of character, there are many amusing instances of the paradox of the self-taught—the mingled ignorance and knowledge, keen experimental capability and blank of the most ordinary cultivation, which might be quoted. The following example is from the notes of a *savant* of the time—Dr Hutton of Newcastle—in whose company, one evening after his lecture, Ferguson exhibited with much pride "a very neat and correct drawing, showing how to divide the area of a circle into any number of equal parts," in an elaborate and difficult way. The learned mathematician suggested that it might be done more simply,—an idea which Ferguson heard with evident unbelief and half displeasure.

"I was induced to consider it that evening before going to rest, and discovered the construction. The next morning I showed him the new and very simple construction with its demonstration, which he seemed much pleased with, on account of its apparent simplicity, but doubted very much that it might not be correctly true. On referring him to the accompany-

ing demonstration to satisfy himself of its geometric truth, I was much surprised by his reply that he could not understand that, but he would make the drawing correctly on a large scale, which was always his way to try if such things were true. In my surprise, I asked where he had learned geometry, and by what Euclid or other book; to which he frankly replied that he had never learned geometry, nor could ever understand the demonstration of any of Euclid's problems. Accordingly, the next morning, with a joyful countenance, he brought me the construction neatly drawn out on a large sheet of pasteboard, saying he esteemed it a treasure, having found it quite right, as every point and line agreed to a hair's-breadth by measurement on the scale."

There is something in a fact like this which is more than the ordinary incompleteness of self-education. It seems to reveal an indolence of mind in the midst of extreme activity, and even a certain perversity of individualism as to what to learn and what not to learn, which is very curious. Many a workman with time and opportunities much less than those of Ferguson, has taught himself Euclid, and there seems a certain force of passive resistance implied in his ability to evade so necessary a foundation. How he should have succeeded in getting through the hands of so many amateur teachers, through a two years' residence in Edinburgh, the home of learning, and even a sufficiently close acquaintance with the mathematical professor, without having been forced into some sort of acquaintance with the fundamental science, is almost more inconceivable than how he could have spent a great part of his life in lecturing on such subjects, without so much as being able to understand the demonstration of a problem.

Here, however, following upon this little story of discomfiture, is

another of triumph, entirely after Ferguson's own heart, which has all the more value as being from his own hand, and affording us a glimpse, something like the earlier record, into the amusements and companions of his London life. It is contained in a letter written to one of his Scotch correspondents, the minister of Glass, and is accompanied with a detailed account of the scientific puzzle of which it treats. It begins by thanking his correspondent for having forwarded some money to Ferguson's sister, and sending another enclosure of similar import for her, as "she may still be in need of a small supply."

"I herewith send you an account of my *Mechanical Paradox*. My interview with the watchmaker was as follows:—One evening I went to the weekly club with a friend, and on our entering the room, or very soon after, the watchmaker began to hold forth violently against a Trinity of persons in the Godhead. . . . I happened to sit just opposite to him, with the table between us, and (you may believe) plenty of wine and punch upon it. I gave him a severe frowning look, on which he asked my opinion concerning the Trinity. I told him that all my belief thereof depended upon the opinion I had of the sure knowledge and veracity of the revealer, but that I did not think it was a proper subject to be talked of over our bottles, bowls, and glasses, and should therefore be desirous of talking to him about his own business. 'Very well,' says he, 'let us talk about it.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I believe you know very well how one wheel must turn another, or how a pinion must turn a wheel, or a wheel turn a pinion.' 'I hope I do,' he said. 'Then,' said I, 'supposing you make a wheel as thick as other three, and cut teeth in them all, and then put the three thin wheels, all loose, upon one axis, and set the thick wheel to them so that its teeth may take into those of the three thin ones; now turn the thick wheel round—how must it turn the others?' Says he, 'Your question

is almost an affront to common sense, for everybody that knows anything of the matter must know that, turn the wheel which way you will, all the other three must be turned the contrary way to that.' 'Sir,' says I, 'I believe you think so.' 'Think!' says he; 'it is beyond a thought—it is demonstration that they must.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I would not have you to be too sure, lest possibly you should be mistaken; and now what would you say if I should say that, turn the thick one whichever way you will, it shall turn one of the wheels the same way, the other the contrary way, and the third no way at all.' Says he, 'I would say that there never was anything proposed that could be more absurd, as being not only above our reason, but contrary thereto, and also to plain fact.' 'Very well,' says I, 'now sir, is there anything in your ideas more absurd about the received doctrine of the Trinity, than in this proposition of mine?' 'There is not,' said he, 'and if I could believe the one, I should believe the other also. 'Gentlemen,' said I, looking at the company, 'you hear this; bear witness to it.' The watchmaker asked me if I had ever made or seen such a machine? I told him I had not, but I believed I could make it, although I had never thought of it till this instant. 'By G—d,' said he, 'your head must be wrong, for no man on earth could do such a thing.' 'Sir,' said I, 'be my head wrong or right, I believe I can not only do it, but even be able to show the machine, if I may be admitted into this company, on this day se'ennight.' The company, who, with serious faces, were very attentive to all this, requested that I would come.

"So I made the machine all of wood, and carried it under my coat to the same room on the day appointed; and there was the watchmaker. 'Well, old friend,' says he, 'have you made your machine?' 'Yes sir,' said I, 'there it is; let us take it to pieces. Are these wheels fairly toothed, and fairly pitched into the thick wheel?' 'Yes, they are,' said he. 'I then turned round the great wheel whose teeth took into those of the three thin wheels, and asked him whether the uppermost wheel did not turn the same way as the one did that

turned it; whether the next wheel below did not turn the contrary way; and the lowermost thin wheel no way at all?' 'They do,' he said, 'but there is a fallacy in the machine.' 'Sir,' said I, 'do you detect the fallacy, and expose it to the company.' He looked a long while at it, took it several times to pieces, and put it together again. 'Sir,' said I, 'is there any fallacy in the machine?' 'I confess,' said he, 'I see none.' 'There is none,' said I. 'How the devil is it, then,' said he, 'that the three thin wheels should be so differently affected? the thing is not only above all reason, but is even contrary to mechanical principles. 'For shame, sir,' said I; 'ask me not how it is, for it is a simpler machine than any clock or watch that you ever made or mended; and if you may be so easily nonplussed by so simple a thing in your own way of business, no wonder you should be so about the Trinity. But learn from this for the future, not to reckon everything absurd and impossible that you cannot comprehend.'"

How far Ferguson was justified in using his superior knowledge of mechanics, as applied to the exposition of the mechanism of the heavens, in order to confound the inferior craftsman, may be questioned. But the scene is amusing, and a true bit of life in its way. From the hills of Banffshire to this little tavern scene in London was not, however, a great elevation after all, though the fine severity of the moral with which this curious little episode concludes has a touch of northern theology about it, which

recalls the manse parlours and the native peat-reek.

The more important of Ferguson's scientific works were largely successful in his time—his 'Astronomy, explained upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principles,' and his 'Mechanics,' going through a number of editions. These books had the honour of being reprinted under the sanction of Sir David Brewster in the beginning of this century, and with the judgment of the same authority we may bring these pages to a close. "Mr Ferguson," he says, "may be regarded as the first elementary writer on 'Natural Philosophy,' and to his labours we may attribute that general diffusion of scientific knowledge among the practical mechanics of this country, which has in a great measure banished those antiquated prejudices and erroneous manners of construction that perpetually misled the unlettered artist." This is no doubt worth an honest workman's while, and an excellent outcome of a practical life. But we cannot but feel that we are somewhat in the position of the simple-minded and deceived, when we think of the north country boy on the hill-side under the stars who ought to have turned out a Newton, a Herschel at the least; and who, stars and dew and genius notwithstanding, turned out only a sort of homely scientific version of the schoolmaster abroad.

## LIBERAL SUBSERVIENCE TO FRANCE AND ITS RESULTS.

FROM the first entry of the present Government upon office, it was made plainly apparent to the European Cabinets that an important change was to take place in the Foreign Policy of England. Mr Gladstone's own utterances, and the ostentatious expressions of others of his colleagues, made it distinctly to be understood that France was to be treated on the footing of the politically most favoured nation. The hostility with which Ministers pursued every item of Lord Beaconsfield's policy led them to affect to undervalue the importance which the Conservative Government had attached to the intimate friendship and alliance of the Austrian and German Empires, and to parade an exaggerated regard for the French Republic, for which neither the constitution nor the *personnel* of that government seemed to afford a reasonable excuse. To this ill-considered course, the greater part of the foreign perplexities of the Ministry is clearly traceable; and the dangerous position in which the Government has now placed itself has its origin in Mr Gladstone's rash assertions in Mid-Lothian, and in his desire to forward any line of policy that might seem to cast discredit upon the diplomacy of the Beaconsfield Government.

The advances of the English Government towards the Republic were received in such a spirit as might have been expected from a Cabinet of statesmen for the most part unused to the responsibilities of office, and who are animated by a disposition of aggressive hostility towards all established institutions, whether foreign or domestic. Our proffers of friendship

were accepted in a disposition of utter indifference; and every concession made by us failed to call forth any reciprocal advantages. To get the utmost out of Britain, and to give nothing in return, has been the invariable policy followed by the Republic ever since the Gladstone Ministry came into office.

The abortive efforts made to renew the Commercial Treaty speedily made plain the principles on which the French intended to respond to our conciliatory advances. Partly to appease the manes of Cobden and partly to gratify the Free-trade party, the Government was prepared to grant the French a one-sided treaty, which would have been of serious disadvantage to some of our most important local industries; and the length to which we went in endeavouring to meet the grasping demands of French commerce, and in prolonging fruitless negotiations, produced that impression upon the French mind of the importance which Britain attached to her friendship which has led to its assuming the exacting and arbitrary attitude of the past two years. The subservience with which our own Government has fallen into all the foreign intrigues and ambitious enterprises of the Republic has done much to strengthen this unfortunate disposition. Even if the present Government can claim its acquittal of complicity in the annexation of Tunis, it must bear the blame of having sacrificed all the interests of its own subjects in the Beylick to the wanton disregard for justice and international obligations which the French conquerors showed towards all other rights, whether native or European, except their own. Its Tunisian

successes soon led French policy to embark upon a career of aggression which threatens to lead not only the Republic, but all those States whose interests cross its own, into complications full of danger to the general peace of Europe. Notwithstanding the damaging revelations to which the conduct of M. Roustan was exposed, the fact that he had added a new province to France was sufficient to make other diplomatic agents emulate his example. A Chauvinistic tone took possession not only of the press, but of the nation in general, which Ministers, having but little other hold upon the popular regard, found it convenient to fall in with; and it speedily became apparent that the Government of the Republic was either unable to direct its foreign policy into safe channels, or had yielded itself to the spirit of reckless unrest which was so evidently swaying the minds of the great majority of Frenchmen.

Under such circumstances, it was surely the duty of Mr Gladstone's Government to reconsider the warm professions of friendship with which it started, and to avoid all causes of imbroglio with France, not merely by abstaining from giving countenance to her ambitious aims, but by adopting a firm tone in all cases where her intervention directly affected either British obligations or British interests. Unfortunately, we have followed an exactly opposite course, with results that may be realised in the state of tension presently existing between the two countries. In the attempted revival of the Eastern Question under Mr Gladstone's Government, a position was, with our assistance, allotted to France which she had not held in the negotiations that led to the Berlin Treaty. Her thanks took the shape of deserting us at Dulcigno, and of treating with ill-

disguised contempt the ridiculous position which we had to take up on that occasion. Our experience at Dulcigno might have sufficed to open the eyes of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues to the estimation in which the alliance of Britain was held on the other side of the Channel, and have suggested to them the extent to which the Republic might be depended upon for future co-operation.

When, however, the Egyptian difficulty occurred, it was plainly to be seen that the Ministry meant to throw all the warnings of experience to the winds. It flattered itself that it would be able to obtain France's co-operation, but overlooked the fact that the whole of French dealing with Egypt in the past aimed at the establishment of its own sole influence in that country. The intrigues of French diplomatic agents had for years been successfully exerted in complicating Egyptian affairs and in weakening the Khedive's government; but it may safely be inferred that the rebellion of Arabi Pasha sprung a mine under the feet of the Ministers of the Republic. They were not prepared to claim a right to sole action in the affairs of Egypt; they could not afford to consent to any other Power taking an independent part in crushing the rebellion; and they accordingly confined their efforts to isolating English policy and throwing difficulties in the way of any concerted operations. The obstructive part played by France in the first stages of the Egyptian crisis tended greatly to aggravate the insurrection, and to leave Britain no option but to take the course which of all others the Republic had wished to preclude her from. The defection of the French fleet in the bay of Alexandria probably afforded more encouragement to Arabi Pasha than any circum-

stance connected with the outset of the war, and involved Britain in an expensive campaign, of which she has not dared yet to reap the legitimate advantages.

The natural result of the conduct of France with regard to the Egyptian expedition should, it might have been thought, have been the forfeiture of her political influence in the Khedive's country. The abstract justice of such a penalty would have been generally recognised by European diplomacy. Our Ministers, however, have taken an opposite view. The efforts of the Cabinet have been directed less to turning our position in Egypt to proper account, than to seeking to remove the susceptibilities of the Republic on the subject of our occupation. Lord Dufferin's proposals for a British protectorate were set aside, for no other reason, so far as is apparent, than to deprecate the resentment of France, and to please that section of Radicals among ourselves who never cease to advocate the Republican interests, when these are opposed to our own. We have sought to soothe our neighbours by allowing them, bit by bit, to insert wedges of political influence into the reconstruction of Egyptian affairs, so that by the time we think fit to withdraw our troops, French agency will be as potential as it was under the old *régime* before the troubles.

The fact is too often overlooked, that in Egypt French commercial interests are inextricably mixed up with political aims, and that in acknowledging our obligations to protect the one, we are led, at the same time, into the position of involuntarily promoting the other. Our past experience of French interests in Egypt has furnished us with innumerable proofs of this, especially with regard to the Suez Canal. The controlling influence which France has hitherto exer-

cised by means of her relations with the Canal upon Egyptian affairs has been so great, that no foreign equivalent to it existed until British troops found themselves in occupation of the country. In the adjustment of the altered circumstances which sprung from our expedition, statesmanship of the most delicate and discriminating character would have been required; and we should have expected that a British Cabinet would have insisted upon such a future constitution being given to the Canal as would, while scrupulously preserving the rights and interests of shareholders, have deprived it of its preponderating political character. Instead, Mr Gladstone came forward with a proposal which confirms and extends French influence; which would have deprived British commerce of the concessions that were acknowledged to be its due; and which we could only look upon in light of a bribe to buy the goodwill of France, and a bid for that *entente cordiale* with the Republic which he so ardently desired when he came into office. The Government, however, found out its mistake much more quickly than it usually does, and although it has been obliged to drop the project, it will still have to exercise considerable ingenuity to escape the jeopardy into which its blunder has brought it. We cannot wonder that a proposition so preposterous should have at once aroused a storm of reprobation among all classes of politicians; we are only surprised that the Ministry could have confidently imagined that the country would ever tolerate such a transaction. There is little or no analogy between Mr Gladstone's scheme and Lord Beaconsfield's purchase of the Khedive's shares. For the latter operation we had our money's worth, and we secured an interest in the future of the



Canal which our position in India made it most desirable for us to obtain. Probably Mr Gladstone had it in his mind to emulate Lord Beaconsfield's bold stroke, but the result has only been to draw forth damaging comparisons between the two transactions. We were to give the Company a loan of £8,000,000 at  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent for the completion of a second canal, which was to be finished by the end of the year 1888, to run parallel with, and to be of similar capacity to, the present waterway. In return for this we were to have an English Vice-President and one English Director on the Executive Board, with the right of inspecting navigation on both canals. If we consider the amount of the sum which it was proposed to advance, and the smallness of the interest to be charged—a lower rate than the Government will accept for advances on any purely British undertaking—these guarantees for the security of our interests in the new Canal must be pronounced to be utterly inadequate. Even with the influence which we could exercise through the Khedive upon the management of the Canal—which, if it had to be strenuously insisted on in cases of dispute, might have led to international difficulties,—Britain would have been represented insufficiently in proportion to the interest which she proposed to take in the concern; and the controlling powers of France, as represented by M. de Lesseps and his friends, would still have retained an undiminished preponderance. The great outcry made by the Liberal Opposition in 1875 against Lord Beaconsfield's investment was mainly founded on the complaint that we had no sufficient voice in the management of the Canal to protect the interests which he had purchased. If there was any weight in this complaint, it must apply *à fortiori* to Mr Gladstone's

scheme of intrusting £8,000,000 to the management of a Board to be controlled by a majority of foreigners. The political unreasonableness of the project could not be more clearly demonstrated than by a reference to the state of angry feeling that just now exists between the two countries; and Britain was fully justified in demanding that so large a sum of public money should not be made over to a Board of Frenchmen while the foreign affairs of France remain under the restless and mischievous management which at present appears to direct them.

But while the case on international grounds against the concession was thus strong, the injustice to our commerce and shipping offered additional arguments that were not less powerful, and which roused the keenest indignation in commercial circles. The complaints made against the heavy dues exacted by the Company from vessels passing through the Canal have been more loud than those extorted by the delay caused by want of accommodation. It was hoped that in any arrangements made with the Company, an immediate and substantial reduction of dues would have been a first preliminary; and it is easily intelligible why shippers should hear with very bitter feelings that any considerable reduction was to be postponed until the Canal pays a dividend of 21 per cent. The dividend for the present year can scarcely exceed 19 per cent on the nominal amount; and the postponement of the reduced dues was not likely to attract shippers to the Canal in greater numbers than at present. On the contrary, it was much more likely to have driven vessels back again to the Cape route. Then the dues themselves are often levied in an arbitrary and, as shippers allege, in an unjust manner; and no steps

were taken to secure a much-needed revision of the principles on which the tariff is fixed; nor was there any promise that an effort would be made to amend the means of redress which shipowners enjoy, or rather do not enjoy, in any dispute with the Company. The procedure in the local courts, whether French or Egyptian, appears to have been carefully framed to deter shipmasters, who are of course pressed for time, from resorting to them; and in the greater number of cases wrongs are readily put up with rather than incur the delay and expense of seeking to obtain justice. There are also many other minor questions connected with the working of the Canal which the Government seems to have been in too great a hurry to consider; and thus the most favourable opportunity that had hitherto presented itself of serving the interests of English merchant shipping was frittered away for the sake of concluding a bargain that possessed at best but very doubtful advantages. Of the haste and mismanagement which contributed to frame this unfortunate bargain, the admission by the Government of the exclusive rights of M. de Lesseps to a monopoly of water communication by the Isthmus of Suez affords one of the clearest proofs. The legality of M. de Lesseps' contention has been questioned by some of our best jurists, whose views are beyond the suspicion of being biassed by political motives; but even had his claim been more clearly established, it does not reflect much credit on the commercial sagacity of Government and its Chancellor of the Exchequer to have made a tacit admission of his title the basis of its bargain. Considering the position which Britain now occupies in Egypt, it would practically have devolved upon our Government to have confirmed any claims that M.

de Lesseps succeeded in making good; and it was both a feeble and unwise concession to have surrendered this point without bringing such claims to a clearer issue. The unsatisfactory and equivocating replies which the Government has returned to the questions put by the Opposition regarding the opinions obtained from its law-officers on this point, and the use to which these were put, raise something more than a suspicion that the whole transaction had been arranged after the most unbusiness-like and haphazard fashion.

If the Suez Canal agreement was meant as an effort to conciliate France, by giving a new lease to her influence in Egypt, it was quite intelligible, and in keeping with the self-sacrificing and subservient spirit which the Liberal Ministry has all along shown towards our neighbours. If it was designed as a profitable investment for the nation, and to do good service to the commerce of Europe, it was the most short-sighted bargain that any Government ever concluded, except under compulsion. If our present interest in Egypt is to be permanently maintained, there was no need for precipitately rushing upon an arrangement for the construction of a second canal in conjunction with M. de Lesseps. If we are to take the earliest opportunity of withdrawing from the country, we should by Mr Gladstone's proposal simply have rendered very material assistance to a foreign power in supplying our place and interest with the Khedive's government.

It was rather a striking coincidence that, on the same day as Mr Childers, whose boasted financial capacity has suffered a severe shock in public estimation, startled the House of Commons by announcing the terms of the Suez Canal agreement, his chief had also to impart

the information that our Government had been compelled to demand explanations from the Republic for its alleged maltreatment of our flag during its recent filibustering operations against Tamatave. While the controversy is still pending, and explanations are as yet due from the French Government, it would be premature to deal with the charge on its merits. The conduct of Admiral Pierre, however, is merely characteristic of the present temperament of his nation; and the passive indifference which our own Government has manifested towards the French designs in Madagascar is an excellent illustration of its habit of ignoring all obligations which would require it to intervene between the Republic and its intended annexations. But for the treatment of our consul at Tamatave, and the slight offered to our naval officers, there seems no reason to believe that the Government would have ever taken any cognisance of the French designs on Madagascar. Yet we must remember that we had ample warning of what was about to take place. The Malagasy envoys had laid the case of their country very fully before the Foreign Office; and there seemed reason to believe that our good offices at least would be exerted on behalf of the liberties of Madagascar. A Government which can always lash itself up to a great enthusiasm when in Opposition over such subjects as struggling nationalities and the treatment of aborigines, might have been expected to have espoused the cause of the Malagasies with all the ardour at its command, and to have put forward remonstrances to which France would have been compelled to listen. Whether France has repudiated our claims to intervene, or has hinted that our own recent annexation in the Pacific makes our interference

come with a bad grace, we are as yet unable to determine with accuracy; but if we may judge from the feelings displayed by the agents of the two countries on the spot, there can be little harmony between France and England upon the subject. Here again we have sacrificed our policy to French views, and have been met with treatment which, until explained away, must be regarded in the light of a contumely to our flag. The case of Consul Pakenham recalls the treatment of Consul Pritchard in Tahiti by Admiral Thouars, while the French were on the point of annexing Queen Pomare's islands in 1842; but the Government of the day made such energetic demands for satisfaction that not only was Consul Pritchard duly compensated, and the conduct of Admiral Thouars disavowed and condemned by M. Guizot, but the firm attitude of the British Government led to the abandonment of the scheme of annexation, and to the substitution in its place of a protectorate over Queen Pomare's dominions. Yet although Sir Robert Peel's Government carried their point, and obtained every reasonable satisfaction, it was held by Lord Palmerston and the Opposition that the tone adopted by the French Chambers with regard to the incident should have been much more severely dealt with by this country.

There can be little doubt that the Government of the Republic will take a discreet view of the position in which the excessive zeal of its admiral has placed it, and that such explanations and reparation will be forthcoming as the British Government will be able to deem satisfactory. But the important lesson to be drawn from the incident is, that the aggressive course of policy on which France is embarking in Africa and in Asia, in a manner

which is to all appearances both reckless and arbitrary, is liable at any juncture to imperil the existence of friendly relations between our own and that country. It may be an object to other states, whose chief interests are confined within their own frontiers, to encourage France in wasting her resources in expeditions outside Europe; but to Great Britain, whose possessions are scattered over every quarter of the globe, the career of colonial conquest, which seems to be the ambition of Republican statesmen, is fraught with serious possibilities of the two states coming into frequent collision. The danger is all the more that there is a great want of effective control on the part of the French Government over its representatives abroad, who seem left to do pretty much as they like, so long as they do not bring the Ministry into trouble. With a Government composed of such weak and uncertain links as the present French Ministry, and possessing so feeble a sense of political responsibility, it becomes us to be on our guard. The encouragement which the Republic has already drawn from the profuse expressions of attachment which Mr Gladstone's Government has made for it, and from the recent subservience which we have shown to its aims, has only resulted in fostering its aggressive tendencies, and in breeding constant troubles for ourselves.

It is impossible for even so strong a Government as that of

Mr Gladstone to formally bring a project so extravagant as that of the Suez Canal arrangement before the country, and then to imagine that it can escape the odium which it has excited by simply throwing up the business. We are fully justified in regarding the Suez Canal agreement as a specimen of the fashion in which the Government has all along been discharging its executive duties. Whether or not Parliament will accept Mr Gladstone's withdrawal from the transaction as a sufficient apology for the original blunder, remains to be seen. It is, in any case, the plain duty of the Opposition to compel the whole matter to be discussed in the most minute and searching fashion, and to have the grounds of the Government's action brought clearly to light. If, as we maintain, and as Mr Gladstone in a great measure admits in his explanation to the House, a regard for the French Republic had weighed with the Government in taking an unduly favourable view of the claims of M. de Lesseps and his colleagues, then it is time that our affection for our neighbours should be restrained within more judicious bounds. The collapse of the Canal agreement, and the discussion of our relations with France which it had inevitably to lead to, will not help to smooth the explanations due for the Tamatave incident, or to promote that cordiality upon an equal or reciprocal footing which it is so desirable to maintain with our friends across the Channel.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXV.

SEPTEMBER 1883.

VOL. CXXXIV.

## THE CANAL DILEMMA.

### OUR TRUE ROUTE TO INDIA.

AMONG ancient writers, there is perhaps no one who so nearly approaches the modern spirit in many respects as does Herodotus, "the father of history." The shrewdness of his observations, the care with which he distinguishes between that which came within his own personal experience and that which he heard from others, may well be imitated by the modern geographical or historical writer; and the value of his own observations remains permanent, though the progress of monumental discovery and of rational criticism may lead us to relegate many of his historical statements to the category of mythical tradition.

When Herodotus visited Egypt, he was struck with the extraordinary amount of solid matter brought down by the current of the Nile. He was told, and was disposed to believe, that when Menes founded Memphis (that is to say, forty centuries before his time, and

sixty-three centuries before our own), the Egyptian delta was non-existent, save in the form of marshes near the city of Thebes, and that Memphis was thus a seaport in a deep bay or gulf of the African shores of the Mediterranean. He hazards the suggestion that had the Nile flowed into the Red Sea, nothing could have prevented the river from filling up the Gulf of Suez. But the great traveller was not aware that this was actually what had occurred before his own days; nor did he know, as the geologist now knows, that the isthmus on which all eyes are now fixed is a late natural feature of the Mediterranean coast, and that the green bed of Wâdy Tumeilât is, in fact, an ancient Nile-branch, closed up in the course of ages—as are the Tanitic, the Pelusiatic, and the Mendesian mouths—by the tendency of the great river to choke with its own mud. The Pithom mouth, as Wâdy Tumeilât may be called, was already silted

up in the days of Necho, who constructed the earliest sweet-water canal along the Wády in the 7th century B.C.—the time of Josiah, King of Judah. But at what period it was still flowing, and whether it was yet open when the Israelites marched out of Goshen, we have as yet no evidence to show. This only do we know, that, since Egypt first existed, the Nile has yearly brought down the soil of Abyssinian highlands to fertilise and increase the delta, and that the shore-line of Egypt is steadily growing northwards, at the rate of fifty yards per annum, since at least sixty-two million tons of solid matter are yearly carried down the river, so that the waters of the Mediterranean are turbid with mud to a distance of no less than ten leagues from land. At Port Said, the oldest known antiquities are not earlier than the Christian era; and there can be little doubt that at the time of the Exodus, even if the Mediterranean and the Red Sea were not actually connected by lakes and marshes, the shore of the former at least reached to Kantarah—Lake Menzaleh, and all the flats and marshes north of Tanis or Zoan, having as yet no existence.

These facts, which are too often entirely forgotten, agree with what we know of the growth of all the river deltas of the Mediterranean. They agree also with the history of Tigris and Euphrates; and they belong not to the region of theory, but to that of ascertained circumstances, founded on accurate professional observation.

When Sennacherib attacked Elam, the Persian Gulf reached to Kornah, now a hundred miles from the mouth of Euphrates. Alexander founded Charax on the sea-shore, whereas it is now fifty miles inland. The Shatt el 'Arab,

or "desert shore," which now stretches on either hand of the combined channel of Tigris and Euphrates, had then no existence. Babylon, in fact, in 2000 B.C., was only half its present distance from the sea; and the rivers of Chaldea have been growing longer at the rate of about two miles per century, which is an even more rapid rate of increase than that of the Nile.

But while these great changes have gradually and imperceptibly been carried out by nature, year by year, century by century, without the attention of mankind being especially attracted, another kind of change has gone on in Palestine in the case of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. The Jordan Valley is the most magnificent 'fault' in the world. It is a chasm formed by the tearing asunder of great beds of rock 4000 feet thick; and this occurred, as there is plenty of evidence to show, at a geological period as late as, or even later than, the Eocene epoch. The sandstone cliffs which stand up east of the river, when their dip is contrasted with the sudden subsidence of the chalk and limestone slopes which run down from the western watershed to the valley, bear evidence of the occurrence of this wonderful crack in the earth's crust, which extends for 200 miles. In Eocene times there was a chain of great fresh-water lakes from Hermon almost to the Gulf of Akabah; and it has yet to be settled at what period the watershed south of the Dead Sea was elevated so as to stop the outlet of these lakes, and to leave a broad dry channel (120 miles long), now called the 'Arabah, or desert, south of the Dead Sea. The process of subsidence and of evaporation went on steadily long after the Eocene period, and is indeed thought to be still in progress; and the shores

of lakes now dry have been traced in the Jordan Valley, and show clearly how the great sheets of water have gradually dwindled, as the valley sank lower and the evaporation gained in power, so that in our own times they are represented only by the Dead Sea (which is forty miles long and ten miles broad), the Sea of Galilee (twelve miles by eight miles), and the yet smaller Huleh, or waters of Merom. The snows of Hermon are annually poured into this valley; the great fountains at its foot, the streams of Arnon, Jabbok, Jarmuk, and many other tributaries—from Gilead, from Moab, or from the west—are yearly rushing into the Dead Sea; yet this great supply of water, representing the rainfall of a basin covering many thousands of square miles, is able only to raise the level of the Dead Sea in winter about fifteen feet, and the whole of this amount (fifteen feet over 400 square miles) is in summer disposed of by evaporation alone, leaving the Salt Sea even saltier than before, from the chlorides brought down from the salt springs higher up the valley, and from the salt marshes north of Jericho.

The makers of the Suez Canal have then, in feeble human fashion, sought to undo the work which the Nile has taken at least sixty centuries to perform. They have dug their little ditch through the mud-flats which were once beneath the sea, and their achievement is considered by their fellow-men to be perhaps the greatest engineering triumph of an age of scientific power. It is perhaps not unnatural that in their exultation they should conceive themselves capable of doing yet greater wonders,—of being able to move mountains, and to destroy the face of primeval nature, and to set at nought the

restrictions which, in all former ages, she has placed on human powers of transport, and on the direction of the great lines of Asiatic commerce. Yet let us not forget how stupendous are the forces against which we strive. The Nile has no labourer to pay, no limits of time or of distance. It hurls annually sixty million tons of solid matter into the Mediterranean, and chokes the mouth of the Canal at Port Said every year with 721,000 cubic yards of silt. If it be so wonderful a deed to scoop out a channel 100 yards wide through soft river-mud between the lakes of the Isthmus of Suez, let us beware before we credit the power of modern engineers to destroy the solid rocks of the Syrian shores, or to restore the ocean to beds which it has long deserted.

The highest ground in the Isthmus of Suez is only fifty feet above sea-level. The soil excavated consists partly of sand and mud; partly of a soft friable limestone deposit—the sediment of the Nile mud, dried and semi-consolidated, but not converted into rock even of the softest kind. At Shalûf there is a short cutting through rock, but the extent is inconsiderable; while, as it is unnecessary to point out, the existence of Lakes Balah and Tim-sah, and of the Bitter Lakes—survivals of the ancient Yam Suph or “sea of weeds”—gave material assistance to the projectors of the Canal. From an engineering point of view, then, the execution of a canal which in cross section has an area of 450 square yards, with an extreme width of 100 metres, cannot be said to have entailed great mastery over the natural features of the land. Yet it cost 16 millions sterling to make, without reckoning collateral expenses, which make a total of over 20 millions.

The difficulty which has arisen,

in consequence of the construction which M. Lesseps places on his "exclusive right" to the isthmus which the Nile has for so many centuries been patiently building up for his sole benefit, calls attention to other lines of communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Dark hints have been thrown out that the Government may see its way to turning M. Lesseps' position, by means of a canal through Palestine; and the claims of the Euphrates Valley Railway, of the Turko-Indian line, of the Nile Canal proposed by Mr Fowler, are all brought into prominence by the choking of the Isthmus route. We may glance at each of these in turn; but of all the various schemes which have been discussed during the last twenty years, there is none which so fills the mind of an engineer with astonishment at the proceedings of his fellow-countrymen, as does that of the Jordan Valley Canal, recently revived under distinguished patronage.

The scheme to which Government seems inclined to lend an ear—not probably with any intention really to embark on the enterprise, but rather with the view of obtaining a set-off for negotiation with M. Lesseps—is not by any means a new idea. It was proposed twenty years ago, by a Frenchman, as a rival project to that of the Suez Canal, and it has been talked of ever since in Syria.

From the mouth of the Kishon it is proposed—following the course of that river—to gain access to the plain of Esdraelon, and crossing this eastwards, to reach the low watershed (about 200 feet above the Mediterranean) which divides the Esdraelon plain from the broad valley of Jezreel, running down by Beth-shean to Jordan.

By means of a canal along this

line, some 25 miles long, it is proposed to let in to the Jordan valley the waters of the Mediterranean, which, as the valley is much lower than the Mediterranean level, would, it is contended, lead to the flooding of the whole of this great gorge, as soon as the stream was induced to run through the canal piercing the watershed near Jezreel.

This is, however, but part—and that the easier and less important part—of the scheme. The communication is to be made complete by another canal on the south, which is to let in the waters of the Gulf of Akabah into the Jordan valley at the south end of the Dead Sea, thus forming a natural water-way which will require neither maintenance, dredging, nor other incidental expenses, but which, once made, shall remain a monument of human power over nature to all eternity.

Truly it is a grand and fascinating project. Palestine becomes a long peninsula divided from the eastern deserts by a great lake, over which the hot winds will blow with moderated ardour. The fertility of the land must increase marvellously; for has not M. Lesseps made the wonderful discovery that the presence of salt water produces mists of a fertilising nature?—a fact which the Greek islands obstinately refuse to recognise.

Again, to many there is, without doubt, a religious element in the question which commends it strongly to their minds. "The waters shall be healed." "The miry places shall be given to salt." "The fishers shall stand from En-ge-di" (which will be 700 feet below the surface of the water) "to En-eglaim" (perhaps near the sources of Jordan): nay, even Capernaum "will be cast down to hell," as the water will rise 600



feet above its ruins (Ezek. xlvi. 9-11; Matt. xi. 23). It is with no intention of disrespect to those who hold such views that these words are written; but it is certain that in England such anticipations will strongly influence a large portion of the very public which might be asked to support the scheme in question.

Let us for a moment, however, consider what it is that the projectors of the Jordan Valley Canal would accomplish if they succeeded. The sea being admitted would, it is supposed, gain the same level throughout. The Jordan valley would be filled up to a depth of 1300 feet at the Dead Sea, and on the north the line would run out near the Huleh Lake. Thus Jordan would become a river only ten miles instead of a hundred long. The Sea of Galilee, with all its sacred places—Tiberias (with its Jewish population), Capernaum, Bethsaida, Bethshean, Jericho, and many other important sites—would be sunk below the waters. The dolmen fields of Gilead and Moab would be swept away, and a sea 150 miles long, and at least 10 miles broad, would fill the valley—a lake covering 1500 square miles of country, four times the size of the Dead Sea, or about as large as the Victoria Nyanza.

The promoters have obtained the opinion (with many cautious reservations, it must be allowed) of a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers in support of their views. From his letter it appears that the whole work is to be accomplished in three years. The Canal is to be only 50 feet wide and 10 feet deep, but the water rushing through it is to enlarge the channel to the width of 480 yards, with a depth of 20 feet, which is calculated to be the size

necessary to fill the valley at the rate of a million cubic yards per minute. This action of the sea is to be induced by a fall of six feet to the mile in the original channel, and is to be effected by means of the “properly directed scour of an elementary channel,” with “due provision for evaporation.”

The engineer had perhaps before his mind's eye what we know of the action of the Mississippi when forming a new channel, although the cases are not strictly analogous; but what are we to think of those who propose to deal with the rush of a mass of water as great as that which falls over the Horse Shoe Fall ledges at Niagara in a minute, but which is here confined within the space of a quarter of a mile, or half the width? Where will the man be found who will “properly direct the scour” of such a terrible waterfall; and who is responsible for the design which shows us a canal with locks descending into the valley? Are the locks also to be a quarter of a mile wide? and if so, who will work the gates? Are the locks to control water flowing with twice the force of the Niagara current? and if so, how thick will their gates be, and how large their sluices? Surely it is a marvel in the present century that professional men should be found to write even with qualified approbation in support of such a scheme.

But let us suppose that this is an exaggerated estimate, and that the company will be content to go to work more soberly and slowly. They will perhaps be willing to wait twenty or fifty years, and to admit the ocean by a gentler gradient. Here, unfortunately, they encounter another difficulty, namely, that connected with “due pro-

vision for evaporation." We know that the summer and winter difference of level in the Dead Sea is 15 feet. This is the minimum effect of evaporation in the Jordan valley. Evaporation goes on all through the year, and all along the course of the Jordan and of the tributary streams. And lest it should be thought that the effects of evaporation have been exaggerated, it will perhaps be well here to remark, that the Abana and Pharpar, as well as several rivers of Central Asia, are evaporated without ever reaching the sea, just as the Nile itself would also be, but for the floods of the Atbara. It would therefore be necessary, before the height of summer was reached, to fill the valley to a depth of more than 15 feet, or all the water let in would be evaporated away, and in spite of the two canals the valley would remain as dry as it now is. To float vessels, at least 15 feet more should be provided, and thus our 1500 square miles (and more) must be filled up some 30 feet high in the first year.

To this there are two objections. If only 15 feet of water was to be admitted, the current must be 15 miles an hour. If some advance on total evaporation is to be established, the current must be from 20 to 30 miles per hour in a canal about the size of the Suez Canal. The smaller the canal, of course the more rapid the current required. But 20 miles an hour is the ordinary rate of a railway train. Who is to control a current of this speed, which, as is well known, would tear up solid masonry? and what locks or sluices would be strong enough to regulate the flow? Ships would be carried helplessly along; and if ever they got down the slope to the incipient lake, they could never get out again, but must remain

there until the sea attained its final level. Yet we have seen that under a rate of flow of 15 miles an hour (roughly calculated) no effect at all would be produced; whereas, on the other hand, with a current running like an express train the lake would only be filled in the course of 100 years. The company must wait for its traffic returns, then, at least a century, and by that time, perhaps, the reasons which give prominence for the moment to the question of an alternative route might have disappeared.

Let us look at the project from another point of view—namely, that of expense. The Suez Canal, we know, cost more than £160,000 per mile, and of this £87,000 per mile was expended on works of construction. The calculated prices for the Panama Canal show us a difference in expense between cutting a canal through rock or through earth which is as 6s. to 1s. 6d., or four times the expense in the case of rock. The Suez Canal is cut through ground nowhere exceeding 50 feet in height above the sea, and joins together a string of lakes.

Now, as regards the northern adit to the Jordan valley, we have very exact information given by the Exploration Map of Palestine. The levels along the Kishon are marked, and are controlled to a certain degree by comparison with a line of levels run from the Bay of Acre to the Sea of Tiberias, which are exact within a few inches. It appears, then, that in the first ten miles there is a rise of about 90 feet, and in the next fifteen from 90 to about 200 feet above the Mediterranean. With a canal 20 feet deep and falling 6 feet in the mile, we should thus have a mean depth of cutting of about 200 feet throughout, or four

times the maximum of the Suez Canal. As regards cross sections, we have seen that it would be impossible to make the canal small on account of evaporation, and that the promoters contemplate a final width to be four times that of M. Lesseps' channel.

But would this excavation be through rock or through earth? The Esdraelon plain no doubt possesses a fine loose soil; but the depth is not known, and is not likely to be as great as 200 feet. The Carmel ridge is a hard crystalline limestone; the rocks below Nazareth are of the same formation; the hills of Gilboa are also of very hard rock; and a basalt district (of the very hardest material) must be encountered near the Jezreel watershed. It is thus probable that at least half the cutting would have to be blasted, and the idea of a scour enlarging the channel must be abandoned. A canal four times as wide and four times as deep as the Suez Canal must be cut through rock and earth, the cost of excavating which would be at least double that of excavation in the isthmus. Thus, for construction alone, the canal would cost thirty-two times as much per mile as the Suez Canal, or about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  millions per mile for a distance of 25 miles, without including the other charges, which in the case of the Suez Canal amount to £73,000 per mile and more.

We have taken the northern channel first, as being the part of the work concerning which the promoters are most confident. On the south they seem to assume that the country runs down-hill from the Gulf of Akabah to the Dead Sea, and that a canal on this side would be quite a short one. They speak also of "loose sandy soil" in this valley; and the "properly directed scour" is to do the work for them.

As a fact, however, it is very well known that the 'Arabah rises northwards to a saddle near Petra, the height of which is not accurately ascertained, but the lowest estimate yet given makes it 200 feet above the Red Sea. Had no such rise existed, the Gulf of Akabah would probably have long ago done the work which is now expected of it. The attention of the company seems now directed to the examination of this watershed, and inasmuch as the greater includes the less, no doubt they will thus be most easily convinced; but in face of what is known as to the northern adit, it seems rather a waste of time and money to inquire into the details on the south. We know that the channel must here be at least 60 miles long, and probably on an average at least 200 feet deep. The cost per mile would be at least equal to that of the northern canal, the length more than double.

The soil of the 'Arabah is superficially a loose sand, but the saddle is known to consist of Nubian sandstone, which is a fairly hard rock. The intrusive traps which burst through this sandstone at Petra are yet more formidable, and the only choice is between these materials and the granites of the Sinaitic ranges. The estimate must in all probability, therefore, be higher than that for the excavation of the shorter channel.

Nor are these the only expenses. The Suez Canal was dug through a flat desert, the ground of which was really valueless, and the district uninhabited for the most part. This is not the case in the Jordan valley. A population of many thousands of nomadic Arabs, with flocks and herds, must be dispossessed and compensated. The cornfields which occur all along the valley must be bought; the villagers

of Jericho and of Beisan must be recompensed for their vines and fruit-trees. But yet more, what value is to be placed on Tiberias, with its 3000 inhabitants, and (yet more unluckily) those inhabitants more than half Jews? What value will the Jews place on their houses and synagogues; on Tiberias, the holy city, where the Talmud was first put in writing on the tombs of Meir and Kahna, and of the great Maimonides? Truly we have here to deal with men who do not under-estimate the worth of that which they have to sell. To buy a city might be considered rather a great undertaking, yet it is but a small contingency in this magnificent scheme. Tiberias is 680 feet below the Mediterranean, and either it must be overflowed, or it must be transported like an American town to some spot 700 feet farther up the hills.

Let us suppose that only a million is required to settle this matter, and that the rest of the valley is bought at the rate of 1s. per acre, giving a total for 1500 square miles of £363,000 (which is far too low an estimate): we cannot suppose that compensation would be less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 millions, yet this is a mere detail in the total placed before us. The bill to be met stands thus when stated in every respect at a minimum:—

Northern Canal—	
Construction at $2\frac{1}{2}$ mil-	
lions per mile, . . .	£65,000,000
Other charges, . . .	1,825,000
Southern Canal—	
Construction at $2\frac{1}{2}$ mil-	
lions per mile, . . .	150,000,000
Other charges, . . .	4,380,000
Compensation, . . .	1,500,000
	<hr/>
	£222,705,000

This is surely putting things at their lowest, yet the bill rather

dwarfs the modest proposal to lend eight millions to M. Lesseps. The expense would finally come to about twenty times that of the Suez channel; whereas M. Lesseps now informs us that if left to himself he can make his second canal for five millions sterling—which those who know how the money was really spent in the case of the first canal will not be disposed to deny being possible.

What shall we think of engineers who are ready to conduct Niagara in the right path as though leading leviathan by a bridle? who will be able to change the whole face of nature, and to destroy thousands of miles of historic lands? We may perhaps be reminded of the Panama Canal, and of the proposed inland sea in Tunis. All that can be said in reply is this: The Panama Canal is not yet made, and many sober men are found to doubt whether it ever will be; but supposing it to be possible, it bears no resemblance to the proposal under consideration, and would be indeed a most modest achievement when compared with the Jordan Valley Lake. As regards the Shatût of Tunis, the French promoters have not yet shown good cause to convince us that the sea, which, in consequence of geological changes, has deserted the ancient bed, can again be induced to return at a rate sufficient to counteract the effects of evaporation. But even in this case the aims of M. Lesseps are more modest than those of the Jordan Valley Canalists. Supposing that English capitalists prefer to spend 250 millions on this route (representing three times the amount of the annual national expenditure), rather than to aid in spending five millions on the new Suez Canal, there yet remains the difficulty of the introduction of the water, which, as we

have seen above, is one which cannot be overcome.

Is it supposed by those who advocate this scheme, or by the Government which tacitly countenances its inception, that the idea will surprise M. Lesseps? Why, the project is as old as his Suez concession, and he cannot fail to have then become acquainted with all that could be urged in its favour. Whether he be the great engineer whom some would represent him to be, or the great diplomatist which his history shows him to have always been, it is equally clear that the threat to turn his position by means of such a scheme will be received by him with a smile.

Leaving aside, then, this extravagant and thoroughly unpractical suggestion, let us consider the remaining routes, first among which stands the Euphrates Valley Railway. The present Government was willing to lend M. Lesseps eight millions at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The Euphrates Valley Railway would cost, it is estimated, about ten millions, and it would pay at the rate of 10 per cent over nearly half of its length. Perhaps, then, it might have been worthy of the attention of statesmen under the present circumstances, even though its construction had been a matter of consideration to a Conservative Cabinet under Lord Beaconsfield.

There are several modifications of this scheme which have lately been proposed, but they cannot be considered improvements on the old line laid down by Colonel Chesney in 1850. The route from Tripoli, concerning which Commander Cameron has written so confidently, cannot compete with that from Alexandretta and Aleppo, on account of the difficulties of the pass, 2000 feet high, which it must cross to reach Homs, and which consists

entirely of very hard black basalt. The Tripoli port is known to be the best on the Syrian shore, and a good military road might no doubt be made by this pass to Aleppo; but for a railroad, the line by Antioch is preferable in many respects. The scheme which Commander Cameron propounded at the Society of Arts, of a line from Tripoli to India, may be dismissed with as little ceremony as that with which it was then received from competent engineers.

It is more than doubtful whether any good line could be formed further south leading from Acre, although Haifa is probably destined finally to eclipse Beyrout as a seaport for Damascus. The further south we seek to penetrate inland, the greater is the extent of desert to be crossed before the Euphrates can be reached; and for this reason Colonel Chesney's route by Antioch and Aleppo to Birejik, and thence to the Persian Gulf, on the west or right bank of Euphrates, remains without a rival.

The advantages of the line are these. The route from London to Bombay would be 700 miles shorter than that by the Suez Canal. If the port of Kurachee were to replace Bombay,—which, in case of military use being made of this line, would probably be the result,—the route would be shortened by 1000 miles, or by five days of seapassage. The length of the railway would be 920 miles, which represents 48 hours' travelling. Its cost is estimated at £8000 to £10,000 per mile, or between seven and eight millions sterling. The saving of so much time would be a military advantage of the highest importance, and constitutes a claim which no other practicable route possesses. The words of a famous diplomatist must not be forgotten,

and the nearer Russia approaches to Herat and to Kandahar, the greater becomes the necessity for the Euphrates Valley Railway.

As regards the commercial aspect, it must not be forgotten that in the days of the Seleucidæ, and yet later in the Roman times, Antioch was the great rival of Alexandria, and the emporium of the commerce of Asia. In the 16th century, though Vasco de Gama had discovered the Cape route a century before, Queen Elizabeth had her fleet on the Euphrates, and had authorised the Levant Company to trade through Aleppo. It was in the 15th century that the Genoese trade in the Euxine declined, and was superseded by Venetian trade through the Red Sea; but these changes were mainly due to the conquests of Genghis Khan, and of his fiercer successor Timur, and not to any physical causes. The invention of steam, followed by the cutting of the Suez Canal, has directed trade from the Euphrates to the Red Sea. It was not until the East India Company moved their factories from Bassorah that the trade of Aleppo was ruined. The establishment of a line of railroad by this natural route might in great measure restore the balance; and the local trade from Aleppo to the Mediterranean, and from Baghdad—by a short branch—to Bassorah, might yield a very handsome profit to the company, even if the rest of the line proved quite unremunerative. To seek, however, for traffic by diverting the railway eastwards to the Tigris valley, would be fatal to the fundamental principles which alone recommend the Euphrates route, and would contradict the well-known fact, which has been proved especially with regard to this line of traffic, that local commerce follows, and

is developed by, the through commerce of a great trade-route.

The advantages of the Euphrates Valley Railway are, however, balanced by very serious drawbacks. The number of small bridges required may be disregarded, as representing a very insignificant engineering difficulty; while the objections to moving troops by this route, which are based on the great heat of summer on the Mesopotamian plains, would surely not weigh with Englishmen when India was in danger, and five days or more were to be gained. It would not always be necessary to send soldiers in summer time, and, in ordinary circumstances, they might travel by night. The various contrivances used in India for cooling railway carriages might be employed, and, under any circumstances, it is only a question of forty-eight hours of heat—perhaps not greater than that experienced in the Red Sea. The drawbacks, then, are not engineering, nor are they climatic, but commercial and strategic. In the first place, some 500 miles of the route would be unproductive for a long time of paying local traffic. In the second, transport by rail, with the double transshipment at Alexandretta and at the Persian end, could not compete successfully with a through communication by water, as in the Suez Canal. For light goods, for the mails, above all, for the rapid despatch of troops, the railway would be of value, but not for the heavy merchandise which comes by sea from India.

The strategic objections are yet stronger, and they are akin to those which made Lord Palmerston oppose the Suez Canal. That Canal, as we now know, was created rather for a political than for any commercial reason. It was a menace to England—"a lance in

the hand of France"—a hold on our communications with our Indian empire. For this reason, as we well know, the scheme was received with favour by the diplomatists of France, even if the buying of shares was not regarded by our imaginative neighbours as a patriotic proceeding. It was for this reason that our great statesman opposed the scheme, not from any doubt of the engineering practicability, nor from any jealousy of French commerce and enterprise. It was the Suez Canal which gave France her influence in Egypt, and which has compelled England to occupy Cairo, and which still compels us to concentrate our attention on this corner of the Mediterranean. The interests of England are bound up with the development of this line of traffic, unrestricted by baseless pretensions to monopoly, and unhindered by the jealousy of those whose rights, whose traffic, and whose necessities less imperatively call them to keep safe and free the highroad of commerce to India.

The responsibilities which would be entailed on England by the construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway are of a similar description. Even if protected by the river, the line presents a long flank, exposed to a Russian advance from Armenia or from the Caucasus. A position at Aleppo, and a post in the Persian Gulf, would become necessary for the safeguarding of the railway, even if the occupation of Baghdad and of some part of Syria did not become finally imperative. The acquisition of Cyprus and of a tract near the Euphrates mouth, as also the acquisition of rights of navigation on the Karoon river, running from near the Euphrates mouth towards Teheran, had this meaning. They were steps which must precede the making of the Euphrates Valley

Railway, and which might render it possible for England to fall on the flank of the Russian advance to India from Asterabad on the south-east of the Caspian. Like the buying of the Suez Canal shares, they were acts which strengthened our hold on the road to India, and which tended to check the now rapid advance of Russia both eastwards and westwards. But they were great plans, which demanded the courage and forethought of a great man to ensure their success, and the patience of genius to develop. We have returned to the day of small things, to the reign of those who prefer to lend English money to her most jealous neighbour, and who, seeing peace in their own days so far as Russia is concerned, are content to ignore all indications of her advance, and to place the good-humour of France before the peril of Great Britain.

One more word let us add. The rights of the Sultan in Egypt are not likely to trouble the minds of those who have occupied this province; but to make a canal in Syria, or a railway in Mesopotamia, a firman from the Sultan is necessary, if not also for a second Suez Canal. Have we any reason to expect that the Sultan is willing to grant such firmans to England under the rule of the present Ministry? British navigation of the Tigris has been forbidden; British exploration in Assyria or in Syria has been suspended; British subjects in Constantinople apply vainly for their rights to Sultan and Cabinet alike. Why should the Sultan grant new concessions to those who have declared for the "bag-and-baggage policy," who connived at the seizure of Tunis, and who invaded Egypt against his will? What proof is there to him that the Euphrates Valley Railway might not bring British troops to Baghdad,

or the Jordan Canal hold a fleet which might declare Syria independent? It was not in this spirit that a more successful statesman approached the ruler of Islam.

Other schemes may be more briefly dismissed. The idea of a great railway which is to start from Constantinople, and push its way gradually, developing traffic as it advances, through Asia Minor and Persia, and by Beluchistan to India, is a scheme too vast to be of practical interest. It has all the military and commercial disadvantages of the Euphrates Valley line, and none of its recommendations. The length of line is such that it could not possibly be protected, while Russia from the Caspian would have a long start on her parallel route through Herat. The price of through transport by rail, over such distances, could never compete with that of even a longer line by sea; and this railway, in short, will not be made until Asia is civilised and Europe has disarmed.

The scheme of a canal up the Nile to Cairo or to Benha, and thence to Ismailieh, is condemned by similar considerations: it is a makeshift, not a natural route. The general who ruled a straight line between two points as marking the proper road to be taken, understood the principles not only of strategy but of commerce also. No man will go round two sides of the triangle so long as it is possible for him to go by the third. No ship will ascend a rapid river against the current, if a shorter

canal without a current be available. M. Lesseps has shown the true line by which the Red Sea may be reached, and he possesses the advantage of "interior lines" as compared with all his rivals.

Such, then, is the position created by the unnecessary acknowledgment of a right which is more than doubtful—nay, which every day seems to show us as more shadowy and unreal. Two Governments have dealt with the Suez Canal since its construction was effected in spite of us, and—politically—to our detriment. The one statesman secured us a share in the Company, and presented the country with a splendid financial investment. He kept his eye on the possibilities of the far future, and paved the way for the construction of a military line which might save five days at least on the road to India. The nation failed to follow him, and he was dismissed, and died. His successor has taken up the question. He has made a bargain so bad that even the strength of his party will not enable him to carry it out; and in order to undo the evil done, in order to place some advantage against those which he has himself bestowed on his adversary, he proposes gravely to promote one of the most preposterous schemes concocted by any English committee of the age. The men who admitted the *pouvoir exclusif* and who condemn the Euphrates Valley Railway, are naturally those who will believe or feign to believe in the Jordan Valley Canal.



## THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART VI.

## CHAPTER XXI.—AN UNEXPECTED VOYAGE.

MR DEXTER FILE was seated comfortably in his room with Major Blatherskite, a hero of the war, who had made himself useful to the great capitalist at some time or other, and who was therefore tolerated for a few minutes at very long intervals, and only for a few minutes—for it was very easy to have too much of the society of the gallant Major. By virtue of having “fit into the rebellion,” and of having received, as he always averred, at least a dozen wounds in the battle of Shiloh, he had managed to secure for some time a liberal allowance of “free drinks”; but of late the sources which had slaked his perpetual drought had been drying up, and the Major had made up his mind to break new ground in the West. Therefore he had come to Dexter File for what he called a “dead-head pass,” or, in other words, a free passage over the railroad to Utah.

“Yes, sir,” he said, as Dexter File wrote out the pass,—for the opportunity of getting the Major exported to Utah was too good to be missed,—“yes, sir, I sorter feel the rebellion’s played out at last. We’ve made a pretty good thing on it, some of us, that’s a fact. Many got offices, and many more got pensions, but they left me out in the cold. My claim is still before Congress. I want to get some of that Alabama money that Johnny Bull paid us, and that we haven’t known what to do with ever since. Now, with your influence in Congress, Mr File, I might put it through, I reckon?”

“Well, you’ve as much right to

the Alabama money as most of the people who got it.”

“Jest so, sir—jest so; that’s what I was saying to my wife this very morning. And something must be done, for nobody wants to hear any more about the war. A few years ago when I began relating my experiences, everybody rushed around me, saying, ‘Poor fellow! come along and take a drink.’ Now when I begin everybody clears out. I hadn’t oughter have done another day’s work in all my life after Shiloh; but it’s a case of ‘root hog, or die’ now, Mr File. It does seem oncommon hard, doesn’t it?”

“So it does,” said the capitalist; “but you’ve got a pension? Everybody gets a pension by asking for it.”

“Taint enough to live on, Mr File—that’s what’s the matter. Them Alabama claims ought to have made my fortune. People got the money as never had a ship or a bale of cotton in their lives; and with five thousand dollars or so out of that big pile, my old woman and I could have fixed up our affairs for life, and had an elegant time—pretty nigh as good as we had the first years after the war, when a man who could show twelve wounds got at Shiloh might have had a brown stone house on Fifth Avenue. I had the wounds, but I couldn’t conveniently show them, don’t you see.”

“That was the way of it, was it?”

“Yes, sir; I could show them to you, Mr File, but not to the public. Would you like to see

them right here?" said the Major, beginning to unbutton his coat.

"Not at all," said the capitalist, hurriedly; "I take your word for it, Major. They don't cause you much inconvenience, I hope?"

"Only that I ought to have lived on 'em, and can't. That's inconvenience enough for me. My idea is that a real old soldier like me ought to have a special pension out of the Alabama money for every wound he can show."

"But you say you can't show any, Major."

"Not to the public—but I reckon I could to a select committee. And a committee ought to sit on my case: then I'd show them fast enough. No difficulty about that, Mr File. The only thing is to get hold of the right men to help me. Now, if you would give me your good word, sir, the whole thing could be put through in less than a week."

"I have no influence in Congress," said File, coolly.

"Well, then," replied the Major as quickly as his astonishment would allow him, "I should like to know how much the President himself has? I allus thought that you about run that machine. It wants some one to put a little sense into them Congressmen's heads. Every one of 'em thinks he's got George Washington's hat on, and prances round like my old charger at Shiloh, letting fly his big words in a voice you might hear at t'other end of the Avenue. It's all talk and no cider. If I could get there, I reckon I'd make things hum! The last time I was thar, there were so many Patrick Henrys all letting off the steam at once that the din of a battle-field was nothing to it. I a'most thought we were back again in the good old times of the rebellion, when I

commanded—did I ever tell you about my command, Mr File?"

The financier slightly raised his head, with the look of a man who had been following the line of his own thoughts, and had not heard a word that had been addressed to him. There was something in his eye which suddenly checked the rapid flow of the Major's eloquence, and caused him to take up his hat, and make a movement towards the door. Observing no sign whatever which he could construe into an invitation to remain a moment longer, he slipped out quietly, and had not been gone many minutes before a tap was heard, and upon the instant there entered Hosea Mink. He had been away rather less than a month; the moment he saw clearly that he was not destined to succeed in his English mission, he turned his face again towards the west, the more eagerly because he had longed to be at home once more before the vessel in which he went out had fairly turned the corner, so to speak, of Sandy Hook.

"Walk right in," said File when he saw him, and with no more ceremony than if he had merely been across the road and back again. "That old war-horse Major Blatherskite has been here, and talked away till I forgot all about him."

"About the war?"

"I really cannot tell you what it was about. But I'm very glad to see you back again;" and the financier shook hands with his friend with a warmth which showed that he was in earnest. "And how did you get on?"

"I did not get on—I stuck fast. Those Tuscarora railroad people know when they're well off, and you will not get rid of them without some trouble. You see they are trustees, and they are very

anxious about the interests of the shareholders."

"Oh, that's it," said Dexter File in a peculiar tone, which Mink understood perfectly well.

"They cannot be faithless to their trust, or neglect the duty which they owe to the public."

"I see," said the financier in the same tone.

"They seem to have some trouble, too, about their honour."

"Ah, that's the complaint over there too, is it? There seems to be an epidemic of it going about. Did you make any offer?"

"They would not listen to one from me, but they might from you. Do you attach much importance to this road?"

"So much, that I must have it at some price—I would almost say, at any price. It is necessary for the protection of what I have got already."

"Then, depend upon it, you had better run over yourself and try to settle matters with them. It's the shortest way, and a few weeks would answer your purpose."

"It would be difficult to get away just now," said the financier reflectively, "but it might be done. Did these people say anything to you except on the point of honour?"

"That was about all," replied Mink, brushing up his memory.

"No legal difficulties—no lawsuits? Bring the lawyers in, and there's no telling when I should get out of the mess."

"There was nothing of that kind—you would have to make it right with the trustees, and after that it would be smooth sailing enough."

"Very good. Then we must go on playing for the big stake." As he uttered these words, he took a slip of paper, and began jotting down upon it a row of figures.

Anybody who could have cast a glance at those figures would have come to the conclusion that the stake in question was indeed a big one. File's eyes "snapped," as Mink expressed it, and a faint flush appeared for a moment on his pale cheeks—signs which were never to be seen except on the great occasions when he was about to embark a colossal fortune in some enterprise which would have made a whole syndicate of bankers tremble in their shoes.

"And now," said he, folding up the little piece of paper and putting it in his pocket, "what about the other little matter? Did you see the Margraves?"

"I did—there was no trouble about that."

"And of course you settled everything with them in a very few minutes? You are a keen hand, Mink," added the great man jocularly, for he saw defeat written on Mink's downcast visage. "We shall have to send you over to England as Minister one of these days. You could teach them a better game than draw-poker if you put your mind to it."

"I see you guess how it is," replied Mink, who quite understood his distinguished friend's ways. "I might get on pretty well with the English Mission, because there's nothing to do but to talk soft-sawder to John Bull after dinner—and there's nobody in the world can take so much of it without making a wry face. But I could not manage the Margraves. Neither father nor daughter would listen to me. The moment I hinted at money, they fired up and cut me short. As for the girl, she made me half afraid of her, and half in love with her."

"Why, what has come over the world all at once?" said File, with

a grin. "Everybody offended when you show them a blank cheque signed by me? I have known some strange things happen, but never *that* before."

"Anyhow, Margrave would not accept any money."

"Nor his daughter?"

"Not very likely, if he refused."

"And what are they doing for a living?"

"Earning it by hard work."

"That's a mighty poor way of getting it, although I have done it myself before now, and by all sorts of devices too. I have known what it is to go hungry to bed many a time, and I am not quite sure that I was a worse man then than I am now. I wasn't quite so much run after, eh, Mink? There was no fear of my finding an interviewer under my bed then."

Mink smiled and shook his head. Dexter File rather liked to talk about those early days of struggle and difficulty, considering them, upon the whole, not the least honourable of all that he had seen in the course of his life. They had tested his metal, and shown him that he possessed one of those iron wills, beneath the force of which every difficulty is pulverised into dust.

"Earning a living," he repeated, musingly. "And Margrave's daughter—does she work too?"

"Indeed she does, and very hard. She is going to make a grand woman," added Mink, with unwonted feeling,—*"all clear grit; made out of first-class materials, like our American girls. I'm as proud of her as if she were my own daughter. All the wealth in Nevada would not turn her aside from her purpose."*

"Is she like—like her mother?" said File, hesitating in the middle of his question.

"So far as I can remember, she

is not—at least not much. But you know I never saw the mother more than two or three times, except as a child. Girls alter as they grow up."

"*That* one did; she altered even more than is customary, I should think. Did you hear anything of her?"

"How or where should I hear of her?" replied Mink, looking up astonished.

"I thought, perhaps, you might have come across some trace of her. Such things do happen when you are knocking about the world. And so the girl is trying to earn a living for herself—and happy?"

"About as well off as most of us in that way, I suppose. She seemed to have nothing much to complain of. But it must be a hard struggle, and it is not likely to get easier when their little reserve fund is all exhausted. They must have had something to go on with, but depend upon it there was not much, and it cannot last for ever."

"It would be much better for Margrave to come over here at once," remarked File, after a few moments' reflection. "You might take him in with you, Mink, and find him useful. You would not object to him as a partner?"

"It is of no use to think of that. Why not go the straight way to work, and tell him your reasons for wishing to stand his friend? Would it not save a great deal of trouble?"

"It might, and it might make a great deal. We must work it out on the line we have started on. I never give a thing up because we don't happen to hit it off just right the first time."

File now sat silent for several minutes, with his head bent forward upon his breast. He tore up a piece of paper into shreds,

which was one of his favourite tricks when engaged in puzzling out a difficult problem, and scattered the pieces slowly upon the carpet. Then he looked up and said—

“I think I see my way out of it, Mink. It can be done without any scenes or any fuss; but I shall have to go over to England to do it—you’re right in that. That railroad is worth looking after; and I’ve been a good deal overworked of late—the doctor tells me I must make a sea voyage. It will be the first holiday I have ever had. But you will have to look closely after things here, and send me a long telegram every day—just as if you were writing a letter. You have the cipher?”

“Of course. It will be much the same as your being on the spot.”

“Not quite. The boys in Wall Street will begin making things lively for us all before the steamer I go in is out of sight of Staten Island. But I will arrange for all that beforehand.”

“It will not be the first time they have burnt their fingers at that game,” said Mink, with a chuckle.

Then Dexter File gave elaborate instructions as to the course it would be incumbent upon him to

pursue in the event of certain contingencies arising. Mink was to have unlimited means and unlimited powers. If necessary, a message could be exchanged between them every hour in the day. File’s departure could not be kept secret—it would be known all over the city as soon as he had put his foot on the deck of a steamer. Then the battle would begin, and File was well aware that it would be a hard, perhaps a costly one, no matter which party might win in the end. But his mind was made up, and with him that meant prompt action.

It was Tuesday night. He sat up very late with Mink, and handed him some papers and documents which were calculated to produce no slight effect in the coming contest. He went upstairs to his bedroom, packed one small portmanteau, and threw himself upon his bed for a few hours’ rest. The next morning all New York was excited over the news that Dexter File had sailed for England. His vigilant opponents were in ecstasies. “Now,” as they said, “they had him just where they wanted him.” But they forgot that they had to reckon with Mink; and Mink was no mean foe, when he was armed with all the wealth of Dexter File.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—PREPARING FOR A CAMPAIGN.

When Dexter File arrived in England, he did not at first go to his banker’s, or to his lawyer’s, or to any other person by whom he was expected. He was looked for in the City with considerable eagerness; for the news of his visit had been flashed under the ocean while he was still groaning and writhing upon it—for he was a very bad sailor; and a variety of schemes

for employing his fortune to the best advantage had been considerably prepared for him by indefatigable “promoters,” who of late had found the British public singularly deaf to the voice of the charmer. It was supposed that a man like File would gladly buy a mine or two, or a railroad which had not paid its way; and would, generally speaking, let his gold fall like the

gentle rain upon the dry and thirsty soil. A dozen times a-day people dropped into the office of his banker's to inquire when he might be expected; and Morgan's clerk was kept busily engaged answering the same question. Morgan himself, to say the truth, was impatient for the coming of the millionaire. He smiled when he heard of the throng of eager and hopeful spirits which was waiting for him, and thought within himself that if anybody in London could have a reasonable chance of managing successfully the 'cutest man in America, it would be none other than himself, William Morgan. But day after day passed, and there was no sign of the railway king. Dexter File had his own way of doing everything; and in this case he did not see the necessity of showing himself too soon. There was nothing he detested so much as publicity of any kind,—and assuredly it was not his own fault that his name and achievements had figured so conspicuously in the newspapers of many countries. He put up with it; but it was only because he could not help himself.

And yet it was to the editor of a newspaper that he decided to make his first visit. He had brought a note over to Philip Delvar, and one afternoon he put it into his pocket, and walked off to the dismal-looking establishment where the 'British Sentinel' kept constant watch and ward over the welfare of the country. Dexter File had wandered a good deal about London alone, and had found his way to the Tower—the favourite shrine of most of his countrymen. There the only things which he felt bound to admire were the Koh-i-noor and the Beef-eater,—although the story of the attempted robbery of the royal jewels by Colonel Blood aroused, for the moment, a genuine thrill of

interest. That was a raid worth making! But it seemed very clear, even from the disjointed narrative of the Beef-eater, that Colonel Blood was a miserable bungler at his work. Affairs of that delicate kind are managed much better across the Atlantic.

It was late in the afternoon when File sent in his note to Delvar; and the editor was just thinking of laying aside the pen which had done so much execution upon his enemies—and, as some unkind people would have it, upon his friends likewise. When Delvar was in one of his truly brilliant moods, he slashed away vigorously to the right and left, and it was impossible to tell for certain who was out of harm's way. The arrows of his wrath fairly darkened the air. On this particular day he had been on the war-path with even greater zest than usual; and on the whole he was well satisfied with the feats he had accomplished. But if he had not been so, he would still have given File a hearty welcome,—for even journalists are not proof against the manifold attractions of a millionaire.

"I'm afraid you are busy," said File, a little nervously; for, strange as it may appear, he was a painfully shy man outside his own house, and very seldom held communication with any stranger if he could help it.

"No, no, my business is done," said Delvar, in his pleasantest manner; "and busy or not busy, I should always be glad to see you. Do you make any stay in London?"

"Probably not—I have only come over for a little rest. And I really think I have almost had enough of it already."

"So you have not come on business? All the papers, including my own, have said that you had great projects in view."

"I reckon not; I thought I had only come just to look around. But the papers must know best." File looked about him while he spoke, and presently fixed his keen eyes upon Delvar, and rapidly formed his own conclusions concerning him.

"You are not the first editor I have known," said he, in his usual low tones.

"Indeed!" replied Delvar, rubbing his hands together cheerfully.

"No, sir, I guess not. I have known several in my time. Very pleasant gentlemen they are, as a rule. Right smart men I have always found them, except in business matters. There they are no kind of account."

"Well," said Delvar, laughing, "you cannot expect us all to vie with you, Mr File. Every one must stick to his trade."

"But why does anybody choose such a poor trade as literatoo? A man ought to own a paper before becoming an editor. How does that strike you?"

"I do not think any literary man would have the slightest objection to that plan, but there might be some difficulty in working it out."

"Well, then, let them turn to something else—as I did. I followed two or three callings, till at last I struck the right one."

"We would all do that fast enough, if there were any hope of succeeding as you have done. But your secret is known only to yourself."

"My secret is to save up the first five thousand dollars. After that, you may do anything you like, and become as rich as you please. But I believe editors never save!"

"You seem to have a good deal of knowledge of them," replied Delvar, not liking the turn of con-

versation so well as he did at first.

"I ought to have," said File, drily. Then he coughed, and looked down, and was silent while Delvar shuffled his papers together and locked up his desk.

"You know a friend of mine, I believe," said the editor; "a capital fellow, named Margrave?"

"Yes, I know him; is he in London?"

"Indeed he is, and not of his own free will. You have heard all about the loss of his property? It came very hard upon him, I can tell you, and if it had not been for the pluck of his daughter it might have been even worse. She is the best woman alive."

"So everybody tells me. Are they very poor?"

"Not so poor as to be in actual distress, but still it must be a hard struggle with them. Was there not something very odd about Margrave's marriage?"

"Not that I ever heard of," replied the capitalist, who had not come to give information, but to seek it.

"It seems strange," pursued the editor, "that he knew so little of his wife before he married her."

"Does he know much about her now?"

The editor laughed. "Well, I really do not think he does," said he. "But will you not go and see him while you are in London? He always speaks very kindly of you."

"Yes, I should like to see him."

"Then I will take you to him whenever you like. Meanwhile, if you have nothing better to do, suppose you come with me and have some tea? Tea is the great meal of the day now, you know. I was just going over to the club, and there we can have a quiet talk. Will that suit you?"

The millionaire reflected for a moment, and then came to the conclusion that it would suit him well enough. So the two men went forth together, and File once more noticed how sombre the streets all looked, and how leisurely and slow the people were in all their movements. He missed, too, the great signs over the shops and across the thoroughfare to which he was accustomed in his own city; but still, as a good business man, he could see abundant signs of life and energy, and they delighted him. It did not take them long to reach Delvar's club, and there File gazed about him with great curiosity, while Delvar slipped away under pretence of washing his hands—in reality to circulate the news of the arrival of the distinguished visitor who had honoured him with his company. The very first man he run against happened to be Mr Chirp, the Cabinet Minister, to whom he whispered the potent name of Dexter File.

"Really!" exclaimed Chirp, intensely interested, for he had a vast respect for wealth. He held that money is power in these days—not knowledge. What had knowledge done for him? Absolutely nothing. Money and push—these are the weapons that are now needed in the battle of life. Such was Chirp's philosophy, and it had served his turn remarkably well.

"Come and talk to him," said Delvar; and although Chirp was in a hurry, as he always was, he promptly decided not to lose this opportunity. Now Dexter File had no love for "politicians" of any kind, his own pretty long experience of them having been anything but an agreeable episode in his career. He was inclined to think that the world could manage to get on very well without them; while that he personally could have

dispensed with their existence, he had not the smallest shadow of doubt. But it had so chanced that they had taken a deep interest in his affairs, and had sometimes even attempted to remove them, to a great extent, from beyond his own control. All his means of persuasion, backed by his lobbyist Don Pedro's insight into the infirmities of human character, had been requisite to restrain these too zealous patriots from carrying measures through the Legislature which would have rendered some of his railroads a source of wealth to almost everybody but himself. In each State Assembly there are fat years and lean years, just as there are in agriculture; and when the time for a lean year had come round, what could be more natural than to introduce a bill threatening the property of Dexter File? The band of "strikers" was generally soon organised, and after a little holding off, Don Pedro would make his appearance at the seat of State government, and, after some private conversation with a few of his friends, the bill would somehow get blocked, and nothing more would be heard of it that session. Dexter File had been "bled" in this way of a sum of money which he was afraid to reckon up; even to a rich man it would have been a princely fortune.

Mr Chirp, on his part, had no objection to millionaires. He had heard—as who had not?—many stories of File's daring and gigantic transactions in the financial world, and his desire to listen to some of these narratives from File's own lips was strong. But every attempt which he made to "bring him out" utterly failed. Chirp was accounted a clever man—and so he was, perhaps, as men go; but in dexterity of fence he was no match for the American. File seemed to have



nothing whatever to impart concerning the details, regular or irregular, of legislation in his own country, but he was willing to be informed about similar matters in England.

"You see," Mr Chirp condescended to explain, "there is no motive for entering public life here, except the desire to serve one's country. We are not paid as your representatives are."

"It is all patriotism then," said File, with an air of the most respectful attention.

"Entirely so;—in fact, there is nothing else to tempt a man to embark upon such a career. That is quite clear."

"It may be so," said the millionaire gravely; "you gentlemen must know best. But I always understood that it was an English statesman who laid it down as a rule that every man had his price."

"That was in the bad old days," said Chirp.

"Old or new, there's no difference, except in the way you pay the price. Human nature is a fixed quantity—the same one year as it is the next. In some countries, politicians want office and position; in some they want money. They none of them work for nothing, unless you call great ambition nothing. Your English statesman was right."

"We will convert you to a different view," interposed Delvar, "if you remain here long enough. Now there is a politician—to use your own word—just entering the room, whom I would almost trust to give you a better opinion of the whole class. His name is Tresham—Sir Reginald Tresham; and he is, or rather *was*, to have married our friend Margrave's daughter."

"I never heard of that," said File, looking curiously at the Under-Secretary, who was reading the

evening paper. Chirp, who had been rather puzzled by his new friend, was luckily called away.

"You never heard that Sir Reginald Tresham was engaged to Margrave's daughter? Why, everybody knew of it; it is a very old story now."

"And why was the marriage broken off?"

Delvar shrugged his shoulders, and looked significantly at the millionaire.

"That part of it is an old story, at any rate," said File. "He broke his word because the young lady's father lost his money and estate? Well, I *have* known some cases of that kind on our side too. But this young fellow is rich himself, I suppose?"

"He is neither poor nor rich. But it was not his fault that the match fell through. Indeed I have heard it whispered that it was the young lady herself who put an end to it. Tresham, I fancy, would not hesitate to carry out the engagement even now, if it depended upon him. Do not misjudge him. He is the soul of honour; perfectly incapable of doing a mean action." The editor was himself half surprised to find how warmly he was espousing another man's cause. But whether distributing praise or blame, he never did anything by halves. "And I can tell you another thing," he continued, in a lower voice; "he is destined to get on in Parliament, and that before very long. Mark my words, he will yet be seen in the very front rank."

"Where your Mr Spinner is?"

"Exactly. You must know that Spinner is a great friend of his—almost as great as he is of Lord Splint's. He will look after Tresham, for he appreciates his abilities. No man deserves it

better, and you may believe me when I tell you so, for he is not of my own opinions in politics. He is not thorough enough for me. But Tresham is sure to run straight, and to come in among the first. I was very sorry for *his* sake, as well as for Miss Margrave's, when the marriage was spoken of as being at an end. Miss Margrave is a very clever girl, and ought to marry a clever man. Usually, you know, such girls go to fools. It is a law of the universe. Did you ever notice it?"

"Notice what? that fools get married?" said File, who had been keeping his eye upon Tresham, and pursuing, as usual, his own thoughts.

"Bah! no—that the fools get all the clever girls. It is a fact. But in this instance the marriage, for a wonder, would have been perfectly well-assorted on both sides, for I do not think you will find the equal of Kate Margrave in a hurry. Tresham was devoted to her—that much I can answer for. His mother—an ambitious woman—was dead against the marriage; wanted him to marry the daughter of that old gentleman sitting over there."

"The shabby old man with dirty hands?" inquired File.

"Dirty hands? An earl's hands can never be dirty. That shabby old man, as you call him, is the Earl of Rathskinnan. And if Lady Tresham could have had her way, her son would have married one of this old gentleman's daughters. If Tresham had been all for self-interest, as you maintain that everybody is, he would have taken his mother's view of the matter; for the noble lord over there is a great gun in his party, and what is quite as much to the purpose, he is very rich. So you

see it would all have been pleasant enough for Tresham."

"And he wants to keep to his engagement, you say?"

"Not a doubt of it, although he never told me so."

"I guess," said File, when he had thought over this story for a few minutes in his usual deliberate way, "I should like to know that gentleman. Will you introduce me to him?"

Tresham was familiar enough with the name of Dexter File, and was rather curious to see him. But it is almost as difficult to know what to say to a millionaire as it is to carry on a conversation with a king. File's own method was invariable, and it did not give much help to a stranger. He said, "Glad to make your acquaintance, sir," and then subsided into solemn silence.

But Reginald sat down by his side, and soon found himself quite at home with the shrewd and observant man who had made so much stir in the world, and who was supposed to care only for money, and yet never made an allusion to it. His clothes, as the young baronet remarked, were of the plainest kind; his square-toed boots were even a trifle the worse for wear; and his hat looked as if he had slept in it all through the voyage to England. A very thin gold watch-chain was the only piece of jewellery to be seen about him. His manners were as plain as his dress; there was no fuss and no pretension. Riches must have afforded him some kind of pleasure, as they do to the rest of the world, including philosophers; but what this pleasure was did not appear upon the surface. The mere pride of wealth, so dear to common minds, was a thing, as we have seen, the very meaning of which would not have been understood

by Dexter File. It was with him, as Montaigne declares it is with all of us, "C'est le jouir, non le posséder, qui nous rend heureux."

Tresham was well pleased with him; and, on the other hand, the American liked the first specimen of the young Englishman whom he had encountered on his native soil. They sat talking together even after the editor had been compelled to take his departure, and gradually Dexter File led his new acquaintance to speak of Margrave, although he seemed instinctively to shrink from mentioning Margrave's daughter. Affairs of the heart were not much in File's way of business; but it required far less than *his* discernment to detect that Reginald had a motive for not talking about Kate, and that this motive was an honourable one. Silence was more eloquent than words. With this, too, File was content; and, upon the whole, he decided in his own mind that Reginald deserved the smooth things which the editor had prophesied concerning him.

As they were separating, Tresham pressed the American to go into the country with him on Saturday, and spend two or three days at Owlscote Manor.

"Is that near the property which Margrave had?" asked File.

"It adjoins it. Come down, and I will show it to you."

File seemed to turn this offer over in his mind, as he did every-

thing else, from small things to great, before deciding what to do. In reality there were many reasons, known only to himself, which caused him to hesitate over this particular proposition. But finally he consented, and gave Reginald his hand with much more cordiality than he usually manifested for a new acquaintance. And thus it was settled: he was to go down to Owlscote Manor the following Saturday, and when he returned, he hoped it might be possible to attend to his business affairs.

As he walked back to the hotel, File thought a good deal about all that he had seen and heard that day. Decidedly it was a pity that Margrave's daughter had not married this young fellow whom he had just left. Was there any insuperable obstacle even now to the marriage? File could not see his way clear at present to obtain any light on that question. But on one point he had no doubt. "I guess," he said to himself, before dismissing the subject from his mind, "that such a marriage as this would turn out well. Could it be brought about, I wonder? And who is the proper person to try it?" Over this last question he pondered for some little time, and then he went to his room with a peculiar look upon his face which Hosea Mink would have known how to interpret. It meant that he had decided once for all on his plan of operations.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Lady Tresham, as it may have been gathered from what has already been said, had no great love for Americans, and she received the news from her son of the coming visit of Dexter File with a very moderate degree of pleasure.

But it was one of her principles to extend a cordial welcome to any guest of Reginald's, and it must be said in his favour that he had seldom tried her patience very severely.

"Is he a presentable man?" she

asked, when Reginald came down on the evening previous to the millionaire's arrival; "or is he one of the unmanageable kind? In either case, there is no time to ask any one to meet him."

"He is quite presentable, I think; and they say he is worth, at least, a hundred millions of dollars, which is something in his favour. He seemed to me a very quiet, unobtrusive sort of man, and I daresay he will much prefer being alone here."

"A hundred millions of dollars! Twenty millions of pounds, is it not? and how did he get it all?"

"Ah, it would take a long time to tell that, even if I knew all about it. We must assume, I think, that he came into possession of it by proper means. I have not asked him!"

"We will do the best we can with him. I cannot say I like his countrymen, as you know, and I do not believe they like us. No doubt I am prejudiced, but it seems to me a very theatrical sort of friendship which has been set up of late years. Depend upon it, this mutual admiration business has been very much overdone, and it will come to no good."

"I do not see that it can come to much harm. At any rate, we must not visit the faults of his country on Mr File's head. I can assure you he is quite a civilised person, although he does say 'I guess' when we should say 'I think.'"

"Civilised or uncivilised," responded the mother, "he is your friend, and therefore he is heartily welcome here." In fact, when File presented himself the following day, Lady Tresham saw, from a very brief inspection, that he would cause her no annoyance. She had been a little apprehensive at first about her oak floors, under the

belief that all Americans chewed tobacco, with the usual disastrous consequences to carpets and furniture; but File was innocent of tobacco in any form. He was very quiet, as Reginald had promised that he would be; and he gratified the lady of the house in no slight degree by admiring with great earnestness the ancient furniture in the hall, and by showing a due degree of interest in the story of the big carp. He secretly felt that if he could buy up the whole contents of this hall, and transfer them to his own country-house, it would be an excellent purchase; but upon this point he judiciously held his peace. Lady Tresham herself reminded him of the portraits of Martha Washington, and her old-fashioned stately courtesy took his fancy greatly. If he could have bought her with the furniture, and packed the "whole concern" off to America, just as it stood, he would, without doubt, have done it.

No two persons could have presented a greater contrast in training, tastes, and disposition than guest and hostess. Lady Tresham was a firm believer in the right of the superior class to govern, and in the good effects of maintaining the old distinctions of station which she saw, with sorrow, disappearing under the levelling influences of the age. She had come of a good family herself, and she believed that it was in every way better to be so descended than to be sprung from an obscure and ignoble stock. File, on the other hand, honestly thought that ancestry was a matter of not the slightest importance, and that class differences were absurd, and contrary to all right principles of social government. Yet he rather admired the aristocratic bearing of his hostess, and admitted that the

genuine article was very much superior to the imitations of it which he had sometimes seen on the other side of the Atlantic, on the few occasions when fate had thrown him into the society of ladies. A person of this kind would, he thought, give a "tone" to his own household; but while so thinking, he was not disposed to budge an inch from true republican principles.

"I hope you like our country—the little you have seen of it," said the lady at luncheon—a luncheon which would have sufficed File for twenty dinners. The presence of a superfine butler and two stalwart footmen had, if anything, somewhat added to the usual gravity of the millionaire's countenance.

"It is a very pretty country," he said, "laid out and swept up like a garden. And to-day I saw the sun—it made things look quite home-like. They told me I should never see the sun in England, but I am pretty certain I saw it on the way here."

"I daresay you did; we really have it sometimes. In your own country you have it always, then?"

"Always when we want it, and occasionally when we don't. I should have thought you could not have raised anything here, and yet you do—especially pretty children. What becomes of them all when they grow up?"

"That I cannot say," said the lady, amused at the American's unconsciousness of having said something which might have been rude if she had been a few years younger. "They tell me that all your women are beautiful. Is it true? What a pleasant place it must be to live in!"

"I find it a pleasant place," replied File; "but I do not know much about the women. I live

very much alone, and my business takes up all my time. Women and business, they say, do not go very well together, and I reckon there's some truth in that."

"Have you ever been married, Mr File?"

This question seemed, for a moment, to disturb the great capitalist's composure. He fidgeted uneasily on his chair, and was a little annoyed to find the solemn eyes of the butler riveted upon him.

"Recollect, Mr File, you are not obliged to confess anything," said young Tresham, with a laugh.

"Then I guess I will let the point remain undecided," replied the millionaire; "family history is seldom amusing to others. My own would be anything but amusing." There was an undertone of sorrow in his voice which could not fail to strike so acute an ear as that of his hostess. Even a hundred millions, she thought, cannot buy everything. File relapsed into silence, from which he was only roused by hearing the young Baronet mention the name of Captain Tiltoff. In this he was immediately interested, for he already knew the story of their coming to these parts.

"The Captain lives near you, I believe?" he asked.

"They are our nearest neighbours," replied Lady Tresham, coldly; "but we do not visit them. Are they friends of yours?"

"I never saw them, but I knew the people who had the property before them."

"Ah! the Margraves. Well, they were at least better."

Reginald's cheek flushed as he listened to this worse than faint praise, but he said nothing. Indeed this was almost the first time the name of the Margraves had been mentioned at that board since their departure from the

county. Mother and son seemed to have tacitly agreed to avoid all reference to them.

"I should like to see the house, if not the people," said File. "Is it far from here?"

"About a mile. I will drive you over in the afternoon if you like; or if you prefer to walk, I will show you a pleasant path through the park. The garden is by way of being a show-place in the neighbourhood, on account of the rhododendrons. You will find no difficulty in gaining admittance there."

"These parks of yours are very pretty, but they will not last much longer," remarked File; "they make the country look like a picture-book. They would not be allowed at home."

"Why not?" said Lady Tresham, with a shade of austerity in her manner.

"Because our theory is, that one class should not have an advantage over another. We are all equal."

"But not in wealth, are you? Is it so much worse to own land than money?"

"The money is always changing hands, you see. And if one man gets more than another, it is because he has more gumption in his head. That is all there is to it. Myself, I do not care for money. It is only a burden."

"A good many people would be glad to relieve you of it," said Reginald, with a smile. "You need not go far for candidates."

"I daresay not. But would they be able to play my game out? If they would, I think I should be willing to let them try, and I would come and settle down here."

"You settle in England?"

"Why not? You are backward in your political institutions, I allow; but I could stand them for a hitch—I mean, for a time. Since

I have seen your green fields, I have half a mind to try it." Whether File spoke in jest or in earnest his hearers were uncertain, as he probably was himself. Yet it was true that the peaceful look of the country had given him a vague sort of desire to exchange his turbulent life for rest and quiet.

"Then you had better go and look at Four Yew Grange," replied Reginald. "I daresay Tiltoff could be prevailed upon to part with it."

"Is he in difficulties?"

"He is always in difficulties. A man who plunges on the turf as he does would run through twenty fortunes. And the Grange estate does not yield enough to keep him going."

"It is a small place, then?" File was now intent upon getting all the information he could, and listened carefully to every word.

"It is what you would call a small place—perhaps it brings in £5000 a-year. That is not much for a man who makes a bad book on every race. The gallant Captain is over head and ears in debt, if all I am told be true."

File balanced a spoon upon his knife, and seemed plunged in thought.

"Deep in his stocks and schemes," said Lady Tresham to herself as she rose from the table. But in reality Dexter File's own affairs were at that moment far enough from his mind.

"You really wish to go to the Grange?" asked Reginald.

"Yes, I will go; and, if you please, I will walk. It will do me good. Your air here smells as sweet as a scent-store. Put me on the way, and I will be off."

"Then come along. But beware of Tiltoff if you happen to see him. He will sit you down to a game of poker and clean you out. Recollect we know all about poker over here now."

“Then that is more than I do. I never played at a game of chance in my life.”

“Never at a small one, you mean?”

“Not at any kind of one, big or little. I never gamble; it is against my principles.”

“What! not on the Stock Exchange?”

“No, I never gamble there. I let other people do it, and take up their losings. That is not a game of chance with me.”

The millionaire now took up his hat—the high hat which he wore wherever he went, on sea or on land—and in the course of a few minutes he found himself strolling on beneath an avenue of beech-trees, whose leaves glistened brightly in the sun, and from whose wide-spreading boughs the birds were piping their most delightful lays. Clumps of hawthorn were just coming into bloom; and occasionally, when the path went near enough to the highroad, the American could see that even the hedges were covered with flowers—the wild rose, honeysuckle, and convolvulus grew over them in graceful festoons, and a lilac-bush added its pleasant colour to the scene and its delicious perfume to the air. A strange feeling of repose and contentment crept gradually into the veins of the railroad king, and doubts crossed his mind whether it was worth while to go on living his New York existence, with all its cares and dangers—for it was not exempt from dangers. Not once or twice only had his life been threatened, and in times of panic or excitement he carried it in his hand.

It took him a long time to get over his walk, for he lingered often upon the way, thinking of this and that, and pausing to admire the fine old trees, for any one of which

he would gladly have paid a large price if it could have been set up in his own grounds. At last he came within sight of the Grange, and easily found his way to the gardens, and entered them by a gate which some one had carelessly left open. From this point he could see the house to great advantage, and its many-gabled front and old mullioned windows captivated him at the first glance. He thought to himself that it could not be a very pleasant thing to be obliged to give up a home like that, and go and live in London lodgings. There was a beautiful view over pleasant fields and meadows to the hills beyond, on the sides of which the yellow gorse shone in the sun like the finest gold. From thence the moors extended for many a mile, till they seemed to melt away into a thin purple line. File, though his acquaintance with nature was but a slight and casual one, greatly preferred this prospect to anything which he had seen in London.

Presently an elderly man appeared upon the scene, and File walked up to him and explained his visit. He wished very much to see the gardens. He knew at once that the man must be the gardener, for he diffused around him the fine, rich aroma of an old rum-puncheon, and Dexter had noticed that the same peculiarity was frequently to be detected in his own gardener on Staten Island. Clearly, therefore, it could not be “something in the mould,” as File’s man had once assured him it was.

File praised everything that he saw, all the more sincerely because he did not know the least thing in life about flowers, fruit, or vegetables. He walked on, with his hands behind his back, and his eyes fixed upon the gravel path;

but apparently he was listening attentively to the man's remarks.

"You ought to have seen this garden, sir, when my old master, Squire Margrave, had it. You see, his daughter took a great interest in it, and was here and there about it a dozen times a-day. The gentleman as lives here now has never been near it once, and missus has only been twice—and then she never asked a question. She was talking to a foreign-looking gentleman all the time."

"Are they much here?"

"What, the foreigner? Nearly always, it seems to me. They calls him a Baron; but that's what they call 'em all nowadays. I daresay his father played a hurdy-gurdy. Baron Phlog—that's his name. Maybe you've heard of him, sir?"

"I did not mean the foreigner—I meant the Captain and his wife?"

"Well, *he's* not here much, because he's generally off racing, or up in London. There he is now walking up and down in front of the house—the sporting-looking gent. The other one is him as they call the Baron."

File looked in the direction indicated, and saw that the two persons in question were holding an animated conversation together, and that the "sporting gent" was using a great deal of gesture, and puffing away occasionally at a cigar. The millionaire made up his mind that he would see him a little nearer, but not just then.

"Your old master, Mr Margrave, lived here all the time, did he?"

"Ay, he did. I recollect his father too—a sour-tempered old man he was, and never cared for his son, or for anybody else but himself. This Captain and his wife were always around him,

makin' believe that they loved him a precious deal better than their own selves. I daresay it was through that as he made the will we've all heard of. It ain't right to go agin your own flesh and blood; and if the old man had ever seen Miss Kate, he never could have gone agin *her*, I'll bet you a quart—I mean, I'm quite sure. Why, sir, she was as civil-spoken to us all as if we were friends and not servants; and I reckon we were all mighty cast down when she left us."

"You *reckon*, did you say?"

"I daresay I did, sir; but I wasn't noticing. Is there anything wrong in that?"

"Nothing—but I thought no one said 'I reckon' but an American."

"So you're an American, sir? That's the country to live in, according to all I've heard tell. I sometimes think I should like to leave this old place and go there, although I was born and bred on it, and never thought of going from it while Squire Margrave was here. And as for Miss Kate—well, sir, she was like a fine spring morning. It made you feel young again only to look at her. You've seen that sort, I daresay, sir?"

"I almost forget, but I should like well enough to see *her*."

"And so should I, sir, a-walking on the terrace there instead of that bad lot."

This was nearly all the man had to communicate, and File's curiosity with regard to the house being for the present satisfied, he turned his face once more towards Owlscote. But first he glanced at Captain Tiltoff, and said beneath his breath, "You and I will have something to say to each other yet, my friend—but not till everything is ready. And if that is not very soon, I guess it will not be your fault!"



Young Tresham had strolled out to meet the millionaire, and found him slowly plodding along, oblivious of everything but his own reflections.

"Well, you have seen all that you wished? We began to think that you were lost."

"I have not seen all that I wished," said the millionaire, "but all that I could. Does your friend Mr Delvar know those people, the Tiltoffs?"

"Oh yes, he is a great friend of theirs—especially of Mrs Tiltoff. She has many friends."

"I must ask him to introduce me to them. Margrave must have felt it a great blow to leave that house. Have you seen him in London?" File scrutinised Tresham very keenly as he asked the question, which, indeed, was not put at haphazard.

"I am sorry to say that I have not, but it is through no fault of mine. The truth is, he has shown no desire to see any of his old friends. Everybody would have treated him the same as ever; but

I suppose he did not think so. I am very sorry for it.

"Then you have not *cut* him, to use your English expression?"

"Cut him? Why should I? You do not understand my feeling towards him, or you would not make such a suggestion."

"I thought perhaps his loss of fortune had cost him what it does all men, the world over—the loss of friends."

"Then let me assure you that you are mistaken. We should all be only too glad to see the Margraves once more among us."

"Including your mother?"

"Yes, including my mother," replied the Baronet, looking at his guest with some surprise. They now stood once more within the old hall.

"Then before very long I hope you will have your wish gratified," said File, in his slow and distinct way, and with the nearest approach to a smile which was ever seen on his grim visage; and then, with a friendly nod, he beat a retreat to his own room.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE TILTOFFS AT HOME.

It was true enough, as everybody was saying, that matters were not going on well with the new owners of the Grange. A change of fortune had not changed the character of Captain Tiltoff. When all was going wrong with his affairs, he had found no great difficulty in running deeply into debt; and now that it was known he had come into possession of five thousand a-year, it seemed comparatively easy to spend ten. He belonged to two clubs in London which had almost succeeded in taking the place once held by Crockford's—at one of them the favourite game was baccarat, and at the other

poker. Both presented every opportunity that a man could desire for losing money. Where poker is played, no other game at cards is found to hold its own very long. Whist is too long and too complicated, and even *écarté* is stupid. People who have been used to express trains would find it slow work to travel constantly by the stage-coach; and the confirmed poker-player has the same feeling in reference to other games. Poker is short, sharp, and decisive, and yet its changes are sudden and unexpected, and the worst player may now and then sweep the board. The boatmen on the Mississippi

river, who have the credit of discovering poker, thought nothing of sitting up all night over it after a long day's work; and if it was not very much that they risked, they might with justice have boasted that they risked all they had. The wealthier frequenters of the London clubs can do no more.

Captain Tiltuff had become an inveterate poker-player; but in that, as in most other gambling enterprises, he was born to be unlucky. Some men, it is said, never pick up a good hand at cards; and most of us have met such persons at a whist-table. Change the suit or change the pack, and it is all the same—they invariably scrape up all the rubbish. The American Minister who imported the game into England laid it down that there were two essential conditions to success—good cards, and, as he expressed it, with characteristic directness, “plenty of cheek.” It cannot, perhaps, be said that Tiltuff was deficient in the second requisite, but it was not the right sort of “cheek” with which he happened to be endowed. When a bad hand was dealt to him, he could not look as if it were a good one. The great art of poker is to hold a very bad hand, and yet drive all the other players out of the field. This can be done without fear of discovery; for if the other players beat a retreat, the bad hand need never be shown. Occasionally Tiltuff tried to follow the American Minister's rule of “standing pat and betting high,” but his face or his restless manner betrayed him; some one invariably decided to “see” it through, and Tiltuff's vain attempt to “bluff” recoiled on his own head. By this pretty little amusement he had contrived to spend his first year's income in less than three months; and he by no means reduced his

other expenses in the effort to make things even. On the contrary, the more he lost at the card-table, the more he spent elsewhere. The Four Yew-Trees had a master who was on the highroad to ruin.

All this was not hidden from his wife. Stories of his exploits reached her ears through many different channels; but the truth had long since been brought home to her, that she could not hope to exercise any influence over even his smallest acts. The current of their lives ran apart. If there was pleasure to be had, the husband preferred to take it where his wife could not follow him. She, he thought, could do well enough without either pleasure or sympathy. There are some women who can reconcile themselves to a lot of this kind, not only without open murmuring, but without much inward discontent; and for the first few years after her marriage, Beatrice Tiltuff had done so. But it is not the wisest thing in the world for a husband to treat with habitual neglect a woman who is much admired by other men. Tiltuff would have admitted this in any case but his own. His observation of life was neither keen nor profound, but it had been sufficient to show him that the course which he was pursuing sometimes led to a very unpleasant series of events. But the possibility of his supplying a personal illustration of the perils of this course never occurred to his mind. He was aware that his wife was very much alone, for the neighbouring families had shown no great desire to be on intimate terms with them. Nearly all the society which Beatrice had was that which he provided for her during the occasional visits which he condescended to pay to the house; and they had become very occasional, for the Captain himself pre-

ferred the comfort of his chambers in St James's Street to the gloomy solitudes of the Grange. When he went into the country, he hated to go alone, and he was always glad to invite Baron Phlog, who amused him, and Delvar the editor, when he could get him. For Delvar was a man who had no lack of invitations, especially now that his party were in power, and that his newspaper had come to be regarded as an organ of the Government. Then there was a Captain Bantam, a fussy little warrior with a squeaky voice, who had succeeded in persuading himself that he was a greater tenor than Mario in his palmy days, and who was perpetually singing "Good-bye, sweetheart" to Mrs Tiltoff, with a vague idea that she would not be able to stand out long against his captivating strains. For Baron Phlog this enamoured vocalist had a particular aversion, which he took no pains to conceal from his host. Out of these materials, poor Beatrice had to extract what amusement she could; and it was not surprising that, under the circumstances, the diplomatist had come to be considered by her as the best friend she had in the world.

He was always so patient with her—always so appreciative and sympathetic. He was aware of her troubles, and had a way of making known his sorrow for her hard lot which went to her heart, while it never was obtruded in such a fashion as that it could wound her pride. Pity she would have resented; but this gentle, veiled, unexpressed but unmistakable sympathy—there was nothing to resent in that. She felt that the Baron understood the burdens which weighed upon her, and that, had it been possible, he would have taken them upon himself rather than have seen her

suffer under them. By him, at least, she was not undervalued. Woman must have some one to lean upon, and Beatrice knew from bitter experience how vain it was to look even for true friendship, much less for love, from her husband. He was very well satisfied to throw her into the society of Phlog, for then she was not troubling him with her complainings and remonstrances. There are households in which a similar state of affairs may exist for some time without disaster, but it is not safe to assume that disaster will never come.

Now it had happened that the animated conversation between Tiltoff and the Baron, which File had observed at a distance, was occasioned by the difficulties in which the worthy Captain just then found himself involved, for this was a case in which husband and wife somehow reposed unhesitating confidence in the same adviser. Tiltoff looked upon the diplomatist as a remarkably safe man—he had seen a good deal of the world, and could be trusted. It pleased Phlog to think that he was so regarded; and to do him justice, the advice which he gave to the Captain, when it was invited, was eminently conducive to the interests of the family. Had Tiltoff taken it, he would have exchanged a hazardous road for a safe one.

"The fact is," Tiltoff had said, "I am getting into a tight place, Baron. The Two Thousand went all wrong with me, as you know; and ever since then, I have been deuced unlucky at the club. Talking of that, how is it you never look in upon us now?"

"I have given up cards—for the present."

"We went it a little too strong, eh? You heard that little Bantam in there"—the Captain made a

motion with his thumb towards the drawing-room windows—"lost a couple of thousand the other night?"

"To you?"

"No such luck; I only wish it had been—for between ourselves, he has got my paper to a pretty stiff amount in his pocket, and I wish I had it back in mine. Bantam is not a creditor I should have picked out for choice. Never owe any money to a man who is hard up himself. That poor little beggar has not a penny to bless himself with, and yet nothing will keep him away from the green table. What do you say to such a fellow as that?"

"I should say," said the Baron, rolling a cigarette slowly, "that he must be what you call an ass."

"That's just it; but all the same, he has got my I O U's in his pocket—half-a-dozen of them—and I cannot take them up. By Jove!" added the Captain, as a new light seemed to dawn upon him, "perhaps you will say that I am no better than he is—an ass too, eh?"

"My dear Captain, you are a very different man. Do not let us talk of you and your friend there in one breath. By the by, what has become of Mr Delvar?"

"I left him in the drawing-room talking to my wife. You know she is an old friend of his—knew her before her marriage, I believe. And I wish he had married her himself." But these last words were not uttered in a tone which was intended for the Baron's ear.

"Clever man," said the diplomatist, who generally spoke well of everybody. "All editors are so clever!"

"Well, they all think they are," remarked the Captain; "don't know half so much as they fancy

they do, according to my idea. These fellows are stirring up a pretty mess for us in England,—don't you think so?"

"I have so little knowledge of your politics," replied the diplomatist, with an innocent smile, "that I cannot judge. But let us come back to yourself, my dear Captain Tiltoff. If you find that your losses inconvenience you, why not imitate my humble example, and sound a retreat from the field?"

"Because I must have money."

"Pardon me. That seems a poor reason for continuing to lose it."

"Ah, but I shall not always go on losing. Luck is bound to take a turn. Some of these nights I shall make a big *coup*, and get straight again, and then I will give it up finally—I will, I promise you."

"Well, that is good. But if I were you, I think I would cut short my losses, as the great banker of my country said, and get out of it at once."

"And how would you meet my liabilities?"

"By retrenchment," said the Baron, simply.

"Retrenchment!" burst out the Captain, with a coarse laugh. "By Jupiter! it is evident you do not know Mdle. Marina."

"Mdle. Marina?" repeated Phlog, gravely. "Yes, I have heard of her. She is the person who sings in the comic operas. Is she, then, a friend of yours?"

"Well, they say so," said the Captain, with a grin. "I have known her the last six months, and you ought to know her too. She is the best fun out—ten times more amusing off the stage than she is on it."

"I can quite believe you," replied the diplomatist, with a little touch of malice which was lost up-

on his friend. "And is she, then, extravagant?"

"Not worse than the rest of them. Light come, light go, is their rule with money. Suppose you come and see her some night, after the theatre? We will have a grand supper in your honour."

"Alas, I cannot eat supper, nor sit up late at night! And will you give up Mademoiselle also when you give up cards?"

"I must give it all up pretty soon, unless something takes a turn for the better. This confounded place brings in scarcely anything, and you can't raise very much on such a property. Somehow or other, the lawyers fight shy of it. They seem to fancy that my cousin Margrave may yet give us trouble, but he can't. When a man comes into a place as I did into this, the lawyers are always suspicious. I have raised fifteen thousand, and that's about the end of my tether, I fear. And if my wife knew that, it wouldn't put her on better terms with me."

"Then you have not told her?"

"Tell her! Why should I? Could she pay the money, do you think? Beatrice was as poor as a church-mouse when I married her, and she hasn't got a relation in the world who is worth having. I would tell her fast enough if I thought she could get me out of the scrape. Of course you will not drop a word to her of this?"

The Baron smiled, and shook his head. "These matters," he said, "are too dangerous for me to meddle with. Secrecy is the badge of all my tribe. Shall we go in?"

That night, while Tiltoff and Bantam were playing billiards, Baron Phlog and Beatrice conversed long together, but the diplomatist was true to his word. He felt very little inclination, in-

deed, to be the bearer of evil tidings. No hint of the mortgages or of Mdle. Marina passed his lips.

"You were talking a long time with my husband this evening," Beatrice had said. "Was he unusually interesting?"

"Not unusually, perhaps, but the Captain is never dull. It is a pity that he has not more occupation. Why does he not go into Parliament?"

Beatrice looked up at him with half-comical surprise. "Why, what could he do there if he went?" she asked.

"What everybody else does—make speeches. Then he would be noticed, and get an office. Nobody need despair of that now;—is it not so?"

"Perhaps it is; but you do not know the Captain. If the game of parties were a game at cards, my husband would be eligible to join in it—though he would always lose. But we have not quite come to that yet."

"It would not be a bad plan. But are you not a little hard upon your husband?"

"Is he not a little hard upon me?" said Beatrice in a low tone, and with a light shining in her eyes which did not escape the Baron's scrutinising glance; "is he not hard upon me? Where does he spend the greater part of his life, and in whose company? Is not everybody good enough for him but his wife?"

"That is not the way, my dear friend, that he looks at it. Simply he does not think—that is all. Men are often like that; careless and selfish. But this will pass in time—Captain Tiltoff must one day surrender to the charms of home, as we all do."

"He has been some time about it," said Beatrice, with deep con-

tempt in her face and voice. "You waste your time, Baron, in taking up his cause. Did you ever hear of Mdle. Marina?"

The diplomatist could not repress a startled look of astonishment, in spite of all his caution. An hour or two ago he could have said that he had not heard of such a person—now he merely shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.

"She is one of my husband's friends. If you have any curiosity to see the kind of associates which he finds congenial to his disposition, ask him to introduce you to her. They say she is charming."

"But I have no curiosity to see her. Some one, I fear, has been poisoning your mind with calumnies. People who repeat such tales as these to a wife are not worthy of your belief. They are unworthy of you—and of him." The Baron brought himself to add the three last words with some difficulty.

"No one has told me any tales; only I have seen her letters to him. They were on the library table one morning when I went into the room, and I read them. They left me very little to learn from tale-bearers. And for this man I have given up my life," said

she bitterly, and with tears in her eyes.

"It may be a mistake—these letters——"

"There is no mistake, Baron," interrupted Beatrice. "Let us talk no more about it. My path is not harder than it was before—and I must go patiently upon it to the end. But do not again seek to convince me that I have judged him harshly."

Then the Baron leaned towards her, and spoke long and earnestly in a low soft voice; and what he said must have had some effect upon her, for now the tears fell fast upon her hands. Perhaps it was with a view of wiping them away that the diplomatist took them in his own, and was about raising them to his lips, when the door opened quietly, and Delvar entered. In an instant he had gone out again, unperceived.

"So, then, people are not far wrong in what they have been whispering about this wonderful Baron," said Delvar to himself as he walked off to his room for the night. "There will be another paragraph for my dear professional friends and brethren, the society editors, before long."

## THE BERKSHIRE RIDGEWAY.

A CURVED line of Chalk Downs, extending nearly the whole length of Berkshire, is the most distinctive feature among the natural characteristics of the county. Its northern front shelves down abruptly over a broad valley traversed by the river Thames and its tributary the Ock; while to the south it gradually slants away into the valley of the Kennet, the next principal tributary on this side, which enters the Thames at Reading. The Downs belong to the series of hills which extend across the neighbouring counties. Westward they are continued without a break by the similar Downs of Wiltshire. Eastward, divided only by the channel of the Thames, the line proceeds in the Chiltern Hills of South Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire. The traveller by the Great Western Railway passes through this break in the hills shortly after leaving Reading; and when he emerges a little later into the open district, the undulating line of the Berkshire Downs, bounding his horizon on the left, becomes the most prominent object in view for some twenty-five miles, until he passes out of the county at Shrivenham.

The Thames owes a large proportion of its stream to these hills. Not only do they supply the Ock on one side, and the Lambourne, which flows into the Kennet, on the other, but they hold large quantities of water in the rifts and crevices with which a chalk formation is everywhere penetrated, and contribute this from time to time through springs beneath the bed. Thus, at the point where the river breaks through, between the Berkshire

Downs and the Oxfordshire Chilterns, it is said to receive an accession of water through the springs larger than is afforded by all its upper tributaries—Thame, Ock, Cherwell, Windrush, Evenlode—put together. The increased volume of the river below this point is plainly to be recognised. And it has been noticed that in the third year after an unusually heavy rainfall the flood is as a rule proportionately large, thus indicating the length of time which the chalk-beds require to collect and transmit the water. At the opposite end of the Downs, the little river Lambourne rises above the town of the same name, and illustrates in another way the peculiar influences exercised by the chalk upon the streams that flow from it. It is said that the Lambourne flows more freely in winter than in summer, and this is attributed by geologists to some unusual structure in a cavity of the hill, perhaps causing the spring to act as a kind of siphon, as in the well-known ebbing and flowing well in the limestone scar of the Craven Hills in Yorkshire.

Along the front edge of the Downs, which form this backbone of Berkshire, there runs a green turf road, known as the Ridgeway. Tradition tells that a few years ago a solitary sign-post stood near the eastern end of it, bearing the very concise direction, "Streatley 1 mile, Devizes 50." It must have been of little value to the traveller on the Ridgeway; but to those who have never seen the road, this sign-post will give a good idea of its character. There was nothing else to notify. Right and left, indeed, there are villages: Compton and the

Isleys, Farnborough, Fawley, and others, in hollows on the one side; Aston, Blewbury, Upton, Chilton, Hendred, Ardington, Lockinge, Letcombe, and the rest, at the verge of the plain on the other side. But the Ridgeway ignores them all. It goes from Streatley to Devizes, and passes through nowhere. "Streatley 1 mile, Devizes 50," was all that it could say for itself; yet the interest of its course will repay the traveller.

Of all the antiquities of a country, the roads are necessarily the oldest. We study its earthworks and burying-grounds, its castles and churches, its coins and pottery; but while these things mark the progress of man's dominion, the roads mark its origin. Following the natural features of the country in the hills and rivers, or appropriating the cross-tracks by which the wild animals descended from the high ground to the water, it was by these means that man first laid claim to the possession of the land. Gradually the trail through the woods widened into a waggon-track, and at last developed into a road. If you wish to read aright the history of a district, of a city, or of a village, you must begin by learning the alphabet of its roads.

And the Ridgeway has a long history. The enthusiastic antiquary, in 'The Scouring of the White Horse,' gives no exaggerated account of its importance: "The Tenth Legion, sir, has probably marched along this road; Severus and Agricola have ridden along it, sir; Augustine's monks have carried the cross along it." For in ancient times it was part of one of the most famous roads in the island. It belonged to the Icknield Street, which crossed the entire breadth of England from Norwich to Exe-

ter, taking its name from the people in whose domains it started,—the Icen-eld Street, or the old street of the Icenii. Across Berkshire, and previously through the adjacent part of Oxfordshire, it was a double road. The line on the high ground, after passing along the brow of the Chilterns, gradually descends to Goring; and a portion of it in this district still retains a corrupted form of its old name—the Hackney Way. Then it crosses the river, and enters Berkshire at Streatley, rising at once by a steep ascent to the Ridgeway. The name of Streatley tells its own tale. *Lye* or *lea* is a place where cattle lie—an open meadow among woods. This picturesque spot, between the river and the overshadowing hillside, was the *lea* of the *street*—the meadow from which the great highway started afresh after the passage of the river. A fine boulder, formerly lying upon this hill by the roadside, but now removed, was supposed by some antiquaries to have been set up by the Romans for a milestone. The corresponding line of the Icknield Street at the foot of the hills crosses the Thames at Moulsoford. When it reaches Wantage, it appears to become identified for some distance with the Port Way—the Roman road from London to Bath—which passes over the Oxfordshire Chilterns at right angles, and enters Berkshire at Wallingford. This is the course by which, in the middle ages, the important traffic in wool and other commodities was brought from South Wales and Gloucestershire to London, until, in 1415, as Camden tells us, it was diverted a few miles farther northward, new bridges being built for it at Burford and Cullham. Thus the road passed through Abingdon and Benson, re-entering the Port Way on



the brow of the Chilterns at Nuffield, but missing Wallingford; and this town, whose previous important history we shall presently notice, fell at once into a state of decay, from which it has only partially recovered itself. At the close of the eighteenth century, however, the portion of the Port Way which lies between Nuffield and Wantage was reinstated as a highway, chiefly on the old lines, under the influence of an illustrious inhabitant of Wallingford, Sir William Blackstone, the commentator on the laws of England. Another modern highroad, meeting this at Harwell, starts from Streatley, incorporating a portion of the lower Icknield Way as far as Upton, where it turns off across the valley. But the remaining portion, from this point to the western extremity of Berkshire, only exists in the form of parish roads, and in some parts has disappeared.

It is time that we return to that portion of the upper Icknield Way which forms the Berkshire Ridgeway. There was a short period in English history when this became important as a boundary between two hostile kingdoms. The great natural boundary along all this portion of the country was of course the river Thames. North of it was the midland kingdom of Mercia, the markland or borderland belonging to the Western Angles, and south of it was that of Wessex, or the Western Saxons, each of them stretching indefinitely westward in the direction of the lands which the old British tribes still held against them. But for a considerable time Oxfordshire had been lost to the Angles and possessed by the Saxons. Then the famous Offa reigned in Mercia, and set himself to strengthen his kingdom and extend its limits. Cynewulf, the weak king of Wessex,

had his palace at Benson or Bensington, some eight miles up the river from our starting-point; and here he was attacked by Offa. The battle of Bensington was fought in 777. Probably the name of Crowmarsh Battle, a hamlet in the parish, preserves the memory of it. And the result of this battle was not only to reconquer Oxfordshire for the Mercian kingdom, but also to extend that kingdom southward as far as the Berkshire Downs. It added to Mercia all the northern portion of Berkshire, from the Downs to the river. Along the western boundary of his kingdom Offa's Dyke was thrown up as a protection against the Welshmen. But here the brow of the Downs was chosen as a natural rampart, and the Ridgeway, instead of the river, became the dividing line between Saxon and Angle for fifty years.

And now that we have thus made ourselves acquainted with the general character and importance of the old road along the hills, we may proceed to notice the chief features which mark its course. If we climb Streatley Hill, and emerge upon the open Downs at the back of Unwell Wood, we pass under a rounded eminence which rises above the level line, and forms a prominent landmark in all the surrounding neighbourhood. It is distinctly the highest point of this eastern portion of the Downs. Some traces of fortification are still to be seen upon it, and its traditional name is Lowbury, the Hill-Fort. Although its interest is perhaps but little known, there are few spots in England whose history is more important; for modern historians are generally agreed in regarding this as the site of the battle of Ashdown. What is now called Ashdown is the park of Lord Craven at the opposite end of the

Berkshire Downs, and there most of the older writers supposed that the battle was fought. The village of Ashbury marks the site of a fortified position in front of it. But in old times the name of Ashdown belonged to the entire range, from the ash-trees with which the slopes were wooded; just as Berkshire generally appears to derive its name from the birch-tree, and the neighbouring county of Buckingham is Beckenham (the home among the beeches or beekens). "Near Letcombe," writes a historian of a hundred and fifty years ago, "is a shrubby place still called the *Ashes*, and *Letcombe Ashes*, where, as I have been informed by a curious and learned gentleman of this neighbourhood, grew, within the memory of several persons lately dead, abundance of tall and very fair ashes: these probably were the last of this sort destroyed hereabouts." The same writer mentions "a place called *Ashen-Pen*, still more eastward."<sup>1</sup> Further than this, we have a district south of Ilsley still bearing the name of *Ashridge*, and adjoining it is *Ash Close*; and again a little southward is *Cold Ash*, or the hill of the ash; and eastward is *Ashamstead*, on the high ground above Streatley. This chain of local names might alone be sufficient to suggest that Ashdown was not originally the designation of one small portion of the district. And if we turn to the 'Saxon Chronicle,' we find that, in 1006, when the Danes had ravaged and destroyed the town of Wallingford, they spent the following night at Cholsey, "and wendon him tha andlang Aescsedune to Cwichel-meshlaewe." From Cholsey "they went along Ashdown to Cwihelm's Hill." Of this hill we shall pres-

ently learn more; and its position proves that the chronicler understood Ashdown to include the Downs about Lowbury, by which the Danish army must have passed thither from Cholsey.

It is from another Saxon chronicler, Asser, Bishop of Sherborne, that we have the record of the battle of Ashdown, as he received it from eyewitnesses of the event. He had himself visited the site; and his account, as we shall see, proves clearly enough that the fighting took place in the eastern portion of the district to which the name was applied. Nearly a century had now elapsed since the battle of Bensington was fought between the Mercians and the West Saxons. We have come to the time when the kingdom of Wessex had gradually extended itself, not only over the strip of Berkshire which it had lost, not only over Oxfordshire, which had once belonged to it, but over great parts of the neighbouring kingdoms. Gradually the south-eastern kingdoms of Kent, Essex, and Sussex had been incorporated into it. Then the Angles of the east coast were subdued, and next Mercia fell. Finally, Egbert, who completed these victories, received the homage of the chieftains of Northumbria, and so is commonly reckoned as the first king of united England.

But the invasions of the Danish tribes had already commenced. They had settled themselves in many places on the eastern and southern coasts, and had made successful incursions into the weaker inland districts. So the time had arrived when they be-thought themselves of attacking the great central power of Wessex.

<sup>1</sup> Wise, quoted in the 'Transactions of the Newbury District Field-Club,' 1870-71, p. 166 *et seq.*

They marched as far as Reading, and planted themselves in the meadow that occupies the angle of the Kennet and the Thames. On the upper side of this meadow the splendid abbey of the Normans was afterwards erected; and now the modern prison stands in front of the ruins, while the chimneys of the famous biscuit-factory rise above them. Across the lower part of the same meadow, the embankment of the Great Western Railway passes; and as you look down on the right before entering Reading station, you see the meeting of the rivers. In the corner which was thus protected by the water, the Danes fixed their camp, and from it a portion of their force was making its way towards the high ground of the county. The Saxons checked them in a severe fight at Englefield, but were afterwards defeated in an attack upon the camp at Reading, in which Ethelwulf, the alderman of Berkshire, was slain. After this the Danes followed up their advantage, and before the eleventh day from their first settlement at Reading, they had arrived successfully at the position which they chiefly desired to occupy. They marched up, we may presume, by Englefield, Bradfield, Ashamstead, and Aldworth. They were now at the Ridgeway of the Downs, on ground which at this time was practically the key to the occupation of the whole of England.

The Saxons met the Danes on Ashdown in the early morning, four days after their defeat on the banks of the river. If the neighbourhood of the modern Ashdown is the site of the battle, three days

must have sufficed for the Danes to recover themselves after the previous fight, and to complete this lengthy march. In those three days the one army must have followed the other not only up to the ridge, but for twenty miles along it, while the pursued must have passed by several eminent positions of the most obvious advantage. Thus the recorded facts refuse to connect themselves with the western district of the Downs;<sup>1</sup> while the common mistake of historians is amply explained by the preservation of the name of Ashdown in that district only, by the connection of that district with the famous warrior to whom the battle introduces us, and by the existence of the great White Horse monument which a false tradition has associated with his memory.

But the chronicle of Asser is consistent in itself, and its details exactly suit the locality, if we accept Lowbury Hill, at the eastern end of the ancient Ashdown, as the height of which the Danes took possession. Here King Ethelred with his brother Alfred, after their repulse at Reading, again confronted the foe, but were only able to occupy a lower level. We must infer that they had travelled by a different route, probably along the bank of the Thames, and had reached the same point of the Downs on the northern side. They occupied, no doubt, an offshoot of the ridge which rises above Cholsay, and still bears the name of King's Standing. The writer of this paper found, some thirty years ago, in a gravel-pit upon this hill, two human skulls, which may be

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<sup>1</sup> The arguments are those of Mr James Parker, in a lecture delivered at Oxford in 1871, in recognition of the thousandth year after the battle, and summarised in the 'Proceedings and Excursions of the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society' for that year.

presumed to have been those of two of the Saxon warriors. And now the chronicler-bishop shall tell us how the Pagan Danes fell before the Christian Saxons:—

“The Pagans, dividing themselves into two bodies of equal strength, draw up their lines—for they had then two kings and several jarls; and they give the central part of the army to the two kings, and the rest to all the jarls. When the Christians perceive this, they in the same manner divide themselves into two bodies and draw themselves up with equal diligence. But Alfred comes more speedily and readily with his men, as we have heard from trustworthy reporters who saw it, and arrives at the place of battle; for his brother Ethelred the king was still remaining in the tent in prayer, hearing the Mass, and declaring that he would not depart thence alive before the priest should end the Mass, nor would desert the divine service for the human. And he did as he had said—which faith of the Christian king availed greatly with the Lord, as in the sequel shall be fully shown.

“The Christians, therefore, had decreed that Ethelred the king, with his own forces, should fight against the two Pagan kings; but Alfred his brother, with his companies, would know how to try the chance of war against all the leaders of the Pagans. Thus strongly were they placed on either side when the king was lingering long in prayer, and the Pagans were prepared and had hastened to the place of conflict. Alfred then, being second in command, when he could no longer endure the ranks of the foe except he either retreated from the fight or dashed forward against the hostile forces before his brother's arrival, at last boldly, after the manner of a wild boar, guided the Christian forces against the foe as had been determined though still the king had not come. Thus relying on the guidance of God, and supported by His help, with the lines drawn up closely, he moves forward the standard with speed against the enemy.

“But to those who know not the place, it must be explained that the

site of the battle was unequal for the belligerents; for the Pagans had occupied beforehand a higher position, but the Christians drew up their lines from a lower place. There was also in the same place a single thorn-tree, of very small size, which we ourselves have seen with our own eyes. Around this, therefore, the hostile armies, all with a great shout, meet together in conflict, the one acting most wickedly, the other to fight for life, and friends, and country. And when they fought for some time fiercely and very cruelly on both sides, the Pagans, by the divine judgment, could endure the attack of the Christians no longer, and the chief part of their forces being slain, they took to flight disgracefully. And in this place one of the two Pagan kings and five jarls were slain; and many thousands on the Pagan side, both in that place and along the whole breadth of the plain of Aescendune, where they had been everywhere scattered, were slain far and wide. For there fell their king Baegsceg, and Jarl Sidroc the elder, and Jarl Sidroc the younger, and Jarl Obsbern, and Jarl Fraena, and Jarl Hareld; and the whole army of the Pagans was put to flight till the night, and even to the following day, until those who escaped arrived at the citadel, for the Christians pursued them until night and overthrew them everywhere.”

Few events in English history are of greater moment than this battle. Had the victory been on the other side, the Danish element in England would thenceforth have been the stronger, and the Saxon would have been the weaker. The whole aspect of our nation must have been changed; and what the results would have been upon our nation, and upon the world, none can tell. But this battle on the Berkshire Downs was the first serious check which the Danish power received. It was also the first appearance of the noble warrior, scholar, and lawgiver, Alfred the Truth-teller. He was born at Wantage, just below these Downs,

in 849; and in 871, at the age of twenty-two, he gave the Danes this great repulse in the battle of Ashdown.

The mention of the "single thorn-tree of very small size" (*unica spinosa arbor brevis admodum*), around which the battle was fought, is a point deserving of notice in connection with the locality; for among the Hundreds into which Berkshire is divided in the Domesday Survey, one is called the Hundred of Nachede-dorne, or the Naked Thorn. It included the Manor of Assedone or Ashdown, in its later limited sense; but it also covered the whole range of the ancient Ashdown, reaching as far east as Ilsley and Aldworth. There was, therefore, a "naked thorn-tree"—that is, a thorn-tree standing in naked solitude, without any surrounding underwood—either still existing, or recorded by tradition, in Norman days, and its importance was such as to give the name to the Hundred. Perhaps it had already been signalised as a place of Druidical worship; but it has been inferred that this is probably the same as the single thorn-tree of which Asser makes special mention in his record of the battle.<sup>1</sup>

And in the desolate district around this hill there are abundant remains which prove that it was an important position in ancient times. At a short distance to the south-west is an eminence known as Perborough Castle. Here was a British town of some twenty acres, the streets of which may still be traced on the hard soil in dry weather. By the coins which have been found in it, we know that it was occupied by the Romans; and cellars filled with burnt corn have

been excavated, proving that the town was destroyed by fire. In the same locality, a large accumulation of oyster-shells lies beneath the surface; for where the Roman settled we constantly find the remains of his oysters. And there are reasons for regarding the neighbourhood of Perborough Castle as the district from which the Hundred of the Naked Thorn derived its name.<sup>2</sup>

Again, if we look at the northern part of the Downs, just beneath Lowbury, in a curious hollow called Hog-Trough Bottom, there are the remains of an ancient bank and ditch called the Devil's Dyke. As in its more famous namesake on the Sussex Downs, some additional strength has been given to a natural rampart by artificial means. This bank and ditch are of the same character as the very fine Grim's Dyke which rises over the hills from the opposite side of the Thames, and cuts off the extremity of Oxfordshire from Mongewell to Henley. There, it seems to mark a lingering refuge of the primeval race in these parts, when the rest of the Chiltern Hills—their own "Celtern" district—had been lost to them, and they threw up ten miles of dyke to fortify the last extremity of their domain within the encircling bend of the river. Along a great portion of its length, that boundary separates their retreat from a parish which still bears the name of Newnham—the "home of the new men"; and another spot, outside the same frontier, is English Farm—a settlement of the Angles. The name by which this and similar dykes are commonly known is one that throws light upon their origin. The Teutonic

<sup>1</sup> See a paper by the Rev. J. Wilson, D.D., in the 'Transactions of the Newbury District Field-Club,' 1871, pp. 172 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> See, in the same publication, pp. 128 *et seq.*

invaders doubtless found these great earthworks existing here and there about the country, and attributed them to Grimm, or the devil, because they appeared to be the work of more than human powers. It may be that the dyke which we still trace before Lowbury Hill bore some direct relation to that at Mongewell; but we shall hardly be wrong in assuming that it belongs to the same early period. When we come to the other extremity of the Downs, we shall meet with fortresses that are more remarkable, and relics of antiquity that are better known; but the position of first importance, in times of war and invasion, must always have been this eminence at the forefront of the ridge, overlooking the outlet of the river.

From Lowbury, the Ridgeway descends into a wide hollow, encircled by the hills on either side, and known as Blewbury Plain. On the left is Compton Down, with Compton, the village of the Combe, nestling among trees in a cleft of the hill in the distance. On the right the front ridge of the Downs curves outwards, reaching its highest point in an eminence called Churn Knob; and at its extremity, under Churn Farm, the one exit of this enclosed valley leads to the village of Chilton. That name seems to suggest one of the lingering Celtic settlements with which Wessex and Mercia abounded through the early Saxon period; and in the name of Compton the *Combe* is the Saxonised form of the Welsh *Cwm*, "a cup-shaped depression in the hills," implying that a strong Celtic element existed in the locality.<sup>1</sup> In the midst of the broad natural amphitheatre between these villages, and a few yards off the Icknield Way, two

large barrows form the most prominent object that meets the eye. The chief portion of the plain and of the surrounding hills is cultivated; but about this central spot the undisturbed turf of the Downs, with its profusion of wild-flowers, is pastured only by the sheep, and the plough has hitherto held it sacred. Each of these twin barrows is a bell-shaped mound, about eleven feet in height, and one hundred in breadth, with a wide fosse surrounding it. One of the pair was opened some years ago; and in the centre of it, in a bed of ashes of oak, were found a number of calcined human bones. They had probably been wrapped in skin, and then deposited in clay, as if this were intended to serve the purpose of a sepulchral urn. Close by the bones was a perfect bronze instrument, now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, which had apparently been riveted to a wooden handle. Its form is exactly such as might well have served for flaying an animal, perhaps the victim of a sacrifice, in whose skin the bones had been enveloped after their cremation. Upon the summit of Churn Knob are two more barrows, overlooking these on the lower ground behind them. One was planted with a circle of trees in the earlier part of the present century, making the spot very conspicuous over a wide neighbourhood. The other, crowned now by a single fir-tree, was examined some years ago; but its contents were merely the bones and teeth of horses and swine and other animals, with iron fragments, which were thought to be portions of harness, and some fragments of charcoal. It appears to have been one of the less remarkable barrows belonging to a considerable group

<sup>1</sup> Taylor's Words and Places, p. 151.

upon this Down. Of the rest, over which the plough has passed, some are barely visible, and others are entirely lost.

From this cluster of mounds, then, the hill is named; for *churn* is evidently *cairn*—just as *churl* is identical with *carl*. The spot is recognised as being emphatically the Hill of the Cairns.

We have thus ample evidence to show that Churn Knob was an important burial-place of the old Celtic tribes. And it would seem that traditions of its ancient sanctity continued to linger about it for a long period. For the story is current that at this spot the Gospel was preached by St Birinus, commonly known as the apostle of Wessex. It may be that the Saxon conquerors had retained the old Celtic sanctuary as a place of assembly for their own religious rites. Or more probably, since they had scarcely held this district sixty years, the remnant of the British race, whose Christianity could not have been forgotten, was sufficiently strong to render it a favourable spot for the restoration of that faith; for on the opposite range of the Chilterns, just within the last Celtic boundary of Grim's Bank, is Berin's Hill, apparently preserving Birinus's name, as the Berkshire hill preserves the tradition of him.

That name carries us back in the Saxon history some two centuries and a half before the battle of Ashdown. There we saw our Saxon forefathers as a Christian people attacked by heathen Danes. Now we come back to days when the Saxon himself was heathen, and missionaries from other lands were bringing to him the Christian faith. In the south-eastern districts, St Augustine and his companions were the first of these, and they had arrived there at the close

of the sixth century. Their teaching had made good progress in different parts of the country; but the west Saxons were heathen still. Birinus, sent by Pope Honorius, and consecrated bishop by Asterius, the Archbishop of Milan, arrived here in 634, and preached before Cynegils, king of Wessex. Oswald, the Christian king of Northumbria, who had received the Gospel from Celtic teachers in the north, was at the same time a suitor for the hand of the daughter of Cynegils. By this double influence the king was persuaded, and his subjects became Christians with him. Thus Birinus was settled as their bishop, with the whole of Wessex for his diocese; and his Episcopal see was established at Dorchester, in the midst of the valley overlooked by these Downs. The village, with a grand abbey-church now occupying the site of its cathedral, is hidden behind the British fortress of Sinodun Hill, to which, indeed, it owed its origin; for it appears to have been the camp which the Romans fixed here in order to storm this strong position of the natives. The deep trench of the British earthworks still surrounds the summit of Sinodun, enclosing now a fine clump of trees, which render it the principal object for the eye to rest upon along the course of the winding river. Dorchester necessarily followed the changeful fortunes of this borderland of the West Saxons and the Mercians, sometimes being included in the one and sometimes in the other kingdom. As the seat of the bishopric of Wessex, it became the mother from which sprang the daughter sees of Winchester, Sherborne, and Salisbury; and from Winchester again sprang Wells and Exeter. Afterwards, when Oxfordshire was absorbed in Mercia, this became the chief city

of the vast midland diocese, from which the churches of Lichfield and Coventry, Hereford and Worcester, sprang; and later still, the centre of the diocese having been transferred to Lincoln in the reign of William Rufus, it became, under Henry VIII., the parent of another bishopric of Oxford.

Nor is Dorchester the only village of this district which was once a city. Three miles farther down the river the white tower of Benson Church may be discerned; and again, just below this, the steeples of Wallingford rise out of a mass of luxuriant elms. Benson had been a British town; but Cuthwin, the brother of Ceawlin, king of Wessex, had wrested it from them in the sixth century. Two centuries later, as we have already seen, it possessed the palace where the king of Wessex reigned, until Cynewulf yielded it to the arms of Offa. Benson Church, a late Norman structure, boasts a relic of those times; for one of its pillars, distinguished from the rest by its massiveness and its clumsy form, evidently contains a portion of the wall of an earlier building encased within it. Wallingford afterwards superseded both Dorchester and Benson as the chief town of the district. It had been an important city of the British tribes—some say the capital of the Atrebates, the name of which was variously Latinised as Calleva or Galvena by the Roman conquerors; but, at any rate, a stronghold in which the native race defended themselves against the Saxons on one side, and held the passage of the river against the advancing Angles, so that it became, in the English tongue, the Wallingas' Ford—the Ford of the Welshmen. In 1006 the Danes destroyed it by fire; and sixty years later it was the spot at which William of Nor-

mandy passed from Wessex into Mercia, when Wigod, the Saxon lord of the town, became an active servant of the Conqueror. His fortress was then replaced by an extensive Norman castle, in which afterwards the Empress Matilda was besieged by Stephen until her son, Henry II., rescued her. Here in the next age Richard, king of the Normans, the powerful son of King John, had his palace, enriching the town with his royal hospitalities; and in his hands the castle of Wallingford became the rival of that at Windsor in magnitude and splendour. John himself had been known here but too well, and several of the succeeding kings were frequent visitors. Wallingford was in those days a populous town of fourteen parishes. Its castle held out for King Charles after all the rest of Berkshire had yielded; but at last it was taken by Fairfax, and left in ruins. Some bare fragments of its walls bear testimony to the havoc made by the civil wars; while the strength of the ancient town is still to be seen in the line of earthworks which enclose it, and the moat that lies below them. Some parts of the earthworks are in the private grounds of the present owner of the castle; another part is the public recreation-ground of the town; while the moat is dried on one side, and utilised for tanyards on the other.

And all this long series of histories which the annals of Wallingford represent, is but a sample of the general scene that lies before us as we look from Churn Knob across the valley of the Thames. Close below us the circular eminence of Blewburton Hill, just detached from the range, shows the ridges and terraces of a strong Celtic fortification like Sinodun beyond; and the village of Blewbury



at its foot, like Dorchester at the foot of Sinodun, is evidently the camp from which the Romans attacked the hill. Aston, the East-une of Saxon times, lies on the eastern slope of the hill; and there is a tradition that Alfred returned thanks for the victory of Ashdown in the Chapel of Aston Upton, where some features of the early Norman or Saxon period still survive in the little modernised edifice. At Upton, on the rising ground west of Blewbury, is another little chapel of the same period, where also it is said that Alfred was a frequent worshipper. Near this village is a spot where the soil is blackened with the burnt remains of a Roman cemetery, and another spot where a number of skeletons were recently found in careless confusion, just as the Pagan Danes may have been buried after the battle when they were scattered and slain "along the whole breadth of the plain of Aescendune." Hagbourne, the *haigh* or hedged enclosure on the *burn* or brook, lies at the head of the stream, which, before it enters the Thames, has been turned off at right angles on either side to form a moat round the fortifications of Wallingford. Moreton, or the Moor-town, on one side of this stream, and Cholsey, or Ceol's Isle, on the other side, speak of the time when a wide marsh occupied the lowest portion of this valley. On the rising ground of Ceol's Isle, just outside the village, is the parish church of Cholsey, a noteworthy example of a small Norman minster. A monastery had been founded here in 986 by Ethelred the Unready, in expiation of the murder of Edward the martyr; but twenty years later this was destroyed by the Danes, and lay in ruins until it was given by Henry I. to the abbey which he founded at Reading. The massive

transepts of the church which was then built still retain traces of the arches which opened into their eastern chapels, showing that it originally possessed the peculiar triple arrangement of its east end which belongs to the oriental ritual, and which is often to be met with in the larger churches of the Norman period, before the Latin ceremonial had become dominant in the countries of Western Europe. Blewbury Church also, of somewhat later date, is one of special interest, its fine tower standing as the principal object in the irregular parallelogram of the village. Its mediæval worthies are commemorated by some nameless and half-effaced stone effigies for the earlier period, and a good series of sepulchral brasses for the next age. A curious reliquary remains in the wall behind the high altar in the fine vaulted chancel; and a Norman piscina above the chancel arch, showing that one of its numerous altars was erected in the rood-loft, is almost unique.

If we look across into Oxfordshire, the view is bounded by the Chiltern range, and by its offshoot, which stretches out towards Oxford, and ends in Shotover Hill, the *château vert* of some Norman lord. Just beyond Wallingford, on the wooded slopes at the foot of the Chilterns, is Ewelme, with its picturesque church and almshouses, still standing as they were first built in the fifteenth century by Alice de la Pole, Duchess of Suffolk, a granddaughter of the poet Geoffrey Chaucer. Beside her beautiful tomb is that of her father, Thomas Chaucer, Constable of Wallingford Castle, and Chief Butler of England. In the reign of Henry VI., while her husband was a chief Minister of the Crown, Alice played an important part in public affairs as a supporter of the house of

Lancaster ; but when the power of the Red Rose began to fail, she allied herself to the Yorkists. Her son, the successor to the dukedom of Suffolk, married the lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of the Duke of York, and sister of Edward IV. ; and Alice lived to become the grandmother of princes, while the widowed queen who had favoured her, Margaret of Anjou, was imprisoned under her custody at Wallingford, after the wars of the Roses had reversed the fortunes of the two royal houses. In the next age it was to the manor-house of Ewelme that Henry VIII. is said to have brought Jane Seymour as a bride. Afterwards it was conferred by Edward VI. upon his sister Elizabeth ; and while visiting it after her accession to the crown, she rode with Lord Leicester to Aldworth, at the extremity of the Berkshire Downs, to see the famous statues of the family of De la Beche, with which the village church is filled. In Ewelme manor-house also, Prince Rupert lived during the civil wars, while the headquarters of King Charles were at Oxford. And a little way beyond Ewelme is Chiselhampton, where Rupert attempted in vain to cross the long narrow bridge of the Thame brook, which the Parliamentary troops under John Hampden were defending. Beyond this, again, is Chalgrove Field, where a modern monument marks the site of the battle in which, on that same day, John Hampden fell. And in the remote distance, beyond the point where the Chiltern Hills curve away into Buckinghamshire, the village of Great Hampden lies among the beech-woods. It was the patriot's ancestral home, from which he had started on that fatal morning ; and its church is the resting-place to which his body

was brought back for burial. Thus, whichever way we look across the valley, the whole picture is filled with history.

The Ridgeway, after taking its direct course behind Churn Knob, rises to the summit of Ilsley Down. But before we follow it, we may notice how the old order of things, here as elsewhere, is ever yielding to the new. Until the other day few portions of the district were wilder or more lonely than the hollow of Blewbury Plain. But now in its very midst the ancient Icknield Street is crossed by a line of metals, and the new railroad from Didcot to Newbury makes its way along the Down. It is destined to become the main line of traffic between the manufacturing district round Birmingham and the seaport of Southampton.

A little farther on, just above East Ilsley, our route is crossed by the turnpike road from Oxford to Newbury. But at the same point where it is crossed at right angles by the turnpike road, it is crossed also at a different angle by one of another character. Like the Ridgeway itself, this other road is here nothing more than a wheel-track upon the turf. Elsewhere it is a broad green lane between two hedges. Elsewhere, again, it is a well-kept parish road. In another part it is a rough cart-road through the fields. And again, for some distance it has disappeared entirely, and its line is only indicated by a narrow strip of grass beside a hedgerow, just wide enough to walk upon, but without a vestige of a pathway remaining. I have traced the track carefully at different times ; and like the Ridgeway, it misses all the villages, and seems to lead through nowhere. It goes between the Ilsleys, between Beeton and Peasmore, between Chieveley and Winterbourne,—

touching none of them. But it makes its way direct for Speen, a village close to Newbury, where had been an old Roman town, its name being *Spinæ*, the Thorns. The Saxon town which overshadowed it was called Newbury, the New Fort, to distinguish it from the adjoining old town; and the intermediate district is Speenhamland, the Land of the Thorn-dwelling. Speen, then, is the point to which this ancient road directs itself.

At the spot of the Downs from which it starts is a tract called "The Slad," a Saxon term for a valley between two hills. It lies to the north and east of the village of West Ilsley. And here the villagers' traditions tell of the existence of a considerable town in former times. Pottery and tiles, bones and oyster-shells, have been found here in abundance; and the coins of several emperors, from Probus to Gratian, are sufficiently numerous to be known locally as "Slad farthings."<sup>1</sup> Here the track of the old road from Speen rises to the Ridgeway, and is to be traced down the northern slope; but below, on the level, it is gone. The plough has done its work effectually on Chilton Plain, and no mark of the road is left. But its course is unmistakable. The direct line from Speen points straight across the valley to Sinodun Hill, which rises in front of Dorchester.

What a tale, then, does this group of roadways tell us of the history of our land! Here is one, not quite lost, leading from Dorchester, the citadel of the Roman rulers, where also the first Saxon bishops had their see; and this road passes across to the outlying country settlement of Speen, the

town among the thorn-woods. And here, again, is the more recent thoroughfare, leading from Oxford, the central city of the district at a later period, to Newbury, an important manufacturing town of the middle ages; and again, a short distance off, there is the modern railway, leading from the busy junction-station of Didcot to the great seaport of Southampton on the southern coast.

We have passed now above the spot where once stood the famous stables of the Duke of Cumberland's race-horses; and we have passed the training-grounds on the neighbouring slopes, where a string of thoroughbreds is frequently to be seen; and we have passed the curious town of East Ilsley, the sheep-market of the Downs, looking (as a modern writer says) like a little Smithfield on the hillside, with its street running through the sheep-pens. Presently we arrive at Cwichelms-hlaewe, or Cuckamsley Hill. Upon its highest point, beside the Ridgeway, is a tall barrow made of turf cut from the hill. It has been partially destroyed, but until recently its height was some twenty feet, and its circumference four hundred, with a broad trench surrounding its base. Its popular name in the neighbourhood is Scuchamore Knob. The Saxon chronicle relates that in 648, Kenwal, king of the West Saxons, gave three thousand hides of land by Aescendune to his nephew Cuthred, the son of Cwihelm; and it is believed that this barrow is a boundary-mark commemorating the gift. If the grant of land to the son was the result of an agreement previously made with Cwihelm himself, the name of the mound is satisfactorily explained.<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Hedges' History of Wallingford, vol. i. pp. 100, 128.

<sup>2</sup> Newbury Field-Club, 1870, p. 169.

popular story tells that this is the spot at which Cwichelm was killed in 636 while fighting with an invading king, Edwin of Northumbria, and that the mound marks the place of his burial. But Cwichelm was a convert of Birinus, and doubtless received burial as a Christian; for he had been baptised at Dorchester in the same year as he was killed, and some two years after the baptism of his father Cynegils.

Lowbury Hill spoke to us of Alfred's victory, and of a great turning-point in the history of our English nation. And now Churn Knob and Cwichelm's Hill, reminding us of Birinus and of these early chieftains whom he converted, bring before us a great turning-point in the history of English Christianity. Here are the Saxon warriors receiving baptism from the missionary who was sent from Rome in the seventh century. But we have seen some reasons for thinking it possible that the ancient British Church of the apostolic age was not quite lost here, when Birinus rekindled the flame; just as when Augustine came to England, his mission was commenced at Canterbury, where he found the court of a Christian queen; and when Cynegils was baptised by Birinus, his godfather was Oswald of Northumberland—for Bede relates that "the king having been catechised, was baptised together with his people, and Oswald, the most holy and victorious king of the Northumbrians, being present, received him as he came forth from baptism, and by an alliance most pleasing and acceptable to God, first adopted him, thus regenerated, for his son, and then took his daughter in marriage." The Christianity of Northumbria, which Oswald represented, owed its origin chiefly to missionaries of the Celtic

Church from Scotland. So we see the two streams of Christianity in our island meeting together, and the primitive Church of Britain becoming incorporated with the newly founded Church of the Saxon conquerors.

After descending somewhat from the high ground of the Cuckamsley Hills, the Ridgeway presently rises again to the western eminences of the Berkshire range. When we have crossed the highroad from Wantage to Hungerford, we come to the fine earthwork now called Letcombe Castle, but anciently known as Sagbury. It is a circular fort, containing nearly twenty-six acres, raised on a lofty projection of the Downs, overlooking Wantage. Some distance farther we come to the similar and still more remarkable camp called Uffington Castle. This is an earthwork of oval form, on the highest point of the entire ridge, nearly 900 feet above the sea-level; so that it is to this western end of the Downs what Lowbury is to the eastern end. Recent examinations of this fortress have revealed the care with which it was constructed. The undisturbed chalk beneath it still retains the holes in which small trunks of trees have been erected in order that these might be connected by wattling to support the earth of the rampart.

At a very short distance from this point, but on lower ground, is another fortified camp called Hardwell Castle; and those who suppose that the Danes were placed on Uffington Castle at the battle of Ashdown, have thought that Hardwell Castle is the spot at which Ethelred and Alfred were encamped against them, as Asser's Chronicle describes it. Antiquaries have attributed to this lower camp a Roman origin, from which we may presume that it was their point

of attack against Uffington Castle. Thus also Wantage had its origin as a camp set against Letcombe Castle, like Dorchester against Sinodun, and Blewbury against Blewburton.

A curious relic of the burial rites of the Romans has been discovered in close proximity to the height which Uffington Castle crowns. A barrow is to be seen there from which many skeletons have been disinterred; and here, as in other places where the Romans buried their dead, a mark of verdigris, caused by a piece of corroded metal, has been noticed upon the teeth in some of the skulls. It was from the coin which had been placed in the mouth as payment to Charon, the spectral ferryman, for conducting the soul across the river of death into the land of the departed.

As we look across the valley from these lofty earthen ramparts, numerous objects of interest may be seen below. Conspicuous among them, here as elsewhere, are the works of the ecclesiastical architects in the middle ages; and Uffington Church demands special notice. Seen from this point just above it, or seen from the Great Western Railway on the other side, it is an object of singular beauty. Its nave and chancel are divided by a tall octagonal tower, and on either side of this is a well-proportioned transept of remarkable design and workmanship. It is a church of which some cathedral cities might be envious. Wantage Church, also, is a massive cruciform structure, towering above the surrounding houses. It covers the last resting-place of the Fitzwaryns, and here is the fine brass of Sir Ivo Fitzwaryn, a warrior at the siege of Nantes, who died in 1414. These towns themselves, also, are as full of interest as their

churches. Uffington was the seat of the Uffingas, successors of Uffa the Angle, one of the most powerful of those early chieftains from whose conquests the Mercian kingdom sprang. At Wantage the site of the palace is shown where Alfred was born, the youngest son of Ethelwulf and Osburga, the daughter of Oslac. The site is called the High Garden, and Court Close adjoins it. Alfred bequeathed the manor to his wife Ealswitha for her life, which closed in 904. It then became the property of the Crown again, and apparently was still a royal residence, for a council was held here in 990, by Ethelred the Unready. The manor passed into the hands of the Norman kings; but Cœur de Lion granted it to one of his nobles, and its connection with the Crown was ended. Charles I. passed a night in the parish, during the period when he was occupied in this neighbourhood with the troubles that closed his reign. Probably this was the last royal visit until 1877, when a marble statue of King Alfred, with his cross-marked tunic, and his helmet surrounded by the narrow rim of the Saxon crown, was formally unveiled by the Prince and Princess of Wales in the market-place.

A more famous monument, with which the name of Alfred is commonly connected, is to be seen on the front of the hill which Uffington Castle crowns. This is the White Horse, which gives the title to the adjacent vale. It is cut in the chalk through the green turf of the hillside, where it stands as a prominent landmark, to be seen over all the plain in front of it. A white horse was the well-known ensign of the Saxon chieftains; and the names of Hengist and Horsa, whom tradition represents as the first Saxon invaders of

our island, are but two forms of the name of this famous ensign. Wherever the Saxons went, their horse-standard was planted. It was to them what the eagle was to the Romans of the Empire, and what we understand by the British lion. There are others of these white horses upon other Downs besides this in Berkshire, and they are commonly supposed to be of Saxon workmanship. This is of course King Alfred's; and some writers have been still more specific, saying that it was cut by him to commemorate the battle of Ashdown. But it hardly needs a critical historian to decide that at that period Alfred's followers must have been otherwise employed, and that such a work as this was not likely to have been undertaken by him at any period of his busy and eventful life. It was doubtless designed for other purposes than the mere commemoration of a victory. And indeed antiquarians produce strong reasons for believing that the White Horse belongs altogether to an earlier age, and that the Saxons saw it here on their arrival as we see it now.

For, first, you may see on other Downs, though not in Berkshire, great human figures similarly cut in the turf of the hillside. One such is conspicuous upon the Sussex Downs, as you pass along the railway between Lewes and Eastbourne. It is found in just such a curved hollow as this which the White Horse occupies at Uffington. The Berkshire men scour the White Horse from time to time, and many are the gay scenes that have been known at the scouring. Most readers are familiar with the descriptions, preserved by a popular writer, both of the old customs which formerly prevailed on such occasions, and of their revival in recent times. But the human

figure in Sussex came into the hands of a proprietor of different tastes, who saved the need of all further scouring by having him once for all paved out with white bricks. What, then, are these human figures, and what light does their history throw upon the horse-figures?

Cæsar, describing the worship of the Druids and their human sacrifices, writes as follows: "Some have images of immense size [*immani magnitudine*], whose limbs are woven with boughs and filled with living men, to which they set fire, and the men are overcome by the flame and killed." This has been commonly understood to mean that the image itself was a wicker cage, into which a mass of human beings were packed together. We have read in an 'English History for Children' that "the Britons were very cruel to their enemies; they used to make a great wicker figure of an idol, to fill it with their captives, and then to burn them all together." A grotesque delineation of the subject may be seen in the 'Saturday Magazine' of August 1832, where the effigy is some five times the height of the presiding Druid. Each leg contains at least a score of victims, and the body a proportionately larger number; while each arm dangles from the shoulder, filled with a dozen more. A man upon a ladder has assisted a female to climb into one of the thighs, when he closes a wicker door upon her. The monstrous head which surmounts the whole is apparently supposed to be of solid wood-work. But setting aside all such exaggerations, it does not appear how such a wicker image, "of immense size," could be made to stand, or how, if it stood, it could be made to burn. Nor is it evi-

dent why they should wish to burn up their god as well as his victims. There is only one way in which the barbarous people of whom Cæsar writes could have made figures "of immense size," and that is by cutting them out upon the hills. Then it is possible that the historian's account is accurate, and that human beings may have been caged down in wicker-work upon them, and fuel may have been added for the burning of the victims. It is more probable, however, that Cæsar takes his account from an informant whom he has misunderstood, and that the cages of victims were set upon the level ground in front of the idol. In any case, the hill figures are doubtless the idols which are thus described, and they were therefore the work of the Briton before the coming of the Romans.

It is an obvious presumption that the horse figures and the human figures are the work of one and the same people. And this, again, is confirmed. For it has been pointed out that the White Horse has its wrong leg foremost, unlike the familiar Saxon ensign, and is in fact represented in an impossible position. But there is a rare and famous gold coin of Cunobeline, the British king who reigned in this district before the invasion of Aulus Plautius in the year 43; and that coin is marked with the figure of a horse in exactly the same posture as this upon the hills. It is hardly necessary to add that the horse was the common ensign of the Celtic race which had previously invaded the land, as well as of their remote Saxon kinsmen.

We descend by the Giant's Stairs, and look at the horse's manger, a natural hollow in the

hill below him. Close to this is the Dragon's Hill, which might be mistaken for an artificial eminence, but it has merely been shaped in ancient times into the appearance of a large sepulchral barrow, and may have been used for some chieftain's burial. The grass will never grow on the side where the dragon's blood flowed down. For

"If it be true, as I've heard say,  
King George did here the dragon slay;  
And down below, on yonder hill,  
They buried him, as I've heard tell."

So sang Job Cork, "an Uffington man of two generations back, who was a shepherd on White Horse Hill for fifty years."<sup>1</sup> But they say it is really Pendragon's Hill; and Pendragon means a chief of kings. So names are changed, and myth becomes mixed with legend. We are back, therefore, in the remotest ages of the old occupants of Britain, almost as far removed from Alfred as Alfred is from us.

At the foot of this portion of the hills, close to the neighbouring village of Kingston Lisle, stands the famous Blowing Stone. It is now placed under an elm-tree in front of a wayside inn; but tradition says, and no doubt with truth, that once its place was on the summit of the Downs. The stone is about three feet in height, pierced with several natural holes; and one of these holes is of such a form that when strong and practised lungs blow into it, the sound is like that of a loud trumpet, and may be heard some miles away. Everything here is called King Alfred's; and accordingly this is his bugle-horn. But no doubt, long before Alfred's time, it was a useful instrument for summoning the families of the district together in sudden dangers or emer-

<sup>1</sup> Scouring of the White Horse, p. 225.

gencies; and many, we may be sure, have been the exciting scenes that have followed upon the loud sounding of this marvellous stony trumpet.

Nor is this the only stone in these parts around which old traditions linger. If we pass on upon the Ridgeway a mile beyond Uffington Castle, we come to Wayland Smith's cave near the Wiltshire border. In a small copse of the undisturbed primeval forest you may trace the outline of what has been a circle of large upright stones, though most of them are now fallen, and many are carried away. In the centre is a large flat stone raised upon three others, some four feet from the ground, and a passage of upright stones leads to the western side, which is open. It is said to be a Danish work, and tradition calls it the burial-place of Bæcseeg, the Danish king who fell at Ashdown. But it is one of those cromlechs which are very rare in these parts of England, and much more common in the north and west, where the remnant of the Britons lingered. Moreover, it was already known as Weland's Smithy less than a century after the battle of Ashdown, for it is referred to under that name as a recognised landmark in a charter of King Eadred in the year 955.

The old legend was, that a mysterious being, Wayland the Smith, had his forge here, and made the shoes for the sacred horse upon the hill above it. Then there was a story that if a traveller upon the Ridgeway required a shoe for his horse, he had but to tie him to a stone of the circle and place a sixpence on the flat stone, and after he had turned away for ten minutes, he would find the animal duly shod by this superhuman farrier who lived below. Sir Wal-

ter Scott introduces, in one of his best novels, the story of a blacksmith in the neighbourhood hiding himself in the cavern, and actually carrying out the letter of the legend. But Weland was the name of a Scandinavian deity. In their ancient Sagas he makes the arms for the heroes, as Hephestus for the gods and warriors in Homer. And Sir Walter Scott's note explains how the popular belief may have arisen from a legend of the *Duergar*, the spirits of the rocks, who were workers in steel and iron. From such materials as these, no doubt, the story was created. Here is a strange mysterious-looking place in a lonely spot of the Downs, and naturally it was supposed to belong to Wayland. And it was the only spot of the neighbourhood marked by large stones. Hence the old myth of the goblin iron-smiths of the rocks gathered round it, and out of this grew the legend. I should not be surprised if anciently there were some dim memories of human sacrifices offered upon the upper stone, and current reports of the victims' spirits haunting the circle, to help out the belief that the strange cromlech formed an entrance into the under world. And it shows us picture upon picture of our old island's histories. Here are the stones collected with infinite labour from different parts of the surrounding Downs, and reared with no less labour to form a temple of primeval worship, with its flat central altar and its entrance-passage and surrounding wall of upright pillars, a miniature of the great works of Stonehenge and Avebury in the adjoining county—but in this district it was of the very best that human skill could dedicate; and near it the great White Horse idol; and near it also the Blowing Stone



which summoned the tribes for warfare, and summoned them first, we may suppose, for the strange rites of worship with which the deities of good and evil were invoked before a battle. But at last the fighting is in vain. Better skilled warriors from across the seas have driven away the old builders of this temple. The simple folk of the district in the next age know nothing of great stones except in this mysterious circle. But they hear the occasional tales of a traveller, and they have the traditions handed down from their own primeval homes. They have heard of the rocks from whose depths come the iron and the copper of their implements and weapons; and of these rocks the cromlech on the Downs is to them the sole representative. Hence it becomes the smithy of the unknown metal-worker beneath the earth.

The stones which have been collected together in this old monument, and the still more curious Blowing Stone with its strange perforations, belong to a class of rock-fragments which are frequently to be seen in one place and another upon the Downs. Sometimes they lie singly and at rare intervals, sometimes they are scattered profusely over a hillside. In one district, at the back of this range, just over the Wiltshire border, their fancied resemblance to a flock of sheep has gained them the appellation of the Grey Wethers. These blocks are commonly known by the name of Sarsdens or Sarsens, and various fanciful derivations of the term have been suggested. It is most commonly explained to mean Saracens' stones; for it is said that the most important of them had been used for

the sanctuaries of Druidical worship, as at Wayland Smith's cave and Stonehenge, whence they were called the heathens' stones; and the term Saracen was used popularly for a heathen. All this is of course much too far-fetched a story to be acceptable, and the etymology of Sarsden has been more reasonably sought in the Saxon words *sair stan*—that is, sore or troublesome stone. They were the troublesome obstacles that hindered the ploughs of the Saxon tillers of the soil. Those who first cultivated the district gave them this appropriate name, and their descendants still retain it. The village of Sarsden, near Andover, takes its designation from these stones—not, as some have fancied, because Salisbury Plain was called "Cæsar's Dene." Another village of Sarsden is at the north-western end of Oxfordshire, on the Wolds which separate that county from those of Gloucester, Worcester, and Warwick. In that neighbourhood is the tall sarsen called the "Four Shire Stone," nine feet high, where the four counties meet; and in the same locality is the fine Druidical circle of the Rollright Stones, with the "King Stone," seven feet high, standing near them. The tradition that they are the petrified forms of an ancient king with his knights and courtiers seems to imply that they were connected with some mysterious memories.

If we investigate the origin of the Sarsens,<sup>1</sup> we are led into inquiries of much interest. Antiquaries of former times were driven to strange conjectures in attempting to account for them. One supposed that they must have been expelled from the chalk-formations

<sup>1</sup> See a paper on "Sarsens," by the late Rev. John Adams, in the 'Transactions of the Newbury District Field-Club,' 1870, p. 104.

by the rotation of the earth; another pictured to himself an earthquake with an immense explosion scattering these masses forth from below; while it is recorded that Sir Christopher Wren believed them to have been cast out by a volcano. But the progress of geological study has set all such conjectures at rest. It carries us back into histories far preceding the earliest days of the infancy of mankind. The waters of primeval oceans had accumulated enormous masses of crushed shells and fragments of marine animals upon the hardened rocks that lay beneath them, and all had been fused compactly together in the heated depths, until at last the slimy deposit had become hardened in its turn, and thus the great chalk-beds were formed. The building of the world's vast architecture still went on above them. Boiling seas were doing battle with newly uplifted continents, tearing away their rocky walls and burrowing into the depths of their foundations, spreading far and wide the splintered fragments, and wearing them into rounded pebbles and powdered atoms, then heaping them together into shingly beaches, or spreading them into beds of mud and clay, or into soft plains of sand: Thus new deposits are resting on the older masses; and another upheaval follows, with another tremendous interchange of continents and oceans. The overlying strata are swept away, and a wide chalk surface is laid open; and then the chalk itself is rent and furrowed by the furious torrents that sweep over it, and again the rugged angles of the fissures are smoothed off. It only needs the progress of the years and the slumber of repose to cover them with verdure, and the Downs of Southern England are made. The scattered

fragments that lie upon their surface or mingle with the clays in their hollows, are the witnesses of a period when these Downs were buried deeply in the earth, and continents were heaped above them, and seas were surging round them.

Some of the Sarsens are angular pieces broken from flat tables of rock which had become consolidated between layers of softer material. They had received a larger infusion of chemical substances, which had compacted their atoms together; or their composition was such as lent itself more readily to the action of the cementing liquids; and then the joint action of water and atmosphere had laid their surface bare and quarried out the beds beneath them, so that when the turmoil of the elements had ceased, the hard blocks were left here and there upon the underlying chalk-beds. Elsewhere the worn flints and pebbles of an older sea-beach had been welded into a conglomerate or pudding-stone, and this mass has had sufficient endurance to survive the loss of all its original surroundings. Or again, it is a lump of sand which the presence of some mineral has solidified, and it has gradually grown in bulk as the contiguous sand has encrusted itself around it. Afterwards, when it has become exposed, the process is reversed, and the more friable crust has worn away, leaving a solid kernel too hard to be decomposed. In some cases, again, we may see a similar block of what once was sand, through which, while it was soft, the boring shellfish had penetrated, or the sea-weed had thrust roots or stems into it, and had afterwards decayed, so that when the sand has become indurated into stone, the winding perforation remains perfect. In these different ways the Downs

have become possessed of the flat slabs of Wayland's Smithy, the pierced block of Alfred's Bugle, and the tall boulder of a possible Roman milestone.

The range of hills is only one of many districts in our land which can tell abundance of tales like these to all willing ears. We have traversed its ancient road, from Streatley, where it rises from the luxuriant meadows on the river, to Ashbury, the remote fort in the ancient ash-forest. We have passed the various pictures which make up the great panorama of our histories, moving through the scenery of wild Druidical rites, which the first apostolic missionaries destroyed, and viewing the planting of the cross anew in Saxon heathendom, and the splendid blossoming of the tree in the medieval sanctuaries, and these now adorned by the modern architect with more than their ancient glory. We have seen the earthworks in which the primitive tribes defended themselves in vain, and which they yielded at last to the Roman conqueror; and we have seen the Saxon making the same standing-ground his own, and holding it successfully against the invading Northmen. The Dane made his footing secure at last, but only to be united with the Saxon as vassal of a kindred Norman race; and the vassal still held his ground until he shared at last the dignity of dominion with his lord. Alfred is the great figure that stands out prominently in the midst of all the picture as these Downs carry it

before us. The Briton gave way before the Roman, only that his land might become a booty for Saxons and Angles when the colossal empire fell; and after Egbert had given their power the semblance of unity, it was his grandson Alfred, the scholarly civiliser, the wise ruler, the heroic defender, who gave it solidity and strength. Under him it became a power which the Danes attacked in vain; and the Norman conqueror who subdued it could never rob it of the name of England. We have seen the heir of the united Saxon and Norman lines, with his bride, a daughter of Danish kings, visiting Alfred's birthplace to unveil the statue of his remote Saxon ancestor. Thus the modern culture does homage to the ancient heroism from which its fountains sprang, while the outward forms of antiquity are everywhere giving way before the encroachments of modern needs. We cannot regret the changes. But we can rejoice that Wayland's Smithy and Uffington Castle are included in the list of monuments which Parliament will not suffer to be destroyed. And we can rejoice that for the most part these bleak Downs, with their wealth of old-world lore, must remain as one of the healthful breathing-places of our crowded land, though the tribute of another slope is claimed from time to time by the advancing ploughshare, and the weird solitude of the ancient Ridgeway is crossed by the hurrying traffic of a modern railway.

## A POLISH LOVE-STORY.

[THE following narrative, written down from the lips of a Polish peasant woman, lays claim to nothing but veracity, and may serve to enlighten some English reader on the subject of a class of fellow-creatures about whom he probably knows less than of the African, the Patagonian, or the Greenland Esquimaux. The Polish peasant, who by his own countrymen is commonly classed as a "brute," and is by the rest of civilised Europe dimly understood to be a "savage," can do no better than speak for himself, and be judged accordingly.]

I am far from asserting that loftiness of soul and innate refinement are the common attributes of the Polish peasantry, but I maintain that striking examples of these qualities are to be found in this class as frequently as in any other class of any other nation. Every care has been taken to render into English the exact words in which the story was originally told: if, therefore, any one should object to its somewhat ultra-romantic vein, I can do no more than refer him to the particular "savage" who is virtually the author of these lines.]

It was on an early day of the month of May that, with a book in my hand, I made my way to the kitchen-garden. More than a dozen women, for the most part young girls, were noisily at work among the bushes and the vegetable-beds; but their laughing and chattering paused at my entrance, and did not recommence until, having seated myself at the foot of an apple-tree, I appeared to be engrossed in my book.

My book did not engross me for long: with a carpet of daisies at my feet, a roof of apple-blossom over my head, and the laughter of the girls ringing in my ears, it was difficult to keep my attention to the page before me. I looked around me: most of the workers were at some way off, dispersed in larger or lesser groups. There was but one exception,—a woman who, but a few paces from me, sat crouching on the ground, so busy with the sorting of young

plants that she seemed not to have noticed my neighbourhood.

The stray voices among the bushes reached me in distinct sentences now and then, and presently a phrase attracted my attention—"Wasył has come home from the army."

"Yes, Wasył has come home; and what will Nascia do, now that he is back?"

"Only Saturday last she accepted the *wódki* (brandy) from Stefan's bridesmen;<sup>1</sup> and yesterday her former sweetheart has come home. What will she do now?"

And a chorus repeated, "What will Nascia do?"

I closed my book; I had found in it nothing so interesting as this question of what Nascia was to do. Why look for dramas in paper and print when they were being acted close to me in flesh and blood?

"Marysia," I said to the sorter of plants beside me—for I knew her

<sup>1</sup> The bridesmen, or friends of the bridegroom *in spe*, present themselves at the girl's hut, and offer the *wódki* to her and her parents. If she drinks, this signifies acceptance of the suitor.

name well,—“Marysia, did Nascia love Wasyl?”

She raised her eyes to mine; they were large black eyes, deep both in colour and in expression. Marysia was not a girl,—she was a woman on the verge of fifty, toil-worn, haggard, and meanly clad, but there could be no doubt that she had once been beautiful. Her eyes were beautiful still.

“Love?” she said after a pause, and with a certain unexpected irony in her voice. “Do the girls nowadays know what love is? Which is the man they love? The man who will treat them to a *wódki* or a glass of beer, or who buys them a ribbon at the *jarmark* (fair). That one they understand how to love. But when he is gone, any other is as good as he. . . . That was not the sort of love which the great God put into my heart long ago.”

Marysia said this in a lower tone, speaking half to herself; and as she said it, her eyes seemed doubly beautiful—for in a moment they seemed to take fire, and shone with a mixture of tenderness and passion.

Till now I had held my book in my hand, but at this moment I laid it aside on the grass. There were echoes of a drama, it seemed, not only over there among the bushes—there was the heroine of one at my very feet.

“Marysia,” I said again, almost timidly, “who was it you loved when you were a girl?”

“Gracious lady, you will not remember the time,” answered Marysia, “for our master was then a young cavalier, and it is a long while ago. For eighteen years I was married to another.”

“And tell me, Marysia, why did you not marry the man you loved?”

“Why did I not marry him?

Because he was taken to be a soldier. But why, during so many years, I could not forget him; why, being the wife of a good and honest man who loved me—why, having six children whom I loved, and four of whom died in my arms—why, though I toiled every day from daybreak to sunset, I yet could not take from my memory the picture of one man,—this God alone does know. That love which I found in my heart, none but He could have put there.”

Marysia was silent for a little, and went on sorting the plants. But her whole face was changed: the words, which she had said with vehemence, had awakened old memories, and presently they began to throng from her lips:—

We were children when we began to love each other, Fedio and I. The hut of my parents and the hut of his parents stood close together: there was nothing but a hedge between our little fruit-garden and their yard. When in the morning I came into the garden to look for the fruit that had fallen during the night, Fedio would be waiting for me at the hedge, ready to jump over and help me to pick up the fruit. Then we sat down to sort what we had found, and it was always the reddest of the apples and the softest of the pears which he chose out for my breakfast. He never used to go with the other boys of the village, but played only with me in our garden or in the yard behind the hut. When he was gone to herd the cows on the pastures, how sad did I feel till he was back again! How many hours have I stood at our gate gazing and gazing along the road that he was to come! And he never came without bringing something that he had found for me in the fields or in the forest. Each time it was

some other toy, a bird's nest or a red toadstool, a branch of blackberries, a bunch of ripe strawberries—or if the berries were not ripe, he would bring me flowers. The other boys jeered at him, but he let them speak, and was not angry; and indeed he was so quiet and so silent, that one might have thought he could not get angry. But once I saw Fedio angry. He had lost a cow, and stayed in the forest to look for it. I was watching for him, and saw the others come back without him, and I was frightened. "Where is Fedio?" I asked of a second cowherd who had gone out with him in the morning.

"Oho!" the boy answered, laughing, "you will not see that one again. He climbed to the top of a tree to gather cherries for your supper; but crack went the branch, and down came Fedio and cherries together. Who knows if he ever gets up from the ground?"

I grew as cold as ice as he spoke. I could not move a step, I could not utter a scream, I could not wring my hands even; but I remained as I had been, standing at the gate, looking at the road, and the other children made a laughing circle round me, and pointed at me with their fingers.

At last Fedio came home with his cow. I do not know why I had not been able to cry before; but when I saw him unhurt, I threw myself with a scream on his neck and sobbed as though my father had beaten me.

Fedio said not a word when he heard the trick they had played me; but something terrible came into his eyes, and before any one could stop him, he had seized the second cowherd and thrown him with such strength to the ground, and held him there so tight, with his hands upon the other's throat, that the boy would have been

strangled had we not quickly parted them.

From that day none of the village children ever did me any harm, for they began to be afraid of Fedio.

As we grew older, and I became a young maiden and he a man, we passed all our time together. He helped my parents in the farm-work, for my brother was still a child; and they loved him, and called him son. On Sundays, when the music came to the village, it was always with Fedio that I danced; and not one of the other young men would have dared to choose me for a partner, for each one knew that Fedio would have killed him. Oh, gracious lady, if you could only have seen how beautiful Fedio was, and how well he danced! Sometimes the others would stand still and make a circle to watch us two dance, for every one liked us in the village. There was only one man who watched us with a gloomy face. This was Ivan, the only son of a rich peasant; and an evil spirit had given that he also was to love me. His bridesmen had been already to my parents' hut; but I would not even look at his *wódki*, and so they had gone away again. Since then Ivan would always clench his fist when he saw Fedio and me together. Every one knew that he would not need to be a soldier, for he was an only son, and he was also older than Fedio. Fedio was just then nineteen, and the time was near when he must be taken away. We could not think of marrying yet; we loved each other and waited.

One day, I remember, we were working on the master's corn-fields. Fedio, as usual, was working by my side; and every now and then, when no one was looking, he would lay some of his corn on my heap,

so as to make it look larger. For this was the last day of the wheat harvest; that evening we were to go in procession to the master's house, and the girl who had cut the most corn was the one who should wear the corn-wreath on her head, and place it then in the master's hands.<sup>1</sup>

The sun was burning very hot upon the open field, and I was thirsty. Fedio went away to the wood to fetch me water from the stream; and as soon as he was gone, Ivan approached and took his place. At first he did not speak to me, nor I to him, but at last he said, "Marysia, why do you turn your head with that Fedio?"

"Which Fedio?" I asked, and looked at him so straight in the eyes that he dropped his own to the ground.

"Fedio Stecki."

"I am not turning my head with him; I love him."

"And what good is to come of this love? Very soon he will be taken to the soldiers, and what will you do then?"

"I shall wait."

"Marysia! do you know what you are saying? That waiting will not be one year or two, but eight: you will be old when he returns—think of that."

"I have thought of it," I answered, growing angry; "and what is it to you how long I may wait, or how old I shall be? What makes you talk to me of this?"

"But if you should wait for nothing, Marysia? If Fedio is taken to the war, and does not come back?"

As he said it, I felt a pain in my heart like the pain of a knife

stabbing me; and it seemed to me that Fedio would not even come back to me now with the water. I answered nothing more to Ivan, and all was dark before my eyes till Fedio returned at last from the forest. I took the water from his hand, and drank it to the last drop. My face must have been strange, for he asked if I were ill: the heat had made me faint, I said.

Very near to us there was working the old Zosia, whom you must know, gracious lady—only then she was not so old as she is now; but she was not a young woman, and no one liked her in the village, for she was seen much with the Jews. This Zosia repeated to Fedio everything of what Ivan had said to me. Happily Ivan had left the field already, for if Fedio had been able to reach him at this moment, he would assuredly have thrown him down and trampled him, as he had done to the cow-herd when we were children. But after that he got quiet; and later in the day I saw that his anger was gone—he was thinking very much, and his face was sad. Perhaps he was thinking that what Ivan had said might come true.

It made my heart sink to see his face; and that evening, when we walked along the road towards the master's house, I could not laugh and talk with the other girls. I could not feel gay, though I knew that the corn-wreath had been kept for me.

Already we were near to the big gates, when Fedio came up to Ivan and spoke to him. He was not angry, but his voice sounded so strange that the tears came into my eyes as I listened.

"Why did you say to my Ma-

<sup>1</sup> At the conclusion of the harvest of each grain, a monster wreath of wheat, rye, or barley is made, and placed on the head of a village girl. The master, on receiving it from her, gives her money in return.

rysia that I shall not come back from the soldiers?"

"And why," answered Ivan, "do you call her *your* Marysia? She will belong to the man to whom God gives her."

Whether they said more I could not hear, for already we were near to the house. The girls put the wreath on my head, and began to sing the harvest-songs. You know the old songs, gracious lady:—

"Our mistress is proud;  
She appears on the threshold;  
She makes her keys ring,  
And thanks God the harvest is over.

The master is not at home;  
He is gone to Lwów  
To sell the grain,  
And buy *wódki* for us.

Make use of thy riches, master;  
Sell thy grey cow,  
The hen with the chickens,  
And buy us a barrel of beer.

Our cock has white feathers;  
Our master has black eyebrows;  
He goes to the fields  
In a happy moment.

O moon, who art growing,  
Throw light on our road,  
That we should not go astray,  
And lose our wreath!

At our master's house  
The door is of gold;  
The bench is also of gold;  
He has three hundred labourers in  
the field.

Harness the oxen;  
We shall go to the forest  
To cut supports  
On which to lean the *kopy*.<sup>1</sup>

Little quail,  
Where will'st thou hide?  
We have cut the wheat,  
And have arranged it in *kopy*.

The meadow has told us  
That the master has got *wódki*,  
And in his cellar on a shelf  
Painted glasses to drink from.

We bring you the harvest  
Of all your fields;  
We wish that the master should sow  
again,  
That we should reap again in the  
future."<sup>2</sup>

The girls sang this song; but I did not sing. The wreath felt so heavy, that I thought it was weighing me to the earth. I could scarcely bear it; it was impossible for me to raise my head from my breast. I began to think of things of which I had never thought before: for the first time it seemed to me possible that, though our love was as old as our lives, though my parents called him their son, yet it might be that Fedio and I should not pass our lives together. I began to think also of how once, when Fedio had wanted to kiss me, I had resisted him. It would have been no wrong, but at that moment I had felt frightened of myself: if I had loved him less, I might more easily have allowed him to kiss me. This had happened one evening not long ago. We had been standing together at our gate, and on the road there waited a cart laden with wood which Fedio was to take to the town. The moment for parting came. Fedio's father called to us over the hedge, saying that the wood was all packed, and the cart ready. We looked at each other, and then Fedio caught me in his arms, held me on his breast one moment, and would have kissed me; but I turned my head aside, and put my two hands over my face. He still held me in his arms, and a minute

<sup>1</sup> A certain number of sheaves form a *kopek*.

<sup>2</sup> In certain districts of Poland this harvest-song, with innumerable additions, is always sung, whether applicable or not to existing circumstances.



passed in silence; then we heard his father's voice again calling out louder than the first time that the wood was ready. Fedio loosened his arms, and walked slowly away towards his cart.

Although I was the strongest and healthiest girl in all the village, I was forced at this moment to take hold of the wooden post, or else I should have fallen. I looked after Fedio: he was walking slowly beside his cart; his head was bent—he was crying.

All the time that the girls were singing the harvest-songs around me, and all the time that the corn-wreath pressed down my head, I could think of nothing but those tears of Fedio, and of how he would be taken to the war and might not come back again, and I had not wanted to kiss him. Even when the music began to play and we to dance, I still thought of this; and all the time we danced I looked at his face, although I knew very well that a modest girl when she is dancing should not look at her partner, but only at the boards. But it seemed to me that even if I were to die for it in the very next minute, I could not have taken my eyes from his.

The music gave me no pleasure, nor yet the supper which was laid for us. When no one was watching me, I stole out of the room and went home. There I stood at the gate and waited, for I knew that Fedio would come.

He came very soon—sooner than I expected. We were quite alone, for every one who was not at the great house had gone to bed. All around me the village was asleep. As Fedio came up to me he took off his cap and shook back his hair, for the night was warm. Oh, gracious lady, what beautiful hair Fedio had then!—the most beautiful hair in all the village, and

quite different from Ivan's; for Ivan's was light yellow, and cut in a straight fringe round his head, while Fedio's hair fell in black curls upon his forehead and his neck.

This time I did not wait for him to say any word to me, nor to ask why I had come away from the great house; but I stretched out my arms and put them round his neck. Perhaps he was thinking of how I had not wanted to kiss him that other evening, for he made no movement. But I put my face close to his, and my lips upon his lips, and I kissed him of my own free will. And at that moment it seemed to me that not even the *Cesarz* (emperor) could have had the power to part us!

We must have stood a long time that way, I don't know how long. I only know that one of his arms was round my waist, and that with his other hand he stroked my hair as a mother does sometimes to soothe her crying child—for I was crying. We did not speak much, and in my ears there were not ringing any words of Fedio's, but only those of Ivan—"He will be taken to the war."

We stood at the gate till we heard the voices of those who were returning from the great house.

From that evening I had no peace: just as though some one were whispering in my ears, I heard all day long—"He will be taken to the war."

Not many days later my mother was sent for to the great house. I do not know, gracious lady, whether you yet remember the time of the *panszczyzne* (serfdom). At that time no peasant was asked whether or not he would take service, as we are asked to-day; but all at once the *ekonom* (overseer) would appear in the hut, and lead away those whom the master had

chosen. And we had to go without saying the smallest word. But in our village the master was good: when a girl was wanted for the service, it was the parents who were sent for first. We were paid in money and in linen, and the mother herself led the girl to the great house. This was much better; for though we knew very well that we were forced to go, yet it was not so hard to go with one's mother as to be taken by the *ekonom*.

So also it was with me. When my mother returned home, she told me that the ladies had noticed me at the harvest feast, and that I was to go for a year to serve at the great house cooking for the outdoor servants.

I wrung my hands, for my first thought was of Fedio. "When must I go?" I asked. It never even came into my mind to think that I might escape the service.

"I have begged to keep you till to-morrow," said my mother.

I went out into the front garden, and stood by the gate waiting for Fedio. I could hear that he was working in the barn, thrashing corn for the sowing.

"Fedio!" I called at last, just above my breath.

Immediately he came out of the barn and looked around him; then, in less time than it takes to sign the cross, he had jumped over the hedge and stood beside me.

"Marysia! You are crying again!"

"Oh, how am I not to cry, when to-morrow I shall be taken to serve in the great house!"

He answered nothing at first. Fedio never spoke much; only he clasped one hand inside the other with violence, and stood for several minutes thus, with his eyebrows drawn together. Then he said quickly—

"You cannot be there alone."

He turned round, jumped back over the hedge, and went into the hut. When he came out again, he had on his new *czapka* (cap) and his broadest belt; and without looking round, he walked away along the road.

He had not told me what he meant to do; but the cap and the belt made me feel sure that he was gone to the great house.

It was impossible for me to work. My mother called to me to come and help her with threading the hemp; but I did not go, and waited only at the gate for Fedio's return. Half an hour, perhaps, I waited; then he came to the hedge and said—

"I have bound myself to serve in the stable of the oxen."

And then he went into the barn, and began again to thrash the corn.

My heart grew light within me, and all at once the service in the great house seemed to me less terrible.

And thus, on one and the same day, Fedio and I entered on service.

My work was hard. There were eighteen servants to cook for, water to carry, wood to cut, dishes to wash,—so much, that often I did not know where to begin. But the thought of the evening helped me on. Just outside the kitchen stood a broad stone; and in the evening, when the work was done, we would sit upon that stone together, and my hand rested in Fedio's.

In the great house they began to talk evil of us; but that did not trouble us, for we could look all the world straight in the eyes without fearing. Fedio, when any one taunted him with serving only for my sake, always answered that it was so. Once even he said it to the *ekonom* himself. It happened thus:

Tulka, the old *klucznicza* (keeper

of the keys—housekeeper), was hot-tempered and strict, and her tongue always ready to scold. One day my patience failed, and I answered sharply. Her anger became greater; she rushed upon me as if she would beat me. I did not move, but I said to her—

“If you beat me I shall tell the master.”

While I spoke the *ekonom* came in, holding a riding-whip—for he had just left his horse outside. Behind him stood Fedio. The angry *klucznicza* began to accuse me; and the *ekonom*, as he heard, came towards me with the whip raised in his hand. It would have fallen on me had not Fedio sprung between, and covered me with his body.

The *ekonom* shouted, “What is this insolence?”

“It is not insolence,” answered Fedio, quite quietly; “but I will not let her be beaten. If she has done wrong, beat me. It will not harm me; but as long as I am alive, no one shall touch her!”

The *ekonom* lowered his whip. “Then it is true, Fedio, what the people say, that you are serving in the house only for her sake?”

“It is true, master; and if you want to hurt her, you must kill me first.”

The *ekonom* began to laugh. “Well, to be sure, what a mighty love! But,” he added, as he looked at me, “and yet it is worth his while.”

And that is how the matter ended; and from that day Fedio and I were left in peace. It was a happy time, and almost did I forget the words which Ivan had said; but soon, very soon, was I to be reminded of them.

In spring the recruits were called in. There came a long register of those who had to present themselves at Brzezany, the nearest

town, and on that list there was written the name of my Fedio! The terror of that day makes me tremble even now. Tulka herself—the same Tulka who had wanted to beat me—could not bear to see my face. She begged of the master to let me go home to my mother.

It was three days before I learned Fedio's fate. Those three days I spent standing at the gate, where I had so often waited for Fedio when we were children. All day long I stood there, staring at the road. My father and mother wanted me to come into the hut. First they begged, and then they scolded: they said that the people would make me their laughing-stock. But to me it seemed that there were no people in the world. They brought me some milk in a jug; I could not swallow it. On the morning of the fourth day the carts came back. They passed me, one after the other; Fedio was not in any of them.

I called his name aloud.

“They have kept him,” some one answered. “They have dressed him in the green cloth already, and they have cut his hair.”

Something within me seemed to break. I turned, and took two steps towards the hut; but all the time I saw nothing but that hair,—that beautiful hair that I had kissed so often, and now falling beneath the scissors. I would have caught those black curls as they floated downwards; I would have snatched away those cold scissors, that flashed so cruelly before my eyes. I stretched out my hand, but he who held the scissors turned and struck me a blow on the forehead.

The air grew dark before my eyes; I fell to the ground. It was the first time that I had been insensible, and the doctor said to my mother, “A great illness may come

of it." But I was young and strong, and the great illness did not yet come for a little time.

The recruits used to be called in the month of March. The day that I fell down on the road was the Monday before Easter. Outside in the village it was beginning to grow warm again. The roads got dry; the people came out of their huts, and were busy raking, digging, and planting in the gardens. I shut myself into the hut, that I might not see how the sun was shining,—that I should not hear how the birds were singing.

The great week passed. On the Holy Friday my mother baked the loaves, boiled the eggs, made the sausages, laid the cheeses and butter in saffron,—all that is done at Easter in a peasant house. But I not only did not help her, but even I could not look at her working. On Saturday, at mid-day, she laid all the things together, and covered them with a white linen cloth, ready to be carried on Sunday to church for the blessing.

On that evening, as I sat on the bench spinning at the wool, the door of the hut opened, and Fedio, dressed in the uniform of the lancers, stood upon the threshold. The sudden joy made me feel giddy. I had to cling to him for support; and when the giddiness had gone off, I still clung to him. And we sat thus, side by side, on the bench, with my spindle cast upon the ground.

Gracious lady, you will scarcely believe me, and yet it is true that during all that night we never moved from the bench, and scarcely spoke a word, but only held each other by the hand. Once or twice in the dark Fedio whispered, "You will be mine." But that was all.

At that time the men had to serve as soldiers for eight years;

and eight years, when they are already past, are like a minute, but when they are still to come, they are like an eternity.

As soon as the light came in by the window, my father awoke and got up; and when he saw us two still sitting on the bench, he said—

"Oh, my poor children!"

But immediately after he seemed to remember something.

"Fedio, tell me, have you leave to be here?"

"No, I have no leave; no one knows that I left Mikolaja. But I had to come; I could not do otherwise. If I had stayed I should have gone mad or died, for on Sunday at eleven we are to march away."

My father clasped his hands above his head—

"Fedio! unhappy man! But this is Sunday already!"

He did not speak more, but dressed and left the hut. In a few minutes he came back and said to Fedio—

"The cart is ready. I shall drive you. At eleven we must be at Mikolaja, or else your punishment will be hard. I have been a soldier, and I know it. They will beat you with rods!"

I swear to you, gracious lady, that already, as he spoke, I felt those rods on my shoulders and upon my heart.

"Fedio, Fedio!" I screamed, "go away quickly; run, fly! Why are you here? For what good did you come?" And I was so strong at that moment, that if he had resisted, I could have taken him in my arms like a child and thrown him into the cart.

When we reached the gate Fedio stopped and stretched his arms towards the second hut.

"My mother, my sisters! I had forgotten them. I have not seen them!"

"It is too late now," said my father; "get in."

Fedio turned to me again.

"Fedio, my Fedio, get in! If you are late, I must die." And I pushed him with my hands.

"Hush, children!" said my father roughly, but he wiped his eyes with his sleeve. "Hush! there is no time to waste." And the cart disappeared on the road.

I am not learned in books, gracious lady, and therefore I cannot explain to you what it was that happened to me when I saw the cart no more. I felt as though my heart were fastened by a cord to those wheels which were taking my Fedio away from me for ever. In my head there was a humming noise; but I said to myself, "I cannot go mad till my father comes back, and tells me whether Fedio reached in time."

The people were going to church, carrying the loaves to be blessed. I heard my mother's voice calling me. She wanted me to go with her; but I could not. Why? Because something had made me forget how to pray. I could not find the beginning of the prayer. And then I grew frightened, for it seemed to me that even the good God was leaving me alone in my trouble. Why, then, should I go to church?

While every one was praying to God, I lay on my face in the garden, and pressed my brow against the cold, damp earth; for the fire that was burning in my head had dried up all the tears.

That evening my father was not back, and he was not back next morning; he was not back at mid-day. The fire in my head passed into my eyes. I could remember nothing. I had forgotten how Fedio had come, how he had gone, that he might be too late. I only

remembered that I must sit here and wait for my father.

In the evening I still sat by the gate, and with my hands I held my head, for it was as big as a barrel. I saw my father coming, but he was not in the cart; he was on foot, weary and dusty, and with only the whip in his hand. When I saw him I remembered again all at once what had passed—that Fedio had been and had gone, that he might have come too late, that the fire in my head must not burn me until I knew that he would not be punished.

I remember getting up from the doorstep and staggering towards my father; but I forget whether I asked, or whether he spoke first:

"We came in time. No one knows that he was here. They have marched to Olomunca."

The fire in my head broke out of it and rose in the air. Like a pillar I fell down at my father's feet. For the second time I was insensible.

When I awoke again, the cherries were red in our garden, and the people were working at the potatoes—for this time the great illness had come. Eight Sundays had passed since the day of my father's return. My mother told me that the doctor had said I would die; but the great God is a better doctor, and He said I was to live. She also told me that when my father had taken Fedio to Mikolaja, one horse had dropped dead with fatigue. The other was lame; so he had sold it, with the cart, to the Jews, and came home with the whip alone in his hand.

When I awoke after those eight weeks, I asked myself what now I was to do with my life, what now I was to do with myself? The people were changed; the village so empty and silent; the fields,

the woods, were so dreary ; the garden so sad ; and the cherries did not taste sweet like other years. The hut was dark, and the sun, even though it was June, shone now so weak and cold. My mother cried ; my father grew sick and fretful. Poverty came into our hut. My illness had cost much money, and the horses were gone. My parents had never been rich, and when so much evil came upon them, they were forced to go to the Jews. With the horses they had gained money ; now there were no horses, and no more money to be gained. At the harvest they could not have gone to the fields if Ivan had not lent his cart. But this helped us but little, and the farm began to sink.

My father clenched his teeth and never spoke. I was useless ; my mother herself could think of no help.

At last the *kumy* (godparents) began to give advice. I was in the kitchen, and I heard how they said,—

“You must marry your daughter.”

And my mother answered,—

“There is no other help for it ; Marysia must be forced to take Ivan.”

My knees shook under me ; for I knew that though my parents loved me, yet hunger is stronger than love and pity.

I went into the yard ; from the yard I went on to the road, from the road to the fields, and then from the fields I went higher and higher until I came to the wood. I sat down on the ground, and said to myself that whatever might happen I would not go back to the hut.

It was already quite late in the night when I heard the voice of Ivan calling me, and also the voice of my father.

I held my breath and did not move ; and later on I heard their

voices again, far off in the wood. We were in autumn already, and the nights were long and cold, and I had come out just as I was, in my linen shirt and petticoat. I was so cold that I could scarcely move. I meant to sit there as long as it was dark, and then to walk on higher and higher, until I came to where lived good people who would tell me the road to Olo-munca.

Towards morning I fell asleep. In my dream it seemed to me that some one was pulling me by the hands ; and when I opened my eyes, I saw my father and Ivan bending over me. My father was in great anger.

“You good-for-nothing !” he shouted ; “is it not enough that you have made me a beggar, but must you still drag me from my bed to search the wood for you at night, sick and weak as I am ?”

His voice was raised to a shout, but I answered nothing.

He spoke again,—

“Why did you leave the hut ? Who has done you harm ?”

I knelt down at my father’s feet and told him how I had heard what the *kumy* had said, and what my mother had answered. I prayed to him,—

“Father, I cannot go to this one, for I love the other.”

“You love the other ? And what means this love ? Is it witchery ? It is time you should forget !”

“I shall never forget.” And I raised my hands.

My father’s anger became terrible. He began to curse Fedio, and the hour when first he had called him son. The words which he said were so fearful that they raised the hair on my head, and it seemed to me that all those things were to happen to Fedio which my father said as he cursed him.

“Father !” I cried, and with my

arms I clasped his knees, "I will do all you command—I will marry whom you will; but, for the love of God, do not curse my Fedio!"

"You shall marry because you must. This day Ivan shall yet speak to the priest."

Ivan bent over me,—

"Get up, my Marysia! Come back to the hut; the night has been so cold, and you will be ill again."

Just see, gracious lady, how strong we poor women are. I did not die that day; I was able to get up and walk home, even though I knew that I was to be married to another man than the one I loved.

Two Sundays later my wedding with Ivan was held. I looked on it as though it were the wedding of a stranger. You know, gracious lady, that it is the custom with us for the bridegroom to ransom the bride with money from the young girls of the village. For this he must throw the money on the table, behind which she sits with the girls around her; and then he leaps over, and when he has dispersed them, he kisses her; and as the girls draw back, the married women advance and claim her as their sister.

It came to this ceremony; Ivan flung down the money, and stood by my side. The girls stepped back; his arm was round my waist.

At that moment, as I turned my head aside, I saw standing right in the middle of the hut the figure of Fedio; almost it seemed to me that he was weeping. I tore myself away from Ivan, knocked over the bench, and sprang to the middle of the room, but the figure was gone; and without a word, I threw myself into the second room, and fastened the door behind me.

My father became furious, and ordered me to open, threatening to have the door knocked to pieces; and perhaps he would have done

it, had not Ivan stopped him. I heard how he said,—

"She is already my wife, and I do not choose to take her by force."

The wedding-feast could not be finished; the guests all dispersed.

I remained thus locked up till the middle of next day. I could hear how my father was cursing, how my mother was crying, how the godparents were saying that the priest should be sent for; but Ivan answered,—

"The priest has already done what he has to do. She is my wife now; leave her alone. Would you have me lead her to my hut by force? Some day she will come to me herself. Why should you judge between her and me? Of what do you complain? I shall work your ground as though it were my ground. I shall look after the farm as long as her brother is a child;—only do not trouble her."

And my parents at last gave me peace.

That afternoon my father went off with a load of wood, my mother went out to the fields to dig up potatoes, and Ivan alone remained in the hut.

All this I saw, for from the window of the little room I could see each person who passed out. After a time Ivan came to my door.

"Marysia, what are you doing all alone? Would you be ill again? This is the second day that you have eaten nothing. Why are you afraid of me? I want only that you should drink some milk and eat some white bread which I have brought you from the town."

Not for his prayers, but because of my hunger, I opened the door; for thus the great God has arranged the world, that however unhappy we be, we yet must eat.

Ivan put down on the table a bowl of *kasza* and milk, laid beside it a piece of white bread, and then he turned and left the hut.

I ate a little of what he had brought me; then I took up a spade and followed my mother to the potato-field. On the field I found Ivan with my mother. I did not even say to them, "God give you luck," as we always say, but quite silently I began to dig up potatoes, and they too were silent towards me.

In the evening Ivan went to fetch a cart for carrying the potatoes home. There were five sacksful, and they were large and heavy. The thought came into my mind—"How good it would be to seize the heaviest of those sacks, to strain myself and die!" To-day I know that that thought was wrong; but then I did not think so, and God will assuredly not have counted it as evil, for He knew that my great pain had darkened my understanding.

I took hold of the largest sack, and with all my strength I flung it on the cart.

Ivan wrung his hands; and then, moving aside, he bent quickly over the next sack, and shook it out, so that all the potatoes were spilt over the ground.

I turned and went home through the village. Ivan's hut stood on my road, but I looked away as I passed it, and walked straight to the hut of my parents. Then I drank a little cold milk, and, shutting myself up as before, I went to sleep.

As the days passed, my life remained the same as it had been before my marriage. Ivan said not a word; he did not grow angry, and he did not allow that my father should be angry with me. Every morning he came to the hut and helped in the household; he worked

in the garden and in the fields; he settled all difficulties; he watched over my parents. It was always Ivan who took care that there should be salt in the salt-box, and grease in the grease-tub.

I also was forced to work, for my mother had grown feeble. Often I arranged the household matters together with Ivan; and often, too, we went together to herd the cattle; but never once did he remind me that we were man and wife.

In this way the winter came. Of my Fedio there had been no word of news; and yet his image, instead of growing fainter, always grew stronger in my heart. In the evening, after I had said my last prayer, after the thought of God there still came the thought of Fedio; and in the morning, when scarcely my eyes were opened, before the thought of God there came again the thought of Fedio. The good God was not angry with me for this; for the love that was in my heart, it was He Himself who had put it there.

Then came the spring, and again the work began in the fields. My parents had got used to the state of things, and no longer treated me unkindly; but now it was Ivan who was beginning to lose patience. Once in the evening, as I returned alone from the fields, he was standing at the door of his own hut. I was passing without speaking, but he caught me by the hand, and in a voice I had never heard before, so hoarse and choking, he said,—

"Marysia, tell me, how long is this to last?"

I tore my hand away, and running home I fastened the door behind me, and sank down trembling on my knees.

Another time—it was Sunday evening, and the sun was sinking slowly—I was sitting on the bench



before the hut ; Ivan came and sat down beside me. He did not speak, he only looked at me for long ; then he put his arm round me and bent forward to kiss me. Again I turned from him, and, tearing myself free, I left him alone on the bench.

That evening Ivan went to the village inn to drink. He spent half the night there ; and next day, for the first time, I heard him speak harshly to my old father, and saw him push my little brother roughly aside.

In the weeks that followed, the work of the farm no longer progressed. Ivan was not the same : he did not care to put his hand to the plough ; his pleasure in the cattle and in the fields was gone ; he was often flushed and excited, his hand shook, his voice grew unsteady. And yet my conscience did not speak ; it seemed to be lying dead within me. In the selfishness of my own misery I was walking blindfolded. But there came a day when the bandage fell.

I had been at work in the fields, and was coming home alone, for Ivan had not shown himself all day. It was dark as I came slowly along the road. As always, I was thinking of Fedio—of our last words, the last look he had given me, of the despair that had been in his face, of our kisses and tears ; and in the middle of these thoughts my foot stumbled against something on the road. I saw a white form on the ground,—a man was lying straight across my path. I lifted his head. It was Ivan, my husband, and he was lying in a drunken sleep ! Ivan, the sober steady Ivan, the careful farmer, the model of the village, and now stretched in the dust like a common drunkard ! was it I who had made him into this ?

That night I did not sleep ; but

all the dark hours I spent in bitter tears, and for the first time I had another thought than Fedio.

Next day the priest sent for Ivan and me, and he told me all those things again which my heart had been telling me all night. I cannot remember all he said to me ; but then he took us to the church, and prayed with us before the altar, and, laying the book of Gospels upon my head, he read aloud out of it, and sprinkled the holy water over us, and then he blessed us, and sent us away together.

A year later the great God gave us a son ; but he only lived for four Sundays. In the second year a daughter was born ; this one lived for half a year, and after that she also died. In the same month my mother was taken from us. You know, gracious lady, how much the burying costs : these losses were hard for us ; and besides, the harvest was a poor one. After that we had another girl, and then a boy. These lived longer. The girl grew to be five years old, and the boy three, and they were so beautiful—as beautiful as the children of great lords. Then they both died in one week ; and there wanted but little that I should have gone mad. I thought to myself that this was my punishment for not being able to forget Fedio. Children had been born and had died, my mother had been taken from me, harvests had ripened and had failed, and yet never for one minute did the thought of Fedio leave my mind. It was eight years now since he had gone ; those who had become soldiers with him were back already. And the people told me that he must be dead ; but I felt that he was alive. I knew that he had not died—that he could not die until my eyes had seen him again, until my hand had held his,

and we had looked in each other's faces.

Ivan was so good a husband to me, that I have no words how to tell it; and though harvests were bad, he let me want for nothing. I had white bread to eat when even the richest peasants in the village did not as much as see black bread in their huts. In the evening, when he came home from work, he would kiss my hands and my feet. He would beg me, with tears in his eyes, not to work, but to take my ease and rest, for he always kept a servant for me; and if I had chosen, I need never have put a finger to the labour. I had the heaviest corals in the village, and the newest aprons to wear, the brightest flowers in my garden! And yet, in the middle of all this, there came over me moments when my life was unbearable—when, if I had but known where Fedio was, I should have left my husband and children to go to him.

Once Ivan brought me back from the fair a new Blessed Virgin to hang up in the hut; for the old one, which had belonged to my mother, was getting shabby. This one had a beautiful pink face, and a red and green dress, and a blue cloak with yellow roses, and there was a glittering gold frame all round it. I knew that it had cost Ivan many kreutzers to buy it; yet when I said my prayers before that picture, it was not for him that I prayed.

When, therefore, my two children died in one week, I thought this was God's doing; and yet, though I did not dare to pray for it, God gave me another son—and this one was more beautiful than any of the children I had lost. When it was but a few hours old, Ivan, taking it in his arms, sat down on the edge of my bed, and looked long at the child; then he slowly shook his

head, and with tears in his eyes he said,—

“What a pity if it also should die as the others have died!”

Many times before this, when I was near to becoming mother, I had thought that were the child to be a son, I should like to give him that name which was to me the dearest name on earth; but the courage had always failed me to speak to Ivan of this. At this moment the old wish came over me again like a burning thirst, and without pausing to think, I spoke,—

“Call the child as *he* was called; with *his* name it must live!”

Ivan did not understand me at once; he did not seem to know of whom I spoke, for certainly he believed that I had forgotten that other one long ago.

“Whose name am I to give him?” he asked.

“Fedio!” I answered.

It was many, oh very many years since my voice had spoken that name; and now as I heard it again, even though it was myself who had said it, I felt my heart grow sore and the tears rise to my eyes. I put my hand up, that Ivan should not see those tears; for they would have hurt the man who for so long had been to me an angel upon earth.

He put back the child beside me, bent down and kissed me, and without a word he left the room.

A little later he came back with the godparents. They took the child from me, and carried it to church.

The church stood at the far end of the village. I had to wait long before they returned. All the time they were away, I asked myself whether they would indeed give the boy the name after which I thirsted. It seemed to me that

with another name I could not love him.

At last they came.

Ivan took the child from the arms of the godmother, and laid it beside me on the pillow.

"Fedio is his name, and may God let him grow up!"

And the great, good God took the sacrifice which Ivan had made. His blessing was on this child. The boy thrived like running water, and the name which for so long had been unspoken between us was now heard daily in our hut and garden.

The years ran on and brought us a daughter, who also lived. Ivan began to talk of building a new hut. He cut the wood and prepared the thatch: all day he was busy with his new plan.

I remember that it was on a Monday. Ivan, as usual, was working at the new hut, the children ran out to the garden to play, and I went down to the pond with the linen to wash. It was spring-time already; but though the weather was dry, I began to feel chilled after I had washed for two hours at the pond. Going back to the hut, I sat myself down beside the stove.

As I sat thus idle, my thoughts took their old weary round. "Where was Fedio now? Was he happy? Had he one true heart beside him?" And the tears ran down my cheeks.

It was always this way with me when I sat thus idle on Sundays or on feast-days, for in the week I had no time for tears; but to-day, though it was only a work-day, yet as I leant quite still beside the stove, the old thoughts and the old tears came back.

While I was sitting thus, the door opened, and there stood in the room Fedio's sister.

I do not know why, though I

saw that woman every day, though she had very often entered this same door in just this same way,—I do not know why it was that, seeing her now, I sprang up from the bench and called out,—

"Fedio! What has happened to him? Has he written? Has he been seen?"

"No; nothing has happened, and he has not written: he is here himself—he is in my hut—and he waits for you."

My heart began to beat so loud that I could hear it throbbing. In a moment I forgot everything—husband, children, everything, everything that was. Without taking a minute to think, I ran straight out of the hut. Happily it was a Monday, and therefore my shirt was quite white. I had on a striped petticoat, a blue handkerchief on my head, and my corals round my neck. And he had not seen me for so many years! I was eighteen when he left me, and eighteen years had passed since then; and these two eighteens made me near forty. It was lucky that after so many years he should see me in a new petticoat and with my corals on. But all this I only thought of later. While I ran towards the hut, I had no thought at all; it seemed to me only that I should never have done running, that the hut was running away from before me, and my breath began to grow short. I reached the yard, the threshold; I opened the door, but then I could go no farther—my forces failed me. I saw him. He stood in lancer uniform, with his back towards me, holding his hands to the stove.

At the noise of the opening door he turned, and running forward with a great cry, he took me in his arms: his head sank down upon my shoulder, so that my lips

just touched his hair. And then he began to laugh—quite softly at first, then louder, louder, louder, till I grew frightened. It was so strange that laugh, that it seemed to hurt my shoulder. In the first moment I had been stunned, but that terrible laugh aroused me. I cried out, "Water, water!"

His sister came running to us: we tried to make him sit down, but his hands were so tightly clasped on my dress that we could not open them. Then we poured water over him: he grew quieter, and listened to me while I spoke.

"My Fedio, my dearest, try to be quiet. I am your Marysia. God has allowed us to meet again." And with every word he grew calmer: he sat down on the bench, and I beside him.

He did not ask me why I had married, nor when, nor if I had children,—nothing of all this did he ask me then. He only told me that he had wanted to see me, once more to embrace me; that he would not die, though his life was very dark, but that he would go out again into the world, and this time never to return.

"No, Fedio—no, my beloved, do not leave the village, for then at least I can, if only sometimes—if only from far off,—I can rest my eyes on you!"

"Marysia! It is true, then, what they tell me; it is true, then, that you have not forgotten me?"

Through my tears I told him that it was true; and in that moment it seemed to me that we were both young again,—he a youth of twenty, I a maiden of eighteen!

While we still talked, the church bell rang the mid-day hour. I stood up, for I remembered that my husband would be coming in from his work, and the children would be looking for me.

"I must go," I said to Fedio; "Ivan is waiting for his dinner."

And I left the hut. He did not try to stop me, but he rose also and followed me out, through the yard, and across the yard to the gate. I thought he would turn back here, but he did not; he came after me on to the road. At this I was frightened—not for me, but for him. I begged him to leave me. He answered me that he could not. I stood still and implored him to go, so that Ivan might not see us there walking together.

"Why not? Does he not know that, whether I be far or near, I always love you?"

"And that is why, because he knows, he will kill you."

"Let him kill me! this life is wearisome."

"Fedio!" I cried, and I felt the fire flash to my eyes. "He will not kill you alone. He will put the knife first into you, and then into me—remember that, and do not take my death on your conscience, for I have two small children?"

He looked at me.

"Do you really not love him?"

"I love no one but you; but I would have loved him if I could, for he is an angel."

"Is he good to you?"

"Have I not told you that he is good as an angel?"

"May God bless him for that!" he answered; and turning round abruptly, he went back to the hut.

"Fedio! But do not leave the village!" I called after him.

"Not yet to-day," I heard him say very low.

I went quickly home.

While we had been standing on the road, taking leave of each other, there had passed by us old Zosia, that same woman of whom I told you, gracious lady, that she

frequented the Jews, that she drank—in one word, a good-for-nothing. When this woman had recognised us, she hastened her steps, she began to run, and without turning her head she ran straight down the village street.

But I had not thought further of this, for my heart was full of happiness.

I reached our hut, — in the middle of the room stood Ivan; but he was so changed that I did not at once know him. His brows were drawn together, his glance was dark and terrible. Never had I seen him like this. In the greatest sadness, in the moments of deepest want, in the midst of cares and anxiety, he had always had for me kind looks and good words.

He came a step towards me, and sternly asked, "Where do you come from? Where have you been?"

I felt that to tell a lie would be to add to my fault; therefore I answered at once, "Fedio has come."

"And you have been with him? You have been in his hut?"

"I have been."

For the first time I saw Ivan's eyes all alight with fire. He raised his arm and struck me. It was a thick stick which he held, and it fell on my shoulders, once—twice—oftener still. And I did not lift a finger. I never tried to free myself. I, who as a child had been the darling of my parents, as a woman the idol of my husband—I now stood before this man, who had ever been kind and loving to me till to-day, and his heavy blows fell thick and fast upon me. I never moved as he struck me; I was not frightened, I was not angry, almost I did not feel.

To-day I wonder that it was so. Perhaps at that moment I could feel only one thing—that

Fedio was alive, that I had seen him; or perhaps I understood that Ivan was in his right—that these blows were no injustice, but only the just punishment for that love which I could not and would not abandon.

During that time the door opened, and Fedio appeared.

"Heartless and cruel man!" he cried. Man without conscience and without pity! Why do you beat her? Why this harsh punishment? She is innocent! If you must strike some one, strike me! Unhappy wretch that I am! Have I come back for this? I shall go—I shall go again, far into the world; with a stone I shall dash out my wretched brains, and she shall not suffer for me."

He took my hand, and clasping it to his breast, he kissed it and wept over it, sobbing like a child.

I began to wake from my apathy, for he was hurting me, far more than Ivan's stick had done. I felt as though my heart must break, as I stood thus between those two men that loved me. I understood what must be Ivan's bitter suffering, as he listened to the words of Fedio's despair, as he watched the feeling which I could not hide. In my misery I began to cry.

Ivan, who had never seen me weep, except over my dying children, was frightened; for he did not know that I was crying for him, and not for myself. He threw away his stick, and stretching out his hands towards me, he fell at my feet.

"Marysia! Speak to me! Look at me! I was mad to strike you!"

Though I wanted, I could not speak; but I raised him up from the ground, and taking his hand, that hand which a minute ago had struck me, I held it to my lips and kissed it.

Fedio stood and watched us, and

at last he also held out his hand to Ivan, and said—ah! I remember every word that he said,—

“Brother, I thank you! Now I can go out again into the world, for I know that you are good to her. But to-day do not send me from your hut, for I have told you nothing yet of where I have been, what countries I have seen, what towns and people. Let me leave you something to remember me by; for when I go again, you shall not see me more.”

All this Fedio said most beautifully, like words in a book, and yet he was not learned.

Ivan made no answer, but he wiped a bench, and made a sign to Fedio that he should sit down. And Fedio sat there till evening, for he ate with us, he played with my children, he told them stories. But it was not the children alone that listened to the stories; for he told us wonderful things of the places he had seen. Twice he had served through the military time; and after that, two years more as servant with a captain of the lancers.

Ivan asked him why he had not come back after the first eight years, and Fedio answered—

“When I heard that Marysia had taken a husband, there was nothing more for me to come home for. My master the captain was good to me, my service was not hard, I meant never to return. But there arose at last such a desire to know whether indeed she were happy, such a longing to see again the village, that I could bear it no longer. The *Pan Kapitan* took another servant in my place, and sent me home.”

As I said before, it was evening before he had done talking. Ivan had not gone to work again, but sat listening to Fedio's stories. But one story there was which

Fedio did not tell me then,—which he told me only on the day after his return, when he found me drawing water at the well. It was there that he told me, and swore to me, that during all these years he had known no other love but mine, that in his life he had kissed no other woman but me. And I believed him,—I believed him by my own suffering, by the pain which my husband's first kiss had given me.

Every day Fedio said that he would leave the village, and every day he put off his departure to the next. His brother wanted to keep him, for he was rich now. In the years that he had served he had saved much money. Often he would come to our hut, and Ivan did not forbid it; once he even said to Fedio,—

“It is better you should speak to her here in my hut, than that you should meet her on the road, or at the well, for then the people will talk evil.”

It was Zosia who had told him of our meeting at the well; but it was also she who had called Fedio when Ivan was beating me.

Once I remember,—two Sundays may have passed since Fedio's return,—he came into the hut towards evening. Ivan was not yet back from his work.

“Marysia!” Fedio said to me, “I know well that I should, that I must go; but I am too weak to do it alone. It will be terrible to me, but I beg of you, let it be you who says that word ‘Go!’”

He ceased speaking, and there was silence between us. I could not raise my eyes. With all my will I wanted to say to him “Go;” but my lips would not move—the word froze in my throat.

He looked at me, and understood, for he did not speak again.

Ivan came in. When he saw

Fedio sitting on the bench, a cloud came over his face. He walked slowly through the room, and stood still before Fedio.

"You have come to say good-bye? When are you going?"

Fedio got up from the bench.

"You send me away? Then I shall go at once,—to-day still—this night; but, when the hour of your death comes, remember that to a very unhappy man you have grudged him his one delight. Do you not know that I have loved her? Do you not know that she was to have been mine? that her parents have called me son? And what was the happiness I asked? For a few more days to gaze at her, for a few more days to speak to her. And this poor gift you grudge me! Up there may God call you to account for that pain which you give me to-day!"

As he said it, his voice rang through the hut, his head was raised, and his two eyes shone like two burning coals. He was as beautiful as a painted picture; these eighteen years had not changed him. People said he had grown old, but I could not see it.

Ivan was softened, whether by the fear of God's judgment, or through pity for Fedio, I do not know; enough that he said,—

"It is not I who send you away; you yourself know that you must go, if not to-day, then to-morrow."

"I know it, and I will go; but give me two, three days—give me a week."

Gracious lady, I cannot tell you how it came,—there passed one week, there passed two weeks, and Fedio was still in the village. Sometimes I met him as I came back from work, sometimes I saw him on the road, sometimes he

came to our hut. The children looked out for his coming; there was always a piece of gingerbread or an apple in his pocket for them. They would run to meet him on the road, and he would lift them in his arms and hold them aloft over his head.

During this time Ivan was busy finishing the hut. He had been working harder than usual, for he wanted all to be done before the harvest. In a week he hoped to be finished. The roof was on, and he took his cart to the forest to fetch some large stones for the threshold.

This was in the sixth week after Fedio's return. In two days he was to leave the village—in two days was to come that terrible day of parting. I did not know how I should stand it, for I no longer had the strength of my youth. In those days I went about the hut like a drunken woman; my mind was growing dark.

But the great God had willed it otherwise: the cross which He sent me was not this one, though it was heavy.

Two days before that fixed for Fedio's departure, Ivan came back from the forest later than usual. He ate no supper; he said not a word to me, and neither did I speak to him,—I could not. He lay down; I sat on the bench by the window. He did not lie quiet; he threw himself from side to side; at last he said,—

"Open the window; I am choking."

I opened the window, but I began to be afraid.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I am ill. Bring me hot ashes to lay on my chest; there is a pain there; I am choking."

At his words there came a great change over me: all that had been in my heart seemed to die out in a

moment. I was like a drunkard grown suddenly sober.

When I had given him the ashes, I asked if I should get a doctor, but he answered that God was the best doctor.

Thus the hours passed, and I watched beside him. It was a little after midnight, when all at once the blood came rushing through his nostrils and from between his teeth. In my terror I ran and called a neighbour, and then I left the hut for a doctor. When I had reached the gate, I asked myself how the doctor could be got? who would go at this hour? Fedio came into my thoughts. There were horses in his hut, and a cart. In a few minutes I was at his window, tapping softly to awake him. He came out to me in the moonlight—the night was as clear as day—and listened to my story.

“Go back to Ivan, Marysia,” he said. “In less than an hour I shall have brought the doctor.”

But of what good is a doctor when the great God has ordained that a man shall not live?

Ten days after that Ivan died.

He had broken a blood-vessel as he lifted a too heavy stone in the forest; and in the first moment that the doctor saw him, he said there was no hope. On the second day of his illness he sent for Fedio, and said,—

“Do not leave the village until you see which way it turns with me.”

And Fedio remained.

As I said, gracious lady, Ivan was ill for only ten days. Two days before he died he asked again for Fedio.

Fedio came and sat down on the bed. Poor Ivan was as white as the sheet which covered him. He put his hand in Fedio's, and

when he spoke his voice seemed to rattle in his chest.

“I am dying. It was God Himself who brought you to the village; to your care I leave my children. My sisters are not good; do not let my orphans be wronged.”

The speaking tired him, and he lay silent. Fedio held his hand, and I was crying beside the window.

After a pause he began again,—

“I am sorry to die. My time had not come yet, but I had to make room—for you: thus God wills it. I have lived my young years with her, and she will cheer your last days. God has divided it fairly. But remember, as I loved her and honoured her, so also do you, and let my children never feel that they have lost a father.”

I do not know what Fedio answered, for I was weeping so that I could hear no more.

It is strange, gracious lady, but during that week while Ivan lay ill, when he died, and when I buried him, it seemed to me that at last my love for Fedio was dead, and that I had buried it with Ivan. It had gone from me I know not how, and I stood alone, doubly widowed.

With us poor people, our grief is made greater by all that we have to think of and do for the burial. My brother went to the priest, but it was my business to see that the bread and the *wódki* should be prepared.

This was before the harvest, and we had no new bread in the house. In the cupboard there was not one kreutzer, in the kitchen not one pound of flour. There was no help for it but to borrow money from the Jew, even should he ask fifty per cent.

But Fedio had guessed my trouble, and in the early morning—the morning after Ivan was



dead — he came to me and said,—

“Marysia! You have no money for the burial, and you are going to the Jew for it?”

“And what else should I do? I must.”

“I have brought fifty florins,” he said; “I do not need them now,—let them keep this trouble from you.”

“No, no,” I cried, “I cannot bury him with your money;” and I began to cry.

“But it will not be my money, it will be yours. You can pay me back, and give me what percentage you like.”

I would not listen, but he went on,—

“Whether you bury him with the Jew’s money or with mine, what can be the difference? Only that I will ask honest interest, and the Jew will ruin you.”

He counted out fifty florins, laid them in the cupboard, and then left the hut.

I thought to myself that he had spoken right—that as a loan I could take the money, but that, as soon as the harvest was over, I would sell to the last grain of corn and pay my debt, even though for a whole year my children should have to eat dry bread.

Ivan’s funeral was so fine that every one in the village said even a *gospodarz* (proprietor of land) could not have been buried more beautifully.

Since Ivan had died, everything within me had changed. I loved Fedio, but as a brother only, or as a mother may love her son when he has grown to be a man. When he was not near me I felt sad, but my heart did not beat now as it once did at his approach. And who knows whether the old love might not have died out for ever, had not the spite of gossiping

tongues awakened it once more from its sleep?

There was an evil murmur rising in the village; but it was many days before it reached my ears. The neighbours grew colder; they passed me by hastily on the road; they shook their heads whenever Fedio and I were seen walking together. At first I saw all this but dimly, and it was only on the third Sunday after Ivan’s funeral that the truth became clear to my eyes.

It was near sunset, and we were coming back from church. Fedio had met me at the door, and was walking by my side. Half-way down the village street there stood a group of women—Ivan’s sister among them. They were talking in whispers, and facing towards us: but when Fedio, in passing, saluted them with “God give you luck!” there was not one voice that answered him.

Their silence and their strange glances gave me an uneasy fear. I looked at Fedio; his brows were drawn together, his teeth bit deep into his under lip, he stared straight in front of him.

At the end of the street he left me; and I, turning on my heel, walked straight back again to the group of chattering women.

“Why did you not give him back the salute?” I asked.

I did not speak loud, yet they cowered away before me, as though I were some dangerous animal. It was Ivan’s sister who answered,—

“We have no salutation for a man who has done what that one has done.”

“What has he done?”

“Is it indeed you, Ivan’s widow, who ask this question of me, Ivan’s sister?”

“I ask it.”

“What was it that killed your husband?”

"A heavy stone: the whole village knows it."

"And I tell you the whole village knows better. Listen only to what every tongue says."

She was moving away, but I held her by the arm.

"What is it they say?"

"That it was not a stone which killed him,—there was poison in his drink!"

Perhaps the woman was frightened at my face, for she to e herself away and left me standing on the road alone.

Now I saw the meaning of all that had passed since Ivan's burial; now I understood why Fedio had grown so pale, and in that hour I knew that I loved him not as a brother, not as a son, but only as my one beloved, whose image for so many years I had carried in my heart.

And to me, unhappy woman, there came another thought. In the same minute, when I knew that I loved Fedio, I knew also that I could never be his wife. Only in this way, it seemed to me, could I take from him the weight of that heavy accusation.

At home, on the bench beside the door, I sat myself down to think. This terrible thing was said of Fedio, and with Fedio's money I had buried Ivan! I could not wait now for the harvest to repay him. It came into my head that there was a cattle-market in the town next day, and I said to myself, "I will sell the cow and pay him."

Every day since the day of Ivan's burial Fedio used to come in the morning to ask if I wanted for nothing, for Ivan had made him the guardian of the children. He came also next day, and finding me in the yard, just as I had tied a piece of rope round the horns of the cow, he asked in surprise,—

"Marysia, what is this you are doing? Would you sell the cow?"

"Fedio," I said, "I am selling the cow because I must pay you back your money."

"God be merciful to you! For what is this hurry? Have we not settled that you should pay me after the harvest? I will not take the money now."

"You must take it, and still to-day. Have you forgotten how I said that with your money I could not bury him? Oh, unhappy woman that I am, why did I take it from you?"

He looked at me keenly.

"Then you have heard what the people say of me?"

"I have heard," and I hid my face in my hands.

"Who has told it you?" His voice was rising, and his breath came short.

I would not say that it was Ivan's sister, for fear lest he should beat her; so I answered only,—

"The people told it me. Now you yourself must see that you must take the money. If you do not take it you will break my heart. Fedio, I beg you——" and I burst into tears.

"My Marysia! my only love! quiet yourself! I will take the money, but only dry your eyes; you have cried so much, so very much already!"

"Do not call me your Marysia, for yours I shall never be. The people's wicked tongues have divided us two for all eternity——"

"Marysia, your grief makes you rave! But your words put a knife in my heart! Quiet yourself! Neither to-day nor yet in a month can you go to another husband; for it is not seemly for a widow to marry before the sixth month."

Though he was not learned in

books, yet Fedio was so wise that he knew all these things.

"In six months people will have forgotten their evil thoughts; and to us, who are innocent before God and before ourselves, why should not happiness come at last? Have we not yet suffered enough?"

"Never, never!" I cried. "It can never be. What! when I walk beside you, shall people point to you and say, 'Look! he poisoned the other that he might have the widow for himself!' No, no. Even should I die for it, they shall not say that thing of you."

He saw that he could get no further with me to-day; so he only said that he would go with me to the *jarmark*, to see that I was not cheated in the sale, nor robbed on my way back through the forest.

The cow was sold. Next morning early I went to the *wojta* (judge), and before him and the *starszych* (elders) I counted out the fifty florins to Fedio. When he had taken them, I turned to the *wojta* and asked him to name how much percentage I should pay for the time of three Sundays.

"What percentage?" asked Fedio.

"It was settled between us that I should pay you interest," I answered.

"Marysia, what are you saying? Shall I take interest from you, as though I were a Jew?"

"You said you would take it."

"I said so in order that you should take the money."

"And on that condition only did I take it. You have no right to refuse the percentage now."

"Marysia, if you say that hateful word percentage again, I shall not forgive you;" and with a look of anger, the first he had ever given me, Fedio turned and left the room.

A new and strange life began for me now. Day and night I worked to maintain myself and my children. If I had but wanted it, I might have lived at ease and fed upon dainties, for Fedio had much money, and he begged, he entreated me to take it; but not one kreutzer of his would I touch, not one piece of bread bought with his money would I eat, for fear that people should have more ground for their evil talk. But I could not prevent his being good to the children; and they soon found this out, and ceased crying when there was no milk for them to soak their bread, for they knew that Fedio's pocket was a store-room where they would always find cakes or fruit in plenty. Even when I locked them up, he would come and throw them in apples by the window.

When six months were passed, Fedio asked me to be his wife, and I gave him the same answer as before. He left my hut in sadness; but it seemed to me that I was doing right, for already the evil talk was lessening.

Many girls in the village had soft glances for Fedio, and there was not one who would not have taken him. The *wojt* himself offered him his daughter, a young and pretty girl; but Fedio would not think of her. Very often, in the months that followed, he came to me, and always with the same question on his lips,—always to receive the same answer. At last he stopped asking me, though he would often sit silent in my hut, brooding gloomily before him.

One evening he was sitting thus, when a boy brought him a message from the great house. He was wanted there.

"By the master?"

"No, by a strange gentleman."

He went; and scarcely was he gone when an uneasy foreboding came over me. Who was the strange gentleman? And what could he want with Fedio? Might it not be some harm?

I sat up late that night. It seemed to me that I must wait for something; but nothing came.

The next morning passed, and still nothing came.

At mid-day Fedio entered the hut. It was not the hour that I was used to see him; yet somehow at that moment I had not the courage to ask what had brought him. I waited for him to speak, but he sat quite silent: his face was pale, his look was stern, and his lips pressed tight together. Once or twice in the long silence I noticed that he turned his head from right to left, and slowly passed his eyes round the room. His gaze hung on everything in turn, on every holy picture on the wall, on every flower in the window, on a broken toy on the ground, and then his eyes rested on me.

He rose, and the silence was broken,—

“Marysia, I am going,—I am going at last. A man’s life is too good a thing to be wasted in useless sighs. I have loved you long, I have loved you honestly, on my knees I have offered you my love—but you will not come to me. You think you are acting rightly; may God forgive you the wrong you have done!”

I stood before him like a figure of stone, as he went on to tell me

that the strange gentleman at the great house was no other than the captain, his old master, who was passing through the country, and who wished to take Fedio back into his service. He had never been well served, he said, since Fedio left him; every other servant had robbed or cheated him.

“And the captain leaves to-day,” said Fedio. “Good-bye, Marysia;” and still gravely, without a smile, he held his hand towards me.

But at that moment my courage broke down; every scruple dropped from me, every difficulty melted away. I forgot my arguments, I forgot my resolutions. I forgot that there was a world with bad people in it; and with a spring I put myself between Fedio and the door.

“Stay!” I cried. “Oh, Fedio, stay! For if you go I shall die, and my children will be orphans!”

Three Sundays later our marriage was celebrated. We have now been married for twelve years, and God has given us a son. But Fedio loves Ivan’s children as much as his own boy, and has often told me that when he dies he will divide his ground in three equal parts.

There is not one great lady in the land, there is no queen on earth, who is as happy as I am; and if Ivan can see us from heaven above, he must surely rejoice at our happiness, and his blessing must rest on my Fedio’s head.

## SUMMER SPORT IN NOVA ZEMLA.

IN this over-populated kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with its still ever-increasing millions of human beings who must somewhere find shelter from the fickle elements, we see new settlements gradually springing up in formerly uninhabited places as the growing railroad system throws its iron web over the face of the land, whilst old villages near the lines rapidly assume the dimensions of towns, and towns develop themselves into cities. The widening circles of brick and mortar constantly encroach on the surrounding country, till the latter is no longer able to supply the towns with the necessaries of life in sufficient quantity; the result being that we are driven to procure from abroad that which we cannot produce for ourselves.

As in the case of the necessaries of life, so is it also with its luxuries, more especially, perhaps, with that which, once a necessity, has at length become one of the luxuries most sought after and hardest to obtain—that, namely, of wild sport.

Tradition and history alike tell us that the ancient inhabitants of these islands were obliged to wage constant war against the denizens of the forests which then overspread the country, not only with the object of providing themselves with food and clothing, but also in self-defence. In this—from a sportsman's point of view—happy state of things, our forefathers were able to gratify the long-inherited instincts of man the hunter, whilst providing for their other wants. We, their descendants, inheriting all the old wants and a host of others which have sprung up with the advance of civilisation, have in no degree lost the old hunting

instinct; but by increasing and multiplying at such a prodigious rate, we have lost the means of satisfying it in our native land. Even where game still runs wild, its pursuit is necessarily hedged in by endless formalities of law and etiquette; and the result is, that there is an annual and ever-increasing exodus of restless spirits, bent upon gratifying their hunting instincts in other lands after their own fashion.

Those who have become accustomed to wild sport abroad find it irksome to conform to the restrictions of modern British sport, and get into what are called loose habits. A case within my own knowledge occurs to me, in which an American, taking part in a grouse-drive on a Yorkshire moor, wounded one of the beaters, and was looked upon as no sportsman in consequence. He certainly was careless, but as a sportsman he was probably the equal of any man present, for he was well accustomed to track and shoot game, with perhaps only one companion, in regions where there was no other human being within many miles; and so, forgetting that he was now surrounded by a host of guns and beaters, he made a mistake which might rather have been expected of a novice.

Those, then, who have once tasted the sweets of pursuing and killing game after their own fashion, are apt to prefer that kind of sport rather than what they can obtain in these islands, and consequently spread themselves over the world in search of it. Almost every known country on this planet annually resounds to the crack of the rifle of the British sportsman, or to the bang of his fowling-piece; and

his twin brother the explorer still finds new hunting-grounds as the better known ones become used up. Amongst the least known and least frequented of all there is Nova Zemla, which has lately been mentioned a good deal in connection with the rescue of Mr Leigh Smith and his merry men, and is likely to be mentioned a good deal more in connection with future attempts to reach the North Pole.

Being far out of the way of all our merchant routes, and only approachable during the summer over the even then ice-encumbered sea, Nova Zemla will probably long remain one of the last refuges of the reindeer; whilst its ice-choked fiords and frozen seas will still be haunted by the white whale, the seal, the walrus, and the polar bear.

Frequented, until of late, only by some dozen Russian schooners, who visit its shores every year chiefly for white whale and salmon, and by a few roaming families of Samoyedes from the mainland, these arctic shores have hitherto afforded an undisturbed asylum during the winter to the game of all kinds, marine or terrestrial, which there abounds. Recently, however, the Russian Government have seen fit to plant a colony consisting of a few families of Samoyedes—it is supposed with the view of occupying the country in the Russian name—and these skilful hunters, of whom I shall have occasion to speak further on, harry the game throughout the year with great vigour. Beyond visits from European sportsmen or explorers, so rare that they might almost be counted on the fingers, no other human intruders ever invade these wild regions.

Having not long ago returned from this happy hunting-ground in the Hope, with the crew of the

ill-fated Eira, I have obtained a glimpse of the country, which I hope will enable me to give an intelligible and not uninteresting account of what is to be seen and done there in the way of sport and adventure.

Till the present century the contour of the two large islands which form what is now known as Nova Zemla was very differently represented upon the various manuscript charts in existence, these having been compiled from the observations of Dutch, Norwegian, and Russian navigators. Barents led off in 1598 with a chart representing the west coast and that part of the north-east coast which he had visited; this though terribly out in longitude, was very good as to latitude; and since the days of this old explorer, his maps, with many additions and a few corrections, have been generally adhered to, some representing the north coast as taking an abrupt turn to the east, and thus continuing *ad infinitum*; the authors of these interesting documents veiling their perplexity by drawing a meridian line down the chart and thereby cutting it short, leaving the rest to the imagination of the beholder.

For our present knowledge of the shape and dimensions of the islands we are chiefly indebted to the Russian Government coast-survey, made during the early part of the present century, and continued by subsequent explorers, which is generally considered to be pretty accurate as far north as Admiralty Peninsula, the most prominent headland on the west coast of the north island. There is one remarkable exception, however: an error of nine miles has somehow crept into the latitude assigned to the centre of Möder Bay. To the northward of Admiralty Peninsula this survey also becomes rather

wild, and is not to be trusted. This of course means that the surveyors were here deterred from completing their work by ice and weather; and the remark applies equally to the east coast, which may be said to be ice-bound throughout the year, subject to occasional open states in favourable seasons. Cape Nassau, the point between Admiralty Peninsula and Cape Mauritius the north point, has traditionally acquired an evil reputation amongst the walrus-hunters, as being a sort of bewitched headland, to round which means to say farewell to the world; for it was believed that vessels were mysteriously drifted thence into the Arctic Ocean, beset by the ice, and never heard of again. That there is some foundation for this tradition, is proved by the fate of the Austrian Polar expedition of Weyprecht and Payer in the steamer *Tegethoff*, which was beset near this cape in the autumn of 1872 and never got free again, being drifted about the Arctic Ocean for two years, during which the expedition involuntarily discovered Franz-Josef Land, and only at last got free by abandoning their ship, and undertaking a most perilous and laborious journey over the ice with their boats, which lasted three months, when they had the good fortune to reach the shores of Nova Zemla, and to encounter a Russian schooner which was just leaving for home.

The Russian survey, then, gives us a very fair idea of the size and shape of the country. Lying between the parallels of  $77^{\circ} 35' N.$  and  $70^{\circ} 40' N.$ , it will be seen that the curved direction of the two main islands covers a space of about 450 English miles, whilst their average breadth may be taken as 60 miles. The two islands are divided by a strait called

Matotchkin Sharr, which also well marks a central position in the physical configuration of the country; for it is in this locality that the highest mountains and wildest and most magnificent scenery are to be found, the land thence sinking to lower levels both to the northward and southward. Matotchkin Sharr may likewise be said to be a central position as to the distribution of the various objects of sport; for it is on the slopes of the snow and glacier clad mountains of this part of the country that reindeer are most plentiful, whilst wild-fowl of all kinds prefer the south island. Bears, walrus, and seals, on the other hand, may be looked for with greater confidence on the shores of the north island, and more particularly on the eastern and northern parts of it. I will not presume to narrate any adventures of my own in pursuit of polar bears; but if I could only remember half the yarns the old whalers of the *Hope* told me on this head, I could fill a book with wondrous tales not to be surpassed even by the feats of the valiant *Munchausen*; of how they frequently fired into these ferocious quadrupeds volleys of marling-spikes, knives, and leaden slugs, not to speak of bullets, but that often the only effect of this rough treatment was that the monster "rubbed himself with snaw—yes, that he did — and went away geroulin', an' lookin' back." All the same, other travellers speak of this habit of polar bears rubbing themselves with snow when hurt. Another funny and perhaps equally useful habit of the bear, is that of swallowing large stones, for these may assist his digestion! but we cannot see what nourishment the bear which robbed a depot erected by one of the Franklin search expeditions could

have derived from the whole stock of sticking-plaster, which was found in his stomach. Modern sporting narratives always seem to me to lack the vigour and freshness of the productions of the earlier writers; and as we are on the subject of Nova Zemla bears, I cannot resist quoting, for the benefit of those of 'Maga's' readers who have not had the felicity of perusing "Purchas his Pilgrimes," an account of a thrilling bear adventure which occurred on the north island of Nova Zemla three hundred years ago, during the second voyage of William Barents.

"The 6th of September some of our men went on shore upon the firme land to seek for stones, which are a kind of diamond, whereof there are many also in the States Island; and while they were seeking the stones, two of our men lying together in one place, a great leane white beare came suddenly stealing out, and caught one of them fast by the necke; who, not knowing what it was that tooke him by the necke, cryed out and sayed, 'Who is it that pulls me so by the necke?' Wherewith the other that lay not farre from him lifted up his head to see who it was; and perceiving it to be a monstrous bear, cryed out and sayed, 'Oh mate! it is a beare;' and therewith presently rose up and ran away. The beare at the first falling upon the man bit his head in sunder, and suckt out his blood; wherewith the rest of the men that were on the land, being about twenty in number, ranne presently thither, either to save the man, or else to drive the beare from the body; and having charged their pieces, and bent their pikes, set upon her, that still was devouring the man; but perceiving them to come towards her, fiercely and cruelly ranne at them and got another of them out from the company, which she tore in pieces, wherewith all the rest ran away. We, perceiving out of our ship and pinnasse that our men ranne to the sea-side to save themselves, with all speed entered into their boats and rowed as fast as we

could to relieve our men. Where, being on land, we beheld the cruell spectacle of our two dead men that had been so cruelly killed and torne in pieces by the beare. We, seeing that, encouraged our men to goe back again with us, and with pieces, curtel-axes, and halfe-pikes, to set upon the beare; but they would not all agree thereunto, some of them saying, 'Our men are already dead, and we shall get the beare well enough though we oppose ourselves into so open danger. If we might save our fellowes' lives, then we would make haste; but now we need not make such speed, but take her at an advantage, for we have to doe with a cruell, fierce, and ravenous beast. Whereupon three of our men went forward, the beare still devouring her prey, not once fearing the number of our men, and yet they were thirtie at the least. The three that went forward in that sort were Cornelius Jacobson, William Geysen, and Hans Van Miflen, William Barentz' purser; and after that the sayd master and pylat had shot three times, and mist, the purser, stepping somewhat further forward, and seeing the beare to be within the length of a shot, presently levelled his piece, and discharging it at the beare, shot her into the head, between the eyes, and yet she held the man still fast by the necke, and lifted up her head with the man in her mouth; but she began somewhat to stagger, wherewith the purser and a Scottish man drew out their curtel-axes and strooke at her so hard that their curtel-axes burst, and yet she would not leave the man. At last William Geysen went to them, and with all his might strook the beare upon the snout with his piece, at which the beare fell to the ground, making a great noise, and William Geysen, leaping upon her, cut her throat."

This graphically described tragedy is unique of its kind, so far as I know; for though a man here and there may have been killed at long intervals of time, yet this sometimes fierce, but always eccentric animal is not, as a rule, looked upon with much fear. He is so easily duped into approaching quite



close to the hunter, who, if he only remains calm and is able to hit a haystack at a hundred yards, may then slay him with a single bullet.

Bears not only feed upon seals, walrus, large stones, and sticking-plaster, but also have a weakness for any vegetable substance which they may come across, such as seaweed, grass, lichens, &c.; they are in fact, like pigs and men, omnivorous, and are of such an inquisitive nature moreover, that in search of food, or out of mere "cussedness," they will examine and scatter depots—so that in laying down such a store, upon the existence of which the lives of the members of an expedition may afterwards depend, this contingency must be foreseen and guarded against. Their sense of smell is, however, so acute, that it is found difficult to hide anything from the creatures. Generally a cairn of stones is erected, in which a record is placed, enclosed in a tin casing or glass bottle, directing the finder to some spot not far off, on a certain bearing; then when Bruin appears on the scene, snuffing and shuffling about the cairn, he will probably pull most of it down, carefully examining each stone, as a modern *savant* might an Egyptian tablet. He will most likely return often to the cairn, to see if it moves perhaps—or who knows for what ill-defined reason flitting and glimmering through his half-awakened brain?—and most likely his friends will come with him; but probably they will be so absorbed by the cairn, that if only they will not carry off the record no great harm will be done. The finder of the record then goes to the spot indicated, and deep beneath the snow we hope finds the depot intact.

The chase of the reindeer is not attended with precisely the same kind of excitement which arises

from that of the polar bear, but is in its way quite as enjoyable, leading the hunter, as it does, to penetrate into the more remote valleys towards the interior of the islands, and that in their most picturesque part. The mountains about Matotchkin Sharr attain a height of between 3000 and 4000 feet, the upper portions being clad with eternal snow, which descends in small glaciers into the heads of the valleys. There is a tradition that an active volcano exists somewhere in these parts; but though I several times ascended the highest mountains in the neighbourhood on purpose to look for it, I could never see either the volcano or any traces of it. I remember that a similar tradition exists amongst the sea-elephant hunters of Kerguelen Island, in the Antarctic Ocean, as to the existence of a like phenomenon in the south-west or most inaccessible corner of that great island, and imagine that these stories are but remnants of the old fancies of long ago, when any unknown region used to be peopled with dragons, goblins, giants, and what not.

On a fine, warm, sunshiny day, nothing is more enjoyable than to start off in the early morning, when the sun is still skirting the northern horizon, and with rifle on shoulder to cautiously ascend some commanding eminence whence a telescope may be brought to bear on the most likely pastures on the slopes of the mountains. The keen morning air, the blue sky, the crisp snow crunching under one's feet as ever and anon great drifts have to be crossed, with the sweet scent from the arctic flowers nestling in the sheltered spots, and the twittering warble of snow-buntings, all add to the delights of the hunter's heart as he gradually ascends to his chosen position. When at length there, I, for my part, have often been

more inclined to rest for an hour and enjoy the splendid scene, and even to smoke, than to go straight on. Look! there lies the winding strait — Matotchkin Sharr — its sinuosities gradually fading in the distance till the sharp shoulder of yonder black mountain with the little glacier shining above it cuts off the view along the glassy surface. Mark how the bay ice is streaming out from that great gulf on the opposite side; that is Silver Bay, whose sloping shores afford the finest pastures to our quarry. But we need not look there for them, for the strait separates it from us, and we have sent our boat back to the ship. And there, further to the left, lies Mitucheff Island basking in the sun, with the dark-coloured cairns erected by the Russian surveyors sixty years ago standing out clear against a background of snow on the mainland beyond. Two miles out to sea from that island lies a treacherous shoal, on which now no ocean swell nor even a grounded floe-berg marks the danger which lurks below. That is the shoal which knocked off the Hope's false keel and sprang her sternpost; and who knows what other mischief it might not have done had not the friction of countless floebergs ground its surface smooth as a board? Further still to the left lies the broad expanse of the Arctic Ocean, looking as if it never could become the solid block of ice which it will be in a few short weeks. And there, below, lies the river through whose icy cold waters we have so lately waded, and from which this evening we hope to see some salmon pulled forth. But looking at that river reminds us that we are wet, and that our feet are getting cold; so knock out the pipes, and on after the reindeer. The chase of the reindeer is as the stalking of the Highland stag, with the additional charms of an abso-

lute freedom of action. Go where you will—do as you please. There is no law here but your own pleasure, and you may kill as many deer as your skill and perseverance will allow of. It is rather hard, though, to have to practise abstinence so rigorously when a flock of some fifty geese gets up suddenly as we make for a slope on which we have observed a small herd of five deer quietly browsing. How well a roast goose would look on our mess-table to-night, and how much better he would taste than stewed looms and salt horse!

It is not always entertaining to read the chronicle of the death of defenceless animals. I will instead narrate the adventures of a Scottish harpooneer, Andrew by name, who one day went a-hunting. He did not profess to be going a-hunting, but asked leave to go ashore to the river's mouth, and there wash his clothes. This is a privilege which is dear to the heart of the hardy tar; he delights in washing his clothes and messing about with soap-suds. Our harpooneer, however, was a very Ulysses,—a man of many devices—a cunning man, with an eye to possibilities,—so he privily took with him a rifle and some cartridges, and with some kindred spirits repaired to the river's bank. The party had not been long engaged in their pursuit when Andrew was 'ware of a fine stag looking curiously at him over the brow of the bank. Cautiously he puts down his pipe, cautiously he takes up his rifle, and levels it at the inquisitive beast. He pulls the trigger—bang!—the deer falls, and the echoes ring out a volley against the hills, as the washing-party, taking in the situation, spring forward with a yell, like the Highlanders at Tel-el-Kebir, to breast the slope and be at the enemy. Andrew drops his rifle, and seizes a stick—for is it not

more like his harpoon than a rifle?—and advances steadily to finish off his prey. Soon he reaches the prostrate deer, and straightway delivers a blow calculated to quicken the dead—a calculation, alas! but too well founded, for the deer forthwith rises up and makes off like the wind, the party standing aghast at the phenomenon. “Oh that I had been writ down an ass!” Andrew might have exclaimed with Dogberry; reloaded his rifle, and secured his deer. But now the abuse he levelled at that departing animal far surpassed the terms in which Shakespeare’s beadle reproaches Borachio and Conrade.

The Russian walrus-hunters whom we found at Matotchkin Sharr had done very well with the reindeer; and we, seeing that they had plenty of venison hanging in their rigging, asked where they got it, when they directed us to the other end of the strait, about fifty miles away. Next day it transpired that the strait was still choked by ice up to within six miles of where we lay. Such are the wiles by which sportsmen strive to deceive even one another.

Amongst the most exciting of the sports in which a summer visitor to Nova Zemla may take part is the capture of the beluga, or white whale (*Delphinapterus leucas*), whose skin supplies us with the so-called porpoise-hide, of which shooting-boots are now so generally made. The white whale fishery is carried on in Nova Zemla by the Russian schooners, the gain which may be expected from this pursuit being the attraction which chiefly draws them to these seas. This being the case, it behoves the amateur whaler not to interfere with the fishery, unless at the invitation of the men whose livelihood depends upon their success, or end-

less difficulties will ensue. There is even a story that the whole crew of a Norwegian smack were, not long ago, treacherously murdered by Russian whale-hunters, who had found them trespassing upon what they considered their preserves. Such deeds are not uncommon in remote regions like this, where there is no fear of detection, save through the promptings to confess of some guilty conscience. The schooners make the white whale the main object of their voyage, taking, as occasion may offer, bears, seals, walrus, and reindeer; and finally, in September, just at the close of the season, they repair to the mouth of some river, and there net the ascending salmon, leaving for home as soon as the ice begins to show signs of closing in. Often parties are sent away from the schooners in boats to some distant spot, where they can be getting the salmon and reindeer, &c., ready to embark as soon as their ship comes round. In this manner a party of Russian seamen were left behind a year or two ago, and we found them living with the Samoyedes at Karmakula. The ice having closed in earlier than was expected, their ship had to leave; and they were thus left to their own devices. After great hardships and privations had been endured, they set off to walk some sixty miles to the Samoyede settlement, over the freshly fallen snow on the land, and the hummocky ice of the fiords—and met with adventures which it would need an article to themselves to describe adequately—at last reaching the summer-tents at Karmakula, under the warm reindeer-skin folds of which, and in their wooden huts, they were hospitably entertained during the long winter by their kind-hearted little hosts. The crew of another Russian schooner was left to winter on the south part of Nova

Zemla by their vessel being beset during a gale, and carried bodily away to sea, whilst they were all on shore; and these men were also well looked after by the Samoyedes. Some few of the schooners devote themselves almost entirely to walrus, seals, and bears; and these either go very far north, following the retreating pack till driven south again, or else keep round on the east coast altogether, which being generally in great measure frozen up all the year round, is the best place to find the game they are in search of.

If one really wishes to take part in a white whale hunt, it is necessary to have either a properly fitted whale-boat, or a walrus-boat, so that when the whale has been struck, his runs, plunges, and sharp doublings may not either capsize or swamp it. The Russian schooners at anchor in some sheltered bay always keep a party of men on the look-out on some elevated place near, where they constantly remain till relieved by others from their ships. They generally build a hut of drift-wood and stones, or pitch a tent near their look-out place, or else they would have a bad time of it when the keen wind blows strong, and during the cold nights when the sun sets low down towards the horizon.

My first acquaintance with the white whale in the flesh was made on the "snow-foot" at the base of the cliffs below the Samoyede settlement at the head of Karnakula harbour, having previously encountered by the hundred their mouldering skeletons scattered along the beach in various parts of the island, picked remarkably clean by the burgomaster or glaucus gull, that greedy scavenger of the arctic regions. On the stretch of snow-ice in question there were ranged the bodies of half-a-dozen white

whales, varying from six to sixteen feet in length; the young ones being of a brown colour, and the adults white, which was seen to be tinged with yellow by contrast with the snow on which they lay. Their very fine dolphin-like lines are well depicted in many works on natural history, the great peculiarity of their appearance being given by the odd profile of the concave forehead, which ends in a projecting upper lip or jaw; thence the mouth takes an upward direction, whilst the chin slopes quickly off to the under surface of the body. The diminutive eye adds the finishing touch to a countenance expressive of that silliness and indecision of character which is amply exemplified by the behaviour of the creature when beset by the hunters. Hearing a snarling sound behind one of the carcasses, I went up to discover the cause, and was surprised to see a young polar bear making off with a large piece of offal in his mouth, and smeared from head to foot with gore, grumbling loudly to himself as he shambled off at having been disturbed at his meal. We afterwards came upon this bear having his dessert in the Samoyede cooking tent, surrounded by a group of admiring and envious Esquimaux dogs, with whom he appeared to be a great favourite on the whole. Having finished his food, and then licked one of the dogs from head to foot—perhaps by way of cleaning his tongue—he adjourned to the Samoyede living tent, where he speedily settled down amongst the children and furs, and went peacefully to sleep.

We had long wanted to see some white whale captured, and were often startled by great excitement amongst the schooners whenever the preconcerted signal was made from the look-out station indicating that the "fish" were approach-

ing; but as yet the whales had never actually come within the limits of the bay. At length our chance came. A day or two before the Hope left Karmakula the signal was made from the look-out station, and soon it was seen from the schooners that the whales had actually passed the outer headlands. Instantly all was excitement and bustle on board the schooners to get the boats away with the least possible delay, the men working at their hasty preparations with a suppressed excitement which was highly infectious. Some of us happened at the time to be returning to the ship from a duck-shooting expedition, so we followed the Russian boats as hard as we could, finding it difficult in our little dingy to keep anywhere near the large walrus-boats propelled by the strong arms of their excited crews. Following them towards the entrance of the harbour, we arrived some time after they had got to work, and found that they had, by careful driving, succeeded in forcing the whales into a bight on the north side of the anchorage, and were now hastily spreading a large strong net across the entrance to it. The net was only ten feet deep, floating by means of wooden chocks, so that its upper edge came within a few feet of the surface. The depth of the water being many fathoms more than that of the net, we now made sure that the whales would easily escape underneath them, and watched the proceedings with keen interest, joining in the sport as occasion offered, by pulling towards any point where we perceived that assistance was needed. No sooner was the net stretched across than we saw occasional jets of feathery spray, and then white-looking objects turning leisurely over in the water. I had seen these white objects

vaguely for some time; but so slowly did they turn, and so similar were they in colour to the many blocks of floating ice, that it was some time before I realised the fact that these were the whales. The boats now again began driving the whales towards an indentation in the coast of the small bight which they had already guarded by the net, beating on the gunwales with stretchers or oars, and pulling lustily towards any point which seemed to be threatened with a sortie from the enclosed prey, which were so easily turned by these means that in a very short space of time they were nearly all got together in the desired place, and a second net promptly run out from shore to shore. The whales between the two nets were now almost disregarded, a single boat only, assisted by us in our dingy, being left to see that they did not get through any possibly unguarded spots, and the attention of the rest of the boats was turned exclusively towards those within the last net laid out. This net, like the first, was a very long way indeed from being on the bottom, and why the whales did not "sound" and pass out beneath them both, is not apparent. It can only be supposed that their custom is to keep always near the surface, and perhaps they are not blessed with the keenest of vision, as their small eyes seem to indicate; at any rate, unless they are very stupid, very blind, or very frightened, or perhaps all three combined, one would naturally suppose that they would escape as a matter of course. Not so, however; for presently a whale gets entangled in the net, straining and struggling till one would think the whole fabric would burst—beating the sea into foam, as ever and anon he throws his

great tail and shiny white back out of the water. A boat swiftly approaches, the bowman standing with weapon poised in both hands, ready for a throw; and watching his opportunity, as the snowy back again emerges from the waves, the skilful harpooneer buries the barbed point deep in the victim's flesh. A mighty plunge, a billow of foam, and a crimson stain upon the water, shows that the weapon has struck home. The harpooneer pulls out the wooden shaft as the oarsmen back astern, and the barb is left embedded. By means of the attached line the poor beast is slowly but surely pulled to the surface; his struggles become gradually fainter as, drowning and bleeding, he receives the fatal lunges with the lance which the harpooneer is now administering, striking through the back of his head into the brain. Spouts of blood have now taken the place of the feathery clouds he was so sportively throwing up but a short time ago; and as he lies wallowing in his gore, he is disentangled from the net, lashed underneath the stern of the boat, and towed on shore, where he is secured by a rope and grapnel, and left for the present. Not all the whales are killed thus, however. Many keep quite clear of the net, and have to be harpooned in the ordinary way, when the finest sport is afforded—the sharp doublings of the stricken animal testing to the utmost the strength and stability of the best-built boat. Sir Henry Gore-Booth—who will, I hope, forgive me for recording his prowess—himself harpooned and killed three at least in the open, having pulled up, directly he saw what was going on, in his walrus-boat, which he had brought with him in his little ketch, the *Kava*. This keen sportsman was ever to the front when large game were to be got at, and seldom

missed a kill when a chance offered. On that day no less than twenty-five white whale succumbed to the harpoons of the Russians, who were hugely delighted at their good fortune, and celebrated the occasion with uproarious mirth that night on board their schooners.

No article professing to treat of sport in Nova Zemla would be complete without some mention of the walrus—or, as it is often called, the sea-horse—though this animal has now become so rare in the more easily accessible parts of the coast that we only saw two the whole time we were in Nova Zemla. As the walrus yields a by no means insignificant trophy in its pair of tusks of splendid ivory, and is, moreover, not particularly easy to kill, of course it must always be one of the objects of the chase to the adventurous visitor. I am sorry not to be able to give any precise account, from actual experience, of the method in which the walrus is captured; but those who take an interest in the subject cannot do better than refer for instructions (!) to the works of Albertus Magnus, who died in 1280 A.D., and who has left some account of the matter. Not having the work at hand, I am not able to quote what cannot but be a spicy narrative in the original; but the account is alluded to in Nordenskiöld's '*Voyage of the Vega*,' in which a woodcut, reproduced from Olaus Magnus (1555), illustrates the text. From this it appears that the walrus is only to be taken by the exercise of much circumspection on the part of the hunter; for he must not approach the animal till he encounters it hanging asleep, suspended by its tusks from a cleft in the rocks! Cutting two parallel slits in the animal's back, and raising the intervening strip of hide, the hunter passes underneath it a stout rope,

which he secures to its own part with two half hitches—the other end being then made fast to trees, posts, or large iron rings in the rocks (these conveniences being, of course, common in the arctic regions). The sketch, however, represents the hunters seated in their boat and pulling vigorously at the rope, which is fastened to the walrus in the manner described. The writer then goes on to describe the next step—which is to awaken the animal by throwing large stones at his head, which being done, he is so startled into desperate efforts to escape, that he jumps clean out of his skin, leaving it behind him hanging to the rocks! He, however, cannot live without his skin, and soon after perishes or is thrown up half dead on the beach. I have not myself had an opportunity of trying this method of capturing the sea-horse, or rather his skin; but should it ever be put in practice by modern hunters, it would be highly interesting to read of it.

The kind of sport of which the visitor may always make most sure, is wild-fowl shooting. In the first place, if he intends afterwards to take his vessel into regions where walrus, seals, and bears abound, he must, of course, be prepared for any emergency in the way of being beset or crushed by the ice, and having to winter. He will therefore at once commence laying in a stock of looms (Brünnich's guillemot), which are excellent eating, very abundant in summer, and afford, at any rate, as good sport as pigeon-shooting. They build, or rather lay their eggs, on ledges along the steep face of any cliff which they may select for their loomery, where they congregate in incredible numbers and hatch their young in company. When the young birds are old enough, the parents carry them down to the water—if report is to be believed

—and teach them to swim; and when they can do that, they are taught to fly, and then the whole colony migrates south. As we had to prepare for a possible winter in Franz-Josef Land, loom-shooting was commenced even before we had sighted Nova Zemla, and when we got to Karmakula, we went at it with a will. Convenient slabs of floating bay-ice were being carried slowly along the base of the cliff which we decided to attack, and on one of these we took our stand, shooting the birds as they flew over our heads, our boat picking them up as they fell into the water. One of my birds fell close to the edge of the piece of ice on which we were standing, and, jumping forward to secure it before it could wriggle itself under the ice, I cracked off a great lump and floundered into the just freezing water. I thought I had kept my gun out of the water; but about a week afterwards we were out duck-shooting, and a fine bird getting up, I levelled my gun and pulled one of the triggers, but found that the hammer would not fall, then discovering that the gun must have gone under water as well as myself. My friend suggested that nothing short of a specially imported floe from the Palæocrystic Sea, or Sea of Ancient Ice, would be found solid enough to support me; but as he himself is quite as heavy and twice as clumsy, I hoped soon to see him go in too, and so have the laugh turned against him. However, every one was very cautious after this, so there were no more duckings that day. Looms' eggs should also be collected in large numbers and placed in brine casks, in case they may be wanted. The men—that is, the sailors before the mast—will not, as a rule, touch either the eggs or the birds unless they are served out in addition to their

allowance of salt meat, seeming to think they are being "done" out of their money in some way; and it is often quite difficult to get the men to forego their "rights" in the matter of salt horse, and to take fresh meat, which has cost nothing, instead, though so obviously beneficial in every way, and especially as a preventive against scurvy. Looms' eggs are excellent fried with bacon, and the birds themselves make a capital stew. The Eira's men lived during their winter in Franz-Josef Land on bear and walrus flesh, drinking the blood warm, and also putting it in their soup. They also had some preserved vegetables and a little biscuit which they had saved from their ship, and on this diet they thrived exceedingly, looking when we found them well and hearty—the only exceptions being men who were ill before they left Scotland. This shows how important it is to lay in an ample stock of fresh food for a possible winter, for a continuous supply of bear and walrus flesh cannot in all cases be depended upon.

Wild-fowl are plentiful about Möder Bay, and still more numerous farther south in the part of the island called on that account Goose Land. At Karmakula, eider-duck of two kinds abound—the common eider and the king-duck. The common eider-duck has a brownish plumage in July, the male being a much more showy bird than the female. The king-duck may be known by the great yellow protuberance at the base of the bill. Eider-duck in this locality are not easy to approach; but when they have risen far out of range, they have a habit of flying off and then returning to reconnoitre the intruder. Even after a good number of the flock have thus been knocked over, they will return again perhaps two or three times, and I

have in this way sometimes bagged nearly the whole flock, with the help of the other guns. A teal, which I take to be the pintail, or winter teal, is also common on the pools of Beacon Island in Möder Bay, and appears to breed there; as after the main flock had risen from the pool and flown away, a number still remained behind, and instead of flying, dived and remained a long time under water. They are very quick in diving, often disappearing the instant they see the flash from the gun, and thus avoiding the charge of shot. Those that I got were not of full plumage; they had neither the wing feathers nor those of the tail fully grown; hence I conclude that they were young birds bred on the pond. These teal when full grown are distinguished by long slender tail-feathers, which are conspicuous as they fly. I lost one of those I shot, thanks to my clumsy friend before alluded to, who insisted upon leaving it in the middle of the pool where it fell, and going on to another place, saying that the bird would have drifted ashore by the time we returned. Knowing that no well-argued proof is so convincing as practical demonstration, I determined to convince my impetuous friend that he was wrong, and went on with him, calling his attention at the same time to the burgomaster gulls perched on distant points, and taking the precaution to bury the birds which I had already secured deep in the snow. On returning an hour afterwards we exhumed our birds, and my friend commenced to look for the teal, which he expected to find upon the shore; but it was not there, and finally was discovered on the rocks above, half devoured by the voracious burgomasters, who had made off directly we came in sight.

There are plenty of geese and



swans in the region about Goose Land, but they do not seem to frequent the neighbourhood of Karmakula much; perhaps, being shier birds than the eider-ducks, they have been frightened away by the Samoyedes from the settlement. Eider-duck are very fond of basking in the sun on the surface of a piece of floating ice; and frequently, when returning to the ship after a day's shooting, we materially added to our bag by just running the boat past such a flock, and firing a volley into the flock as it rose. It is always well to have a cartridge ready in the arctic regions, for one never knows what may turn up at any moment.

Concerning the Samoyedes, much information was collected by Professor Nordenskiöld during his voyage along the north coasts of Europe and Asia, from the North Sea to the Pacific. As these little people may prove to be of great use to the sportsman or the explorer, it may perhaps not be out of place here to repeat some particulars as to their mode of life.

We encountered some half-dozen families at Karmakula, where, as I have previously mentioned, they have been settled under the auspices of the Russian Government, in wooden houses, which they inhabit during the winter—many of them moving in the spring, by means of dog-sledges and boats, to other parts of the country where they may more successfully pursue their occupations of fishing and hunting. Occasional parties of Samoyedes also visit Nova Zemla from the mainland for summer hunting, returning as they came when the winter closes in. Stray families may sometimes winter in Nova Zemla in other places beside Karmakula—and indeed I know that a family has lived for several years past on the west coast of Goose Land; but these

cannot be called permanent settlements, and a castaway crew could not depend upon finding them.

The Samoyedes do not as yet appear to have been to any extent converted to Christianity, their religion being a worship of rudely executed idols. "The worst and the most unartificial worke that ever I saw," says Stephen Burrough, in 1556; and goes on to say, "some of their idols were an old sticke with two or three notches made with a knife in it." Most of them are better than that, however, "in the shape of men, women, and children very grossly wrought;" and to these they offer sacrifice of various animals, smearing the notches, which represent the mouths of their gods, with the blood of the victims. The Olympus of the Samoyede deities appears to be Vaygats Island, between Nova Zemla and the mainland, where large plantations of those divinities are stuck in the ground. As to the sacrifices, Stephen Burrough remarks: "There was one of their sleds broken and lay by the heape of idols, and there I saw a deeres skinne, which the foules had spoyled: and before certaine of their idols blocks were made as high as their mouthes, being all bloody; I thought that to be the table whereon they offered their sacrifices," &c. From Nordenskiöld's observations we learn that this all holds good at the present day; and that they also carry small idols about with them in their sledges, which are drawn either by dogs or reindeer. Those whom we encountered in Nova Zemla had no reindeer but only sledge-dogs, with which they were well supplied—so well, that they sold us six for our use in Franz-Josef Land, if we had wintered there. It is difficult to say whether they worship the idols

as actual gods in themselves, or only do them homage as representing something beyond. Professor Nordenskiöld remarks that the Russians whom he found living with the Samoyedes south of Vaygats Island were of opinion that there was no material difference between the Samoyede "bolvan" or idol, and their own holy pictures and charms.

The Samoyedes, except in rare instances, are always represented as being friendly to Europeans. Those we encountered at Karmakula were uniformly civil and obliging, anxious to barter their furs and skins at moderate prices, and always ready to let us have rides in their dog-sledges along the snow-foot at the base of the cliffs. When we arrived, many of them came on board at once, dressed in their finest skins and coloured cotton cloths,—the headman coming in a separate boat, in the middle of which he sat cross-legged, whilst the paddles were plied by two of the tribe. They thought we had on board the Russian officer who pays them an annual visit, and were anxious to pay their respects to him without delay. One old man was very much struck with the huge Newfoundland dog belonging to the ship; a beast so fat and unwieldy that he had a difficulty in walking, especially at this time, as he had just before swallowed two loom-skins—feathers, beak, and all. The old man wished to buy the dog, and pulled out a heap of silver as a first bid, adding to it gradually till he had spread out all his money, which amounted to about an English pound, and finally throwing a couple of his own dogs in; nor would he desist till with great difficulty he was made to understand that the dog did not belong to any individual but to the ship,

and that he might just as well try to buy the mainmast.

In concluding this notice of the sporting aspects of a visit to Nova Zemla, undertaken with far different objects, I can only hope that this country, much of whose coast, and nearly the whole of whose interior, is still unexplored, may be more often visited by our countrymen; for the better it is known the greater will be its value as a base for an arctic expedition by way of Franz-Josef Land, which, when undertaken, promises to yield a success which has not as yet rewarded the efforts to attain a very high latitude by other routes. By familiarity with this land and its surrounding seas, we should gain a knowledge of the movements of the ice from year to year, which would be the more complete in proportion to the number of vessels employed, and the more valuable in proportion to its completeness and continuity. At present it appears that from July till the end of September are, as a rule, the ordinary limits of the navigable season, which may be extended or contracted according as the season is favourable or otherwise. The establishment this year of fixed winter meteorological stations in various parts of the arctic lands—on the recommendation, I believe, of a German Government committee—is a distinct step in advance in polar exploration, and will perhaps yield more valuable scientific results than even the attainment of the Pole itself. Apart, however, from scientific considerations, as long as that portion of the earth's surface remains unvisited, human nature is such that human beings will always be found eager to be the first to plant a flag there; and that that flag should be any other than the Union-jack, heaven forbid!

## SPECIAL REPORT ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME.

1.

WHEN I dare to tempt the sea,  
*Pertransire fluctus,*  
 Deep heart-searchings rise in me,  
*Gemitus, et luctus.*

2.

Round that Admiralty Pier,  
*Quam ventosus error!*  
 Billows roll, and tempests veer,  
*Sequiturque terror!*

3.

Little recks my spouse at home;  
*Nesciunt infantes;*  
 On dry land in bliss they roam,  
*Hortis ambulantes!*

4.

Lordly halls they haunt, elate;  
*Suaves nectunt flores:—*  
 I feel mean, and curse my fate,  
*Salsos inter rores.*

5.

Blithe they carol, free and far:  
*Abest atra Cura:—*  
 Here I groan, 'mid pitch and tar,  
*Taliaque plura.*

6.

There they breakfast, lunch, and dine,  
*Sociis ad latus;*  
 Swabbed on deck, I puke and pine,  
*Ventis agitatus.*

7.

There, on sweet thyme-scented wold,  
*Cursus iterabunt:—*  
 Here, in dark bilge-water hold,  
*Nautæ nauseabunt.*

## 8.

In dire agony, I rue  
*Auras procellosas;*  
 Dreadful Channel fogs I view,  
*Quam tenebricosas!*

## 9.

Howling blasts, and horrid gloom,  
*Seviunt per mare:—*  
 Unto fish, is mine the doom  
*Nutrimenta dare!*

## 10.

Yet, amid the seething storm,  
*Aquas per profundas,*  
 Though no Halcyonic form  
*Ridet super undas,—*

## 11.

Sooner than see brutish Gauls  
*Angliam capturos,*  
 Our Jack-tars, and floating walls,  
*Pugnam perdituros,—*

## 12.

Liefer than behold the French  
*Furtim irruentes,*  
 Royal Engineers in trench  
*Cunctos morientes,—*

## 13.

Rather than spy Johnny Frogs  
*Cives trucidantes,*  
 Maids and matrons, cats and dogs,  
*Omnes ululantes,—*

## 14.

Ere the Tunnel's gulf I'd brave,—  
*Fumum, sulphur, brumas,—*  
 I would face the heaving wave,—  
*Sic, subirem spumas!*

## LETTERS FROM GALILEE.—I.

MORE than a year has now elapsed since the Jews of the poorer classes in Russia and Roumania, finding that existence in those countries had become insupportable, made up their minds to emigrate *en masse* to the land of their ancestors; and, forming themselves into Palestine Colonisation Societies, invited subscriptions, in the hope of being able to organise agricultural communities, and to develop a new national life under conditions which, while they appealed to the most cherished traditions of the race, should at the same time secure them against the persecution from which they were suffering at the hands of Christian nations. The greater toleration which they had uniformly enjoyed under the rule of the Moslem Government of Turkey encouraged them to hope that although the Administration of that country left much to be desired, they would at all events find in it a refuge from the legal disabilities to which they were subjected in Roumania, and from the "atrocities" of which they had been the victims in Russia, and they even fondly anticipated that their migration into the Ottoman dominions would be favourably regarded by the Sultan, who would thus have an opportunity of contrasting his clemency with Christian barbarity, and by encouraging an increase to the population of one of the provinces of his empire, promote its material development.

The movement, however, failed to attract much sympathy in Western Europe, either among Jews or Christians. For a long time its very existence was denied. When, however, it was found to be advo-

cated by the representative Jewish newspapers of Eastern Europe,—when one Roumanian Colonisation Society alone could show a subscription-list amounting to 200,000 francs, contributed almost entirely by the poorer members of the community, and the evidence became irresistible that the heart of the nation had been stirred to its depths in those countries where Jews are most numerous, and that an exodus was preparing which would number many hundreds of thousands,—then the inaptitude of the Jew for agricultural pursuits was strongly dwelt upon, and the objections which existed to Palestine as a field of colonisation were enumerated with a good deal more vehemence than understanding of the subject. The insalubrity of the climate, the barrenness of the country, and, above all, its insecurity, were urged as reasons why it would be folly for a race who could never by any possibility become agriculturists to go to it. The real obstacle which was destined to be for the time, at all events, insurmountable, was never suggested by any one. The Turkish Government, which had gauged more accurately the dimensions of the movement than either the Jews or Christians of the West, became alarmed at an influx, on so vast a scale, of the race into the province which had given it birth. Better informed than the Western critics as to the real capabilities of Palestine, it feared the ultimate development there of a new nationality movement, should the descendants of its ancient inhabitants pour in to take possession of the land; and so far from treating this tendency on the

part of the Jews to return to the soil of their fathers with the scorn which it had met with in Western Europe, the most stringent orders were issued by the Porte, that no Jewish emigrants should be allowed to land in Palestine, that no sales of land were to be made to them, and no colonisation by them under any circumstances was to be permitted. It was not to be expected, in the face of this attitude of opposition on the part of the Turkish Government, that any scheme of colonisation by Jews in Palestine could come to much; but the whole episode has not been without its value in removing prejudice, correcting misapprehension, and familiarising the mind of the public with a subject the importance of which they will, sooner or later, be compelled to recognise, as the Eastern question develops, and Syria and Palestine are forced into the prominent position which they are destined to occupy in it.

It was with the view of seeing whether "any good thing could come out of Galilee," of informing myself in regard to the present condition of Jewish agriculture in this part of the country, and the material resources of the Acre district, that I made a trip into the mountains last May; and as the object I had in view led me out of the beaten track of ordinary travel and investigation, it may not be without interest to your readers. Indeed the tourist in Palestine loses more than he has any idea of in following beaten routes; as the easiest and straightest, which are generally the least interesting, are preferred by the dragomans under whose charge he travels. There are, for instance, four ways of going from Haifa to Nazareth, three of which pass

through beautiful scenery and are full of varied interest, while the fourth is decidedly the most monotonous. It is nevertheless the one invariably taken by travellers, though by either of the others the journey may be accomplished easily in the day.

A two hours' ride along the backbone of Mount Carmel, from which valleys sink on either hand, brings us to Esfia, a village about 1800 feet above the sea, and principally inhabited by Druses, though there is a Christian population large enough to have a church of their own. I found, on conversing with the sheikhs who represented the different religions, that a good deal of bad blood existed between them; and a few days after my visit, a party of Druses made away with the bell of the Christian church. On the application of the Catholic bishop, the delinquents were seized and put in prison. Their release, however, was speedily effected by the judicious use of *backsheesh*. Their re-arrest has again been applied for, and the question is one which excites a good deal of local interest, and is still unsettled. Should Haifa ever develop into a seaport of importance, which appears to be its manifest destiny, now that the firman has been granted and the first part of the survey of the railway from here to Damascus has already been undertaken, Esfia is bound to become the summer resort of the wealthiest of its inhabitants. Its elevation of 1800 feet above the sea-level, its exposure to the winds of all quarters, the charm of the surrounding scenery, and its proximity to Haifa, from which place it can be reached on horseback in two hours and a half, all point to it as likely to be the future sanatorium of the place. There is a fine flowing

spring, a magnificent grove of olive-trees, and a considerable extent of fertile arable land in the immediate proximity of the village—besides which, the inhabitants own a fine tract of land in the Plain of Esdraelon at the base of the mountain. About two miles distant, also most picturesquely and advantageously situated, so far as climate and fertile land is concerned, is the purely Druse village of Dalyeh, where the houses are better and the inhabitants are richer than at Esfia; indeed I looked in vain at this latter place for a native habitation that could by any possibility be turned into a summer residence for a civilized being.

After leaving Esfia, we ride for another hour through the most thickly wooded and beautiful part of the mountain, before we reach Muhkraka, or “the place of burning.” This has recently become a Carmelite holy place, and the Order have purchased the land and erected a small chapel here, and are still building; but it has been from all time invested with the odour of sanctity, as the traditional scene of Elijah’s triumph over the prophets of Baal. Whatever sacred merit it may possess, its picturesque attractions are of the very highest order. The point on which the sacrifice is alleged to have taken place is marked by the ruins of a quadrangular building of large hewn stones, and forms the eastern termination of the ridge of Carmel. The range here sinks abruptly on the left into the Plain of Esdraelon, in front into the Wady Milh, which separates it from the commencement of the lower range of the mountains of Samaria, and through which ran the ancient Roman road to Casarea. On the left the mountain slopes gradually into the Plain of Sharon.

The panoramic view thus afforded is quite unique for extent, and well worth an expedition made for its sake alone. It is evident that, before the days of Elijah, the spot was dedicated to religious purposes, for we read that he repaired “the altar of Jehovah which was broken down;” and before that altar was erected, it is probable that the earliest inhabitants of the country celebrated their worship here.

Tacitus says,—“Between Syria and Judæa stands a mountain known by the name of Mount Carmel, on *the top* of which a God is worshipped under no other title than that of the place, and, according to the ancient usage, without a temple or even a statue. An altar is erected in the open air, and there adoration is made to the presiding deity. On this spot Vespasian offered a sacrifice, and consulted ‘Oraculum Carmeli Dei.’”

There is no other plateau on the top of Carmel which corresponds to this description, and it is much to be regretted that on “the spot” where, “according to ancient usage,” there was neither temple nor statue, the Carmelites should, within the last year or two, have erected two glaring stone buildings, which give it an air of “Brummagem” sanctity, quite out of harmony with the solemn interest of the surroundings. There is nothing to indicate that the ruins which still exist here were the walls of a temple, but rather that they formed portion of some solid construction, such as a shrine or altar. On this mountain, sacred from time immemorial, Pythagoras is said to have spent some time in contemplation; and it is reasonable to suppose that he chose this lofty and picturesque spot in the interior, rather than the bleak and lower promontory on which the present monastery

of Carmel is situated. We look down from it upon the scenes of one of the most celebrated battles in Biblical history: at our feet lies Harosheth, the modern Harathyeh; it was at this point that Sisera "gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron, and all the people that were with him, from Harosheth of the Gentiles unto the river Kishon;" and it was from Tabor, which faces us, that Barak descended with ten thousand men and defeated him. It was from this point, too, that Elisha discerned the Shunammite widow "afar off" urging her ass over the plain at his feet, and descended from the mountain to meet her; and it was doubtless down the path that we were now about to take, that Elijah hurried the eight hundred and fifty "prophets of the groves" or of Baal, who were slaughtered at his command on the peculiar round elevation rising out of the plain beneath us, on the banks of the Kishon, and called to this day the Tell-el-Kasis, or Hill of the Priests. The descent is very precipitous; but where standing-ground is found there are more trees than usual, and a wealth of gorgeous flowers—a perfect blaze of hollyhocks, red and purple anemones, iris, various kinds of convulvi, and many other plants whose names were unknown to me. We had seen our way so clearly from the lofty point of view we had just left, that we needed no guide across the plain to the Nazareth road, here cultivated and used as pasture by some Bedouins, whose black tents, once so plentiful in this fertile country, are now rapidly disappearing before the march of civilisation, and the purchase of the plain by wealthy capitalists of Beyrout. How much the aspect

of this plain has changed during the last twenty years, may best be gathered by comparing its present condition with the account which Dr P. Thomson furnishes in his admirable work, 'The Land and the Book,' which is most useful as an accurate description of what Palestine was twenty years ago, and as a work of archæological and Biblical reference, but which is apt to mislead, if taken as an authority in regard to the present agricultural condition of the country. For instance, of the plain we were now traversing, he says:—

"The whole of Esdraelon will soon be abandoned to the Bedouins. Their system of desolation is worked out after this fashion: they pitch their tents in the vicinity of a village, and in such numbers as to bid defiance to the inhabitants. Of course their camels and flocks roam over the unfenced plain, and devour a large part of the grain while growing; and when it is ripe they either steal it, or compel the farmers to present them with a heavy percentage as the price of their protection. From the village itself chickens, eggs, sheep, cows, and even horses disappear, and can never be recovered. Many of the inhabitants soon move off to escape from these annoyances, and the village being thereby weakened, the Arabs provoke a quarrel, some one is wounded or killed, and then the place is sacked or burned. The end aimed at is now reached, and the land belongs henceforth to the lawless Ishmaelite. In ten years more there will not be an inhabited village in Esdraelon unless this wretched work is checked; and even now it is unsafe to traverse this noble plain in any direction, and everybody goes armed, and prepared to repel force by force. But a small portion of the plain is under cultivation, but the Arabs delight in it in winter, and it is even now dotted over with their black tabernacles. Overgrown as it is with thistles and long grass, it is the favourite haunt of the gazelle," &c.

At the present day there is



scarcely an acre of this plain that is not under cultivation during alternate years. The thistles and long grass, gazelles, and the black tabernacles of the Arabs, are all by degrees disappearing. The latter are confined to lands for which they pay the proprietors, who are rich bankers at Beyrout, rent in hard cash; and failing to do so, they are summarily evicted. The inhabitants of the villages which are dotted over the plain dwell in peace and security; and the traveller may ride over it unarmed with perfect safety. In fact, so far from the Plain of Esdraelon being the scene of desolation which it was when Dr Thomson saw it, or his lugubrious prophecy of the appearance it was to present ten years later having been fulfilled, the twenty years which have elapsed since then have served to transform it into a scene of the most luxuriant fertility. Tall grain crops wave over a great part of its extent; and at this time of year it looks like a sea of richest green. One of the proprietors—for it is nearly all now in the hands of one family—told me the other day that the cost of the transport of the produce of this property to the sea last year amounted to £10,000. We can scarcely wonder that any scheme of developing the agricultural resources of the Holy Land, whether by Jewish colonisation or otherwise, should be received with scepticism by opponents who derive their information from such records as the one I have just quoted. The same is true in a considerable degree of the Plain of Sharon, which is rapidly being brought into cultivation by native capitalists, who, by lending money to the villagers, gradually become their proprietors, and continue to culti-

vate the land on shares, the capital being furnished by the new proprietors, who are wealthy and influential enough to protect themselves against rapacious pashas, unjust cadis, and extortionate tax-gatherers, by the simple process of becoming their own tax-gatherers, and paying an amount of *back-sheesh* which leaves them an enormous profit, the sufferers being the government treasury-chest and the unhappy *fellahin*. Still, as a rule, the *fellah* prefers to become the property of a capitalist who, while he ill-treats him, protects him, to being left to defend himself against official tyranny and corruption; and there is no question that the country is being benefited by large fertile tracts thus being reclaimed from thistles, gazelles, and black tabernacles, and made to yield of its abundance. I know of one or two magnificent plains where this operation is still waiting to be performed, to the great advantage of the capitalist who undertakes it. Meantime, among the large proprietors of this part of Palestine is no less a personage than the Sultan himself. His property extends from the eastern margin of the Plain of Esdraelon to the Jordan; and the firman has already been granted, and the line surveyed, for the railway which is to connect the Bay of Acre with the great grain-growing province of the Hauran, and which will therefore traverse the plain throughout its whole length. Passing out of the Plain of Esdraelon at its eastern extremity, into that of Jezreel, the line will then follow the valley of the Jalud by a gentle decline to Bethshean, and tap one of the finest districts in the country, which still awaits private capital and enterprise for its development.

From the site of the ancient city of Scythopolis a magnificent valley spreads out as far as the eye can reach. The whole of this valley, and the rich plains beyond, can be watered by the fountains that send their copious streams across the site of Bethshean.

“In fact,” says Dr Thomson—and his description in this instance applies to the present day—“few spots on earth, and none in this country, possess greater agricultural and manufacturing advantages than this Ghor, and yet it is utterly desolate. Whenever a good government shall restore order and security to this region, Beisan (or Bethshean) will rise rapidly to an important city. Its water privileges and other advantages will not only make it a delightful residence, but render it a great manufacturing centre. All kinds of machinery might be driven with the least possible expense by its abounding brooks; and then this lovely valley of Jezreel above it, irrigated by the Jalud, and the Ghor Beisan below, irrigated in every part by many fertilising streams, are capable of sustaining a little nation in and of themselves. Besides, Beisan is the natural highway from Bashan in the east to the seaboard at Haifa and Acre, and also to Southern Palestine and Egypt. The Ghor once teemed with inhabitants, as is evident from ruined sites, and from Tells too old for ruins, which are scattered over the plain.”

I met the surveying party on their return from their labours in this district, and they not only confirm this account, but were warm in their praises of the hospitality and kindness they received at the hands of the sedentary Arabs who inhabit this plain, and amongst whom they camped without molestation. Indeed the Bedouins seemed much pleased at the prospect of being brought into communication with the outer world by a railway, and were ready to offer every assistance in their

power to the surveyors. It is probable that many classes of the population will benefit immediately by being employed on the line as labourers. Meantime there can be no question of the profitable character of the undertaking. The carriage of the present export of grain from the Hauran alone will yield a fair dividend of itself; and this does not include the Damascus trade, which now goes to Beyrout, but which would inevitably come by this route, or all the traffic of the country through which the line will pass between the Jordan and the sea. It will, moreover, be an extremely cheap line to construct: the only part which offers any difficulty to the engineer is the rise from the valley of the Jordan to the plateau of Jaulan, which, it is calculated, will involve an ascent of nearly 3000 feet in about fifteen miles. Thence across the plateau to Damascus there is no difficulty. Here the country has been of late years much depopulated by Arab raids, which have ceased to extend beyond the Jordan; and not the least of the benefits which will be conferred by the railway will be the repeopling of this rich pastoral region, and the suppression of the roving Arabs. When once this is accomplished, it will open a field for colonisation which cannot fail, sooner or later, to attract capital; whether it will be Christian or Jewish, time only can show. As it is, the best parts of the country seem rapidly to be falling into the hands of Syrian Christians, to whose efforts, it must be admitted, its development, such as it is, is mainly due.

Fording the Kishon at a spot where it is little more than ankle-deep, and passing one or two villages surrounded by corn-fields, we strike ere long the waggon-road

which has been constructed across this part of the plain by the German colonists at Haifa, and following it for an hour, reach Nazareth, well satisfied with a detour which has taken us through such an interesting piece of scenery. There are two roads ordinarily taken by the tourist from Nazareth to Tiberias—one by Kefr Kenna, and the other by Mount Tabor; but a third very pretty one lies between the two, unknown to the traveller, for the path often dwindles away to an unknown quantity, and indeed we follow the landmarks rather than any track which could be described. The best way to find it, on leaving Nazareth by St Mary's Well, is, instead of turning to the right, which is the path to Tabor, to keep straight on, and make for the village of Ain Mahal, a pretty place, surrounded by cactus-hedges and olive-groves, where the women drawing water at the well were so suspicious lest we might be Government officials with evil intent, that when I asked them the name of the place, they said they did not know; thence following our own devices, for we had no guide, we found our way round the shoulder of a wooded hill, and were rewarded by splendid and unexpected views over the wooded country towards Tabor to the south, and over the great plain of the Buttauf to west and north, stretching away to the base of the mountains of Galilee, backed in the distance by the Jebel Jermuk, with which I was destined ere long to make a closer acquaintance. As we scrambled down through long grass on the other side, we came upon some huge blocks of stone, evidently indicating the site of a former town, for some bore traces of carving, and one of an inscription which was indecipherable:

unfortunately, there was no one of whom we could ask the name of this spot, which might prove worth a more lengthy examination than we were able to give it. Shortly after we struck a path, which we followed, and which led us to the village of Es Sajjerah, which we found *en fête* in consequence of the nuptials of some of the inhabitants: they were being celebrated by a dance of girls in a circle to the usual discordant music. These dances are very commonly performed by men, but it is much more rare to see them engaged in by the girls. Nor were these latter in any way disturbed by our unwonted presence, but laughed and danced more vigorously than ever. The step is, however, extremely monotonous and uninteresting, and one requires to be an Arab to appreciate its expressiveness. Under a wide-spreading venerable tree near the ancient well sat a group of grey-bearded village elders, which we joined, a little oppressed by the sense of general antiquity. We made them send for Arab bread, eggs, and *leben*, or sour milk, by way of a mid-day repast, and broke the ice, so far as social intercourse went, by proceeding to boil the water for our tea with a spirit-lamp, which excited considerable interest; but the lunch-hour barely suffices to establish confidence with the suspicious villagers. One can form some idea of their ignorance, but none of their political opinions, if they have any. There is a general impression that the country must before long change hands, and a vague feeling that any change will be for the better; but as a rule, the attitude of a Moslem village, which this was, has of late years become one of suppressed dislike of the foreigner, and especially of the English. A magnificent

specimen of a Bedouin sheikh, with a long spear and a dozen followers, galloped up to the well while we were chatting, and silently surveyed us. He had come over from the Khan et Tejjar, or inn of the merchant,—a village two miles distant, where there is a market held every Monday, which is largely attended by Bedouins, who come here to get supplies,—and was the sheikh of a branch of the Roala tribe. I am not aware whether Es Sajjerah has been identified by the Palestine Exploration Survey as a Biblical site, but the remains here would go to show that it must have been a place of some importance in old times. We sat upon old carved blocks of stone under the tree where we lunched: they were the remains of a wall enclosing possibly a small temple, about thirty feet by forty; on one of the slabs were the Greek letters ΔΟΚΙ, and under them Θ, the rest of the inscription was illegible: there were also seven or eight fine fragments of columns about eighteen inches in diameter, and a couple of pediments, one of which was of marble. The antiquity and size of the stones round the well, which was a copious one, showed that it had been a celebrated spring from all time. A ride of a little over an hour from this spot brought us to Lubyeh, where we crossed the great caravan road leading from Acre to the Hauran, and so struck the usual northern route from Nazareth to Tiberias under the Horns of Hattin, suddenly dropping upon the lake and town, with a temperature ever rising as we exchanged these cool highlands for the stifling region nearly seven hundred feet below the sea-level, round which so many of the most sacred associations thickly cluster.

The Lake of Tiberias and its

shores have been so much written about from the point of view of Biblical interest and archæological research,—its past has been so much more dwelt upon than its future,—that I may be excused if I allude to the possible change which may overtake it with the advance of that civilisation which is surely destined sooner or later to transform once more this now desolate region into a land of abundance. The extensive traces which still remain of the opulent cities which once adorned the margin of the lake, bear ample testimony to the productive capacity of this district and the population it sustained, even if this were not confirmed by one's own observation, and the opinions of those who have of late years bestowed a careful attention to its undeveloped resources. It is probable that the line of railway which is now being surveyed from Haifa to Damascus will be carried to the plateau of Jaulan by way of the Wady Semakh—a broad wady opposite Tiberias, and which opens up to the plateau with a better gradient than can probably be found elsewhere; and in this case it would skirt the eastern shore of the lake, having first crossed the rich alluvial but uncultivated plain, about five miles long by four wide, which extends from Khurbet es Sumrah, the ancient Hippos, southwards to the junction of the Yarmuk with the Jordan; it would then cross the mouth of the Wady Fik, where there is another rich expanse of alluvial deposit, and enter the Wady Semakh, where it widens into a small plain on the lake-shore. All these tracts are susceptible of the highest cultivation, and are now the resort of Arabs. Three miles further north we come upon the fertile plain of El Meshdyeh, in which are a group

of ruins usually identified as those of the ancient Bethsaida. This is the point where the Jordan enters the lake, and across that river on the other side the rich level lands stretch beyond Tell Hum, the position probably of the ancient Capernaum. Passing Khan Minyeh on the western side, we come upon the most productive plain of all—that of Gennesereth—now the property of a wealthy Moslem proprietor who lives at Acre, by whom it has been recently purchased, but who allows its magnificent resources to remain undeveloped. One has only to ride through the luxuriant wild vegetation—or rather to attempt to ride through it, for it is an impenetrable jungle of long grass and weeds in places—to see what this plain is capable of producing, watered as it is by three ever-flowing streams, and by several springs celebrated in history. The proximity of Arabs, the oppression of the Government officials, the extortion of money-lenders, the poverty and sparseness of the population, and the expense of transport, all combine to keep this fertile lake-shore a desert; but once let the scream of a locomotive be heard along it, and enterprise and capital will soon follow—the effects of which will make themselves felt, alike on the predatory Arab and the no less predatory official, as the land passes from the hands of the degraded *fellahin* into those who are better able to protect themselves, whether they be wealthy foreigners or wealthy natives. When the Lake of Tiberias and the rich country round it is brought to within two hours' distance by rail of the best port in Palestine, the first step will have been made towards the redemption of this part of the country. The owners of the firman under which the rail-

way is about to be built, looking forward to the development of this region, have also obtained the right to put steam-tugs on the lake; and there can be no doubt that the produce of the country from some distance in the interior will be brought down to it. The plateau of Jaulan, to which the line will ascend, is one of the finest grazing tracts in the world: it was here that Job kept his countless herds, and it was celebrated in Scripture for being a good place for cattle. I rode across it four years ago in April, when the streams were tolerably full, and the rich grass was up to my horse's bells. To some it may seem a sort of sacrilege to anticipate a day in the near future when locomotives will whistle within sound of Capernaum and steam-tugs puff across the sea with produce grown amid the ruins of Chorazin and Bethsaida; but if the country is ever to be restored, it must be by the appliances of modern civilisation—and if the condition of its present occupants is ever to be improved, and a preparation made for more, it can only be accomplished under the stimulus of commercial enterprise. If the Jews are ever to become an important and industrious element in the population, it will only be under such auspices as these. I found in Tiberias several Jewish families who had been landed proprietors, and would under any other circumstances have done well as farmers, but who were unable to make head against the extortion and unjust taxation to which they were subjected. At the period of my visit, a garden near Hattin, which had been presented by Sir Moses Montefiore to the Jews of Tiberias, was in the occupation of a force of *zaptiehs*, who had destroyed the fences and devastat-

ed the garden because payment of an exorbitant tax had been refused. As the matter affects English protected subjects, it is one in which justice may ultimately be done; but our protection of those whom we pledged to protect when they fled from Russia to this place during the Crimean war, has become of so vague and shadowy a character, that we are only at present laying ourselves open to a charge of bad faith, and confirming the impression here, which is becoming general in more countries than one, that it is a principle of the policy of Great Britain to repudiate her moral obligations as soon as they become irksome. This question of an illegal occupation by Turkish police of property owned by British-protected subjects, has now been pending between the British and Turkish Governments for many months. Its history, which is too long to go into here, would enable those who suppose that Jews cannot cultivate the land profitably in Palestine, because they are not agriculturists, to estimate more accurately the real causes of their want of success in this respect.

I observed not long since in the 'Times' a project, which has of late been occupying public attention to some extent, for cutting a canal through the desert intervening between the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Akaba, and flooding the whole valley of the Jordan to its source, with an outlet to the Bay of Acre across the Plain of Esdraelon. This project, however, is absolutely impracticable from an engineering point of view, unless a tunnel be resorted to; as south of the Dead Sea the valley rises gradually for about sixty-eight miles to the water-parting, which, at a distance of fifty-two miles from the

Red Sea, and an altitude of 781 feet, separates the waters of the Dead Sea from those of the Gulf of Akaba. This water-parting, which links the Desert of Tih to Arabia, is, according to Mons. Lartet, a cretaceous barrier, separating in a most complete manner the two slopes of the district. The cretaceous strata are covered with their own *débris*, and show no trace of any water-course in the direction of the Red Sea, and this altitude very nearly coincides with that of M. Luyne, who makes it 788 feet, and M. Vigne, who makes it 790. Besides this, there would be an elevation of 210 feet to be cut through to get from the sea-level in the then flooded Jordan valley to the Mediterranean. Apart from this, the letting in of the sea upon a tract of arable land, nearly ninety miles long and from four to five broad, and capable of supporting a large population; the submergence of the Lake of Tiberias, with its extensive ruins covering historic sites, and its fertile plains, and the expulsion of its existing population,—the conversion, in fact, of nearly a sixth part of Palestine into an inland sea, seems to me to be scarcely compensated for by the advantages anticipated, even if the scheme were otherwise feasible. This is leaving out of account altogether the political difficulties, which at the present juncture are quite insuperable, not merely on the part of the Porte, but also of France and Russia, who have vested rights in holy places in these parts, which, considering the political value that they possess, they would never allow to be submerged, either morally or materially. The whole Jewish population of Tiberias, to the number of about 3000, is under the protection of some foreign power or other, and these

would all have to be settled with when the question of pecuniary compensation for flooding the people out of house and home came up. Of all the many visionary schemes which have been proposed affecting the destiny of the Holy Land, this seems to me the most visionary.

Among other sources of future profit in the neighbourhood of Tiberias, if they were properly managed, must undoubtedly be reckoned the baths, which are frequented during the year by thousands of persons, but are at present in so filthy and mismanaged a condition that a disease must be very serious, and faith in the efficacy of the waters very great, to induce any one to undertake the cure. When I visited these baths they were, however, crowded—the only accommodation for the patients being tents, which they pitched on the lake-shore. The principal bathing-room contained a circular pool of sulphur water, which was full of diseased patients, who were also lolling naked on the moist stone floor in an atmosphere of fetid steam. There are baths which can be taken privately, but the accommodation is of the roughest, and there is no guarantee that the water has not been bathed in already. There is another bathing-house a little higher up the hill, which was built by Ibrahim Pasha; and an enterprising speculator proposed to the Government not long since to purchase the whole establishment, build lodging-houses, and introduce comfort and reform generally; but the Government refused to part with both the present bathing-houses, and as a monopoly was the only condition under which these valuable waters could be turned to profitable

account, the negotiation has quite recently fallen through. Traces of old walls reach from the baths to the top of the hill behind, and skirting it, sink again to the walls of the modern town; but whether these walls enclosed the city that Herod built about the time of the birth of Christ, or whether this city, which attained so much importance during the early centuries of the Christian era, was not built upon one of still anterior date, is difficult to determine. In those days, we may judge by the Biblical record, the fisheries of the lake constituted an important industry; and there can be no doubt that they could be made so again, for the fish, with which the lake swarms, are comparatively undisturbed. There are two sailing-boats in existence, and these are used more for the transport of passengers than for fishing. It is difficult to realise, looking down upon these now silent waters, that they were actually once the scene of a great naval battle between the Jews and the Romans, and that Tiberias itself was attacked by a fleet of no fewer than two hundred and thirty ships, which had been collected by Josephus for the purpose. In these days Galilee, of which this city was the capital, formed a separate province, and was densely peopled, as probably it will be again. Nine large cities adorned the shores of the lake; and though the estimate formed by Josephus of from four to five millions for the whole province was probably exaggerated, it conveys some idea of what the natural resources of the country must have been. Of late years the Jewish population of Tiberias has largely increased. At present the greater part live on the Haluka; but efforts should be made to induce the young and able-bodied

to seek employment on the railway during its construction. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon Western Jews, who are now burdened by contributions for the purpose of supporting their co-religionists in Palestine in idleness, that the more they co-operate towards developing the material resources of the country, by encouraging agricultural pursuits and honest manual labour among the yearly augmenting Jewish population, the sooner they will obtain relief from a tax which must become intolerable, if the immigration into the country increases. The Jewish population of Palestine now exceeds 40,000, who might all be industriously employed, if public works were undertaken and enterprises entered upon, which could scarcely, notwithstanding Government obstructiveness, fail to be remunerative. It is a remarkable circumstance, that in

spite of Western apathy, both among Jews and Christians, on the subject, no province in Turkey has progressed so much during the last few years as the Holy Land; indeed, nearly all the others, with the exception of the Lebanon, have retrograded. As I stood amongst the old stone records of the Christian occupation of Tiberias by the Knights of the Cross some seven hundred years ago, it occurred to me that the time had surely come for a new Crusade—not to be undertaken with the modern Christian weapons of Krupps and Gatlings, in the name of a creed to cover a political purpose; but with steam-ploughs and locomotives, by farmers and mechanics, of a temper more consonant with the spirit of that religion which, while it claims Palestine as its birthplace, finds its full and only legitimate expression in service to humanity at large.



## AN ITALIAN OFFICIAL UNDER NAPOLEON.

WHEN a man has reached the natural age of repose, and has got all that he is likely to attain in life, it is an amiable and pleasant impulse that induces him to make a record of what has happened to him,—of the troubles he has had, and the promotions, and all the ways by which he has walked through the far withdrawing vistas of that life which is far more clear and fair to him now it is over than it ever was when present. There are few things more curious than this effect of time. Days that were tedious as they passed, and in which we felt nothing more than that confusion of unrealised aims which characterises in most minds the actual moment, however important it may be, acquire, when we look back upon them, the appearance of a full and easy stream, leading us to what we know now to have been a crisis or climax of life. The wearinesses are gone, the events have been detached into separate meaning, the accidents that perhaps fretted us at the time have become amusing, our sorrows give depth and force to the picture without assuming that overwhelming importance which they once had; and as we read our own story backward to its beginning, we find it the most interesting of stories—a mine of recollection all our own, in which we are always finding out, always remembering, examples, precedents, experiences equal to or greater than the most momentous events of to-day. Those who do not go the length of writing, but who have the better part of telling to their descendants or pupils what has befallen them, have a pleasure and interest in doing it, which perhaps, though mixed

with occasional pain, is one of the happiest privileges of age. It may not do the young people much good who have all to learn for themselves the lessons of life, and never can realise that we who are grey-headed could ever have felt the passionate desire for happiness, the eager wish for triumph, the impatience of suffering which is in their hotter pulses; but it interests them to hear how we have got through our inferior struggles, and in what way it has been possible for us to enjoy, after our antiquated fashion, a youth so long over, and reconcile ourselves to the loss of it. It is one of the subjects that link the generations each to each, and scarcely even in the garrulity and much repetition of age does it altogether lose its meaning. When the speaker has been mixed up in the history of his time, and is able to put in with a reality which no other touch can give, a piece of background, a vignette of illustration to the grand pictorial events of history, the gain is such as can be got in no other way. It lightens up the dimmer larger record with an individual particularity, and brings before us what no history ever can fully bring, how men saw and felt and breathed in the shadow of the most tremendous incidents without ever being overwhelmed by them, or feeling themselves less important than the events. Indeed our human independence of all events, the dauntless individuality which we carry through revolutions and every public catastrophe, the calm with which we eat and sleep through the most terrible of national convulsions, is a lesson as striking as any that history can

teach us. It is perhaps something of a truism with which we thus preface a sketch, extending only to the earlier portion of a busy and important life, which may be best described under the above title. He who is at once the hero and the historian of this detached chapter of human experience concludes his own story, as he begins it, somewhat abruptly, leaving out all record of the works by which he is known, and those heavings of secret politics in which, along with so many more of the best men in Italy, he was afterwards involved. His narrative was perhaps intended to be continued, had time and occasion served. It was at least his intention to have enlarged and filled out the outline he has given us; but as it stands it has many interesting details, and great completeness as an account of a well-defined period, both in general history and in his particular life.

Cesare Balbo was of a family not illustrious, yet not without local importance and credit, of Chieri near Turin. He does not make any claim to greatness for his ancestors, yet with a natural fondness records at least two *belle glorie nostri* — glorious examples for a family to follow — by which his race had been distinguished, though the first of them, he allows, is only traditional. "It is said that the Balbi, driven out of their city, which was destroyed by Barbarossa, fought as exiles with their brethren of Lombardy for the independence of Italy, and that, like the Fabii, fifty of them fell on the field of battle and victory at Legnano." The second is more certain, which is, that from a branch of the family settled at Avignon, in the fourteenth century, where they took the name of Crillon, sprang "he who was called the 'Brave Crillon,' the friend of

Henry IV. of France, the successor in chivalry of Bayard." The original race remained in Chieri, noble only in its faithful devotion to the municipality first, and afterwards to the house of Savoy, to which it gave many honest if humble servants. But in the person of Prospero Balbo, the father of Cesare, the family came to advancement. He was drawn by the connections of his mother into Turin and the Court circle, and rose in official life from one step to another, until finally he became ambassador to the French Republic, a post which he held till the fall of the Piedmontese monarchy in 1798. His son Cesare, born in the year of Revolution, 1789, had spent part of his infancy in Paris amid the tumults of that terrible period, of which, however, he was too young to have anything to say; and afterwards followed his father's wanderings through the period of early youth, receiving an interrupted education, sometimes from his father himself, sometimes from other hands: pausing to record in Florence the delightful recollections of the sunny Lung' Arno, the flowery greenness of the Cascine and the Boboli, and the famous figure of Vittorio Alfieri, who was one of his father's visitors: and in Turin, when the wandering family returned there, the pleasant company of school-fellows, among whom were many whose friendship continued his all their lives, and who made up among themselves, mingling their mathematics with many a song and sonnet, "a literary society, a boyish academy, which embraced every branch of human knowledge." This course of education continued until the year 1806, when Napoleon visited Turin.

"I, a student of seventeen, was wandering among the crowd along the Via

di Po, when a friend came up to me and congratulated me. When I asked on what, he informed me that I was appointed auditor of the Council of State. I scarcely knew what this meant; but when I returned home and had the news confirmed, I found that these auditors were of the number of twelve or a little more—young men attached to the Council of Napoleon, among whom were Molé, Barante, and other such; and that from this, after a few years, they passed on to higher posts. I also learned that my father, called the day previously to an audience of Napoleon and questioned concerning his family, had answered that he had two sons still very young, who had been educated at home, and were of delicate health—hoping thus to save us from those military schools to which many youths were sent by force; and that the Emperor, without delay, a few hours after had nominated me auditor, along with San-Tommaso, a youth much older than myself, appointing Dal Pozzo at the same time to be referendary, and San-Marzano (formerly Minister of War with us) councillor of the same Council of State. I was delighted by my nomination, and by the mode of it, and the persons with whom I was associated; and an ambition which I never had known before, or could have known, since I thought myself destined either to no post at all, or a very humble one, awakened within me. My father, however, fearing the moral dangers of the position and my extreme youth, begged, I confess sadly against my will, that I might be allowed to remain with him to go through my legal studies. This compelled me to postpone the prosecution of my dreams; and I returned with more or less goodwill to those studies which I had hoped were ended. But I was soon liberated from them; for in the end of May 1808, General Menou, at the head of the 27th division of the army (that of Piedmont), appeared one day at my father's house, and I was informed, being called into their presence, that General Menou was appointed Governor-General of Tuscany, which had been recently added to the Empire, and president of a governing council, of which Dauchy, Councillor of State, Chaban, Dr Gerando, and Janet were

members, and I general secretary. Thence arose new trouble and cares to my father, with much good advice from him, and new joy and ambition on my side."

Thus the young Piedmontese began his career. His native princes had been swept away and his country overrun by the conquering invader; but so resistless was the course of Napoleon, that no idea of national degradation seems to have clouded the young man's pleasure. Nor was he troubled by any doubts touching the character of his new occupation.

"Arrived at Florence, I found everything smile upon me, earth and sky. The thought that I was aiding in a new usurpation of the great conqueror of my country never crossed my mind. I never thought of it, nor did any one round me. All Europe was in the same most powerful hands; and the wisest either hoped for some good from the changes thus made, or postponed their hopes until a later period. For myself, my love of Italy was rather imaginative than reasonable; and I hoped, all the more that I seemed in the way of speedily acquiring power, to be able to serve her better in this than in any other way. My patriotism thus confounded itself with my ambition, and both grew together. I began the duties of my office with much zeal, but a complete want of experience—a fact which Menou and my other superiors soon perceived; and with the kindest intentions appointed as head of my clerks (of whom there were about fifteen more or less) a young man older and more instructed than myself, whom De Gerando had brought with him—an excellent fellow, who made up for all my deficiencies. This I allowed him to do for eight or ten days; but at the end of that time, seeing how everything was done, I retained the papers on my own desk, and informed him that I would now do everything myself. He smiled, but approved, . . . and I went on with my work—well or ill, but always ardently, precipitately, as was the fashion of the time, and as everybody did around me, both supe-

riors and inferiors. They destroyed the government of Leopold, which had been more or less restored by King Louis of Etruria—undid everything, rearranged everything, and, in the language of the time, organised the imperial government; thus making Florence, the mother of modern civilisation, into the image of a little French frontier-town. All this, however, was done with so much consideration and such good grace, that Tuscany bore us no grudge, and even Botta in his History has nothing to say against it. For my part I worked most days from eight in the morning till five, or even till seven or eight in the evening, at the Pitti, with such industry and zeal that I was not, I think, more than two or three times in those Boboli gardens where I played for so many hours in my childhood, and which now I saw from my windows as I worked."

This enthusiasm of labour carried on the work so fast, that, as Balbo repeats with natural irony, it took seven months only to make of Florence, "the mother-city of modern culture, a provincial town of the French frontier, chief town of the department of the Arno." For his own part, the youth obeyed his father's sage advice, and consorted only with his father's friends, and the young men he met in their houses—young Gino Capponi, the beloved of all men, and a certain graceful young Duc di Rocca Romana, who was an exile from Naples, but a gay one, and taught young Cesare to ride, and gave him many pleasant hours. Upon the memory of this fresh and artless period of his life he lingers with evident pleasure, recalling "the frank and elegant manners" of the young Neapolitan, and "the hours of pleasure and repose so precious at that age, when I rode about the country chiefly with Rocca Romana, a great master of horsemanship, who led me on with the friendship of a man in the last years of

his youth, taking pleasure in the docility of one who was but entering upon its delights."

It was at this careless and happy moment, however, that the first gleam of higher enlightenment penetrated into young Balbo's mind. He was standing one fine day of May 1809 in his stable, examining with great pride, along with this graceful cavalier, the first horse Cesare had ever owned, when a despatch was suddenly put into his hand, appointing him secretary of a new commission, this time for organising Rome. The scene is put before us with vivid simplicity and truth. In order to be completely *à la mode* in these days, it was necessary to dock the tail of the newly purchased horse *all 'Inglese*; and Rocca Romana, the experienced and knowing, was superintending the operation, while young Balbo stood by in a state of ecstatic spectatorship, delighted to have a horse in the fashion. At the moment when the poor animal, liberated, sprang away from the operator, and Rocca Romana, laughing, turned to the youth by his side, Cesare had opened his despatch, and, as if by a roar of sudden thunder, "a sense of the brutal usurpation of which I was the servant" awakened in his mind.

"I have said that, as far as regarded Tuscany, I had thought little or nothing of it; that conquest was made from one who might himself appear as a usurper—from one to whom I owed nothing, and who was of no importance to me: but he who was here robbed was the Pope, of ancient rule (though that moved me little)—the Pope, the head of my religion, to love and reverence whom I had been brought up. It was Pius VII., to whom I had been presented, whose feet I had kissed when he was at Turin a few years before—whom I had seen received with acclamations, revered by all the pop-

ulation of my city, to the neglect of the Emperor—who accompanied him. It was, in fact, a usurpation, an injustice, an evident wickedness, for me and all who took part in it. I was altogether cast down, miserable, and in despair, but knew not how to resist, or refuse to go. This is the sole point in my public life which I regret, although at nineteen it was little wonderful that I should find myself too weak to stand against the will of Napoleon."

The shock thus given him had no doubt a certain effect on his mind, but it was as yet no real patriotism or consciousness of the real character of Napoleon's power that moved him, but only the horror natural to a young Catholic, devoutly brought up, at this profane touching of the ark, and struggle with the awful powers of religion. The youth went very reluctantly to his post, and tried hard, on his arrival at Rome, to escape the necessity of signing the proclamation which was immediately issued. When compelled to do so, however, he comforted himself with the thought that he did it only as attesting the other signatures, not as adding his affirmation to the work of spoiling the Church,—a consolation to his own awakened conscience which, however, was not available to exempt Balbo from the general excommunication. While he was in this uneasy and sorrowful condition, his father paid him a visit in Rome, and succeeded, to Cesare's great relief, in reconciling him with the Church. This position of hostility to all he most respected disturbed the young man greatly, and it is evident that his scruples did not find favour in the eyes of his superiors, one of whom, as he relates, taunted him with church-going, to which he retorted with youthful heat that he should henceforward attend the Church of the Santi Apostoli, which was

opposite the windows of the angry chief, so that his proceedings might be under constant surveillance. From this altercation there arose *ira reciproca*. Thus disgusted with his work and with his leaders, young Balbo found nothing so admirable in Rome as the courage of the priests and of the cardinals, who stepped in one by one to replace the Pope after he had been removed, and were one by one dismissed after him into banishment. "I began to suspect," he says, "that these despised priests were the strongest, indeed the only strong men in Italy." He left in the beginning of 1811 the holy city which he had so unwillingly helped to despoil and shape into a mere French town—a profanity which might well take away the breath of a less excellent Catholic than young Balbo—divided between the pleasure of escaping from his ungrateful office, and the regret of leaving *la bella e dolce Roma*, which during his whole life he never visited more.

From Rome the young secretary was sent to Paris, to plunge there, with all the ardour of youthful interest, into a new world. He says little, however, of the great city, so full of triumph and commotion, with all the excitement in her of a new Rome, mistress of a subjugated world, where, however, he found some dear and lasting friends, and snatched no small enjoyment in the intervals of his occupations. What seems to have chiefly impressed him—and nothing could be more original and interesting than this view of the subject—was the keen and quickened life of everything about him, all centring in the great Captain, the wonderful Emperor, the mainspring of every activity. He found himself, on his arrival, in the midst of a number of young officials like himself,

but of less standing than himself, whom "we old ones (I was an elder of twenty-one) despised," because they had not, like Balbo and his contemporaries, the privilege of being present at the imperial sittings, where Napoleon, with as yet no sign of failure in his triumphant career, dazzled all who approached him, even the young Italian, who had begun to feel himself an accomplice in the humiliation of his country. "These sittings," he says, "were very interesting, from the lucidity, I may say the splendour, of that great mind of Napoleon, and from his spontaneous and familiar eloquence, and a certain candour which was one of his special gifts—the candour of imperiousness and absolutism,—as when I have heard him characterise as idealistic (which, in his opinion, was the same thing as fictitious, an imaginary difficulty) the objections that were made round him to the forced levies of so many men and so much money." And one of the most remarkable things in the record is the contagious energy with which every official, from the smallest to the greatest, seems to have been moved. They "travelled precipitately, as was the fashion in those days, scarcely sleeping in their post-chaises, that they might hurry on the post-boys." They took what work was given them to do, without looking too closely whether it was above or below their pretensions: "Nobody thought of that in those days, but went up and down by the impulse of the great mover of that wild laboriousness." The servants of Napoleon rushed headlong about their business, sent here and there to the limits of Europe, constantly pricked to the point of possibility, but tarrying never.

Balbo's first mission after this was into Germany to "liquidate" in Illyria. Neither he himself,

nor Las Casas his superior, nor the other young official less experienced than himself who accompanied them, knew a word of German, as they discovered after mutual consultation; and all the papers were in that language. But what matter? The business was managed somehow by the help of a brother of Las Casas who had lived in Germany "at the time of the emigration," and consequently understood more or less the accounts that were set before him. The young secretaries with some doubt affixed their names to a curious summary of expenses made according to a scientific whim of their chief, who reminded Balbo, with a laugh, when he hesitated, that it was quite impossible for them to verify any one of the amounts claimed. "Such things were done in these days," he says, "and so long as they were done, the how mattered little; and it would need a wise judge to decide if this precipitate doing was worse than the slow doing, or not doing at all, which succeeded in many places to this feverish rapidity." Thus the young officials of the Empire went storming upon their way, sometimes with a hesitation, but generally with that happy confidence and pleasure in the sense of their own headlong going, and of the sweep of great affairs which carried them from one end of Europe to the other, which was congenial to their youth.

There arrived, however, a moment in this hot career when flesh and blood could not support the yoke that was attempted to be forced upon it. It was not any sense of executing the mandates of a tyrant, or making themselves instruments of despotism, or even a reluctance to rivet the bonds of their own special country, which moved to unanimous disgust and

resistance this body of young men. When Balbo returned to Paris after "liquidating" in Germany the accounts which he did not understand, he discovered, to his high indignation, by the almanac, that he was to be attached to a new branch of service,—what he calls the *alta pulizia*—that is to say, the office of Cleanliness, the Sanitary Science, such as it was, of the time. He had borne, though unwillingly, a hand in the spoliation of the Church; he had set his seal, also unwillingly, to the German accounts; but here he drew the line. To send forth a number of young gentlemen—French, Italian, Spanish,—elegant young officials of the noble Latin races, to clean up Europe, was beyond all bearing, and broke even the spell of Napoleon's energetic impulse. Perhaps there was something in the fact that the Emperor was absent making his fated way to Russia, and that there was in the air a premonition of the rapid change of affairs which was so soon to come. And *l'alta pulizia* was not in those days the sacred science it has since become; though even now, perhaps, the curled darlings of diplomacy, the private secretaries, the graceful clerks of the circumlocution offices, might make as violent a stand against unsavoury appointments as inspectors of nuisances. The account of the manner in which Savary, the head of the new department, endeavoured to commend their mission to the rebels, all indignant and determined to resist, comes in with curious humour to the grave story of those troubled and exciting times.

"One fine day Savary sent to eight or ten of us, among whom was the Duc de Broglie, and in a long and carefully prepared discourse, gave us notice that his Majesty had placed at his disposal several excellent posts,

most confidential and important, which were those of inspectors of cleanliness in several of the new departments. Those who felt disposed to accept them were now to speak. No one said a word. Savary then resumed his speech between gentleness and severity, *tra dolce e brusco*, sounding the praises of these new appointments and of the Sanitary Science, which in fact was, he said, the highest politics, and not mere administration like those prefectures which were so much desired, he could not tell why, by many of us; and that, in short, there were but two fine and lofty careers—the military profession, and that of Public Cleanliness: and concluded by saying that if we did not go for love, we must go by force; that if no one offered, the Emperor himself would nominate those whom he pleased, and compel obedience. No one offered, and he began to interrogate us individually. One replied that his wife was ill; to whom he answered angrily, 'You are not her doctor.' To another illustrious person he said that with such a name he ought either to be a soldier or in the Sanitary Service. To me—who had said imprudently that the boast of political importance which he, the minister, made of his department, could not in any way apply to inferior posts—he made no reply; but I perceived that from that moment he fixed upon me a special regard. We then all came out from our audience, we rebellious, he threatening. I, who had never asked for patronage to obtain any post—hastened now to ask the protection of the Princess Paolina, the beautiful governor of our Piedmonte, to enable me to refuse this, and to procure me the commission (given every week to one of us) to carry despatches to the Emperor in Russia. My suit was successful, and shortly after I received this appointment—but unfortunately, I fell ill, and was obliged to give it up; and a few days after, Savary, who had not forgotten me, sent me the imperial commission as inspector at Petten, in Holland. When I received his despatch, I threw myself on my knees before God, and rose with the resolution that nothing should induce me to go at any cost. After this I went to the Countess Pastoret, and showed her the letter, adding,

coldly (as appeared to me), that since Napoleon had so outraged me, I should go and kill him. The best and most witty of women gave way to a burst of laughter which froze me; then added that there were less extreme measures to be taken, and that she would show me one—to go with her to Dr Halle, the most famous doctor in Paris, whom she knew very well, to whom she would describe my case, and who would order me rest, a return to my native air, and to take mineral baths there.”

In this easy manner the great difficulty was happily surmounted; and, furnished with a medical certificate, young Balbo escaped to his home, where he remained for a year, sending every three months other medical certificates, and thus keeping clear of the hated work. Strange revolution of the times! which has brought this once almost disgraceful and detested mission into the first of human businesses—if not the highest politics, as the conciliatory minister said, yet of the last importance in the government of the civilised world.

Balbo had now arrived at an age when reason has begun to mature, and his residence at home at this time taught him many hitherto unconsidered truths. He began to understand the meaning of what he saw around him, and to perceive many aspects of the great Government, to the service of which he was bound, which had but faintly, and under special circumstances, been apparent to him before. For one thing he had under his very eyes on his return to Turin an evidence of the arbitrary and tyrannical way in which the Emperor disposed of the lives of those who were in his power. When Cesare Balbo was arbitrarily appointed to his office of secretary, his brother Ferdinand—a boy of sixteen—had been grasped by the same summary hand and deposited

in a far different sphere—in the army, as a private soldier. To see his brother in a position so different from his own, went to young Balbo's heart; and with tears in his voice, he pauses to describe this young victim of arbitrary rule.

“He was one of those rare beings, not to be found in any other country, and rare even in Italy, born with the nature of an artist, beautiful as a young Apollo, with a soul, a genius full of capacity, given to every art and fine culture—one of those whom poetry describes as endowed by fate, or better, by nature, or better still, by a benevolent Providence. For mathematics, which he had begun to learn with me, he had no taste, asking candidly what was the use of them? But poetry, music, the arts of design, came to him by nature. . . . In short, he was born a writer, a painter, a musician: and he was made a soldier.”

This beautiful and gifted youth, so strangely tossed into the midst of barrack life, and all the roughnesses of campaigning, had gone to the war in Russia as sous-lieutenant of a regiment of cavalry. In the retreat from Moscow he died, unable, a tenderly bred and delicate youth, to bear the hardships of that terrible journey. The anxious household in Turin followed all the bulletins of the retreat with an anguish which may be easily imagined; and its dreadful details reawoke in their minds the burning sense of wrong with which they had contemplated from the beginning the hard life allotted to their youngest and most beloved. “Our country would have had in him another Massimo d’Azeglio,” his brother cries, still feeling in the calm of age the intolerable pang of this misappropriated life. D’Azeglio was their cousin, and the contemporary of the murdered boy. No wonder that his death awoke a storm of indignant feeling far more strong and influential



than that personal despite and irritation which had already roused Cesare against Napoleon. Under the violent stimulus of personal wrong and grief so bitter, his mind was sharply roused to serious thoughts. "The serenity, the light-heartedness of life" ended with the loss of young Ferdinand, and the deeper currents of thought which were awakening in Italy speedily communicated themselves to the son of the Piedmontese statesman, making his temporary residence at home a period of rapid development the most important in his life. He was still very young, and, hurried to and fro by the vicissitudes of life, had found little time for thought. In the case of the Church, it was his conscience and religious feeling that moved him—not any serious sense of the destruction of national freedom; but now, with time and leisure to contemplate the current of affairs, he began to perceive how the minds of the best men in Italy were being moved, and what a force of silent indignation and judgment was rising against the supreme power which had overmastered all visible resistance. The new Italianism, *quelle idee nostre Italiane*, came upon him like a revelation. This rising tide of feeling was as yet timid, scarcely formed, and without any hope of immediate action. The Italians, with their many divisions among themselves, were utterly powerless to resist Napoleon; but his easy victory over their petty tyrants had taught them what would be the advantage of unity, and that to reconstitute Italy as a nation was their best hope. The state of feeling at which they had arrived was, therefore, this,—that, "remaining faithful to the Emperor as long as he lived (for no one then foresaw that he

would cease to reign before ceasing to live), they had formed the resolution to free Italy and call her to independence after the death of Napoleon." Such ideas had seemed nothing but dreams to the young official, carried along by the great impulses of Napoleon's service; but he saw now that there was meaning and method in them. He had already, even in the midst of his distress about the affairs of Rome, refused to be connected with a secret society; but of these objectionable phenomena of a state of national suppression there seems to have been no question among the serious Piedmontese, already beginning to form among themselves the plan of an Italian kingdom which it has cost so many years and so many struggles to carry out.

"With these sentiments," Balbo continues, "I returned to Paris, with an eager desire to find myself in the midst of the great events which were preparing." And finding, to his great relief, on reference to the official lists, that he was no longer attached to the service of Public Cleanliness, he applied, as soon as he had reached the centre of affairs, for that privilege of carrying despatches to the Emperor which his illness had prevented him from exercising the year before—*domandai di portare il portafoglio in Germania*. This commission was granted to him, and he set out accordingly. It was on the eve of that opening of disaster—the battle of Leipsic—that he left Paris.

"Scarcely had I crossed the Rhine when there began to appear signs of what had happened. Upon the road which I was pursuing I encountered scattered soldiers,—some wounded, some staggering along in weakness, many lying about in the ditches. Little acquainted as I was with mili-

tary affairs, I took little notice of them, and understood still less. But my servant—an old soldier—who was on the box of the carriage, turned round from time to time to look at me, and seeing I had no comprehension, at last asked: 'Signor, do you know what all this means?' 'What is it?' said I. And he, 'A retreat.' We went on a little further, and he began again. 'Do you understand?' 'What?' And he, 'A battle lost.' We went on again, and saw in his coach, driving rapidly past us, Murat the King of Naples. When we reached Fulda, I made my way to the commandant, where there was a crowd of people asking information as I did, to all of whom he replied in the same words: 'All is right—go on; find your regiment, your general, your master.' I approached, saying, 'I must go to the Emperor—I carry despatches.' 'Ah,' said the commandant; 'come in here then.' And he opened the door of a little room, and going in with me, closed it behind him; then letting fall his arms, and abandoning his artificial composure, 'All is lost!' (*Tutto è fritto*) he cried,—and again, with still more energy: 'The Emperor has lost a great battle, and no one knows where he is; but push on if you like, and you will find Marshal Ney, who is coming with the rest. He will tell you where the Emperor is, if he knows. We are all ruined.' I got into my carriage again, and pushed forward as I could among the fugitives, no longer in scattered groups here and there, but filling the whole road and swearing at me and my carriage, which forced a way through them. Thus we advanced slowly to the last post of Hünefeld. Here there was no horses to be had, and I and my *portafoglio* and my little carriage remained in the middle of the road, pushed aside every moment by artillery-waggon and other conveyances. Ney then arrived, sunk in the corner of his carriage, in a furious temper, in consequence, it was said, of a violent altercation with his master, and certainly because he, like me, was in want of horses. I approached him, hat in hand, with much respect and ceremony, begging him to tell me where I should find the Emperor with my despatches. With-

out making me any reply, he said, 'You have come here in a carriage, and therefore you must have horses.' 'Yes, monseigneur.' 'Let them take the secretary's horses.' And to my questions he gave no other reply but 'I don't know.'

This picture of the flight and confusion, the self-occupation of everybody round, and indifference to everything but themselves—an indifference, however, which is quite as much rage and shame, and the exaggerated sense of a discomfiture and downfall utterly unexpected, as mere selfishness—is most lifelike, and produces the strange scene in its many details with a fidelity which is very picturesque, by dint of being perfectly simple and genuine. It is the narrative of a young and intelligent spectator, whom we can see pushed about and baffled on all sides, with a conscientious eagerness to do his duty, but with no such desperate sense of the check and downfall as is felt by those more deeply involved, rather than the dramatic record of a practised writer. He was greatly hampered with his large portfolios, which made it impossible for him to jump upon any stray horse he could find and push his way forward to the front, which was the first idea that occurred to him. And he was also much troubled in mind about a number of private letters which he had brought, the contents of which might not be pleasant to his Imperial Majesty, and which, if taken by the Cossacks, might be published, and compromise the good people who had trusted Balbo with them. After a time he made up his mind to burn these letters, as the safest way of disposing of them, and then attempted to rest for the night as he best could in a room on the ground-floor of the post-office, where there was a little straw.

"But very shortly the room was invaded by one of the principal generals of the army, frantic at having lost his division, his baggage,—everything, in short, except three or four youths, his aides-de-camp. One of them perceived me, feeling with his foot between the straw and my cloak, and exclaiming, 'Who is there?' and the general ordered that whoever it was should clear out of the place. I got up and began to explain; he insisted: I then said that for myself I should certainly go, but that he must be responsible for the portfolios: upon which he gave way and abandoned the place, leaving only the youthful aides-de-camp behind. With these young men of my own age I soon came to an understanding, and they talked all night of the pleasure of returning to Paris, laughing and advising me what to do. According to their counsel I wrote a note to the Prince of Neufchatel, telling him who and what I was, and asking for orders. I gave this to a postilion, but heaven knows whether he delivered it or what became of him; for the sound of cannon became audible, and approached nearer and nearer. The young officers declared it to be the Cossacks, and soon after there was an assault on the village—what they call a *hourrah*—and all the youths and everybody else rushed away, I among them, with my little carriage, for which in the fervour of flight horses were found somehow, which under no other circumstances could be laid hands upon."

In this flight, more disorderly still than the first, though without damage, the mere reverberation, so to speak, of the rout, our hero found himself at the end of the hurrying rabble, "the worst position possible," he says, "in a retreat or flight without order, the crowd before and the Cossacks behind." By a great effort his postilion forced his way to the front, and again the young man brings us within sight of the humours which, as well as horrors, are to be found even in the rush of a defeated army, panic-stricken and cut to pieces.

"Here [when he reached the head of the fugitive band] I was recognised by a colonel of cavalry whom I had known in Illyria, and who, a few hours before, had advised me to flee, and had made many jokes on my zeal in remaining. A colonel now without a regiment, he had made himself one out of the stray officials, military and civil, who put themselves under his leadership in order to keep together, and find food and safety in the midst of the confusion. This body of irregulars he commanded and led merrily, laughing at himself and at his improvised regiment, marching all day, *fricottando* (as they called it, which means living on what they could find and take)—in the evening, jesting, laughing, and sometimes dancing the rest of the time. He and his rabble, among whom were several auditors like myself, made something like a *hourrah* upon my little carriage, congratulating themselves on its appearance at such a moment, notwithstanding my inopportune zeal. I gave up to them some provisions which I had brought from Paris; and two of my companions, leaving their horses to whoever would have them, joined me, one inside, one upon the box. And departing at a gallop, we galloped all the way to Frankfort."

Balbo found the Emperor at last, but so late that the bearer of despatches, who left Paris after him, had arrived before him; and Napoleon was so much occupied that his explanations of his delay were unheeded. Many other particulars of this agitated moment, all adding to the impression of haste, confusion, and disorder, fill up the vivid story. He himself desires the pardon of his readers for the length of his narrative. After thirty years, he says, the events come before him so vividly, and with so many particulars, that he has scarcely the power to check himself, which is a weakness of old age. Here also, however, in the midst of so much that was painful and discouraging, he found his own growing sentiments of

patriotism and hope for Italy unexpectedly strengthened. In one of his wanderings among the agitated ranks of the defeated army, he finds himself suddenly among a band of Italian officers, survivors of those who had made so brave a stand at the bridge of the Elbe.

"All of them joined in the cry against the Emperor and the French, but spoke of Italy so loftily, so generously, that my talks with Giffenga returned to my mind, and I reflected that these Italians serving the stranger were anything rather than the sheep which they were called by the idle and foolish, who at that time and in every time, and every evil moment for the country, set forth as the sole remedy the art of sitting still and doing nothing. And all the more was this thought impressed upon me, since I had always in that army heard Italian courage, and especially that of those brave men, spoken of respectfully. And the good colonel to whom I have referred, and who was himself one of the bravest of men, said that our soldiers were equal to the French, but not better, for better was impossible, in the advance; but that for endurance in privations, and especially in misfortune, ours were the better men. All which matured my opinions more and more."

He proceeds to note sagaciously, that while he can scarcely recollect to have heard the Bourbons alluded to in the early years of his service, in the end of 1813 and beginning of 1814 everybody talked of them; and that even into the Council of State and the rooms of the Tuileries their proclamations were smuggled. In one brilliant assembly Balbo himself heard some one sing, under his breath, and bursting with laughter, Béranger's *Roi d'Yvetot*, which was well known as a satire upon the Emperor. *Guai ai vinti per quanto grandi sieno*—Woe to the conquered! this sympathetic though hostile spectator says.

"He himself [the Emperor] set himself with a grave and sometimes wrathful countenance against it all; but he was weary, and at the Council, instead of that vigilant and vigorous mind, which I had so much admired, he would sometimes drop asleep, and in going and coming would grope his way, so that it was clear he did not sleep during the night. The greatest men are still human. Nevertheless, at any moment, the field, the air of battle, relighted in him magnificent lamps of vigour, as everybody knows."

One other trial young Balbo had to sustain in the occupation to which he still held, looking out with keen observant eyes upon the signs of the times. A special mission had been organised of senators or Councillors of State, to rouse by proclamation and extraordinary efforts and offers, the failing spirit of the departments which had refused to send further levies; and Balbo was ordered to accompany one of these commissioners to Savoy, his own country. This he found it impossible to do. To raise his own countrymen for the service of the stranger and oppressor, at the very moment when the approach of the Allies might give them a hope of freedom, passed all bounds of reasonable service. He went to Maret, who was a friend of his father, and laid the whole case before him. If possible, he desired to be freed from the office altogether; but if not that, to be sent elsewhere. Willingly or unwillingly he would go to any other department where he might be sent; but not to Savoy, his own home—the land of his forefathers. Maret listened kindly, and obtained his freedom with so much ease that the young man began to feel he had exaggerated his own importance in his impassioned offer to go anywhere else. He was left idle in Paris, wondering, ob-

servicing, amusing himself, without occupation, till the great downfall came. His account of the turn of the popular tide in the expectant and excited city, is, we think, taken from a very original point of view.

“To the day of the battle of Paris, after the imperial troops had gone away, there succeeded a quiet evening under a clear sky—an evening of silence which I passed idly, a *fantasticare* on a balcony, as I shall never forget if I lived a hundred years. In the morning early I met certain of the Bourbon party still uncertain upon the Place Vendôme. . . . At mid-day they breakfasted tranquilly at Tortoni’s like true Parisian idlers expectant—till Europe should enter to avenge herself. It is true that when breakfast was over, these elegants got on horseback, collected some others of the same mettle about them, and finally put on the white cockade and began to wave their handkerchiefs, and to cry *Vive le roi!* But I don’t believe that they were the first to do so. The first to my thinking were two girls dressed in mourning, who coming out of a shop where ribbons were sold called the *Père de famille*, holding some white ribbons in their hands, made for themselves two cockades, which they pinned on their breasts, and then set out silently walking arm in arm, trembling lest they should meet the derision and insults of the passers-by, till they were lost in the crowd. May they be blessed! perhaps they were sisters or wives wearing mourning for some among so many fallen for the sovereign devourer of men, and feeling and judging as women, like women turned against him at the first moment possible, and that not without daring or danger. I believe that this feminine feeling told for much in that day, and that ninety out of a hundred of the white veils and handkerchiefs waved by white hands from the balconies of the Boulevards which dazzled the eyes of the chivalrous Alexander, were waved spontaneously without pledge or design, by feminine impetuosity, revenge, and sorrowing love. The troop of men was small and ridiculous in comparison. . . . When I returned to the Boulevards I saw a paper at-

tached to the tree at the corner of Tortoni’s, and reading it, found that it was the true fall of Napoleon, a promise almost a present to the French. Many relate of Alexander, boasting of them, those services to the new masters and treason to the old, which everybody was guilty of in these few hours; and many have claimed the authorship of this piece of paper signed ‘Alexander,’ attributing to it a considerable influence upon his facile mind. I, a spectator on the Boulevards during that day, do not differ very much from them in attributing the principal influence to the Boulevards themselves—that is to say, to the waving white hands and handkerchiefs which impressed the eyes and susceptible heart of Alexander. I do not believe in small causes, but I do in the small occasions of great events. True causes are always great, but the appointed moment only comes when the vase is so full that a single drop will make it run over. However it happened, Napoleon had fallen. It was more than the passing of a kingdom to another, more than that of one order of things to an opposite,—it was a great age of human progress which ended, a new and different age which began.”

This curious picture forms, we think, an interesting illustration of a great historical event; and the two silent women in mourning, walking away timidly into the crowd with the white Bourbon favours on their breasts,—silent representatives of the sorrowful indignation risen to the height of despair of those mothers and sisters whom Napoleon’s ambition had made desolate,—is as impressive an image as could be found of the voiceless depth of popular opinion, so profound as to be beyond question or denial—very different, indeed, from the superficial fury of the *flâneurs*, the *boulevardists*, who come to the surface at such a moment, and of whom Balbo relates that a foolish band of them, gathering all the cab-horses they could

collect, made a ridiculous attempt to drag down Napoleon's statue from the column in the Place Vendôme, by means of a rope round the neck of the figure. "Fortunately, the Napoleon of bronze stood firmer than him of flesh and blood," says the historian. Thus it would appear that history repeats itself; and the vulgar, whether they be royalist or communist, hit upon the same symbols of revenge and triumph.

With this ends the chapter of the life of Cesare Balbo which has the highest interest. He proceeds to relate his career "under our princes restored;" but neither was this a successful one, nor did these restored princes at first show the magnanimity, or the power of rising to higher conceptions and purposes, which had been hoped from them. They ignored the services which the elder Balbo had rendered to his country in the interim, by his devotion to education; and endeavoured for a time, though vainly, to conduct the new administration by means of those "purists" who had retired to Sardinia with the Court, instead of affording to Piedmont the service of such work as was possible, even under the conqueror. Finding himself thus uncongenial to the restored rulers, Balbo, at this moment only five-and-twenty, changed his peaceful profession for that of the sword, having always had, as he tells us, "a sort of envy" of the military profession, feeling it to be a career "more splendid, more elegant, more juvenile" than any other, an appreciation which had been increased by the sight of a great army even in retreat. Looking back upon this step, however, in the wisdom of maturity, he disapproved of it. "It is always better," he says, "to continue in the career given us either by choice or by Providence. Change in such a point is, or seems

to be, levity." It did not, however, as a matter of fact, make much difference to himself personally, since he felt that under his native prince, as under Napoleon, his advancement would have been checked by his opinions. His story and himself become involved after this in a historical maze, which is one of the most difficult which recent times have afforded us. The disappointment and dismay of the enlightened Italians, who had hoped at Napoleon's death to find means of establishing themselves as a united nation: the alarm of the wise and far-sighted Piedmontese statesmen, already foreseeing what might be made of their position, at the ill-timed and hopeless *sollievo* of their less fortunate neighbours: the irritation of the other states, who found themselves handed over once more to the tightening bonds of rulers restored, little less foreign, and far less illustrious and commanding than Napoleon: and all the long chapter of Italian struggles, mistakes, and persistent effort,—form a portion of history far too intricate and difficult to be entered upon here.

Balbo's experiences afford little guide to us through that labyrinth. His many efforts towards the attainment of the great national purpose had to be made, like those of so many other illustrious Italians, chiefly from foreign soil. He left the Piedmontese army after a short service, with a tribute which is remarkable. "Though my experience of the military career was small," he says, "it is the only one which I hold in grateful memory, for the company which I found there, more good and virtuous than in any other. Contrary to the vulgar opinion, the military career seems to me the most wholesome of all for youthful minds."

It was not, however, in this way that he was to attain reputation.

Already possessed by the idea of Italian unity, to act as a puller down of the hopeless and foolish little insurrections which testified to the feverish condition of Italy, and with which he could not but sympathise even while he disapproved, would have been impossible. Like his cousin Massimo d'Azeglio, he made of history itself an ally in the great fight for Italy, and brought forth the story of Dante like a battalion, in the

secret but noble war against all that was petty in the popular sentiment. Of these after-labours, however, he has left no record; but the early chapter of his official life as an instrument of the great Napoleonic organisation, is curious and perfect in its way, as showing how that organisation worked, and how the moving impulse penetrated to the very extremities of the most extraordinary governmental mechanism of modern times.

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#### FAILURES.

In the palmy days of Beau Brummell's social autocracy, a merry story used to circulate that a visitor, going to call upon him, was encountered on the staircase by his servant encumbered by an armful of slightly crumpled white neckcloths; and that in answer to a question as to the meaning of such an apparition, the valet replied, "If you please, sir, these are our failures." Looking back upon the four sessions of this Parliament, more especially on that just terminated, we should pity the Treasury messenger who was charged to remove from Downing Street the blue-books, white papers, protocols, and Hansard's Debates, in which are recorded the failures—legislative, administrative, diplomatic, and financial—of Mr Gladstone's Government.

Foremost among the legislative failures stands their Irish legislation—the first result of which was the secession of the Duke of Argyll, Mr Forster, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Cowper, and Lord Zetland—a not inconsiderable price to pay, even if the legislation were successful. But whether we consider the Land Act or the Peace Preservation Act, it is clear that

the results which were confidently anticipated from them have not been realised, and that Mr Forster was hustled out of office in consequence of a pitiful intrigue with Mr Parnell, incarcerated in Kilmainham under the provisions of the latter. The valuable evidence and report of the Lords' Committee on the operation of the Land Act demonstrate its complete failure to secure the main objects aimed at by its projectors: they were the rehabilitation of the Bright Purchase sections of the original Land Act of 1870, the provision of a *modus vivendi* for a short time until that object had been gained, and the relief of certain congested districts by assisted and regulated emigration, the machinery by which these principal ends were to be obtained being the revision by a legal tribunal of rents which Parliament was assured by the highest authorities would only be lowered in a small minority of instances. All these objects have failed: at an expense very far exceeding the original estimate, that result against which the Ministers in charge of the measure guaranteed Parliament is being accomplished, and the rental of Ireland is being cut

down by about 23 per cent. But by those who do not know that country it will be said, "Ah, that money so saved to the tenantry of Ireland will be invested by them in the improved cultivation of the soil, and so contribute to the wealth and prosperity of the country." Alas! it would be more correct to say that it has been the fund out of which the proprietors have hitherto supported the large class of day-labourers in works useful or ornamental, and which, diverted from that employment, will, in the main, be expended in whisky, porter, and marriage portions for sons and daughters.

Ireland, in this manner directly, and by the frightening away of English and Scotch capital, indirectly, will be permanently the poorer for this mischievous legislation, which, productive of ill-feeling, injustice, deteriorated cultivation, and drunkenness, is, and will remain, for all the beneficent results so freely promised, conspicuously a failure.

Whether, as some wicked cynics suggest, in addition to all the avowed benefits of this legislation, Government expected to reap a harvest of political advantages, we will not presume to say; but unquestionably they did not anticipate the actual political results exemplified in the Monaghan, Sligo, and other recent elections. The Land Act has, no doubt, crippled the resources, and enfeebled the social, economical, and political power of the landlords; but it has annihilated the Liberal party. Henceforward a Whig or Liberal, as distinguished from a Repealer, can only hope to succeed for borough or county by the active help and support of its Tory electors.

The vigorous administration of the Crimes Act by Lord Spencer and Mr Trevelyan has procured a temporary lull in the career of

open disaffection and outrage; but it needs no great penetration to foresee a renewal of the worst features of the recent agitation when its provisions expire; and experience forbids the hope that their re-enactment will be permitted by the composite party now in power, even should the present Government be in office and propose it. On the other hand, should a change of Government have taken place meanwhile, we know the bitterness with which any proposals of the kind would be encountered by Mr Chamberlain and his followers. Failure, therefore, past, present, and prospective, is written large on Mr Gladstone's Irish legislation.

If we turn to the session of 1880, when the Government and their majority were intact and omnipotent, we doubt whether the measures that were then placed on the statute-book would now be designated as successes by their non-official supporters. Take the first and last great permanent legislative achievement of Sir William Harcourt—the Ground Game Bill. It has turned out to be what its most judicious critics prophesied it would be, practically a dead letter, and has excited among the English and Scotch tenantry no more political gratitude than the Land Act has produced among that class in Ireland. In Scotland, indeed, it is denounced as a failure by Sir A. Gordon and his congeners, because it does not sufficiently define—a rabbit-hole! Similarly, the great measure for appeasing and rewarding the political dissenters of England and Wales is now discovered by the organs of dissent to be imperfect and unsatisfactory because it did not deal with cemeteries. It is of course too soon to express any opinion upon the legislative outcome of the recent session, and all Conservatives heart-



ily wish that the Bankruptcy and Agricultural Holdings Acts may realise the anticipations of their promoters, and call for no additional legislation in future sessions. It is curious that the one considerable measure of this Parliament which is admitted *consensu omnium*, except Mr A. Arnold, to be an undoubted success, is Lord Cairns's Settled Land Act—a measure which was delayed and thwarted by the Government until the demand for it became irresistible.

Pass we now to the administrative failures of this extra-capable Administration. Owing, primarily, to Mr Gladstone's extraordinary inability to understand human nature as exhibited in the House of Commons, the arrangement and conduct of business there have been one continuous failure. The fact is admitted by everybody; the explanation sought to be given of it by Ministerialists—obstruction, concealed or open—is ludicrously false, and the true one is to be found in the fact that, while Mr Gladstone can move, charm, frighten, fascinate the House of Commons, he cannot manage it, nor arrange its business successfully. No Minister ever relied so confidently on being able to carry out a complicated programme, dependent on every hour being devoted to its particular subject, and yet no Minister ever took so little pains to secure the attendance of colleagues and followers, or so frequently allowed his own emotions and idiosyncrasies to interfere with and defeat his settled plan of campaign. A history of the counts-out during the last two sessions would be an instructive chapter in the life of Mr Gladstone's present Administration, and a curious commentary on the oft-lamented backwardness of Supply, and the disarrangement of Government busi-

ness. The slack attendance of official members at nine o'clock on the Tuesdays and Fridays, the mornings of which had been appropriated by the Government, contrasts most unfavourably with the attendance of their predecessors under similar circumstances; and more than one instance has occurred during the past session when, owing to this cause, an opportunity of forwarding Supply has been lost on Friday night. The influence exercised by Mr Gladstone's idiosyncrasies in retarding public business was signally exhibited in his treatment of the miserable Bradlaugh business from first to last, and in his petulant but abortive attempt to frustrate the legitimate action of the House of Lords in instituting an inquiry into the working of the Irish Land Act. In the first matter, affecting deeply and exclusively the rules, rights, and privileges of the House of Commons, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of its nominal leader twiddling idly his stick and gloves, while he committed the duty of vindicating its authority and effecting its deliberate purpose to the leader of the Opposition. It is impossible to doubt that, had Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, or Lord Beaconsfield been in Mr Gladstone's place, the decision of the House, once arrived at, would have been firmly upheld by its leader, and the pitiable loss of time occasioned by Mr Gladstone's feminine spitefulness and chagrin avoided. So with respect to the censure on the House of Lords, can any one conceive either Lord Palmerston or Sir Robert Peel interrupting important Government business at a critical period of the session for the purpose of launching a *brutum fulmen* at the head of the other House of Parliament? Nor is mismanagement and consequent failure less conspicuous in the division of

legislative work between the two Houses. The legislative confusion arising primarily from this mismanagement, reached its climax during the last fortnight of the session, when a few score wearied members did their best to grapple with a tangled mass of heterogeneous measures, intermixed with Supply and Indian Finance. But in spite of these unusual and objectionable attempts to force through a jaded Parliament at the end of August a series of bills without even the pretence of fair discussion, a glance at the Royal Speeches delivered at the opening and close of the session reveals how small a part of the programme announced in February has been accomplished. Codification of the Criminal Law; the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal; the Bill for perpetuating and amending the Ballot Act; the Reform of County Government; the Bill for the better Government of the Metropolis; the Conservancy of Rivers, and Prevention of Floods; the Police Bill and the Universities Bill for Scotland; that for Education in Wales. Where are all these legislative proposals which formed the staple of the Speech from the Throne, as far as domestic legislation was concerned? Out of fourteen distinct measures there enumerated, nine are abandoned, and this in a session to which new rules for the prompt despatch of business in the House of Commons have been, for the first time, applicable! Sir Stafford Northcote performed a public service in reviewing *à la* Lyndhurst, on the Appropriation Bill, the dreary catalogue of Ministerial failures. The only bill of any importance permitted to be introduced into the House of Lords, the Criminal Act Amendment Bill, is superciliously abandoned in favour of such measures as the Scotch Local Government Bill and the

National Debt Bill, which possess no claims to urgency, and might be with perfect propriety postponed to next session; while such measures as the English and Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bills, which might most advantageously have been started in the House of Lords, are only allowed to find their way there in August. The question arises, Is this treatment of the House of Lords mismanagement and stupidity, or a deliberate attempt to lower the hereditary Chamber in the opinion of the country? We confidently anticipate that, to whichever cause it is to be attributed, the popular verdict will rank it among the administrative failures of this pretentious Administration.

The deplorable failure which has deluged Zululand with blood may be attributed to either administrative or diplomatic incapacity; indeed it may fairly be cited as a pregnant instance of both. Against the opinion of the colonial authorities, and yielding to the clamour of a small but noisy section of sentimental politicians, Government determined to commit the administrative imprudence of restoring Cetewayo to his kingdom; and having come to that foolish conclusion, Lord Kimberley, with his usual confident feebleness, proceeded to negotiate with Cetewayo on the one hand, and Sir Henry Bulwer on the other, the terms on which the restoration should take place. That Cetewayo ever understood the restrictions imposed on his restored sovereignty is extremely doubtful; that he misunderstood and exaggerated the effects of his reception by the Queen, and the royal presents bestowed upon him, is almost certain. The result was that he arrived in Zululand expecting to find the whole country and people at his disposal, and was not unde-

ceived until defeat overtook him. Gross, however, as was the blunder in restoring to him the chief part of his former kingdom, the speedy catastrophe might have been postponed or prevented had Lord Derby listened to the advice of Sir T. Shepstone and Sir H. Bulwer, and placed a British agent in the kraal of Usibebu. That, however, would have cost a few hundred pounds, and so Lord Derby characteristically declined to sanction the small expenditure which might have saved the Zulu policy of the Government from speedy and ignominious failure.

In Afghanistan the tardy offer of a large subsidy to the Ameer is an admission that the vaunted policy of masterly inactivity and non-interference in Afghan politics has failed, and been abandoned; and "the scuttling out of Afghanistan," on which so much self-laudation was expressed by Ministerial lips, turns out to have imposed a not inconsiderable yearly charge on the Indian exchequer. Of Lord Ripon's general administration of India what can be said, except that if to set race against race, to shake the confidence alike of natives and Europeans in the permanence and stability of our rule, and to deter British capitalists from investing in Indian industries, be the signs of administrative incompetence, then must his vicerealty be pronounced an undoubted and an alarming failure.

On no administrative question was the late Government more abused than on the manner in which it proposed to deal with the water-supply of London, and of all its critics none was more loud or vehement than the present Home Secretary. For three years and a half he has been in office—by how much have the water consumers of the metropolis benefited by his presence in Whitehall? To the

extent of an angry, petulant, and foolish speech delivered to an influential deputation from Westminster, the purport of which was that, unless and until the water consumers of London would agitate in favour of a measure for the so-called reform of all the existing metropolitan representative institutions which he kept in a Home Office pigeon-hole, no relief should they have from the grievances of which they complained. Hampered by his reckless denunciation of Sir R. Cross's wise and equitable scheme, unable to devise a better one, and driven into a corner by the deputation, he confessed that the only interposition he contemplated was permitting the municipal council of the future to make what bargain they could with the existing companies. Fortunate indeed will be the ratepayers of reconstituted London if the bargain so made approaches within a million of that prepared for them by the careful estimates of the late Mr E. J. Smith, and embodied in the rejected proposals of the late Government as a basis of negotiation. But this easy and comfortable system of evading the duties of practical administration under cover of waiting for some grandiose reform "*quod non ulla tulit, Fertve feretve dies*," is not confined to the Home Office. In a similar spirit, when the Derbyshire magistrates appeal to the Local Government Board for assistance to check the nuisance and danger to life and limb arising from the present use of traction-engines on roads, they are informed that the nuisance and danger must be submitted to until it shall please Government to introduce, and Parliament to pass, a comprehensive measure of county administration. So, again, year after year promise is given in the Queen's Speech of a Bill for the Prevention of Floods; but winter succeeds

winter without a practical step being taken by the Government to arrest or control the aqueous mischief they affect every spring to deplore. These are some, and some only, of the domestic failures of Mr Gladstone's Administration.

If from colonial and domestic we turn to foreign affairs, the diplomatic failures are, if possible, still more salient and uniform. For months and months after the formation of the new Government, the most confident hopes were held out that a commercial treaty with France would be arranged on a free-trade basis; and that in its negotiation the part of Mr Cobden in 1860 would be played by Mr Chamberlain and Sir C. Dilke, that of the Emperor Napoleon by Monsieur Gambetta. The wishes and feelings of the French people were to be set aside and overborne for their essential good by their virtual ruler; but, alas! after every chamber of commerce in the United Kingdom had placed its views upon record, and the unfortunate agricultural interest had been permitted to state its grievances under the proposed new French tariff, it transpired that the great French opportunist cared more for a majority in the Chamber than he did for the applause of the Cobden Club, the cordial alliance of England, or even the private friendship of Sir C. Dilke; and so the record of the first diplomatic failure of Mr Gladstone's Administration may be read (by those who have plenty of idle time on their hands) in the voluminous Blue-books which detail the progress and collapse of the negotiations for a new commercial treaty between France and Great Britain. As soon as it was clear that no treaty would be signed, Ministerial apologists discovered that it was a matter of

little or no concern to us, and that, on the whole, it was, perhaps, just as well that we should be without a treaty as with one; but Mr Gladstone's Budget of 1880 bore eloquent testimony to the value he attached to it, by the financial provision he made for dealing with wine duties under it. We indeed bore the loss with more than equanimity, having given our reasons for objecting to any commercial treaty in the autumn of 1881;<sup>1</sup> but that the failure of those protracted negotiations, and the establishment of a still more hostile tariff in France, were felt and resented in Downing Street as a severe and heavy blow to its diplomacy, is beyond doubt or dispute.

Having affronted Austria, alienated Turkey, and rendered Germany, to say the least of it, indifferent to our alliance, it was on France, republican France, that our Government leaned for support in European and Eastern complications, and have, instead of support, met with nothing all through but desertion or opposition. Immediately succeeding the commercial treaty fiasco came the unprovoked French aggression on Tunis: in hopes of propitiating our sensitive neighbours, our Government assented to that series of high-handed proceedings, and Tunis, for all practical purposes, is now part of Algeria. But did Lord Granville, by his urbane acceptance of French aggression in this instance, secure French support in the subsequent Egyptian crisis? No! though he sought it eagerly, submissively, obsequiously, to the extent even of offending and affronting the just pretensions and susceptibilities of Turkey, with whom on such a question, it was of the utmost importance we should maintain a

<sup>1</sup> See "Tariff Reform," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' October 1881.

good and thorough understanding. Lord Dufferin, indeed, out of the blunders and failures of the Government he served with such conspicuous brilliancy, achieved an enhanced reputation for diplomatic adroitness; but while he may be credited with a temporary success over the timid and slow diplomacy of the Porte, we fear that, in the long-run, the unfavourable judgment which Prince Bismarck is reported to have passed on our Franco-Turkish-Egyptian policy will be justified by the result, and that we shall have cause to number with regret among the diplomatic failures of the Government its treatment of Turkey in Egyptian affairs. Of the last great failure in the series of French negotiations—that connected with the Suez Canal—it is not necessary to say much. Condemned by the unanimous voice of the country, the only defence really attempted to be made of its injurious and unpatriotic provisions was that, if we ventured to dispute M. de Lesseps' right to impose what terms he pleased on British ships and British commerce, we should offend the susceptibilities of the French nation, and jeopardise the continuance of our cordial relations with that emotional people. Thus, *qualis ab incepto*, Mr Gladstone is still pursuing the *ignis fatuus* of a special alliance with France, and endeavouring to purchase it by concessions of every kind—diplomatic, commercial, financial: and all in vain. The French people, and the French press, while gratefully noting for future use his admittance of M. de Lesseps' monopoly, persist in regarding our occupation of and action in Egypt, and the conduct of our consuls and missionaries all over the globe, as dictated by unworthy jealousy of France, and as

constituting a legitimate ground for future quarrel when the convenient occasion shall arise.

In order, apparently, to show that the Foreign Secretary could successfully negotiate a treaty with a foreign Power, and perhaps with a view of conveying a delicate hint to France that we were capable of checkmating her aggressive designs in at least one quarter of the globe, at the commencement of the session it was announced that negotiations were pending between the Government and Portugal for the recognition by the former of the territorial claims of the latter to certain possessions in the region of the Congo—claims which had always been repudiated by this country. No sooner was the public made aware of what was contemplated than two influential sections of the community took alarm, and the commerce of the country, represented by Liverpool and Manchester in the persons of Mr Jacob Bright and Mr Whitley, and the missionary enterprise in that of Mr W. E. Forster, denounced the proposed arrangement in the House of Commons on the 3d April; and from that day to this no more has been heard of the treaty, which, like the Suez Canal capitulation, condemned by everybody, must be ranked among this Government's diplomatic failures.

But humiliating and damaging or disappointing as all the above-named failures are to the Government, they at any rate occurred before the ratification of Parliament had been formally accorded to them. A worse and more flagrant failure remains to be considered. While Lord Kimberley was preparing anarchy and desolation for Zululand, the vaunted Convention of Prætoria was expiring before his eyes, under the contemptuous in-

fringement of its most sacred provisions by the triumphant Boers. The treaty itself, no doubt, was contemptible, and was torn to pieces on its promulgation in Lord Cairns's memorable speech in the House of Lords; but it nevertheless invested the sovereign with certain defined rights and duties as suzerain of the land, and among them stood out in clear relief the duty of protecting the native chiefs and people who had befriended us during the war, both within and without the Transvaal. To the eternal discredit of the English name in South Africa, under the pusillanimous guidance of Mr Gladstone and Lord Derby, that duty has been absolutely abandoned, and those to whose protection we were bound, not only by gratitude but by solemn treaty obligations, and by the honour and respect due to the suzerain in whose name those obligations were incurred, have been deprived of lands, and homes, and liberty, without the slightest effort being made to prevent that wrong being inflicted on them, that disgrace on us—but "*le roi est mort—vive le roi!*" The Convention of Prætoria is dead; but, baffled and disgraced, Mr Gladstone, with smiling countenance, informs the House of Commons that three Boer officials are coming to England in the autumn, when Parliament is not sitting, with a fresh treaty in their pocket, the terms of which the Cabinet will be happy to consider. Doubtless that treaty, before it is signed, will contain provisions for safeguarding the lives and lands of such natives as may be alive and in possession of land at that time. But let the Boer negotiators take courage: so long as Mr Gladstone is Prime Minister, and Lord Derby responsible for colonial affairs, the Government of Prætoria, or its subjects, may continue to violate with

impunity all the provisions of the new convention.

The financial failure was practically admitted when Mr Gladstone, having done nothing to signalise his reign at the Exchequer (beyond commuting the malt duty into a beer tax in a manner which evoked no gratitude from the growers of barley), resigned the Chancellorship into Mr Childers's hands. That gentleman's first essay at a Budget was unfortunate. All that was original or contentious in it had to be abandoned; and in order to avoid defeat, the provisions relating to silver plate and the collection of the income tax were withdrawn. In order to compensate the Chancellor of the Exchequer for that inaugural disappointment, Mr Gladstone determined to press forward, even in the month of August, the complicated and premature National Debt Bill. But although Mr Rylands had been squared, and withdrew his opposition to it at the last moment, in deference, it is believed, to Mr Childers's personal appeal *ad misericordiam*, and though Mr Gladstone exercised more than his usual dexterity in magnifying the evils which would flow from its rejection, before the debate closed he found it expedient to abandon what was called the rolling-up clause, and to reduce the measure to far less ambitious dimensions. It must have been gratifying to Sir Stafford Northcote to notice the full recognition by its whilom critics of the complete and permanent success of his Sinking Fund Act of 1875; indeed, Mr Childers and Mr Gladstone urged the support their measure would afford to that Act as one of its principal merits. The extreme eagerness with which those financiers have puffed their reductions of debt, evinces an uneasy consciousness that another class of re-

ductions, to which they stand committed by the most absolute pledges and promises, has been altogether overlooked. Army, Navy, Civil Service, every branch of public expenditure grows and thrives under their reforming and retrenching management; and the Prime Minister, confronted by his violent diatribes against the extravagance of his more economical predecessors, has recourse to the poor and pitiful device of shifting the blame of swollen and ever-increasing estimates from the shoulders of Government to those of the House of Commons, elected, be it remembered, on the cry of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform; and which has been pronounced by Mr Bright to be the best House of Commons ever elected. This excuse, translated into plain English, means that an economical Government is unable to resist the pressure of its extravagant supporters; but it is a little surprising that so scrupulous and high-toned a Minister should consent, even at the bidding of his political supporters, to saddle the taxpayers of the country with an expenditure which he believes in his conscience to be unnecessary, and consequently unjust. But so it is; and the taxpayers of the country now know to their cost, at the end of the fourth session of Mr Gladstone's Administration, that so long as he remains in office their burdens may be shifted, but will not be diminished, even if not perceptibly augmented.

Nor have the ratepayers fared much better than the payers of taxes. True it is that last year, in order to avoid a defeat on Colonel Harcourt's motion, Mr Gladstone accepted it, and a subsidy of £200,000 a-year is now voted in aid of highway maintenance; but the school board and other local rates have more

than absorbed that slight relief, and the only comfort the ratepayers are offered is the promise that, some time or other, after London has been endowed with a brand-new municipality, county boards will be established which may, if they can, effect a diminution of local burdens. Meanwhile, in consequence of this flagrant failure to deal with local taxation, it is satisfactory to note the decided progress made in public opinion towards recurring to the ancient and just system of rating, and bringing, through the agency of the income-tax machinery, personal property under charge for poor-law and other so-called local, but really national purposes.

If, then, in all the great departments of State policy, the failures of the Government have been so numerous and conspicuous, can it be said that individual members of the Cabinet have redeemed general failure by personal success, and that on the retirement of Mr Gladstone, the country and the Liberal party can look forward with hope to a more successful management of public affairs? On the contrary, it is evident that in spite of all the faults of temper and conduct on the part of Mr Gladstone, to some of which we have just referred, he remains the centre round whom converge all the hopes and aspirations of the Liberal party. No Cabinet reputation has risen, and hardly one has escaped diminution. In 1880 it is not too much to say that in England Lord Hartington's was as potent a name to conjure with as Mr Gladstone's: at the next election who will invoke it? His individuality is merged in Mr Chamberlain's; and the weakness of his conduct in sacrificing the Contagious Diseases Act and his convictions, recalling his former capitulation on the question of

flogging in the army, has extinguished him as a leader; while the fatuity of his declaration at the beginning of the session, that he hoped six months would be the term of our occupation in Egypt, affords a melancholy measure of his political foresight and statesman-like wisdom. Sir William Harcourt has of late retired so much into the background that his claims to leadership have retired also; but it is pretty obvious that if revived, they would be seriously contested by Mr Chamberlain and the caucus. That Mr Chamberlain has particularly distinguished himself we will not assert, but he has contrived to keep his name well before the public; and the defiances he hurled at the recalcitrant Whigs, on the occasion of the Cobden dinner, show that if they continue to belong to the Liberal party, they must be content to act in subservience to him and his coadjutors. Lord Granville's ill-timed appearance at Birmingham, in the wake of Mr Bright and Mr Chamberlain, seems to set the seal to the future absorption of the Whigs in the Radical host; and the country must contemplate the complete ascendancy of the latter in the Cabinet on Mr Gladstone's withdrawal. Timidities like Lord Derby and Mr Goschen, and non-entities like Lord Kimberley and Mr Dodson, can offer no resistance to energy and determination in the persons of Sir C. Dilke and Mr Chamberlain. In leaving the personal aspect of our subject, it would be ungracious not to mention that out of the Cabinet two or three Ministers have favourably distinguished themselves. At the Post-office Mr Fawcett has

achieved great successes; and in the thankless and dangerous office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, Mr Trevelyan has shown a courage, energy, and impartiality deserving of all praise. But with these exceptions, and possibly that of Mr Shaw Lefevre, who, having little to do, has done that little well, we look in vain for proof of administrative or oratorical ability in the official hierarchy outside the Cabinet. Of Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Mr Ashley, Mr Cross, and Mr Courtney, it may only be said that they rarely open their mouths without giving unnecessary if unintentional offence.

Of the numerous, and, in some instances, not unimportant defeats sustained by the Government during this session, we have said nothing: they have become so frequent as to cease to attract much notice. But under the leadership of Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston, it is difficult to conceive a Liberal Government accepting such defeats as befell Mr Gladstone on the Affirmation Bill, and Mr Chaplin's motion on the importation of foreign cattle. A Government which can placidly disregard such signs of diminished confidence on the part of the House of Commons, may prolong its existence for another session or two. But failures such as those we have chronicled, gradually but surely produce an effect on the public mind; and whenever a general election takes place, there will be no more successful appeal to the electoral body on the part of our political friends than to the contrast between the extravagant speeches and programme of the Mid-Lothian campaign, and their ignominious failure in the imperial Parliament.



BLACKWOOD'S  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXVI.

OCTOBER 1883.

Vol. CXXXIV.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.—PART I.

“ She whom I have praised so,  
Yields delight for reason too:  
Who could deat on thing so common  
As mere outward-handsome woman?  
Such half-beauties only win  
Fools, to let affection in.”

—WITHER.

CHAPTER I.—“COME, ADVISE ME, BROTHER.”

“ But fixed before, and well resolved was she,  
As those who ask advice are wont to be.”

—POPE.

BEAUTY, health, ease, and a charming temper had all combined to hide from an inquisitive world the years that Matilda Wilmot had spent upon it. She looked young—she *was* young. If her skin was as fair, her eyes as bright, and her tresses as luxuriant as they had been twenty years before, not less was her blood as impetuous and her fancy as warm. She still walked, rode, danced, and skated with the best—was the star of the neighbourhood, the theme of every busy tongue, the envy of every jealous heart; and one abominable fact undid it all—Lady Matilda was, O heavens! a grandmother.

“It is the most ridiculous thing,” said her brother, — and

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Teddy did not relish ridiculous things in connection with himself and his belongings,—“it is the worst piece of luck that could have happened, that baby coming. Puts us all in the stupidest position. Just as if you and I were not laughed at enough already, the way we go on. Oh, I know, I know well enough. They say we’re a queer lot, and that sort of thing; and it will be worse than ever after this. I say, you know, we must do something; it’s no use staring at each other, and doing nothing to help ourselves. We shall be quizzed all over the place.”

“So we shall.” Matilda looked him in the face without the shadow

of a smile. "What are we to do? Come, advise me, brother. Think of something quickly, please."

"Ah, but that's it. It's easy to say, 'Think of something;' but what the dickens am I think of? There is only one way out of the scrape that I see, and that is for you to marry again, and cut the whole concern here."

"I have been married enough already," rejoined his sister. "Try again, my dear. Your prescription does not suit the complaint, doctor."

"Complaint! Well, I am glad to hear you have the sense to complain at least. 'Pon my word, it's too bad. However, all I can say is, you marry again."

"And all I can say is, I have been married once too often as it is."

"You women have no logic about you," burst forth Teddy impatiently. "Can't you see, now, that having had one bad husband at the start, it's long odds but you get a better to go on with? Can't you see that? Bless me! it's as plain as a pike-staff. It stands to reason."

"Very true; to be sure, it stands to reason. But, my dear brother, 'better' is a vague term. How much 'better,' I should like to know? And then you evidently contemplate my taking a course of husbands, increasing in excellence as I 'go on' with them. Pray, how many will be required?"

"Good gracious! you *are* unreasonable. I never said such a thing. Why, you might hit on the very man for you the very next time."

"I might, certainly."

"And then—there you are."

"True; then—there I am."

"Well, but," proceeded Lady Matilda, with infinite gravity, "supposing, Teddy,—just supposing, for the sake of prudence, you

know,—you are always telling me that I am not so prudent as I ought to be, so I intend to make an effort in future,—supposing, then, that I did not?"

"Did not what?"

"Hit on the right man."

"Well, of course—of course," said Teddy, slightly flustered, as was natural, by the suggestion,— "of course, you know, you must take your chance. I tell you it's long odds in your favour, but I can't say more than that. No man can say more than that. If you marry again——"

"In the abstract. Yes."

"In the abstract? Yes." He had not a notion, poor boy, what she meant, for Teddy was simple, very simple, as perhaps has been already gathered. "In the abstract, if you like. You marry again, anyway; and then—there we are."

"Then—there we are," repeated Lady Matilda, with the same cheerful enunciation and the same immovable countenance as before; "but, pardon me, dear Ted, explain a little—how?"

"Don't you see how? I'll soon show you, then. When you marry, I can come and live with you, and we can live anywhere you choose,—I am sure I don't care where, so long as it isn't here,——"

("Abstract husband, no vote," *sotto voce* observed Matilda.)

"We could go far enough away," proceeded her brother; "we could now, if we had a little more money—if we had not to hang on to Overton. I can't make out sometimes," with a little puzzled expression,— "I can't quite make out, Matilda, how it is that we haven't more money between us. I thought you had married a rich man."

"Oh, never mind—never mind that; we know all about that." Lady Matilda spoke rather hastily.

"Money is not interesting to either of us, Ted, and I want to hear more about your plan. Tell me what we should do when we had gone away from here, and where to go, and why go at all?"

"As to what we should do! We should do very well. I don't know what you mean by that. And then it's easy enough settling where to go. There are heaps of places, very jolly places, that I could get to know about, once I was on the look-out for them. Places always crop up once you are on the look-out; any one will tell you that."

"And now, why should we go at all?"

"Why?" Teddy opened his eyes, and stared at his sister. "Why? Have I not been telling you why all this time? I do believe you think I like to talk on, for talking's sake." (She did, but never let him know as much, listening patiently till the stream had run dry; but on this occasion Teddy was too sharp, and the subject was too engrossing.) "Why? To get quit of it, of course," he said.

"Of it! Of what?"

"That disgusting baby."

"Are you speaking of my grand-son, sir? Are you talking of a hapless infant only a few hours old, you unnatural monster? Shame upon you! fie upon you, young man! Pray, Mr Edward Sour-face, reserve such epithets in future for other ears; and be so good, sir, at the same time, to draw off some of the vinegar which is visible in your countenance, and let me have it presently as a fitting accompaniment to the oil which we shall see exhibited in that of my trusty and well-beloved son-in-law—since one will counteract the other, and thus shall I better be able to digest both. Why, Teddy, what an idiot you are!" said Lady Matilda, dropping all at once her mocking accents, and speaking gently and

playfully; "what an ado you make about the simplest and most natural thing in the world! I am married at eighteen, so of course Lotta improves on the idea, and marries *before* she is eighteen. I have a daughter, she has a son: in every way my child has followed the lead given her, and indeed eclipsed her mother from first to last."

"Fiddlesticks! Eclipsed her mother! *Lotta!*" cried Teddy, with undisguised contempt. "*Lotta!*" he said again, and laughed.

"Oh, Teddy, Teddy, you are not a good uncle. How can you laugh in that unkind way? Be quiet, sir, be quiet, I tell you; I won't have it. From a grand-uncle, too! Grand-uncle! Think of that, Teddy, love. Dear, dear,—'tis really vastly surprising, as the old ladies say."

"Vastly—something else," muttered Teddy.

"Mr Grand-uncle," began the teasing voice.

"Oh, shut up, can't you? Grand-uncle!" said Teddy, with such distaste that it seemed he loathed the very term, independently of its adherence to himself—"grand-uncle! Was there ever such bosh? It really——"

"What I was going to say was," pursued his sister, merrily, "that as the baby is a boy,—and youths under twenty do not usually affect matrimony in this country,—I may be permitted to entertain some hopes that I shall not be converted into a great-grandmother with the same delightful celerity with which I have already been turned into a grandmother."

Then there was a pause, during which the brother looked gloomily out of the window, while the sister found apparently a more agreeable prospect in her own thoughts, for she smiled once or twice before she spoke again. At last she rose from her seat. "I shall go over this afternoon, of course," she said.

"Over to Endhill?"

"Yes."

"Over to see that baby?"

"Yes."

"What on earth—do you really mean it? Are you really going to waste a whole afternoon slobbering over a wretched baby?"

"Only about ten minutes of it, dear; don't be cross; I shall not ask to see Lotta, as she had better be quiet——"

"——When is she ever any-else?"

"So we can just ride over, come back through the town, see what is going on, and have a fine gallop along the cliffs afterwards."

Now if there was one thing in the world Teddy Lessingham loved, it was to see what was going on in the old county town near which he had been born and bred; and if there was another, it was a gallop along the high chalky downs when the tide was full, and the sea-wind was blowing the waves right up over the beach beneath. Still he made a demur; he looked at the sky, and looked at Matilda,—“We shall get wet, of course.”

"Of course. Old clothes. It will do us no harm."

"I don't mind, I am sure, if you don't. What time then?" For though the young man had not been formally invited to go, let alone being consulted as to the expedition, it was assumed, indeed it was as much a matter of course that he was to be Matilda's companion as the horse she rode. To be sure he was. Where could he have gone but where she went? What could he have done that she would not have a part in? He never had a purpose apart from hers: her will was his law; her chariot-wheels his chosen place.

Nor was the widow less ardently attached to her young brother. She, the quickest-witted woman in the neighbourhood, never lost

patience with, never wearied of, her poor foolish Teddy, who, as was pretty well known, was not quite, not *quite* like other people, and yet was so very little wrong, wanting in such a very slight degree, that it was almost a shame to mention it,—and yet, if the truth were told, it was perhaps even more awkward and trying in some ways than if there had been more amiss. For Teddy considered himself to be a very knowing and remarkably wide-awake fellow. On his shoulders, he felt, rested a heavy weight of responsibility, and cares manifold devolved on his far-reaching mind. For instance, who but he kept up the whole social credit of Overton Hall in the eyes of the world? Did he not entertain strangers, remember faces, do the civil to the neighbourhood generally, whereas Overton and Matilda never thought of such things? Overton was “a very good brother, a precious good brother, and he was not saying a word against him;” but without saying a word against him, it is certain that the speaker felt and was scarcely at pains to conceal his sense of his own superiority. Overton, he would complain, had no idea of keeping things up to the mark—had no *nous*, no *go* in him; whereas Matilda, poor Matilda (here he would wag his head with sombre sagacity)—poor Matilda was such a flighty, here-there-everywhere, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care sort of creature, that if it were not for *him*,—oh, it was no wonder Teddy had a serious aspect, all things considered.

Perhaps Matilda was at times diverted and at times provoked; but at any rate she took care that no one else should be either one or the other in her presence. In everything she supported and fortified her brother. He lectured her, and she listened dutifully. He

put forth his wisdom, and it was met by gentle raillery or grave assent. His wildest assertions, his most pitiful arguments, were softened, smoothed, and helped tenderly out of the conversation,—so that even those who liked the fair Matilda least—and they were women, we may be sure—even those allowed that she was wonderfully, extraordinarily “nice” with Teddy.

Now Teddy could be irritating. There were times when he would be sharp, sharp as a needle, and sharp inevitably at the wrong moment and in the wrong way. The thing that it was particularly desirable that he should not see, and should know nothing about, he would perceive by intuition—and that, however absent-minded and dull and stupid he might have seemed but the moment before. There was no evading his penetration, and no putting him off the scent once he struck it: he saw like a lynx, and heard like a Red Indian, when it suited him.

Then perhaps when such smartness was particularly mischievous in its results, and Teddy would meet with the mildest of rebuffs from those whom he had so wantonly maltreated, he would be very highly aggrieved indeed. Perhaps the rebuff might never even come to be spoken, but a something in the air would show that all was not well, and this was enough; he was out of favour, and he was bound to show resentment; nor, when he thus took the bit between his teeth, could all the united efforts of Overton and Matilda dislodge it. He was not to be either cajoled or coerced out of his mood. Silence, obstinate, unyielding, leaden-weighted silence, would be his refuge; and while the fit lasted, which it might do for days at a time, neither the earl nor his sister had much peace of mind. Vague

misgivings would creep into their bosoms and betray their presence by uneasy whispers and glances, if Teddy's whereabouts were unknown for any length of time: if he lingered out of doors after the great bell had sounded from the tower at luncheon-time or dinner-time, one would be at the staircase window, and another looking casually out of the front door. They would watch him disappear across the park, and when once the tall handsome figure was out of sight, and Teddy could have no suspicion that he was being spied upon, one or other would be pretty sure to follow, and be merely strolling about in the same direction, if by chance they were obliged to let him see he was not alone. He would not address the intruder on his solitude. He would look angrily away, mutter to himself, and pass on. The servants would understand that Mr Edward was in a “temper,” and avoid him; his very dog would make no efforts to engage his notice.

But this is Teddy at his worst. These ugly days are few and far between,—thank God they are, or what might they not lead to? They come but seldom, and go as they come, unquestioned, unblamed. Gradually the cloud begins to roll away, a softer look steals back to the face, the lips part in a smile, the whistle to Gruff brings Gruff rampant to his master's side, and it is plain that all is to be right again.

Overton nods to Matilda, and she nods back. Overton addresses Teddy as though nothing had happened, and Matilda takes it for granted that he will join her in some little jaunt or other, previously arranged and ready to be brought forward,—and they both talk away to him and take his arm, and pat him on the back, just as if he had not persistently avoided

their company as much as he could for the last thirty or forty hours, and had not, when compelled to endure it, maintained an unbroken, sullen, affected unconsciousness of their presence. That is past, and he may be approached again. He looks a little anxious, a little ashamed: a vague feeling of having been naughty oppresses the lad as it would a child, and his spirits gratefully rise as he perceives he is not to be punished for his misbehaviour. If Overton were cold to him, or, worse still, were Matilda to quarrel with him, all Teddy's happiness in life would be gone, for these two beings people his world, and in their unfailing forbearance and affection he basks as in sunshine.

"Yet Mr Edward talks sensible enough," avers the old major-domo of Overton, who has known Mr Edward from his cradle. "I've seen folks as taken as they could be with Mr Edward, I can tell you; and my lord not being married, nor looking that way, there's many would jump at the young one on the chance. Lord bless you, he ain't far wrong, not by no means! he is just a bit simple and foolish like; but who's to know that that sees him in company?—such a fine well-set-up young gentleman to look at, a-talking here, a-talking there, always quite easy and comfortable, and dressed—there ain't a better-

dressed gentleman in London. For one coat of my lord's Mr Edward have half-a-dozen; and as to trousers, Joseph here tells me he wouldn't like to give a guess even at what his trouser bill is. My lord, he pays: bless you, he don't say nothing to nobody, but he just pays and keeps the receipts. He ain't as poor as Mr Edward thinks, d'ye understand? 'Twould never do to let Mr Edward have every suvering *he* wanted, or we should soon be in the workhouse; but he gets his little bit of money that his father left him, just to make believe, d'ye see? He gets it paid regular down, and he fusses over it, and thinks it's all he have to live upon,—and to be sure he can see well enough 'tis but a trifle,—so that just keeps him down nicely. To hear him sometimes telling folks how poor he is! But he forgets, you know,—he forgets, does Mr Edward. Lor'! you may talk to him by the hour together, and he don't know nothing at the end. Tell him a thing, and he takes it in all right enough; but it just goes through and through his head without stopping—in at the one ear and out at the other, before any good or bad comes of it. If it weren't for Lady Matilda——," and the old man shook his head.

It was in this light that the Hon. Edward Lessingham was looked upon by the inmates of Overton Hall.

## CHAPTER II.—"YET YOU USED TO SEEM HAPPY."

"A coronet, my lord goes by,  
My lady with him in the carriage,—  
You'd never guess from that proud eye  
It was a miserable marriage."  
—ANON.

And now we must more formally introduce our readers to Overton Hall itself, and to the three representatives of the Overton family now alone remaining, since they

were, one and all, so far from being unremarkable, that in any rank, among any associates, they must still have attracted notice. As it was, as the first people of

the place, they were an unfailing source of gossip, conjecture, and comment in a particularly barren and unfruitful neighbourhood. Providence had been kind to the parish in bestowing on it such a patron as Lord Overton, and such a pair as Teddy and Matilda for his brother and sister. No three people could have done more for the dull out-of-the-way old-world part they lived in, and that involuntarily; for, truth to tell, it was not all the money they gave away, the schemes they organised, the example they set, which was half so much valued among the villagers as their freaks and fancies, their whims and vagaries, their doings and sayings, their goings and comings,—these were the real benefit, the real, actual, positive benefit, which was conferred, and for which gratitude was due.

Overton Hall, far from the busy world—at least as far as it is possible to be in England—in these highly strung and terribly communicative days—four miles from a small and sleepy wayside station, in plainer terms, was sunk in a hollow (though Lady Matilda would never allow as much)—was, at any rate, far down the slope of a long low Sussex hillside; and although pleasant enough as a summer residence, was looked upon by all but its inhabitants as absolutely unendurable after the fall of the leaf. When October had once fairly set in, the park would be a series of swamps, over which faint blue mists hung incessantly; the red walls of the old Elizabethan mansion would be visible for miles on every side when the thin scrubby woodlands around had been stripped of their foliage; and it had been said over and over again that no people but the Overtons themselves, no residents less pertinaciously attached to their native

place, would ever have lived on through winter after winter in such a dreary spot.

That they did so, however, from choice, was a priceless boon to those who, from necessity, followed their example. So little of the Overtons went such a long way; they were so rich in resources in themselves, so replete with material for the wits of others to work upon; one was so unlike the other, and all were so unlike the rest of their neighbours,—that the one universal feeling was, they could never have been replaced, had any evil chance taken them away. What they did, and what they left undone, was of almost equal interest; why Lord Overton took a morning instead of an afternoon walk, made talk for half-a-dozen tongues. What carriages went from the Hall to meet such and such a train? When they returned? Who were in them? Was Teddy seeing the guests off when he was met driving down on the following day; or were they stopping over Sunday? All of this was food for ardent speculation; and the erection of new park palings, or a fresh lodge at the edge of the low wood, was not of more vital importance than the health of Matilda's sick parrot, or the consideration as to the length of time her whimsical ladyship had worn her one bonnet in church.

Although all three were thus constantly before their public, it, however, by no means followed that they were on the same footing in the public mind; and strange to say, the elder brother, the least striking, the least notable as he was of any, had to him the *pas* given; but then the case stood thus: Lord Overton was one whom no one—except, perhaps, the very few who had known him closely from boyhood—believed in. He was, at the time our story

commences, in the prime of life—that is to say, he was forty years old, and looked his age. He was short, stumpy, plain, and worse than plain, coarse in feature, and marked, though but slightly, with smallpox. He was, in fine, not passively, but aggressively ill-favoured; not insignificant, not one who might have been cast in a mould whence hundreds more of the same could be turned out to order if required, but he was the unfortunate possessor of a face which might have been constructed upon trial, and found so unsatisfactory as to have been never reproduced.

But then he was the Earl of Overton. What signified it to the Earl of Overton how he looked, or of what formation was his nose, or chin, or mouth? What did it matter that he shambled in his walk, slouched in his chair, and sat inches lower than his sister? What though he had not Teddy's easy grace and swinging step, or the bell-like tones of Matilda's voice? He was the Earl of Overton. These things were, or ought to have been, considerations quite beneath the Earl of Overton. In virtue of the solitary possession birth, he should have been more potent than the Apollo Belvidere, or the sage Æsop. He should not have supposed it possible that he could look amiss, or act amiss, or talk too much or too long.

Nobody could believe that he did think it possible; and thus it was that, as we have said, nobody believed in the man himself.

He was a mystery—a cynic; he was proud as Lucifer; he was mad as a March hare. It was said of him that not all his ancestors for generations back had held themselves so high as he did. He was dubbed a recluse and a monk; while, to carry out the pleasant suggestion, the Hall itself would be termed the monastery (but if

it were one, like unto some in the olden time it must have been, when monks were merrier than they are now). This, however, is an aside between the reader and the writer,—in the eyes of the good folk round the simile was apt. But what puzzled them a little, and set one or two thinking, was this, that after all, though everything that was heard of Lord Overton bespoke him proud, stern, and self-contained—after all, if you met the earl face to face, if he *had* to look at you and *had* to speak to you, his look was wonderfully meek and his voice gentle.

Now Lord Overton thought no more of himself than if he had been a city scavenger. That was the real truth, and in that truth lay the perplexity. People could not understand, would not, indeed, credit for a single second the notion that so great a man could be humble-minded.

And how came it that he was so? Probably after this fashion. His parents had been vain, selfish, and ambitious; and they could ill brook the idea that their first-born, their heir, the future head of the house, should give no promise of bringing to it either honour or repute. Overton had from infancy been awkward, ugly, and illiterate. There was no hope that he would shine either as a politician, or as a courtier, or as a soldier, or as—in short, anything. Teddy had eclipsed him in beauty, Matilda in intellect, and the latter had been the father's, the former the mother's darling. With neither had he been in the smallest degree of consequence, over neither had he possessed any influence, and they had only noticed his being the eldest as a fresh source of vexation, since he did the position so little credit.

It had all sunk deeply into a nature already reserved, bashful, and backward.



Not all the subsequent fuss about the peer in possession; not all the flattery of time-servers, anxious to worship the risen sun; not even time and reflection, could shake Overton's conviction that he was a nobody, and would always be a nobody.

It was impossible, Matilda said, to open her eldest brother's eyes. He could never see that he was needed, never suppose that he could be wanted.

For instance, it was tolerably palpable when old Lady Finsbury—the dear old dowager who lived in the very small house along the London Road—when the old lady herself drove to the Hall on purpose to secure the party for a little dinner—such a little dinner as she could give and liked to give,—it was plain that the presence of Overton himself on the occasion was not only desired, but was of first-rate importance. He was more than wanted, he was anxiously, painfully wanted,—but the idea never occurred to him that it could be so. He thought it very kind, uncommonly kind, of Lady Finsbury to ask them all; but three out of one house were quite too many for her little room—(Lady Matilda winced and looked at the speaker, but he saw nothing),—he should not think, should not really think, of trespassing on her hospitality to such an extent. On the point he was firm as a rock. Teddy was of so much more use than he in society that Teddy must go, of course, and Lady Finsbury would kindly excuse him. Of course Lady Finsbury went away mortified, poor soul. Of course she told the story of her defeat with variations, *crescendos*, and *diminuendos*, as it suited her, to half-a-dozen intimates ere the week was out; and of course they one and all agreed that the dear creature had been abominably ill-used, and that Lord

Overton must have been a perfect brute to say to her face that she had not a room in her house fit for him to sit in.

Meantime Matilda would be groaning in spirit at home. "Oh, Overton, Overton, when will you learn to understand, when will you ever say the right thing? Can't you see, oh, can't you see, you dear blind, blind, blindest of blind beetles, in what a dreadful state of mind you have sent home that poor harmless unoffending old lady? She had done you no injury, she had come brimming over with goodwill and loving-kindness to us all, and instead of accepting graciously her little overtures, and crowning her with joy and gladness, you dashed her hopes to the ground, and seemed to take pleasure in trampling upon them when they were there."

"Good gracious, Matilda, what do you mean? What have I done?"

"Done—done! 'that which can't be undone,' I can tell you, my dear. And after all, why would you not go? You have no reason for refusing. You had not even manners to put forth the ghost of an excuse——"

"——As to excuse, I told her the truth. I was very much obliged, and I understood perfectly,—she thought she could not ask Teddy and you without me, and so she asked me too,—but she did not want me a bit, and as I did not want to go, I thought it was much the best way to take it on myself to refuse. She was quite satisfied. Did you not see she stopped asking me at once——"

"Yes, indeed, I did see that."

"Well, what more would you want?"

"Want? Oh, Overton!"—she stopped to laugh and sigh in despair—"who could believe you could be so—well, never mind, you

meant it for the best, but you never, never do yourself justice; and how are people to know that it is all because you are so unfortunately, outrageously, insufferably modest? They won't believe it, nobody will believe it; and besides, you do say such things: now you can see this, surely, that Lady Finsbury could not like your reflecting on her little rooms?"

"I did not 'reflect' on them at all. I merely said we were too many for them; I 'reflected' on *us* if I 'reflected' on any one."

"If you thought we were too many, why should not Teddy have stayed at home, or at least have offered to stay at home, and you and I have gone together? That might have been done."

"To be sure it might,—but to be sure, also, I knew better than that. Why, of course," continued Lord Overton, with a momentary bitterness which showed that although the old wounds of childhood might have been healed, they still woke and smarted at times—"of course, any one would rather have Teddy than me. Don't you suppose I know that? Teddy ornaments the rooms, and keeps everybody going with his talk, while I am good for nothing. Do you think I have forgotten that he was always sent for to the drawing-room as a boy, while it was never thought desirable that *my* studies should be interrupted? Did he not invariably accompany our mother to town when she went to one gay place and another, and was not I left at home? Who taught *me* to play and sing, or gave me masters for dancing, or sent me abroad to learn languages? I am such an oaf that I can't enter a room like other people. I can't speak a tongue but my own. I am not fit for society——"

"You are fit for *any* society. Overton, my dear Overton, don't

talk like that," said Matilda, springing forward to put her hand on his arm as he was turning to leave the room. "You deceive yourself—indeed, indeed you do,"—her own eyes reflecting the moisture in his. "Teddy, poor Teddy, you know what he is; surely you do not begrudge him advantages which have just made him passable—just enabled him to go through the world without bringing down its ridicule upon his head; surely you see——," she paused.

"I see, Matilda—I see, I know, I understand; but I cannot help feeling—oh, you know well enough what I feel."

"And you are so kind to him," pursued she, with a sudden sob; "yes, you are—you are. No one would be like you to him—the best, the dearest, the——"

"Well, well, never mind; why, it's all right, of course it's all right; they meant to do their duty by us both, I suppose; and one ought not to speak against one's father and mother—specially when they are dead, but——"

"Think what they did for *me*," said Matilda, in a low voice, but with drier eyes.

Her brother was silent.

"Did they not marry me when I was but a girl, a child?" pursued his sister; "did they not give me to a man more than twice my age, who neither loved me nor feigned to love me, who was incapable of loving any one but himself? who made my life a burden——"

"Yet you used to seem happy."

"Was I happy? It must have been after a strange fashion then. Why, Overton, you say I used to seem happy. To *seem*? Yes; that is exactly the word. Was it likely I should do anything but 'seem'? To show the truth, to lay bare my wretchedness for every passer-by to gaze upon? No, indeed. The thing was done, and I

had but to keep up the farce as best I could. Well, well," continued Matilda in a brisker tone—"well, well, those days are past, and we are all very happy now, —are we not, dear? As to your being jealous of Teddy——"

"I never said I was jealous. How can you think such a thing?"

"As to imagining that Teddy can in any way fill your shoes, or take the place of Lord Overton in the sight of a hostess——"

"——Ay, that's it; I can follow you there. Possibly Lord Overton might be welcome, but I—I—myself——"

"——But you—you—yourself, being as you are, Lord Overton, cannot disassociate your person from your title, your body from—let me see what; at any rate you will not refuse the next invitation, and send home the next fair dame who brings it, dying with chagrin?"

Perhaps she would after such a discussion endeavour still further to explain matters, but the end of any such attempts would be almost always the same—a sort of storm of admiration and vexation on her part, and partial and temporary enlightenment on his.

Such a gleam would soon die out. He would go to the next party as he had been bid, would go internally quaking and outwardly cold and frigid, and although endeavouring to do his best, would somehow contrive to do it with the very worst effect possible. He would not stand on the hearth-rug; he would not play the earl; the most unostentatious back seat would infallibly be his resort, and the nearest person to him—quite possibly the humblest individual there—had such conversation as he possessed. It was not much: he would look wistfully and enviously at his younger brother, who, with artless complacency, and in the very best of

spirits, was prattling away first to one and then to another; who was moving about from place to place as anything caught his eye or engaged his attention; who, during the dinner which followed, would be beset on every side by fair ones anxious for his attention, for attention which he seemed willing and able to distribute to each and all impartially,—and he would wonder how Teddy did it. No such brilliant effusions came from him, no such happy sallies set the table laughing. It was hard on his companion, Lord Overton would consider; and graver and graver would grow his voice, and longer and longer his face, as the hours wore on. When all was over he would heave a sigh of relief, but even the relief was tempered by apprehension of a probable lecture on the way home; and thus it was scarcely to be wondered at that society liked the unfortunate nobleman little better than he liked society, and that although some—the charitable—merely called him stiff and stately, the greater part of his acquaintance characterised him as eaten up with pride.

And what of Matilda, the widow, the mother, and now the grandmother?

She was, as has been already said, a lovely woman; full of animal life; warm-blooded, high-spirited, and impetuous; a passionate partisan or an unsparing adversary; one who loved or hated with equal warmth; generous to a fault, or sarcastic to acrimony. At the age of thirty-seven—for she was three years younger than Overton—she still possessed in a redundant share the freshness, energy, and spring of youth—perhaps also some of its incompleteness. There was still promise to be fulfilled, still material for experience to work upon; but this

only added, as it seemed, to the charms of one already so charming—one who was too charming to be perfect. Her voice was soft, yet rich; never raised above an even medium note; yet so clear was the enunciation, and so resonant the tone, that wherever the sound of it was carried, words and meaning could be discerned also.

In figure she was tall, and though not more fully formed than became her age, yet giving indications that, in after life, she might become stout rather than thin.

But who shall describe the lustre of her large dark eye, by turns soft, subtle, searching, or sparkling, brimming, and mischievous? Who could forget the exquisite pose of her head, the broad low brow, the play of her lips, the curve of her chin, the rounded throat, the falling shoulder? No wonder that she was adored. No wonder that every man who had once seen, looked twice, thrice, whenever and wherever he could, at Lady Matilda.

How it came to pass that, with lovers in plenty, she had never contracted a second union, even Matilda herself would hardly have been able to explain. She neither was, nor had ever affected to be, a broken-hearted woman, one who had played out her part in a troublesome world, and had fain have no more ado with it: so far indeed from this being the case, people did say that, having been married off as fast as possible by parents who were solely anxious to get the skittish lass off their hands, the poor thing had been mercifully deprived of a husband whom no one could tolerate, and that probably the happiest day of her life had been that which saw her, all beclouded from head to foot in trappings of woe, brought back a widow to the home of her childhood. Over that home the kind

Overton now reigned, and over him Matilda herself meant to reign. She meant it, and she did it. Never had sister found a warmer welcome, and never had one been more needed or appreciated. She had flown at her brothers' necks, kissed, hugged, wept over them with—we hardly like to confess what kind of tears, but perhaps the two may have guessed,—at any rate, in their satisfaction, and in her own, each felt that, with Matilda back again, a new life had begun. Every want was supplied, every void filled up. Soon there began to be heard a firm light tread up and down the broad staircase; a cheerful woman's voice would issue forth through open doorways; and by-and-by a jest and a laugh would peep slyly out when Matilda's lips were open, as though half afraid to make known their presence, and yet unable to hide away longer. Sounds of music echoed from distant chambers; flowers, dewy and fragrant, met the eye about the rooms; there were parcels on the hall-table; there was a riding-whip here, and a pair of gloves there; and a neat little coat would be found hung up among the men's coats on the stand, and a sweet little hat would perch alongside the brothers' hats upon the pegs; and all this meant—Matilda.

Fresh wheel-marks down the avenue, showed that Matilda was out driving; the boat-house key lost, told that she had been out boating; the hothouse doors left ajar, betrayed that she had been eating the grapes.

Everywhere was Matilda felt, and to everything she had a right; and thus entrenched in comfort, authority, and contentment, sure it would have been a bold adventurer indeed who would have thought of storming such a citadel.

## CHAPTER III.—LOTTA.

“She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought—  
But never, never reached one generous thought.”

—POPE.

We must not, however, forget that up to within a very few months of the time our story opens, there had been another inmate of Overton Hall, and indeed an inmate who had no mean idea of her own importance. This was the little girl called Lotta, who, with large round eyes and demure step, accompanied her mother on Lady Matilda's return to the Hall. Now it must be confessed that the one very very slight thorn in the sides of the three chiefly concerned in this restoration was connected with the little Charlotte—or Lotta: they could not, any of them, be quite as fond of Matilda's child as they could have wished to be. It would have been natural for her to have been the centre of attraction to one and all—for the bereaved parent to have been absolutely devoted to her darling, and for the uncles to have found an unfailling source of interest and amusement in one who was at the endearing age of six, when childhood is especially bewitching, and when the second teeth have not yet begun to come. The whole household might have been provided with an object in Lotta. In taking care of her, watching over her, delighting her little heart with trifles, admiring the dawning of her intelligence, and recounting her sayings, an unflagging source of conversation and study might have been discovered: and, indeed, wise-aces shook their heads, and predicted that a nicely spoilt young lady Miss Charlotte Wilmot would grow up to be, in such an atmosphere, and with such surroundings.

They were mistaken. Lotta was

not spoilt after the fashion they thought of,—and this from no severe exercise of self-restraint on the part of Lady Matilda and her brothers, but simply because they were not so tempted. Nothing, indeed, made the widow more indignant than a hint that such was the case; hard and long she strove against the fact, against nature, against everything that favoured the distressing conviction, but she was overpowered at last, and almost allowed it to herself in her disappointment. She could not, try as she might, turn Charlotte into an engaging child: she petted her, played with her, romped with her; and Charlotte accepted it all without hesitation, but without originating either a caress or a frolic in return. What was wrong? No one seemed to know. From infancy the little girl had been a compound of virtues, and it was said of her that a less troublesome charge no nurse had ever possessed. At the age of eight she cut and stitched dolls' frocks without assistance, set herself her own tasks if her governess were unwell or absent, gave directions as to when tucks were to be let down or breadths let out in her frocks, and refrained—on principle—from tasting unknown puddings at table. What was there left for mother, or uncles, to do?

“She puts me to shame, I know,” cried Lady Matilda, valiantly; “she thinks of things in a way I never could, and quite wonderful in a child of her age. I don't know where I should be without Lotta, I am so forgetful about what has to be done, and she reminds me of

it just at the right time and in the right place. Do you know, she always asks nurse for her medicine"—Lotta being at the time ill with measles. "Nurse says there is no need for *her* to think about it, for as sure as the finger of the clock points to the hour, Lotta asks for her dose. Is it not nice, and—and thoughtful of the poor child?" And as she spoke thus bravely, almost fiercely, in defence of her offspring, no one would venture to differ from a word she said; indeed they would hastily and nervously agree, find more to say, discriminate between the little phenomenon and others, valorously finding a verdict in Lotta's favour, and watch the very tips of every syllable they uttered, lest anything should escape to rouse suspicion on the part of the parent, thus herself upon the watch against herself.

But how came Lotta to be a child of Lady Matilda—of the gay, careless, jocund Matilda? How came such a creature of habit and order to be associated with such a very spirit of heedlessness and improvidence? How grew such a methodical imp in such a casual soil? How, in short, came the dull, worthy, excellent, and most unattractive daughter, to be born of the brilliant, arch, incorrigible mother? A mystery of mysteries it was.

Lady Matilda did not like to have remarks made upon the subject. She was fond of Charlotte, maternally,—that is to say, Charlotte was her child, her only child, the little one whom she had watched from infancy, and who was to be her friend and companion in after life. She had rejoiced in being young for Charlotte's sake. Charlotte should have no sober-minded, middle-aged, far-away parent, who would smile benignantly on her games and toys, or listen

condescendingly to her tales of lovers and suitors, having neither part nor lot in such matters, and looking down in wisdom from a height above them. Such mothers were all very well; but she would be on a level with her child, hand and glove in all that went on, the maiden's chosen companion and intimate.

And then, behold, Lotta had needed no such companion; had felt herself sufficient for herself from earliest days; had, if the truth were told, an idea as she waxed older, that she was her mother's superior in sense and sagacity, forethought and prudence. What was to be done, this being the case? A wet day would come, and Lady Matilda, bored to death with a long afternoon in the house, would cheerfully propose—making Lotta the pretext—a game of battledore and shuttlecock in the gallery. Oh yes, Lotta would play if mamma wished it; but it would surely tire mamma, and for herself she would prefer going on with what she was doing. She was quite happy; she was preparing her lessons for the next day; she did not need any play, thank you. After such a snub, Matilda and Teddy would look at the child—Matilda with a perplexed curious look, Teddy with a grin—and then they would go off and play with each other, while not even the sounds of mirth and the regular monotonous tap-tap of the shuttlecock would bring the diligent and virtuous piece of industry from her self-set task.

"She might have been born an old woman," Matilda would mutter to herself; but she would take very good care not to let what had passed elicit a comment from Teddy. While Lotta was very young, and before it became absolutely certain what Lotta would

turn out, he knew that no animadversions on his niece would be permitted, and that his sister, sore because of her own disappointment, would not stand so much as an insinuation from others. It was when the little girl was most imposing and didactic, was least endurable, in other terms, that Lady Matilda's tongue ran fastest in her favour. What would her uncles have? They need not expect every child to be like other children, as if they were a pack of sheep. Lotta was all that any one could desire in the way of goodness and gentleness: and as for her little practical head, you might trust her with a whole list of articles to buy, and shops to go to, and she would not only forget nothing, but would bring her little account afterwards and make it balance to a farthing. "Which is more than I ever could do," the poor lady would add in conclusion.

But as Charlotte grew up there was less and less in common between her and her mother.

The latter could not hide from herself, as years went on, how limited in reality were her daughter's powers, and how commonplace her mind. The very governess learned to shrug her shoulders. "Yes, Miss Charlotte was not what you could call *bright*, not *quick*. She was a very good girl, very industrious, very diligent, but she had not the—the ability. No; she had no decided turn for anything. For languages, certainly not; for history, geography, grammar, pretty well; but music, drawing, poetry"—she would shake her head.

In short, Charlotte was a dullard, who never opened a book if she could help it, who neither knew nor cared to know what was in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, who seldom put a question, who never created an idea, and who was far more satisfied with her ig-

norance than the wisest philosopher with his knowledge. At seventeen Lady Matilda, who had indeed, as we know, no cause to advocate matrimony, was still fain to acknowledge to herself that when the young lady had finished with lessons there would be nothing for it but to marry her.

"Provided she gets a poor man she may do very well," reflected the unworldly mother; "a rich one would leave her far too little to think about; and as she has something of her own, she can never be really at a loss. Grant her a poor man—a moderately poor man—and she will find the most delightful occupation in economising, saving, looking after every bit and scrap, worrying her servants, and reducing everything she has in hand to system. She will do her own marketing, and turn her own gowns. She will have a bunch of keys as big as a bottle. Yes, yes; that must be it. Lotta must marry, and marry soon, or—well, there is no use denying it, she will drive us all out of our senses."

"Since Miss Grove has deserted us"—for the wily Miss Grove, oppressed by the staid solemnity of her one pupil, had flown to a livelier schoolroom, after having first assured Lady Matilda, with a mixture of artfulness and ingenuity, that it was of no use her staying on, as Miss Wilmot would never learn more than she knew already—"since Lotta has been her own mistress, she has become quite dreadful," owned poor Matilda to herself. "She proses to Overton like a woman of fifty, and seems to think that her mission in life is to keep us all in order. I am sure I really do not know what will be the end of it, if some charitable person does not take pity upon us, and appear to the rescue."

And then, as if by magic, who

should appear before the astonished eyes of the fair conjurer, but the very charitable person she sought, as though raised by her spells? It was too much. She was almost overpowered by her good luck. Could it be—could it really be? Was it possible, not to say actually the case, that here was Mr Robert Hanwell, the unexceptionable, not too rich, not too clever, not too exacting son and heir of old John Hanwell at the other end of the county, coming forward as a suitor for the hand of the youthful and charming and sadly perplexing Miss Wilmot?

Miss Wilmot's mamma clapped her hands when there was no one by to see her.

Then she was vexed with herself, and the tears came into her eyes as she saw what she had done. Was that the way to treat an event so serious? Was that the spirit wherein she should have received the news that her daughter's happiness was, humanly speaking, secured for life? She ought to have known better. Well did she know whence came this good thing, and who had taken thought of the widow and the fatherless, and a softer light shone in her eye, and the lip quivered a little, as associations and memory awoke, as they do awake at such times. Lotta would be happy in her husband, it appeared. Mr Hanwell was known to them all by repute, and repute spoke him a good man, come of a good stock. He was apparently much enamoured of Lotta; he had met her at a country house, whither Charlotte had been packed off in order to give the household at Overton a moment's breathing-space after her emancipation, and the sedate, well-conducted, and fairly comely young miss had apparently found favour in the eyes of one person from the very begin-

ning of their acquaintance. Lotta had been glad enough to go, glad to leave Overton, where, although she knew not why, she herself had felt uncomfortable, and where, just before, Teddy had succeeded in rousing up the party, if he had not improved matters, by sulking for a week on end. Lotta had gone off in good spirits, well pleased and well dressed—Lady Matilda had taken care of the last—and the consequence was, she had been caught at her best. They had little expected such a result; they had merely felt that Mademoiselle must betake herself elsewhere for a season, must give them a brief release from her sense and supervision; therefore the delight of all may be imagined, and even Lady Matilda's childish expression of it pardoned, when one fine morning who should appear but Mr Robert Hanwell, big with purposes concerning her.

He met with no opposition; to demur was not to be thought of. The earl and his sister had indeed much ado to conceal their indecent glee at the prospect of getting rid in a manner at once so unexpected and so delightful of an incubus whose weight had already begun to press heavily on their shoulders; and it was only by rigidly composing their countenances that they could restrain an outbreak and overflow of smiles, and by steadfastly fixing their eyes upon the ground that they could keep them from reciprocally congratulating each other.

With some trepidation Mr Hanwell made his offer. He was, he stated, not a wealthy man, but his father could do something for him; he was the eldest son, and the estate was unencumbered; his father could give him seven or eight hundred a-year; he had no profession, having—hum—haw—



dabbled in law a little, but not been exactly called to the bar—at least—well, it did not signify, it would not have suited him,—and all he meant was that, having thus no tie to any place—no necessity for being here or there—he would be able to settle down anywhere; he should have no objection—indeed, would be very glad—to be in the neighbourhood of Overton, as no doubt Lady Matilda would wish,” — Lady Matilda gravely bent her head,—“he would do anything, in short, in that way, or in any way, for he felt very much what a—that—a—that he was asking a great deal, that he was seeking to deprive a mother of her only child,”—Lady Matilda bowed again,—“but indeed,” concluded the aspirant with a flourish—“indeed, I would endeavour to do my best to be worthy of the position I aspire to.” The last sentence with a glance towards Lord Overton, who was standing harmlessly by, and who had no idea whatever that the said position referred in any way to him.

Mr Hanwell thus got through the whole of the speech he had previously prepared, without interruption from either, and probably also without in the least discovering then or thereafter that there had been no occasion for saying anything half so fine.

Overton merely observed that Charlotte was a good girl, and would make him a good wife.

Lady Matilda endeavoured to go a step further, and floundered about between truth and falsehood for several minutes, before she was able to seek refuge in complimenting alternately the young man's parents and himself. “She knew,”

she vowed, “all about the Hanwells, everybody must know *about* the Hanwells if they did no more, and she should be only too happy to be connected with them, to have her daughter enter so—so—” for the life of her she could not think of any other word than “respectable,” and as that would hardly have done to say, she was fain to do without an attribute, and finish off rather humbly with “such a family as the Hanwells.”

It was at this juncture that the door flew open, and Teddy,—who had not been present, but who had managed nevertheless to learn, as he usually did, by means best known to himself, all that was going on,—Teddy now burst in with a face like a sunbeam, shook the visitor's hand for full two minutes, stared him in the face, and wound up with a laugh which we are bound to confess was suspiciously silly.

All, however, was taken in good part.

Mr Hanwell was satisfied, more than satisfied, with his reception; and Lady Matilda devoted herself for the remainder of his stay towards keeping up the degree of complacency which had been already excited. In private, as we know, she clapped her hands. Lotta married and provided for, settled in a comfortable home, with a good kind husband of her own choosing, within easy reach of Overton, yet not *too* near—not so near as to necessitate daily intercourse—oh, with her whole heart of hearts she blessed Robert Hanwell.

The wedding took place, and we know what the next event was.

## CHAPTER IV.—“IT IS NOT HER BEING YOUNG.”

“Amoret, my lovely foe,  
Tell me where thy strength doth lie,  
Where the power that charms us so,  
In thy soul, or in thine eye?”

—WALLER.

All this was very delightful, but it must be confessed that entirely content as Lady Matilda was with her son-in-law as her son-in-law, in no other light could she have endured him.

He made Charlotte happy. Very well. That was all he had engaged to do, and in thus fulfilling his part of the marriage-contract he was an undeniable success. As a husband he was a pattern, a model, faultless and flawless; as a creditable connection, even as an eligible match, he might very well pose for want of a better; as a neighbour, he did tolerably; but as a man, weighed in the balances, there was no concealing that he was very light weight indeed. The first blush of acquaintanceship had barely worn off,—he had hardly begun to be at home in the circle, and to assume a right to the seat by Lotta in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table,—ere it was seen and felt that he was eminently fit for her companionship, and pre-eminently unfit for that of any other member of the family.

He was not amusing, and he could not be amused. He was dull, and he liked being dull. Few things interested him, and nothing entertained him. In short, Lotta had fallen on her feet by thus obtaining her own counterpart in a consequential prig, who thought very little and talked a great deal, whose ideas seldom passed beyond the very narrow range of matters connected with himself or those belonging to him, who was never at a loss for material wherewith to enhance his own consequence,

and who could not even, according to Lady Matilda, say “Good-bye” or “How d’ye do?” like other people.

The thing that was correct and proper to be done Robert would do; and yet how delightful it would often have been could he have been dissuaded from doing it. One may be very much in the right, and yet it would be better to be in the wrong.

For instance, Lady Matilda hated ceremony, and ceremony was the very marrow of Robert’s bones, the very breath of his nostrils; and what was the upshot? We will not say that she grew to hate the formal young man because of his formality; but it is certain that sometimes when she associated the two in her own mind, it was not clear to her which she for the time least affected. Robert meant well certainly; and she was ready, upon reflection, to allow that it was his place to treat her with a certain amount of deference, but still——. She could not rattle over in the dogcart to End-hill, but she must accept his arm out to her “carriage” when she left, or, worse still, endure his escort for all the long four miles home, did she choose to return on foot. Nothing that she could do or say would deter him from a proceeding often really inconvenient to himself and infinitely distasteful to her, since he had made up his mind that he understood the etiquette on such points, and that even in the teeth of Lady Matilda’s threats and entreaties, he would not fail in his duty. In

vain she predicted rain, wind, snow, anything and everything that the elements could do, to save herself the infliction—she would have to give in and be taken home in state at last. She could not run in to see Lotta for five minutes, meaning no stiff call, but merely to fly out again as soon as her errand or inquiry was made, —she could not do this, but the long-necked, long-backed figure of Lotta's husband would stalk forth from somewhere about, and be all readiness to proceed by her side presently. Her direction was his; her time, his. She could not struggle with any success against attentions so becoming and suitable, and there was not even a window through which she could escape unseen.

Sometimes she had an unexpected ally, when Lotta would put in a fond remonstrance. "Dear Robert, you do not need; I am sure mamma would not wish it when you have a cold already." But the look given in return was meant to convince the speaker that dear Robert knew better what dear Robert should do than all the mammas in Christendom. He had not intruded into the drawing-room; he could quite understand that he might not be wanted there, that mother and daughter might occasionally prefer to meet without the presence of the proverbially unwelcome third, but the rest must be left to him; and this was one way in which the new member of the family could show himself both dull and dogged.

Again, when the young couple had to be invited over to the Hall, as was pretty often felt to be necessary—it was not precisely a pleasure, though no one said aloud as much — surely Robert might very well have declined for both when obliged to excuse one. *He*

wrote the answer—he might have done it easily, had he seen fit. No offence would have been taken had he, in the roundest terms, asserted his inclination for his own fireside and his dear Charlotte's company, when Charlotte herself was unable to take the long drive and sit out the long dinner—and so he was assured. The truth was, that on the first occasion of a note being sent over when the young wife was known to be ailing, it had been comfortably predicted by Matilda that no acceptance need be apprehended from Robert, since he, who was so very particular on all such matters, would, were Charlotte to decline, infallibly think it only decorous to remain behind also.

Unfortunately Robert's decorum took another turn. He allowed that it was a pity that it should so have happened, and Lotta was extremely sorry to have to give up so pleasant a prospect, but for himself, he should be most happy to come; he would not have gone anywhere else *en garçon*, but going to Overton was quite another thing; and Lotta begged him to say from her, that she would have been quite vexed had he refused her people on her account. A friend had been invited to keep her company at home, and he had no doubt she would do very well, and be quite able for one evening to amuse herself.

"And three sides of a sheet about it!" cried the ungrateful Matilda, at the close. She could have better liked a worse man, and that was the honest truth about Robert.

Nor was Mr Hanwell in his way more enamoured of his mother-in-law, on nearer acquaintance, than Lady Matilda was with him.

In some inexplicable fashion he was aggrieved by her beauty and intelligence, her ready wit and

roguish eye; she was too happy, too merry, too—too—he could not exactly say what,—but there was a something incongruous between the lady and her position, which, in the sight of a young man who, with every fibre of his body and soul worshipped the god of propriety, was hardly to be borne with temper. Naturally he could not think of Matilda as Matilda. She was the late Mr Wilmot's widow, Lotta's mother, and his own mother-in-law,—and it must be said for him, that such a mother-in-law was undoubtedly rather a queer sort of appendage to any man, let alone that Robert was himself thirty-three years of age, and quite willing to own to it; that he had settled down into matrimony with a hearty goodwill; that he filled his waistcoat, changed his socks whenever the roads were wet, preferred a dogcart to a saddle, and dinners to dances.

On his marriage he had voluntarily surrendered whatever of youth he might once have possessed; he no longer cared to be called or thought of as a young man; and pray what did Lady Matilda mean by looking years his junior, and disdaining his hand over the fences?

Lotta had not half so springy a step as her mother. It was childish to be always joking, as Lady Matilda was. And precious little advice or help had Lotta's parent to give when it came to talking about sensible things, he could testify to that. On first taking up house, of course he had expected that Lady Matilda's opinion would have been all in all with her daughter, and that she would have been Lotta's stand-by amidst the inevitable difficulties and troubles of settling in; but he had soon found his mistake. Every mortal thing had Lotta arranged for her-

self; all the furniture she had chosen; she had hired her own servants and engaged her own tradespeople,—while Lady Matilda had only looked in to listen, and wonder, and smile. He liked Lady Matilda—at least he thought he did; but he wished, oh how he wished, that she stood in any other relation to himself than the one in which she did.

She was to him a provocation extraordinary. Almost every time the two came in contact, she, to use her own expression, fell foul of him, and that meant that he longed to speak for once openly, and conjure her to take more heed to herself, to take more care of what she said and did, to be more dignified, more reticent, more Lotta-like. Having been much of an authority under his paternal roof, and having laid down the law to half-a-dozen submissive sisters at a time, Robert could ill brook the thralldom now imposed by circumstances on his tongue, or refrain from lecturing the young madam when she did amiss.

Lotta, his dear discreet Lotta, never, or at least hardly ever, needed an admonishing word; but to have straitly rebuked Lotta's mother, had Lady Matilda been any one else, would have been a delight for which his very soul thirsted.

And the wilful creature saw this, and took pains to make his burden heavier than he could bear. With the keenest relish she marked the remonstrance that was struggling to escape lips which resolutely forced it back; with twinkling eye she kept watch upon the uneasy frown, the restive twitch, the just uttered and hastily recalled syllable,—and then with the sweetest naughtiest audacity that was ever seen, she would add such a touch as would send Robert to the right-

about in a trice, fleeing from a temptation which might have proved too much for him.

He never did transgress. That is to say, he never had transgressed up to the time our story opens; but whether after events did not overpower even his resolution remains to be seen.

As it was, he only found the situation very, abominably awkward.

"It's not her being young and that," he would aver. "It's not her being only thirty-seven, by any means. Thirty-seven is a very good age, a very good age indeed,—if Lady Matilda would only think so, and would only show that she thinks so. Thirty-seven; bless me! Thirty-seven. Why there are plenty of ladies are quite *passée* by thirty or thirty-five; and the married ones—and *she's* a married one, mind you—well, you don't think of them as young ladies, not as *young* ladies at all. They are getting on, at any rate; they are full-grown women; they think sensibly, and talk sensibly, about their children, and servants, and domestic affairs—these are the things that ought to interest women of Lady Matilda's time of life. There's Charlotte now, Charlotte not nineteen yet,—'pon my word, if you saw her and her mother together,—at least I mean"—rather hastily, "if you *heard* them together, you would take Charlotte for the older of the two. You would indeed. Thirty-seven! I declare when I am thirty-seven I shan't want to be running the risk of breaking my neck over all the worst fences in the county, or twirling about by moonlight on the ice, as Lady Matilda did last winter. Poor Charlotte never got her skates on, but there was her mother out every evening, and she and Teddy had all the people round let into the park,

and such goings on. Anybody might go that liked,—it was not at all the thing to do. And that was Lady Matilda to the life. She neither knows nor cares what's expected of her; she just does as she pleases, and listens to nobody. You never catch her of an afternoon sitting properly in her drawing-room, or driving in her carriage; she is either singing like mad out in the hall, or larking about all over the place with Teddy. I wish, upon my word, I wish any one could make her listen to reason,—but that, no one ever does. She has no more notion of what is befitting her position and dignity than a chambermaid. She makes fun of Lotta—I tell you she does. She would make fun of me too if she dared, but I can take care of myself. We shan't quarrel, but I have no idea of letting myself be looked down upon by any one. Well," after a pause, "well, there's one comfort. Lady Matilda can't have the face to sport youth any longer once she's a grandmother."

The above reflection added yet one more drop to the fulness of his cup of complacency when Lotta's boy was born, and when, on the same afternoon, he stood dangling his watch and seals on the cottage doorstep awaiting the expected visitors from the Hall.

He had half hoped that Overton might come himself; but Overton, as usual, quite unconscious that anything of the sort was expected of him, had walked off in another direction, and had not even sent so much as a message. There were the other two, however, large as life; Lady Matilda gaily waving her hand as they cantered up the drive—Teddy, with less alacrity, shaking his riding-whip.

There they were, calling out congratulations ere they reached the doorstep.

"So glad—so pleased—welcome news," began the young grandmother—

"Hush — hush — hush," cried Robert, hastily.

"What's the matter? Nothing wrong?" The speaker's note changed on the instant. "Nothing wrong, Robert?"

"Nothing in the least wrong. Oh dear no, far from it,—but we must be careful all the same. The sound of your voice——" looking up at the windows.

"Why, Lotta's room is round the corner; she can't possibly hear," said Lady Matilda, rather shortly. "You gave me a fright with your 'hush—hush—hush.' I was merely going to wish you joy."

"Many thanks. Allow me," Mr Hanwell cut short the discussion by assisting her to alight, resenting in his heart the very light touch of her fingers as she did so, but nevertheless preceding with every courtesy his visitors to the drawing-room. "William, take the horses round, and go the back way—not under your mistress's window. Will you come in, too?" to Teddy, who was ruefully following. "I don't know if you can see baby, but I will inquire."

"Oh, I say, don't."

"Being in the dressing-room, it may not be convenient."

"Of course not. I'll go in here."

"And wait? Yes, if you kindly will." Robert nodded approbation. "Lady Matilda can go up-stairs at once—at least, I think she can. I fancy this is not a debarred hour—but though the nurse informed me all about the hours herself, I foolishly forgot to notice if it was from two to four, or from two to half-past four."

"If what was?"

"The afternoon sleep; if the rooms were to be closed for the

afternoon sleep, you know. Of course *you* know all about such arrangements," Robert had a touch of malicious pleasure in the remark, for it was one of his favourite grievances that Lady Matilda never did seem to know about such things—never appeared in any way to have assimilated with matrimony and motherhood. "The afternoon sleep was to be for two hours or two hours and a half, and during that time no visitors were to be admitted, and of course I undertook that the rule should be carried out," he continued, as they ascended the staircase. "Now, this way please (as though she had never been in the house before), "this way, and take care of the two steps down. This is the door, Lady Matilda." (Lady Matilda took him off to the life afterwards.) "This curtain is my contrivance, and I think you will approve it. The draught got in under the door, and the nurse—her name is Mrs Burrble—she complained of it, so I set my wits to work. Now then, allow me" (of all his phrases, she disliked that "allow me" most) —"allow me, I can let you pass under perfectly." Tap, tap, at the door. "Nurse," said Robert, in his most portentous whisper, "Mrs Burrble. May we come in?"

Lady Matilda laughed outright. She ought not to have done it. She might have been caught in the act either by the nurse or the gentleman, or both, and it would have been no excuse in their eyes that she really could not help herself. She ought to have helped herself, and it was only by the skin of her teeth that she escaped, since there was scarcely a moment between the tap at the door and the appearance of the portly nurse curtseying behind it. But fate was kind, and Mrs Nurse was intent upon herself. It was not for some

seconds that she looked at her lady visitor, and then—but we must tell what she had been doing. She had heard voices and steps outside the door, and divining as by instinct who the new-comer was, had utilised the pause which Mr Hanwell made to explain his contrivance of the curtain, to whisk around the infant the shawl which grandmamma had sent. She now lifted her eyes as she displayed her charge with all the satisfaction of having been so sharp. She lifted her eyes and beheld grandmamma herself.

Grandmamma it was and must be. There was no mistaking the distinct enunciation, "Lady Matilda has come to see the baby, nurse," but—grandmamma!

Mrs Burrble had heard indeed rumours of Lady Matilda's youth and beauty, and she had figured to herself a comely dame, fresh-coloured and well busked, rustling in with a train sweeping the carpet yards behind her; one who would fall into raptures over the darling boy, finding likenesses all round in every feature, and who would forthwith enter into close and confidential alliance with herself. She had meant to be very close and confidential with my lady, and to take even hints and advice in good part, if need be, since her ladyship would be sure to be good for a gold or silver bowl at the christening, and as likely as not, if she played her cards well, for a handsome silk gown for nurse herself.

A grandmamma was always a grandmamma, and though grandmamas in the house, "passing in and out and making no end of a work," Mrs Burrble did not "hold with," a grandmamma four miles off, who would be content like a sensible lady to stop away till she was sent for, and would then come at just the right and proper hour, (by

sheer good hap Lady Matilda had hit upon it)—such a grandmamma was "a paragrine;" and inspired by the above reflection, the worthy dame dropped her most respectful curtsy as the door opened, and raised her modest and expectant eyes to behold—Lady Matilda.

It was well she was accustomed to babies,—she nearly dropped the one she held in her amazement. It was well she was not spoken to, for she could not have answered. So mute was her bewildered stare, so nervous, so puzzled, so uncertain and confounded and unlike itself her manner, that Robert, who interpreted look, pause, and expression exactly aright, was annoyed and put out of countenance. He felt afresh that justice had not been done him in the matter of his mother-in-law, when here was this woman even, a stranger, a dependant, so aghast at the apparition before her as to be unable to conceal her feelings.

In the dusky light of the October afternoon, Lady Matilda's lithe figure, graceful in every motion, scarce showed that it was a trifle more full and rounded than it had been a dozen years before, her cheeks were bright with exercise and excitement, and her sparkling eyes, her quick step forward, her eager "Where is he?" all so unlike what should have been, what ought to have been,—gracious heavens, it was too much for any man's patience! Oh, why had he not been blessed with a connection more to the purpose? What had that radiant form, whose very presence seemed to bring in a glow of life, a breath of the fresh outer air into the little dark room, what had she to do with shaded windows, and silence, and—and baby-clothes?

Solemn and deferential as was the department of Lady Matilda's son-in-law at all times, it exceeded on this occasion what it had ever

been before, since in the face of every adverse circumstance, rising above the perplexity and incongruity of his position and hers, Robert resolved to show that whatever might be Matilda's shortcomings, however young and gay and inconsequent she might show herself, he, at least, knew his place. "My dear Teddy, he nearly killed me," averred Teddy's sister afterwards. "I suppose he saw the joke; and the more he saw it, the less he liked it. The poor nurse, I pitied her: she must have had a severe time of it, rather. There were we two,—Robert hopping about all over the cradle to get out of my way——"

"All over the cradle! How you do talk!"

"And I not knowing on which arm to take the baby!"

"Well, you ought to have known, I suppose."

"I suppose I ought, but the fact remains that I did not, or, at any rate, that I had forgotten; and so what did I do but commit the heinous offence of taking it on the wrong arm! You should have seen Mrs Gamp's face."

"Mrs Gamp?" said Teddy, bewildered.

"To be sure, yes. Her name is Burrble. How stupid of me to say Gamp! Teddy, see you remember that her name is Burrble, and never, never call her anything else. Mind that, Teddy. People are very particular about their names," said Matilda, anxiously. "And then I expect you will be godfather," she ran on, glibly changing the current of Teddy's thoughts. "I am sure Robert will ask you."

"No, that he won't."

"Oh yes, he will; I am nearly sure he will. I am sure——"

"You may be as sure as you like, but you are wrong all the same. As to that baby, I didn't want it, I know; it's the greatest

rot being a grand-uncle; but if it was to come, of course I ought to have been asked to be its godfather."

"And of course you will."

"Very well, you know best, of course; only I happen to have heard," said Teddy, doggedly—"I happen to have heard the opposite. If you would only listen to me, I could tell you not only who are to be asked, but who *have been* asked; for I saw the letters lying on the slab, waiting for the post."

"You don't say so, Teddy. Well?"

"And, to make sure, I asked Robert."

"Oh, you did?—oh. You didn't ask Robert as if you had been looking, Teddy dear?" said Lady Matilda, rather dubiously.

"Not a bit of it. I merely pointed to the letters with my whip, as if they had just caught my eye. I had been looking at them all the time he was up-stairs with you. However, he was not to know that; so I poked them carelessly as we passed by, and said, 'Godfathers, eh, Robert?' in the easiest manner possible. So then he told me at once that he had written to them this morning."

"Bless the man! no grass grows under his feet. Well, Teddy," louder, "well, and who are they?"

"A Mr Whewell, and a Mr Challoner."

"A Mr Whewell, and a Mr Challoner. And who are they? What are they? Did you not hear anything about them?"

"Oh, I heard a lot, but I didn't listen."

"Stupid fellow. Why, I want to know. Why, Ted, my dear boy, how unutterably tiresome you can be when you try! Mr Whewell, and Mr Challoner. Depend upon it, Mr Whewell is—stop, I know. He is that very clever amusing



young barrister who came down in the summer. You remember? We all wondered how Robert ever contrived to pick up such a friend. I am glad it is Mr Whewell. If Mr Whewell should come down to Endhill, we must see him again; he must come and shoot at Overton and chirp us up a bit. Those Appleby girls will be glad to come and make up the party at dinner: we owe them something, and this will do exactly. Well, and Mr Challoner? Challoner"—musing—"Challoner; that name I never heard before. Challoner! I rather like it. Teddy, can't you tell me something, anything, about this Mr Challoner?"

"No," said Teddy, calmly, "I can't."

"Not if he is old or young, rich or poor, black or white?"

"I don't know."

"Is he a school friend, or a college friend, or a relation friend?"

"I don't know."

"Is he—has he ever been here before?"

"I don't know."

"Is he——"

"Now, look here," said Teddy, suddenly, "just you stop that. I don't mind your talking as much as you please—as much as Robert does, if you like,—but I won't have questions. It's no use questioning *me*; I ain't going to stand it. I have told you already that I don't know; and when I have once said 'I don't know,' nothing you can say will make me know."

CHAPTER V.—MATILDA LONGS TO TASTE THE DOUBTFUL CUP AGAIN.

"I live and lack; I lack and have;  
I have; and miss the thing I crave."

—GASCOIGNE.

Robert Hanwell, like other people, sometimes hit the mark without knowing it.

In the two notes which he despatched inviting his two friends severally to stand sponsors for the newborn son and heir, and for that purpose to come down shortly to Endhill for the christening, he held out an inducement which neither of them could resist. It cannot be said that either of the gentlemen thus appealed to was devoted to Robert: he and his concerns were as little known as they were of little interest to them: his marriage had cost them each a present, and it appeared that the birth of his son was likely to do the same,—and that was about all,—or, at least, would have been all, had not to each invitation a clause been appended—a mere postscript, an after-thought it was—which made the announcement infinitely more interesting, and

the summons more seductive. "The pheasant-shooting at Overton is remarkably good," wrote Robert, "and I have no doubt Lord Overton would be happy to give you a few days in the covers." He had folded up Challoner's note before even recollecting to say this, and indeed it was perhaps more the satisfaction of being able to answer for Lord Overton's obligingness than anything else which induced him to pause, unfold the sheet, add the P.S., and then say the same thing to Whewell. In the matter of shooting, Lord Overton was good-nature itself, and could be counted on to grant a request for a day at any time; indeed, as it was so easily obtained, and as nobody either at Overton or Endhill cared much about it, Mr Hanwell threw in the brief suggestion, as we have seen, in the background of his letter, little imagining the effect it

would produce in changing the aspect of the whole affair in the eyes of his friends.

Both, as it happened, were good shots, and neither was possessed of good shooting.

In consequence, they rose like greedy fish to the bait, and swallowed whole the tempting morsel,—indeed, while gladly agreeing “to be present on the interesting occasion,” Robert might almost have seen in their eager assent a devout wish that it could have been held earlier. Challoner indeed went so far as to feel every time he looked at the sky, the soft grey cloudy October sky, that he was being defrauded of that day in the Overton woods; while Whewell, boxed up in dreary law courts and dismal chambers, solaced himself by getting through all the work he possibly could beforehand, in order to leave himself free, should the few days specified by his friend extend themselves to the length of a week. A week he might be able to spare, when pheasants were in the question.

And as to the chance of his being invited on, he had not very much anxiety on that head, since there were not many things he could not compass if he had a mind to do so; neither were there many people he could not get round. As for Robert Hanwell! Robert Hanwell would most certainly do as he was bid.

Two “very happys” accordingly were received at Endhill, two silver mugs were promised, and two gentlemen would be forthcoming when wanted.

“I told you they would be pleased,” said Robert, as he read aloud the replies to his wife. “I felt that they would, and it really is something to please a man like Whewell, Lotta. Whewell is quite one of the most rising men of the day; I had my doubts about ask-

ing him—asking him to come down here at least; to a man so overwhelmed with work it almost seemed—but, however, I thought he could only refuse. You see he does not refuse; he accepts in the pleasantest manner possible; and so does Challoner. To tell the truth, I did not fancy it was much in Challoner’s line either. Challoner is peculiar. Well, Lotta, we are fortunate in everything, you and I; I trust, my dear, I trust,” added the young man with a sense of saying something serious—“I trust we always shall be.”

Lotta trusted so too, and agreed with dear Robert in everything. There never was so good a patient, so admirable a mother. She ate, drank, slept, rested, nursed her infant, did everything Mrs Burrble told her, and of herself refrained from doing anything which Mrs Burrble would have forbidden her; and the upshot of it all was, that at the end of three weeks, the neat little brougham was brought round from the stables, and into it stepped Mr and Mrs Robert Hanwell, baby and nurse, and off they all drove to Overton to pay a state visit.

“Well, and when are they coming?” inquired Lady Matilda, who by this time knew all about the expected guests, and took the liveliest interest in their approach. “And has the day been fixed?”

“Yes indeed, mamma—Sunday next; I thought you knew,” replied Mrs Lotta, with her little air of superiority. “I am sure I told you,” added she.

“Sunday? That’s not proper. Do you allow people to arrive on a Sunday?”

“My dear mamma, what do you mean? No people are going to arrive on a Sunday. I said baby’s christening was to be on Sunday.” And in the young matron’s tone was heard plainly enough, “You really are a very tiresome person,

but I have to put up with you!"—  
 "Surely it was the christening you inquired about?" concluded Lotta, wearily.

"Yes, yes—yes, of course; at least something of the sort." Poor Lady Matilda blushed a little, for to be sure it was something of the sort of which she ought at least to have been thinking, and not of two young gallants of whom she knew nothing or next to nothing, and with whom she need have nothing whatever to do. It was absurd her caring whether they came or not; and yet visitors—that is to say, visitors of the right sort—were so very few and far between at the Hall, that her curiosity might have been pardoned. Overton had never made a friend, while Teddy had had, as years went on, to be gently weaned from his,—and the consequence was that, as Matilda would now and then in a freak of *ennui* declare, no one but old women and poor relations ever found their way to the Hall.

"And how well you look, dear!" cried she, now; "and what a little darling he is! Grandmamma's cloak and hood too. Give him to me, nurse; I know the proper arm to take him upon by this time. Look, Overton; Overton, you have not half enough admired my grandson, and yet I do believe that it is you whom he is like."

"Indeed, my lady, I do declare it is then," chimed in the nurse, to whom a lord was a lord, and who would have sworn a resemblance to Beelzebub himself could she have hailed him as a relation. "Indeed I saw it from the very first—from the day his lordship was over at Endhill, did I not, ma'am?" appealing to her own lady.

"He is a little like uncle Overton about the—hair," said Lotta, doubtfully.

"Or lack of it," observed her other uncle.

"A most decided likeness, I think," pronounced Robert, to the surprise of all. But the truth was the likeness was there, and somehow they had hit upon it among them. The ugly little baby was like its ugly little grand-uncle; and the father, who had been one of the first to catch the resemblance, now resolved to avow the same manfully.

"What an absurd baby you are!" cried Matilda, delighted with the scene, "to go and choose Overton, of all people. Now if it had been Teddy or me—we are the beauties of the family, aren't we, Teddy? So if you had done that, how much more wise and sensible you would have shown yourself, little master, eh!"

"Mamma," began Lotta's reminding voice.

"Dear Overton, you are not beautiful," pursued the heedless Matilda—

—"I think we are making much too long a visit," interposed Robert.

—"And so the poor little man has to go because he is like you," concluded the wicked grandmother.

She begged Overton's pardon with tears of laughter afterwards: she made both him and Teddy merry with her representation of the scene, by turns perking herself up upon the sofa to mimic Mrs Lotta's prim attitude; bustling about to show the politic nurse, deaf and blind apparently to anything amiss; or edging herself towards the door with every gesture of Robert's—the pompous, annoyed, tongue-tied Robert, so visibly, palpably disapproving, and yet so helpless,—nothing had been lost upon her. It was not until some time afterwards that she recollected that, after all, no more had been known after the visit than before it of the brilliant Whewell, and the unexplored Challoner.

She had indeed interrogated her son-in-law, though to little purpose.

Whewell he appeared to stand in some awe of, and to know very little about; while regarding Chaloner he had but one idea,—“It struck me that he was a suitable person,” he said.

“A suitable person?” quoth Matilda, in reply. “A suitable person. Oh, I think,” drily, “I think, Robert, I understand;” for by this time Robert’s predilection for “suitable people” was no secret to her.

“So now, Teddy, we shall see what we shall see,” nodded she thereafter—namely, on the afternoon when the two gentlemen were due at Endhill, and when the brother and sister, bearing ostensibly Overton’s invitation to shoot and dine, but in reality gratifying their own curiosity, hurried over to inspect. “We shall see what we shall see,” said Matilda, speaking for both as was her wont, though the desire to see was perhaps only her own.

She it was who alone cared for a novelty at Overton Hall, and it was only now and then that she did so care. Why she did at all it is not, however, difficult to imagine, when it is remembered that she was a woman, and a woman who, while happy in seclusion, could nevertheless shine in society. She liked—could she help it?—being admired and applauded. She had felt now and then the fascination, the thrill of being *first* with some one—the loadstar of one pair of eyes, the magnet for one pair of feet—the ear for one speaker, the thought of one thinker. Yes, she knew what it felt like to be that. It felt nice. Even when nothing came of it,—and nothing as we know ever had come of it—since the late Mr Wilmot’s courtship had been conducted on the least romantic principles, and could not

therefore be considered in the running,—even when nothing came of it, there still remained a recollection of something different from the ordinary everyday comfort of matter-in-fact life. The glamour had been cast on her path once and again, and she had dreamed, and she had suffered. People had predicted that Lady Matilda Wilmot would infallibly be caught again some day, and it had been whispered that a deadly mischief had been done to the heart of this one and that one; that poor Lord George had left the Hall with a longer face than the one he brought there, and that Colonel Jack had changed his regiment and gone abroad soon after his long wintry visit at Overton. He had said he could not stand another English winter, and perhaps that was why he had never reappeared in the neighbourhood. Every one blamed the lovely widow; but perhaps, after all, mistakes are made sometimes.

Those days, however, are past and gone, and if wounds have been made or received, they are healed by time’s blessed hand. Lord George is wedded, the Colonel toasts “the ladies” without a tremor, and the lady in particular, the lady to whom his thoughts refer, thinks of him with equal ease and tenderness. He is become a pleasant memory, and even the painful spot is sunlit in the past.

Yes, a heart-whole woman lives at the Hall, a woman with all a woman’s hopes and fears—fain to look forward, yet neither ashamed nor reluctant to look back,—able to do without lovers, but not unwilling, not altogether loath—oh, Teddy, beware! Oh, Teddy, as you gallop along the soft wet sward, under the dropping leaves, beneath the murky sky, beware, beware,—by fits and starts Matilda longs to taste the doubtful cup again.

## A NEW POET.

OUR age is not without illustrious names that show a notably high tide-mark of thought, and a rareness and intensity of intellectual divination and sympathetic intuition, that the previous centuries have but dimly attained. The philosophic spirit has explored the interior experiences of humanity; the secrets of nature and evolution have been hunted to their fastnesses; and criticism has lifted itself above the level of mere methods into associations of thought, feeling, and spiritual exposition of motive and intention. But perhaps the supreme soul of our time has best embodied itself in the higher life of poetry and art. The cry of passion, and the subtle searchings of contemplative introversion, have found a hitherto unreached utterance in the elaborate word-painting, the rhythmic exquisiteness of verse, and the musical tone-language of our younger poets; while art has soared into an emotional sphere of lovely ideas and infinite longings, where unfettered by the actual and didactic, it freely moves in imaginative realms of existence and sublimed realism. Precious indeed are these interpretations of outer and inner Life—which, transcending the literal and natural, strike the high note of intuitive sensibility, and utter the pure lyrical cry for the unattainable. Colour has found its true mission, and, passing beyond the limits of mere representation and objective similitude, has caught from music its soul, and expressed itself by tone-harmonies and chromatic arrangements; while music has elaborated its utterance by assuming

the pictured investment of colour, and added the hues of humanity to its divine revelations of sound. The boundaries of each of the special arts has thus been transcended by the others, so that they form, as it were, one soul, and beat with the passionate pulse of one æsthetic desire. Words, too, have found their true significance, as colours; and the masterful and refined vocabularies of our language have been discovered to have a value in themselves as tones and tints, quite independent of any mere literal meaning. Employed as they are by some of our new poets, they have ceased to be the mere drudges of thought; and by melodious juxtaposition, by artful alliteration, by vowelled breathings and consonantal crashes of harmony, have justified their claim to be considered as stops in the great organ of inspiration, through which a divine tone is expressed. They are the wings on which the poet soars to loftier empyreans. Hitherto words in themselves have had little scope. They have been chained to the low and creeping car of use and commodity. Their divine origin as natural out-breathings of the soul has been misunderstood, and they for the most part have clogged inspiration, while their power as suggestion beyond mere literal definition has been sadly overlooked. But our younger poets of the present day have taught us their true value. As well might we insist that musical tones should have a strict relation to defined thoughts, as that words should be made subservient to a similar end. Let us clearly under-

stand that words have a higher mission than this,—that the poet is by no means to be fettered by their mere sense,—and at once a field is open to him as vast and vague as that which is accorded to music, in which his free imagination may lift itself “to purer ether, to diviner air,” and, by mere association of forms of thought and hues of feeling with harmonies of sound, transport the reader beyond the dull world of reality. The highest is ever the unintelligible. It refuses to be bounded by the understanding. Nothing can be truly explained, nothing wholly understood. It is when the intelligible ends that music begins. The sympathies then take the place of the understanding. Where reason cannot follow, imagination easily takes wing. The touch, blind as it is, has magnetic forces superior to the eye, and reports refinements of feeling and sympathetic relations of being beyond explanation or reason, yet not the less powerful and real. Odours are dimly allied to memories by inexplicable relations. We feel what we cannot explain. And in like manner, words in themselves are powers, independent of grammar, independent of thought,—vague articulations of the infinite, often impregnate of desire, of pathos, of tenderness, of emotion. Who, for instance, can say that the “Eastern nation” carries to his imagination the same influence as the “orient clime”? Yet do they not mean the same to the understanding? Smile as we will, there is none the less a deep truth hidden in the consolation which the pious lady found in the mere name of Mesopotamia.

It has been reserved for our own age to appreciate this wonderful power of words—to feel truly that language in itself is colour, music, poetry. There were not indeed wanting in some of the early Eng-

lish writers a certain appreciation of this potentiality. John Lily and Sir Philip Sidney may, among others, be referred to as having glimpses of this great truth, but their influence was temporary and ineffectual; and though Shakespeare at times seems with a higher intellectuality and imaginative force to have followed this leading, yet the crass ignorance and literalness of the subsequent century obliterated as in a cloud this euphuistic light—that now emerges again in clearer and more perfect radiance.

We have been led to these considerations by a little volume which has fallen accidentally into our hands, and which apparently has, in the overgrowth of contemporary literature, been so overshadowed as to escape observation. It has not been heralded by the trumpet of praise. The mind of the world has not been prepared for it by the anticipatory laudations of a privileged few of friends; and it has seemingly escaped the notice of those fine observers whose critical eye so keenly scans the horizon of literature. It was, we believe, only privately printed; its circulation has been slight, and unfortunately limited to a few friends, who scarcely seem to have valued it at its real worth; and the name of the author has been concealed from us under apparently mystical initials. For ourselves, we have been so impressed by its refinement of feeling, its symmetry of accordances, its delicacy of tone-language, its harmonies of construction, and adumbrations of imagination, that we venture to call attention to it as a noble illustration of our latest and perhaps supreme and most precious school of poetry. The more deeply we ponder these utterances the more surely we must be persuaded that our latest theory of poetic expression is the

true one. Many undoubtedly there will be who are so embedded in the rut of prejudice and early education that they will not willingly accept at first these rare and seemingly exotic growths of a refined imagination, and will rather insist upon more exactness of literal statement, and demand a more distinct purpose and a more didactic style. But a new writer, and especially a new poet, must create the public by which he is to be judged. What we claim for this poet is an intense and subtle feeling for the indefinite, a power of tone-colour in words, and at times a rhythmic pulsation of phrases, which is eminently suggestive rather than realising, and cannot but appeal to every sensitive organisation. If, as must be conceded, the drawing is not always sharp and accurate, the fusions of hues and melodies compensate for such deficiencies.

But it is time to give a few specimens of this book. First, let us premise that its title indicates peculiarly its purpose. It is called "Suspensions on the Dominant." We could indeed find fault with a title which to the unmusically trained would be scarcely intelligible, but it perfectly explains to those who are conversant with that science the indefiniteness of the author's intention. These "suspensions" are never resolved. Tending ever to the resolution of the tonic of completion, they express desire and longing after the absolute, which hovers beyond and before, and is only included in necessity, but not in fact. This incompleteness and suggestion are the essence of the poet's aim and art. These poems are therefore not chords of resolution, but discords of desire. They are often mere dreams of colour, or musical combinations of tonal phrases, adumbrating ideas, and touching us more by musical cadence and sympathetic sugges-

tion than by strictness of logic, or material definiteness of drawing. They reach out, as does music in its higher moods, into unrealised and, as it were, disembodied conditions of thought, to which feeling is the only key. This is, however, merely their ideal side. As far as materialism goes, we confidently claim that words in the hands of this poet become colours and tones, which are used with a masterly knowledge of effects,—assonances, alliterations, cadences, and modulations, uniting the freedoms of the palette and the orchestra. Specially, we would point out his employment of the *sourdine* and *pizzicato*.

The first poem which we shall cite is entitled—

ARIADNE.

"She stood on the sands of the shelving shore  
(The summer blooms and the autumn glows),  
And the languor of loving her eyes down-bore  
For the ever gone—and the never more  
(For the autumn reaps and the summer sows).

Afar o'er the orient ocean gleams  
(The summer blooms and the autumn glows),  
Love like a vanishing vision seems  
Sailing to distances dim of dreams  
(For the autumn reaps and the summer sows).

With the hate of love, and the love of hate  
(The summer blooms and the autumn glows),  
She murmuring moans—Too late! too late!  
For woman is wonted to wail and wait  
(While the autumn reaps and the summer sows).

A perfume pierced with a breath and bloom  
(The summer blooms and the autumn glows),  
And lo! at her side in a glimmering gloom  
A God—and Love was no longer doom  
(For the autumn reaps and the summer sows)."

The picture is perhaps too definite, but the tone is right and the keeping exquisite. Theseus is afar on the horizon's rim, when Bacchus, the god, regenerates the desolate soul of Ariadne with a breath and a bloom. Here there is no over-insistence of facts—the pure Grecian atmosphere is there, undeformed by literal description. It is not the material Naxos, it is the ideal Grecian clime, that only lives in the imagination. We doubt if anything more refined in touch has been ever reached by words. To those who cannot feel it we have nothing to say. There are many who are born colour-blind, and many who are deaf, and to discourse of colours or sounds to them is as useless as to talk of Plato to idiots.

We will now quote two sonnets, which to us have the same charm of tone. The first is entitled

GUENEVERE.

“ Her amber tresses bound with miniver  
Glowed like the cloud-gold deep of  
dying day  
Seen on a twilight trance of silvery grey  
When silence soothes the insects' infinite stir,—  
Her still eyes dreamed the ideal world  
to her  
From realms of purple fancy far away,  
And her ripe lips alive with passion's play  
Breathed perfume faint of frankincense  
and myrrh.  
Such sight my soul's dark winter turned  
to spring,  
And when the girdle that her slender  
waist,  
With gold embossed and clinking links  
embraced,  
Its tinkling trinkets jingled silver-  
chased,  
The world's sad thicket with a jocund  
ring  
Of voiceful birds seemed gladly jar-  
goning.”

Here is not only fancy and imaginative sensibility, but a power and richness of word-painting that

of itself entitles the poet to the highest rank. Note especially the marvellous juxtaposition and alliteration of sounds to express the musical chiming of the trinkets at Guenevere's girdle, and the delicate tinting of twilight, with its cloud-gold on a trance of silvery grey. How happily this word-trance expresses the solemn serenity of evening! We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of adding one other sonnet, entitled—

PATIENCE.

“ What power can please a patient  
Fantasy  
Like the wan waiting of the dying rose  
That fades and fails and sadly silent  
strews  
Its grave with all its lost felicity.  
No such serenity the towering tree  
In mildest moods of breathless being  
knows,  
Where windy whispers torture its repose  
With murmurous memories of a dreamed-  
of sea.

Tumultuous trouble vainly may assail  
The inward silence of the settled soul.  
Joy may assume sad sorrow's sober stole  
If over Hope pale Patience draws her veil.  
Earth takes its own, and on the pensive  
air  
Death chants no palinodia of despair.”

But to turn to something lighter. Here is a song which sings itself to its own music, and needs no interpretation.

SONG.

“ Look through the gloaming, the fire-  
flies are roaming,  
Music and moonlight are over the  
lea ;  
Joy's iridescence of passion and pleas-  
ance  
Glow on the meadow, and gleams  
on the sea.  
Come let us go  
Where the still waters flow,  
Love with its rapture shall render us  
free.  
Pure is the blessing our spirits caress-  
ing,  
Sweet is the silence and dim is the  
dell ;



Far through the portal of music immortal

Love leads the measure and sorrow  
the spell.

Borne on the stream

Of an exquisite dream,

Music and moonlight their secret shall  
tell.

Come then unheeding the hours that  
receding,

Dream in the distance and murmur  
no more ;

Listen ! oh listen ! the dewy woods  
glisten,

Hope floats before us along the dim  
shore.

Come let us rove

Through the shadowy grove ;

Come—ere the fragrance of feeling is  
o'er."

Here, too, is something in quite a different style, for our poet has many moods and many keys. In the way simply of suggestion, what could be finer than the following poem? It probes the very heart of passion and pride. Without detailing facts, or exteriorly drawing the situation, it leaves the imagination to divine the circumstances, and has only to do with the inward life.

#### AU REVOIR.

"If Hate were born of Love or Love of  
Hate,

And feeling had the secret clue of Fate,  
Life would not be so bitter or so  
bare.

If heaven were hell, or hell were only  
heaven,

And all that Death denies to Life were  
given,

The thought of thee would still pur-  
sue me there.

Go where the sea storms on the shud-  
dering coast,

Say to the shattered wave—What is  
thy boast?

Its answer only can I give to thee.

The intolerable tooth of sharp remorse,  
Be that my vengeance, and be that thy  
curse ;

My dream, thy waking, in the Life  
to be."

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Here, again, is a poem on the birth of Eros, which has the strong musical lilt and the abounding measure of Mr Swinburne, and for freedom of movement and Hellenic grace of conception may take rank with some of the lyrics of that master of versification.

#### EROS.

"In the dawn of Life's glory and glad-  
ness,

When Hope was a breeze ever free,  
And Beauty, to banish Life's sadness,  
Leaped forth from the swell of the  
sea.

In the morning that bosomed in bloom-  
ing

The silence and sweetness of earth,  
Like a flame all the Future illuming,  
Rose Eros—a breath and a birth.

The past to the present was plighted,

And dreamed in the arms of to-day,—  
Death shrank with a shudder affrighted,

And Life was the priestess of play,—  
The Earth with the heavens confounded,

Broke forth in a passion of prayer,  
And the fragrance of roses unbounded  
Streamed over the orient air."

Our space is too limited to enable us to quote as much as we would ; but we cannot refrain from adding the following—

#### SONG TO THE SEA.

"Let the wave-song of Beauty be sung  
to the sea,

Like the curve of her bosom its rhythm  
shall be,

As she flings her white arms with a  
passionate plea

On the death of the shore—that no feel-  
ing can free.

Sweep over us sea-born the swell of thy  
sway,

For the songs that we sing are the per-  
fume of play,

And the resonant breezes like music  
astray

Are wafting our spirits for ever away.

Above us a passion-flower opens the  
sky,

And earth in its languor half closes its  
eye,

For Hours are but cloud-drifts that  
silently fly,  
And Love is a vision, and Life is a lie."

Here we had intended to close our  
extracts, but we are tempted to add  
the opening lines of the powerful  
address to the sea-bird :—

" Oh wild-wave wanderer,  
Precipice-ponderer,  
Haunter of heaven and searcher of seas,  
Storm-scorner—thunder-born,  
Through clouds asunder torn,  
Thou not for wonder born,  
Heedless of horror, with sickle-like ease  
Cuttest thy silent swarth  
Fierce, unafraid,  
When the fierce quivering lightning  
sting shivering,  
Darts to the dark earth  
The snake of its blade.  
Polar snows snow on thee,  
Tropic winds blow on thee,  
Tempest and terror are stung with de-  
light,  
Ocean's broad billows  
To thee are thy pillows,  
Vast hollowed heaven thy chamber at  
night ;  
Sunrise and moonrise and wilder-  
ing waters,  
Midnight's paleshadows, the cloud's  
silver daughters,  
All gaze upon thee and envy thy flight ;  
Freedom itself in its perilous  
height  
Cries he is mine in his mein and  
his might."

We wish we could give the  
whole of this wonderful ode. But  
we must turn to something of  
quite a different character and  
feeling—showing that in the dim  
recesses of philosophic memory he  
is equally at home. It is from the  
"Burden of Life."

"The burden of our life is hard to  
bear,  
But we must bear it if it blame or  
bless ;  
Joy is so like to Grief, Hope to Despair,  
That Life's best sweet has taint of  
bitterness.  
Spring's piercing promise, summer's  
still serene,  
The autumn's pathos each alike por-  
tends

The dark, inevitable, unforeseen,  
Great gulf of silence where all sing-  
ing ends.

Yet whence may come this sense be-  
yond all sense  
Of what we cannot see nor hear, but  
feel,  
But that from far, in some supreme in-  
tense,  
A spark is stricken from Fate's solemn  
wheel ?  
From the dim drear beyond, the wild  
somewhere,  
Where faint dreams die before they  
reach our shore,  
Sudden perchance into our earthy air  
A far scent streams through some  
half-opened door.  
Was it from that blank world of  
mysteries  
Where music dwells beyond the walls  
of Time,  
Where vague accordances, lost melo-  
dies  
In rhythmic pulse of unborn being  
rhyme,—  
Or rather, from that vast inane of  
thought  
Where disembodied dreams in dark-  
ness lie,  
That the tranced soul the fine affection  
caught  
That searched the sentient spirit  
with a sigh ?"

These are questions of so deep  
an import that we leave them to  
the consideration of the reader  
unanswered, or rather we refer  
those whom they have interested  
to the poem itself, of which we  
have here given but a fragment,  
and which will fully repay the  
most careful perusal.

We had thought here to stop,  
but as we close this book unwill-  
ingly, our eyes are caught by one  
poem more, which shall end our  
quotations. It is entitled "Love,  
the Syren," and might, perhaps,  
fitly form a theme for one of those  
precious and supreme poems of  
colour, which Mr Burne Jones  
knows so unerringly, and with  
such felicity, to render on the  
canvas.

## LOVE, THE SYREN.

“With slender taper fingers fine,  
 And shell-like nails, half opaline,  
 She lifted up her wondrous wealth of  
 hair,  
 And from beneath their sunlit maze  
 Of threaded gold, with silent gaze  
 Looked out her sad pathetic eyes,—  
 Deep homes of peace and patient  
 prayer,  
 Where feeling made its lonely lair,  
 And silences beyond surprise.

Her lips were ripened fruit, where bliss  
 Might long to die upon a kiss,  
 By feeling stung to perfectness.  
 The languor of a passion past,  
 Too perfect at its height to last,  
 The sweet and half-exhausted sense  
 Of being almost too intense,  
 Beneath whose exquisite excess  
 Life fainting falls in weariness  
 And droops to sad indifference.  
 All this had made her wan cheeks thin,  
 And Love's lost purpose lived alone  
 Upon the proud projected throne  
 Of her compelling chin.

A drowsy poppy-flower was she,  
 Whose slender stem was overborne  
 By faint voluptuous ecstasy,  
 That had outweighed its wearied head  
 And all its strength outworn;  
 And languid, longing, and forlorn,  
 Like one to dreaming fancies wed,  
 To whom all real things were dead,  
 She gazed forth-right into the air,  
 And in her slender hand and rare  
 Bore a pomegranate red.

And on the sward were gathered near  
 A-dream along the slope,  
 Full many a knight and cavalier  
 Who had abandoned Hope.  
 No strength was theirs—down they  
 had laid  
 Their sword and spear—with pensive  
 head  
 And dreary eyes where joy was dead,  
 Silent to gaze on her.  
 For them Life had no other scope—  
 The flash and gleam and battle stir,

The clank of steel, the sword's swift  
 whir,  
 And manhood's strength and stress  
 For them was gone—they knew alone  
 Life's utter weariness.

‘Dear Love—sweet Love,’ they sang—  
 ‘things only seem,  
 Let the world go while here we lie and  
 dream.  
 What matters it though all the rest  
 be gone  
 If Love is left, for Life to gaze upon?’”

With this we leave our poet,  
 secure that he will find fit audience,  
 though few. We may at least  
 predicate that many a spirit will  
 be touched by these refined and  
 powerful evidences of a mind alive  
 at every point. It would indeed  
 scarcely be possible for any poet to  
 show a wider versatility of man-  
 ner and mood. So great is this,  
 that at times we have been almost  
 tempted to think that these poems  
 were not the product of a single  
 mind, but of several, joined in  
 friendly and sympathetic relation  
 —a symphony of accordant and  
 orchestrated spirits, rather than a  
 single hand on such a variety of  
 instruments. But the book is  
 printed not only privately but  
 quite anonymously, and there is  
 no intimation that it is the work  
 of more than one.

We venture to express the hope  
 that the author may be persuaded  
 no longer to veil under the shadow  
 of privacy these remarkable poems.  
 An audience certainly there is,  
 small perhaps, but ardent and en-  
 thusiastic, which already stands a-  
 tiptoe to greet him. Let us earn-  
 estly beg him to come forth from  
 his modest retirement and give the  
 world the joy that he has already  
 given to the few.

## FROM TANGIER TO WAZAN.

## A SPRING TRIP TO MAROCCO.

A FEW years ago I happened to come across a book of travels which related the experiences of the author during a visit to Wazan, the sacred city of Marocco. Although this volume contained a certain amount of useful information, yet, as the writer was entirely unacquainted with the country, his work was full of those errors which invariably accompany the productions of a novice. His description of Wazan itself was of such a startling nature—a sort of cross between the fabled city of Manoa and the New Jerusalem—that my curiosity was roused, and I determined, when an opportunity should arrive, to prove for myself the truth of the book whose gushing style and descriptions had attracted my attention.

The result of my researches will be found in the following pages; but before proceeding with my story, I would observe that, as the country of Marocco is by no means a new field of travel to me, some of the little details which would have struck a new-comer will perhaps be omitted, and must be left to the discernment or imagination of the reader.

I will ask my readers to transport themselves with me to Tangier—a town which has suffered much of many writers; so the record of my sojourn there shall be brief in the extreme. It is hard to say what makes the place so attractive to the ordinary run of travellers; but that it is so, is proved by the same people returning there year after year. The streets are narrow and dirty, and are not only filled with the vil-

est and most nauseous variety of smells, but at every turn one encounters face to face the most terrible forms of poverty and disease. The former nuisance was considerably lessened during my stay there by the constant rains and heavy storms which turned every street and lane into a water-course, bearing down before it the accumulated filth of the previous dry weather. This eccentric conduct of the elements detained me in Tangier far longer than I expected; and after experiencing the kind hospitality of the British Legation for nearly a week, I betook myself to the Villa de France Hotel, at that time blessed by the presence of an English prelate, and enlivened by a pleasant circle of English and foreign visitors. I there made the acquaintance of a young French officer, the Vicomte de la M., an ardent disciple of *la chasse*, and willingly agreed to his proposal of accompanying me in my projected expedition. Having confided my wishes to, and asked the advice of, my late host, he undertook to get me a letter of recommendation from the Sharif to his son at Wazan—an offer I gladly accepted, knowing very well the value of such a mis- sive, especially when written at the request of our representative in Marocco. Next day I waited upon the Sharif, and thanked him through an interpreter for his kindness. This potentate is, as is pretty well known, the head of the Mus- sulman religion throughout the north of Africa, where his influ- ence is almost paramount. The birthplace of his family is at Wazan, all the district round

which he holds independently of the Sultan. In the same manner as the Czar of Russia is not held to be properly enthroned without the imposing ceremony at Moscow, so is the sanction and decree of the Sharif necessary to the Emperor of Morocco before he can legally assume the sovereignty of his "happy realms."

I think there is something in the air of most oriental countries which makes doing nothing an extremely pleasant occupation; and as day by day the rains continued to fall and the rivers to rise, I looked down from a superior height of complacency upon the fretting and impatience of my more volatile companion. At last, however, the floods abated, and caravans from the interior began to arrive again, at which the spirits and energy of M. de la M. rose simultaneously, and our preparations were pushed on with renewed vigour. Five mules (one of them a tall white quadruped, which, after its owner's name, was always spoken of as "la mule de Bruzaud"), a soldier with a ragged pony, several tents, &c., were gradually got together, and on the vigil of our intended start I was requested to take a look at the arrangements. I found everything laid out in the garden at the back of the hotel, and was pleased to express a qualified approval. Noticing several boxes of green stuff, I ventured to suggest that we could buy forage for the mules *en route*. My remark tickled my friend beyond measure. "Mais, mon ami, c'est de la salade." I made no further suggestion; but four days subsequently was pleased to observe "la mule de Bruzaud" devouring the *salade* in an advanced stage of decay. Finally, we settled to start, weather permitting, at 5 A.M. next day,—an arrangement I acceded to the more readily as

my knowledge of Moorish men and manners made me certain we should be fortunate if we got them under way by twelve. At eight the following morning I was roused by de la M., who told me the cook had decamped, but he had already secured another, an Algerian: "C'est une fameuse chance pour nous, mon cher, car il parle Français comme un Parisien, et il nous servira d'interprète; mais il est vieux." I found, on inspection, he was very *vieux*, and his linguistic attainments not quite up to the description. However, it was better than I had hoped for, as our only other stand-by was De la M.'s attendant Hamido, a melancholy youth, who talked a little Spanish with a strong Moorish accent.

The latest addition to our staff was a Spaniard named Antonio, called, too, by his intimates Manuel, a resident near Tangier, and by profession a "chasseur," who earned a precarious livelihood during the shooting season by selling game, and who was only too glad to accompany us now on receipt of 2½ francs a-day and his food. I was glad to take him, as he spoke Arabic fluently, and turned out to be very useful generally. Besides the four already mentioned, the only other member of our suite was one Bumassa, a strong active Moor, and one of the best walkers I ever saw.

I had procured for myself a small bay pony for the march, a very handsome little beast, at the moderate hire of 3 francs a-day; his only drawback being his size, which was far too small for the then flooded state of the rivers and the seas of mud through which we had to wade. My friend had a good-looking grey Arab, upon whose back, besides a saddle of about two stone-weight, such an unconscionable amount of kit was put that the two together remind-

ed me of the white knight and his charger in 'Through the Looking-glass.' His rider was a little anxious that we should provide ourselves with long boar-spears for the occasion ; but as I thought it inexpedient to roam the country like knights of the *moyen âge*, this idea was abandoned. By one o'clock the last mule and Arab had been hunted out of the garden, and with the "mule de Bruzaud" marching proudly at their head, and the chasseur and Bumassa bringing up the rear on foot, the whole cavalcade started on the road to Fez. As I knew the first part of the country pretty well, we delayed our own departure till about three, when we too filed out of the garden in presence of an admiring circle of friends.

The place I had fixed upon to halt that night was called Kaa er Mel—*Anglicè*, Sandy Bottom. It was only about 10 miles on the road, but I knew well the moral effect of getting one's self and *impedimenta* well under way and out of the station, however short a distance ; and then, if anything absolutely necessary is wanting, a special messenger can be sent back during the night, and the deficiency supplied. We got to the camping-ground about 5 P.M., and found our servants busy pitching the tents, except the old *chef*, who was going through the bayonet exercise as taught in the Algerian army, before an interested group of villagers. Having had a stop put to his martial ardour, he busied himself with scooping out a fireplace and preparing dinner. Just before dark, the cry of a partridge was heard close by, and De la M., the chasseur, and his *chien d'arrêt*, having gone in pursuit, the report of a gun and loud exclamations of triumph from the natives proclaimed the *sortie* a success.

"Une expédition, mon cher, qui commence par une aussi bonne chasse ne peut manquer de réussir"—a sentiment in which I fully concurred. My chief anxiety as regarded the said expedition was the weather. The rain had so long delayed my starting that I only had twelve clear days at my disposal ; and I much dreaded that, even if I reached Wazan, a recurrence of bad weather might so affect the Kús or other large river, that the fords would again become impassable, and I might be left for days or even weeks on the southern side.

Curiously enough, I had camped on exactly this same spot just that night three years ago, but under very different circumstances. Then I was member of an important political mission proceeding to the Court at Fez ; our camp consisted of 31 tents and about 130 people, marching under the protection of the red flag of Marocco, which was daily replaced, when halting, by the Union-jack in front of the Envoy's tent. Mentioning this latter circumstance to my friend, he said, "Ah, si nous avions ici les drapeaux d'Angleterre et de la France !" But seeing the extremely humble nature of our present expedition, I did not encourage the idea of sending back to Tangier for the emblems in question.

Next day we got everything off the ground by seven ; and just as we were starting, we saw some European horsemen approaching from the south.

"La Mission Française !" exclaimed my friend, and jumping on his horse, galloped off to meet them. There were frantic shouts of "De la M.," "De V.," respectively, and the two friends would doubtless have embraced had not the fighting proclivities of their

horses interfered, as, turning tail to tail, they lashed out vigorously after the manner of their kind. The Mission had ridden all the way from Morocco—21 days—and looked innocent of tubs and razors for that period; paper-collars, however, had been donned for the occasion, and probably contributed to the effect of the entry into Tangier that forenoon. Later on we passed many of their baggage-animals and servants, most of whom were amply provided with live fowls tied by the legs—the invariable accompaniment, and sometimes the least dishonest one, of a French mission returning from the interior.

That day's march was a long and hot one; the chief obstacle that delayed us was fording, at 10 A.M., the river Kharrúb, which was both deep and rapid. I encouraged my friend to cross first of all, as his animal was the biggest of the lot, while I waited on the north side to superintend the manœuvre. One sickly mule gave me a *mauvais quart d'heure*, as he manifested a desire to lie down half-way across, with my bed and bedding! By the exertions of the Moors, however—who, with the exception of the *chef*, stripped on these occasions—the catastrophe was averted. The chasseur manifested such a dislike to getting wet, that I shouted to send a mule back for him, and De la M.'s horse for me, the water being too deep for my little pony. An enormous box of cartridges brought by my comrade is a continual source of anxiety to him and of annoyance to me, as they have to be unladen at every river in case they get damp. On the other side of the Kharrúb the track was lost in a vast sea of mud, through which we meandered as best we could. It being Sunday, a large market was in full swing

at Hadd el Gharbía, and we there procured our supply of forage for the night. The servants were desirous of halting there, and at several subsequent villages; but I was obdurate, as I began to feel that, on my part at all events, the expedition was rather a race against time. The heat was very great, and about 3 P.M. the *chef* assumed a moribund expression, which rather alarmed me. He was the only one we allowed to ride, as, in the first place, he could never have accomplished 30 miles a-day on foot, and also it was necessary to preserve his strength and faculties to enable him to exercise his functions at the end of the day. Hamido, when no one was looking, would often jump on a mule; but as this manœuvre, when detected by his master, was always followed by, "Hamido, quitta este mulo," the youth had to descend sadly amid the jeers of his companions.

It is not my intention to describe the road minutely between Tangier and Alcazar, as a full description and accurate map will be found in 'Our Mission to the Court of Morocco,' published two years ago; and in any case, space at present forbids it. We reached Síd el Yemáni that evening at six, but we did not camp on the spot I wished, as we were told it was infested by robbers; and having no guard except the men we hired each night from the nearest village, we had to be guided by them in our choice of ground. The water was far off and very scarce, and we had three cold and weary hours to wait for dinner, which did not make its appearance till nearly nine. Though the heavy dews at night and the noise of the frogs both betokened fine weather, I was alarmed the following morning before sunrise to see clouds coming

up in every direction ; and it was not till after breakfast that I hardened my heart and continued my march south.

Besides two or three people who have joined our party for protection on the road, a cheery-looking man with a donkey overtook us that morning. He has just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and is, the *chef* tells me, a "saint homme de Wazan." We determined to reach the town of Alcazar that night ; so, to ease the mules and expedite matters, we hired a pony at Síd el Yemáni, at 5 francs a-day—an exorbitant price, and only obtained then by a certain amount of compulsion. "On profite de nos malheurs," as my friend truly remarked—an observation which was even more applicable afterwards at Alcazar, where they asked us 45 francs for the hire of three mules for one day's march.

The country between Síd el Yemáni and Alcazar is a succession of flat plains, some of which were already becoming carpeted with their beautiful summer coating of wild flowers—the exquisite effect of which is, I think, by far the most striking feature to be observed in travelling in Marocco at this season. We passed several caravans of camels bound for the coast, laden chiefly with spice—a cargo which makes itself apparent several miles off if one happens to be to leeward of it. About one o'clock that afternoon I was riding about a mile ahead of our party ; and while waiting for them on the banks of the Machassan—a large river we had to cross—I observed some delay, and what, through my glasses, appeared to be a scuffle going on. I cantered back to see what was the matter, and found them all yelling at the top of their voices, and a stranger following them shouting and gesticulating

wildly. After rousing the *chef* out of the comatose state in which he jogs along on his mule all day, I inquired what it was all about.

"Cecochon de Maure" (he always speaks of Moors like this) was in charge of some camels, and pushed the "mule de Bruzaud" out of the path. So Bumassa knocked him down and took his *jeláb* (cloak). Then followed a long dissertation on the superior civilisation of Algiers, railways, &c., where such an incident could not happen.

"Where is the *jeláb*?" I asked.

"The soldier threw it back to the man's comrade while he and Bumassa were fighting."

I made him explain this to the poor man—who, however, was far too excited to listen, and whose thoroughly truthful expression made me rather doubt the story I heard. I again appealed to the *chef*, who had once more relapsed into partial unconsciousness, and he referred me to the "saint homme de Wazan," whom I was "bound to believe," and who confirmed the story. In the meantime the camel-man's excitement increased, and tearing off his turban he put his hands behind him, and exclaimed, "Bind me and take me a prisoner to the Bashaw at Alcazar, who will judge between us." Bumassa and the soldier at once took him at his word, and performed the operation of handcuffing with skill and celerity. As I could not march about the country with a prisoner in my train, and as one or two passers-by looked inclined to take his part, I had him released, and insisted, after explaining the matter to him again, on his leaving us.

"Does the English lord give this as his final judgment?" (*jugement décisif*, as rendered by the *chef*).

"Yes," I said ; "and you will find your *jeláb* with the caravan."



He, of course, thought I was as big a robber as the rest, and with a look of infinite scorn and sadness turned round and left us without saying another word.

"Do you think," I said to the *chef*, "that any of these scoundrels of ours have got the *jelâb*?" But the transient intelligence the incident had aroused in the ancient Algerian had vanished, and murmuring, "*Qui sait? qui sait?*" he relapsed into a comfortable doze. The only subject in which the old imbecile displays any interest is Algeria and its advantages over Morocco. "How can any one come and travel in this *pays barbare*?" he often remarked. "In Algeria you travel in a railway; there are no robbers, and your life is safe." He is often painfully neglectful of his duties, as we very frequently discovered. "Oh ce cuisinier de malheur!" my friend remarked that afternoon, when, sitting down to luncheon under the friendly shade of some cactus—the only trees within sight—we found both the salt and claret had been omitted from the parcels containing our cold partridge and loaf of bread! Our meals are very primitive: breakfast of coffee and boiled eggs about sunrise, luncheon on the march under a tree or near a spring, and dinner as soon after arrival in camp as we can get it.

We arrived outside Alcazar that day at 4 P.M., several hours sooner than I expected; and I fancy the position either of *Sid el Yemâni* or Alcazar on the map I made of this country three years ago must be a little out. The easiest way of measuring distances on a march like ours is by timing the steady-going mule, and judging by its pace. This, however, depends a good deal on the weather and state of the roads, so is not absolutely reliable. Our camping-ground there was very

dirty; and the large town close by was such an attraction to our Moors that every obstacle was put in the way of our leaving next morning. First of all, the "mule de Bruzard" had developed a sore back (*dos blessé*), so had to be left behind; and the road to Wazan was said to be so rocky that the other animals had all to be reshod, and of course the *maréchal* could not be found that night. My companion, however, had a letter of recommendation to the Bashaw, which was to put everything straight, and was forthwith despatched by the soldier. The latter speedily returned, saying the Bashaw would do nothing, and had turned him out after reading the letter. This, of course, was an insult to the flag of France, and a personal interview was at once insisted on by my friend. To prevent a *status belli* between France and Morocco being established, I accompanied the irate Gaul, with the soldiers, and a *quasi* Spaniard named Bastien, whom we found passing through Alcazar, and who was very useful as interpreter. The Bashaw, of course, disclaimed all intention of rudeness, and said everything we wanted should be supplied; but I fancy there was some truth in our soldier's story, as, whenever he tried to put in a word, the Bashaw's attendants endeavoured to stop him. We found, on our return to camp, that our *chef* had procured some capital fish for dinner. The *maréchal* was busy shoeing the mules; and three extra ones had been furnished, for which they commenced by asking 15 francs a-day each, but eventually came down to a third of that price. There seemed to be a certain amount of disquietude among our followers at the idea of quitting the main track the next day, and following the hill-path which was to

lead us into Wazan. The presence, however, of the "saint homme" gave a little confidence, and the letter I was known to possess for the young Sharif from his father was looked upon as a very important item. Considerable delay was occasioned in the morning by the non-arrival of the pack-saddles of the mules, which we had sent into the town to be repadded; and it was not until 8.30 A.M. that we found ourselves upon the banks of the Kús, which flows about a mile south of the town. I did not at all relish the look of the river, which at the time must have measured over one hundred yards across, and was rolling past its dark volume of water at a very rapid pace between the high and muddy banks. Some Moors were crossing at the time; but as the water came nearly up to their shoulders, and the donkeys they had with them were all swimming, we chose a place rather lower down, and, amid much shouting and excitement, all got over in safety. For about an hour more we kept on the road to Fez, then turned up sharp towards the east in the direction of Jebel Sarsar, a high mountain, which had always been pointed out to me as a landmark to show the whereabouts of Wazan. The country, which was far richer and better cultivated than what we had hitherto been marching through, was new to all of us except the "saint homme," and to a Moorish Jew who had joined us early in the day with two heavily laden donkeys, and had requested permission in fairly good Spanish to attach himself to our party. The people one saw in the fields appeared to be of a better stamp than the dwellers in the plains through which we had passed; and a group of exceedingly pretty girls, to whom our appear-

ance seemed to cause the greatest amusement, made me regret that my very limited knowledge of Arabic prevented my inquiring personally into the cause of their merriment.

The heat that day was again very great, and we cast longing eyes on the pleasant spots for camping that we continually passed—grassy plots near shady olive or orange groves, with clear running streams of water. One might well have spent three or four days upon the road, which circumstances obliged us—if we could—to hurry over in one. I say advisedly "if we could," for again I noticed symptoms of discontent among our men; and at 2 P.M., near a muddy stream, where the *chef* tumbled off his mule and was nearly drowned before he woke up, they manifested a great desire to halt.

"Why do they want to stop?" I asked the interpreter.

"Ils ont reçu des nouvelles d'une révolte à Wazan," was the reply.

"Very well," I said; "then we will hurry on, and help the Sharif, and you can put to a practical test that bayonet exercise you treated us to the first night."

The path had ascended gradually ever since we turned our horses' heads eastward and left the main track to Fez. Sometimes our way lay through highly cultivated fields; at others, again, a shoulder of the hill would shut out all the landscape behind, and we would enter upon a series of solitary wastes, with not even an Arab tent to be seen or a sound of any kind to be heard, except when the occasional report of the Frenchman's *revolver* in deadly combat with a mud-turtle startled the surrounding stillness. At about three o'clock our path led

us into a deep ravine, along the bottom of which foamed a mountain torrent, whose steep sides were lined with enormous olive-trees, affording most delightful shade; it looked so dark, indeed, after the glare of the hillside on which we had been riding, that it seemed like entering some enchanted glen, and as we rode along ahead of our followers, we looked about for the fairy of the place. She appeared presently, in the form of a very hideous old woman with the most voluble flow of language. We waited till the *cuisinier de malheur* came up, as we wanted to ask how far Wazan was, &c. Hearing we were *amis du Sharif*, and on a visit to that personage, she poured forth what were apparently blessings on our heads, and ended by imprinting a chaste kiss on our respective knees. "Quel ennui que dans ce pays-ci les vieilles femmes puissent se permettre cela!" was my friend's remark.

Just as we emerged from the glen, and at a spot where some pious travellers had erected a cairn, we caught our first glimpse of the holy town, about ten miles off. It is situated in a nook between two hills, about half-way up the Jebel Wazan, between the base of which and the foot of the hill on the summit of which we stood, lay stretched an extensive plain. The expressions of joy which escaped our followers rather reassured me as to their willingness to proceed; but before we had gone much farther, more reasons were adduced for halting for the night.

"Wazan and the Sharif are independent of the Sultan, and as you are a friend of the Sultan, and we are his subjects, there is no saying what may happen if we get there after dark."

We were much annoyed at this delay, and began to suspect that the owner of the three mules we hired at Alcazar was at the bottom of it, as of course he would have liked another day's hire at the same exorbitant price. However, seeing that neither avarice nor apprehension was likely to work upon our feelings, they at last moved on, De la M. and I going on as usual in front, like the pioneers of an invading force, to give our retinue the greater confidence. While crossing the plain above-mentioned, we observed another party of horsemen moving parallel to us at about three miles' distance, and by the aid of my glasses I saw several men armed with long guns detach themselves and come in our direction. I was rather exercised in mind as to the effect the sudden appearance of these warriors might have upon our servants, and was not altogether without a feeling of uneasiness myself as to what their intentions might be. Bumassa was the first to notice them, and at once communicated his fears to his companions, who again came to a halt, and urged upon us the extreme temerity of our proceedings. Fortunately, while the discussion was at its height, the skirmishers, after taking a good look at us, rejoined their cavalcade, and once more we moved on towards our goal.

I had several reasons for pushing on that night; one was the wish to avoid a public entry such as Mr Watson speaks of in his book, when, if I remember right, he rode into Wazan in full evening dress; and I was by no means sure that some gorgeous *costume de chasse* was not secreted in my friend's portmanteau, by which my humble appearance would be

eclipsed. There was also the shortness of time at my disposal, which was a continual thorn in my flesh until I should have recrossed the rivers Kús and Kharrúb on my return journey.

It was now past five o'clock, and the setting sun had already disappeared behind the mountain of Sarsar, causing a gloomy light to settle over the plain; while the white walls and minarets of Wazan, reflecting from their high position the declining rays, shone out in brilliant colours as a beacon to guide us on. Higher and higher up the light on the town receded in proportion as the sun went down into the west, till at last darkness had overspread the plain, and only a dim white spot on the hillside above us showed the position of the place. Our followers huddled closer together, and, unwilling to be left by themselves, urged the tired and jaded mules to keep up with us. I would have given a good round sum for another hour's daylight, for, it being now too dark to look for a place to encamp, we were bound to press forward at all hazards; while all the time certain qualms as to our reception were always present to my mind. The Jew, however, who had joined us early in the day, had assured me it was possible and safe to get into the town after dark. He had now disappeared by some short cut; so, selecting the most active of the mules, we hoisted the *chef*, who was much done up with the day's march, on to its back, and pushed on with him in advance of the others. I forgot to mention that I had despatched my letter of recommendation by one of the Bashaw's men early in the morning from Alcazar. He was to go by a mountain-path, which we with our animals could not manage, and I calculated ought to

have arrived at least two hours before dusk. Though the lateness of the hour and the absence of twilight in those latitudes prevented us seeing many of the details of the landscape before us, yet the general effect was solemn and impressive. The situation of Wazan is extremely picturesque, the hill on which it is perched forming the end of a gigantic *cul de sac*, of which the high hills to the north and south form the sides. By moonlight—as we saw it a few nights afterwards on our departure—it was very beautiful; and on this evening the curiously formed rocks and rugged outlines of the hills as they showed clearly against the bright starlit sky, contributed a grand but weird appearance to the scene.

We found the outskirts of the town on the side from which we approached were covered with cactus of an enormous height, intersected by a maze of paths in every direction. It was past seven before we got to the gates and found ourselves in the dark and silent lanes of Wazan. Passing through what seemed a deserted marketplace, we saw a few people talking together, and made our interpreter ask them the way to the Sharif's house. The darkness prevented their noticing our peculiar dress, and one of them led the way through a succession of narrow, ill-paved passages till we arrived at a gate. By repeated exhortations and explanations, I had hammered into the head of our *chef* the exact speech of which he was to deliver himself; and as the heavy gates opened and closed behind us, I repeated in a low, stern tone the celebrated parting instruction of King Charles the Martyr to Bishop Juxon. We now found ourselves in a large courtyard, in which a number of

men were seated on the ground round a fire. They jumped to their feet on seeing us, and by the aid of torches subjected us to a searching scrutiny. Tired and done up as we were with nearly thirteen hours in the saddle, and most of them spent under a blazing sun, the scene which presented itself was sufficiently interesting to banish for the moment all fatigue. The wild and uncouth appearance of these hillmen, armed with the long guns and daggers of the country, the glare of the torches, and the volley of questions they put to us and to our feeble interpreter, wellnigh baffle description. The only word almost that I could distinguish in the babel of voices was *Nasrání* (Christian), a term which, though full of hope under ordinary circumstances to professors of our faith, is nevertheless the same as a Moor makes use of when he belabours his donkey on the head, or sticks his knife into the gizzard of his foe; and neither it, nor the tone in which it was uttered, was particularly reassuring. Our guide was presently taken off to give an account of us to some higher authority, while we were left like early Christian martyrs in the arena.

"Si ce vieux coquin allait nous vendre!" remarked my fellow-prisoner; but on this point I was pretty easy, as, besides a substratum of respectability which was noticeable in our *chef*, he had, in an unguarded moment during one of our long conversations on the march, informed me that, besides the adoption of various forms of French civilisation, he had abjured the Mussulman faith and become a *bon Catholique*. Now, as a renegade is looked upon by true believers as the lowest and most despicable of mankind, I had

once or twice held my acquired knowledge over him as a threat, and just before arriving here had whispered to him how fatal the disclosure would certainly prove in this city of fanatics.

Hence I was pretty sure that our reception by the Sharif would not be injuriously influenced through any fault of our envoy. After waiting a short time, two well-dressed men came into the courtyard, and after saluting us respectfully and shaking hands with us, led us, still mounted, through a narrow passage—one side of which was a mosque, which, though we were careful not to cast our unhallowed glances towards it, we observed through the wide-open doors was brilliantly lighted up.

"Tout est préparé pour le massacre des malheureux infidèles," I remarked to my friend, by way of cheering him up.

"Si on nous donnait un bon dîner avant l'exécution je mourrais heureux," was his equally pertinent reply.

After descending a steep narrow path, with broad steps cut in it—the dangers of which were only occasionally revealed by the unsteady light of a torch—we reached another open yard. Here we dismounted, and a good-looking, well-dressed youth appearing, presented me with a bunch of orange-flowers and a rose. This I considered an auspicious omen; and though at the time I should have preferred a brandy-and-soda, or other light refreshment, I thanked the donor as best I could. I fancy he is one of the young gentlemen described in Mr Watson's book as the Sharif's "secretaries," which term may be accepted in default of a better.

We now dismounted from our horses, and by the light of a pretty coloured lantern descended some

steps, and after traversing a narrow passage between high walls, were taken through an open door and on to a verandah overlooking a garden. Half-a-dozen Moors were standing about in it, and presently an individual, dressed in an exquisitely white *haïk* with the hood pulled up over his turban, glided in. It hardly needed the profound salutations of the Moors, and the figure of the *bon Catholique* grovelling at the feet of the holy man, to tell us this was the Sharif; and advancing hat in hand, I proffered, through the medium of the prostrate renegade, our sincere apologies for disturbing so distinguished a personage at such an unseasonable hour. I explained, further, that it was only the darkness coming on us so suddenly, and rendering it impossible to find a place to camp, in a neighbourhood totally unknown to us, that obliged us to enter his town so late and without the necessary permission.

"I should have been much disappointed had you done otherwise," he replied, in the most courteous tone. "Your messenger has only just arrived, and I have sent out people to look for your servants and baggage, and have ordered a house to be got ready for you."

Our anxieties were now at an end; and as, simultaneously with this relief to our feelings, the thoughts of dinner thrust themselves upon us with irresistible force, we were glad when our host led the way out of the verandah, and through some more dark passages and courts into a very pretty Moorish house of the ordinary type. Our mules and servants also now arrived, and the Sharif's men showed them their quarters, which were close to us.

The house into which we were ushered consisted of a courtyard, or *patio*, about 20 feet square, paved

with variegated tiles, and covered by a stained-glass skylight. About six feet square of the floor, in the centre, were sunk a few inches below the general level, and a fountain played in the middle. Four white square pillars, about six feet from each corner, supported the ceiling, forming a sort of passage round the *patio*. The doors by which we entered were very high, of the usual horse-shoe shape, and a small wicket-gate in one of them. On either side the courtyard, and opening into it by similar doors, were two good-sized sleeping-rooms about 24 feet by 14; the walls were whitewashed, with dados of coloured tiles; mattresses three or four deep were piled up at either end, and curtains looped up to screen them off; a heavy *portière* hung in front of the door, and handsome rugs covered the floor, which was raised about two feet from the level of the *patio*. We subsequently made the larger of the two our sleeping-room; and in the other, which had a table and two chairs in it, we took our meals.

Rather an awkward pause now ensued, as the *chef* was obliged to go and look after his business, and the Sharif sat looking at us, and we at him, in a rather hopeless way; and although one party was brimming over with hospitality, and the other with gratitude, there were literally "no words to express" our feelings on either side. Fearing that our enforced silence, combined with fatigue and the drowsy sound of the fountain, would send us to sleep, we once more sent for our interpreter, and asked permission to retire to our rooms and get ready for dinner. This meal did not make its appearance till 10.30 P.M., after which we retired to rest, not without sundry misgivings, which were

amply realised, as to the nature and voracity of the unseen occupants of our chamber, for which the soft mattresses and thick quilts of our beds formed a promising covert.

One disadvantage of our host's great anxiety that all our wants should be attended to was, that he had evidently given orders to be apprised personally of any wish we expressed, and was continually hovering about and superintending matters relating to our comfort himself. Then, too, our constant dread was, that although we endeavoured to give the minimum of trouble ourselves, our retainers were probably not so scrupulous. We were the more suspicious on this score as regarded the old cook and Hamido than about the other servants; and M. de la M. took his melancholy valet gravely to task on the subject, explaining that the Sharif was almost as great a person as the Sultan, or even ourselves, and far greater than the Bashaw of Tangier, who was the highest personification of power and rank that Hamido had ever seen in the flesh; in fact, that he was by no means to be communicated with because we happened to want some extra bedding for our horses, or some oil to clean our guns with, &c.

We could not get a clear answer on the subject; but I fancy the rooms we occupied had been vacated for us, either by the Sharif or some of his household, as, on climbing up a winding stair on to the flat roof of the house early in the morning, I saw our host dodging me from behind a pillar. The view from the top of the building looking north and east towards the hills was varied and very beautiful. The snow still lay upon some of the higher peaks; and the many-coloured scrub, lentisk, myrtle, &c.,

which covered the low ground, all looked bright and fresh after the unusual amount of rain which had fallen. All the outskirts of the town are thickly planted with olive and orange trees; but beyond the radius of these there is hardly a building to be seen, and the town appears to have sprung up, a little centre of bustle and activity, in the midst of vast and trackless solitudes. While enjoying the view, the "secretary" came up, and, touching me on the shoulder, said something, of which I distinguished the words Sharif, Hammam, and *mizián* (fine or splendid). Recollecting how Mr Watson in his book spoke of the excellence of the "Turkish bath" at Wazan, and how it was "conducted on the same principles as in Europe," I accompanied my young friend. He led me through a dark passage redolent of most awful odours, the presence of which in most houses in "Europe" would render the proprietor liable to be indicted for a nuisance, into a dark and dirty little room paved with mud, the temperature about 150°, and the floor so hot I had to stand upon a piece of wood placed for the purpose. As these were not the "principles" upon which the Turkish bath I was accustomed to use were "conducted," I had several jars of water which I had noticed on the roof, brought in, and had a refreshing tub. Unfortunately I had no towels with me. I had confided my only garment to a black slave outside, and although he appeared on my shouting for him, I could by no possibility make him understand what I wanted. If I rubbed myself to explain my meaning, he began to subject my dripping person to friction with his very dirty hands; and when I pointed in the direction I had come from, he at once

went out and returned with the binoculars with which I had been scanning the horizon. I was so afraid he would end by calling the Sharif, that I fled down the evil-smelling passage, and calling for Hamido, explained my wants. On going down-stairs again, I found my friend performing his ablutions at the fountain, or rather wondering how he was to begin, for he kept wandering round and round the jet of water without coming to any definite conclusion as to how it was to be applied to his person, and ended by sending for the portable bath we had used on the march.

Just as we had finished breakfast, the Sharif was announced, and being accommodated with the only other chair the establishment boasts of, sat down beside us, and as soon as the *chef* appeared, informed himself of how we had passed the night, &c. He had, besides the "secretary" who attends him like a shadow, a very intelligent elderly man with him, and several other people came in during the interview—each of them, on arrival, bending low, and kissing his arm. We asked him, *à propos* of any other Europeans that he had seen, if he remembered Mr Watson's visit; but, possibly through the cook's infamous interpreting, or from some other cause, we could elicit no clear reply: indeed that functionary's services cannot be relied upon much before evening, when a lucid interval occurs, and lasts—by the lively conversations we overhear—late into the night. On this occasion I felt sure I heard the Moorish rendering of "Algeria" introduced several times, and as none of our questions or remarks had any reference to that country, we knew he was reverting, on his own account, to his favourite topic. My

friend having explained that he was a *grand chasseur*, the Sharif at once proposed a *chasse* after partridges in the afternoon, and saying he would be ready to accompany us himself at two, took his leave.

As is usual when one makes an appointment with a Moor, we got a message at two that the Sharif was "just going to eat;" so it was not till three that we sallied forth, the Sharif on a handsome black horse, De la M. and I on mules. My mount was a superb animal about sixteen hands high, with a high-peaked Moorish saddle that added another foot and a half to his height. Accompanying us was the inevitable "secretary" on a mule, two or three men on ponies, and about twenty more on foot, armed with long guns.

I do not think the Sharif often shows himself in public; and as he rode slowly along in front of us all, it was curious to see the men running across the fields to come and kiss his knee, while the women stood on one side and gave vent to the curious shrill cry, something like a prolonged *jodel*, by which they are wont to show their admiration of, or satisfaction at, anything. But of none of these demonstrations did their godlike superior take the slightest notice as he ambled quietly along, his exquisitely white flowing robe almost covering the animal on which he rode. Similarly with the Sultan—of whom I had several audiences three years ago—I never saw the Sharif sport colours of any sort except a green silk cord, from which a small bag was suspended: in the case of the Sultan I think it was a silver dagger in place of the bag. Neither of them wears any jewellery, a pleasant contrast to the effeminate and overdressed princes of Hindustan. Possibly,



from the fact of their both being Sharifs—*i.e.*, lineal descendants of the Prophet—there is a certain likeness between the Sultan and our host. Both are handsome men, though extremely dark. The Sharif, in fact, is nearly black; but his very pleasant voice, and the extreme courtesy of his manner, make one forget his colour; while the feeling of perfect security I experienced under his protection made me quite forget I was travelling in the most fanatical part of a country which, judged by an unfair European standard, is wholly barbarous.

When we got to the side of a hill about two miles from the town, we separated; the Sharif, with his immediate attendants, taking up his position on the top of the hill, either to watch us shooting along the side or to take his siesta—I do not know which,—while we, accompanied by our chasseur, his *chien d'arrêt*, and about fifteen of the armed hillmen, formed line along the slopes in search of partridges.

I must remark in self-defence, that it was only at the solicitation of the Sharif that I accompanied the party, as shooting partridges in April—except for the pot on the line of march—is entirely against my principles. I had mentioned this in the morning to my friend, who acknowledged that he also had scruples, but apparently experienced less difficulty in overcoming them. One of our attendants was armed with an English breech-loader; and, greatly to my discomfiture, persisted in carrying his weapon “at the present” the whole afternoon. I was glad to find his gun was the same bore as my own, and I left him all my spare cartridges—about one hundred—with which he was much delighted. We only got about a dozen partridges. They are of the

red-legged tribe, and a good deal larger than our own. Most of them fell to me; and as I was lucky enough to only miss once, my reputation as a sportsman is established in Wazan. We saw no other game, and after a couple of hours joined the Sharif on the top of the hill. Several notables from the town had come out; a rug was spread on the ground, and the inevitable tea-kettle, &c., was in position. While we were discussing the usual three cups of tea which are *de rigueur* on these occasions, our Spanish chasseur stood by, hat in hand, acting as interpreter. In reply to a remark I made about the Sultan, our host said, “He would never be on the throne without the aid of the Sharifs of Wazan.” They all nodded affirmatively, as if indorsing this statement, which, however, was not new to me. I next inquired if it would be possible for a Christian to travel in the Rif country, which mysterious and unknown region looked quite close from where we were; on which they asked, “What hill do you wish to visit?” I pointed out one, the highest of the lot, about twenty miles off. They looked at one another and laughed, the Sharif saying, “Why do you want to go there?” “Only,” I replied, “because no Christian has ever been there, and I know that with your safe-conduct I should have nothing to fear.”

“Neither the Sultan nor his troops can venture among those hills; but when you return here, as you have promised, I will send some one with you where you want to go,”—a pledge I hope ere long to get fulfilled. They said the snow on some of the hills remained there all summer, and the breezes off it must help to make Wazan the perfect climate which it seems to

be. I never felt anything more exhilarating than the air that afternoon ; and the curious scene on the hill-top, of this exclusive and almost unknown potentate entertaining, with his household, two European gentlemen at a "five-o'clock tea-party," will remain long impressed upon my memory. Our conversation, through the medium of Antonio, being exhausted, and the tea, of which all the attendants had a cup, being finished, we mounted our steeds and rode back into the town, shooting a few more birds *en route*, and visiting a new summer palace which is being built for the Sharif's father.

Although both wine and tobacco were, as far as we could judge, unknown at Wazan, we got several requests for a bottle of the former, and at dinner that evening the same thing occurred again. Though our supply was, of course, not unlimited, we did not like to refuse ; and I hope *les jeunes gens du Sharif*, who, we were told, had asked for it, enjoyed their unaccustomed dissipation.

We had determined to announce to our host our intention of leaving next day, and of camping about ten miles on the road to Alcazar. So when the melancholy voice of Hamido—"El Sharif viene, señores"—proclaimed his arrival, we sent for the *chef*, and ordered him to break the news to our host. The old renegade looked dirtier than usual ; and a leer in his eye, combined with my friend's remark "Comme il a l'air goguenard !" made me wonder if our present of wine had got farther than the kitchen in the direction of *les jeunes gens du Sharif*. He certainly interpreted worse than ever that evening ; and I was much relieved when our host, after very courteously expressing his regret at our departure, took his leave.

As M. de la M. intended remaining a few days at our first halting-place out of Wazan, while I hurried back alone to Tangier, the next morning was occupied in squaring our accounts, which he had good-naturedly kept, and in paying the servants up to date. It was arranged that I should take the *chef*, Bumassa, and the soldier on with me, together with two tents and most of the animals. Before leaving, I had a long talk with the Sharif, having spent some time in coaching the *chef* on the topics I wished to discuss. The Sharif had heard why I was pressed for time, and of my anxiety about the possible state of the rivers.

"I would like to see a bridge over the Kús," he said, "and a road made to Fez, which would bring plenty of strangers into our country ; but neither the Sultan nor my father will hear of it."

We then got on the subject of the mineral wealth of Marocco, and he was much interested at hearing how *savants* discovered the presence of metals, &c., under the ground—a process I had some difficulty in explaining, as the *chef* was persuaded they did it *by smell*, and had already enlarged upon the subject on his own hook.

"Did not some Frenchmen," I asked, "come to look for mines here some years ago?"

"Yes, but they made nothing of it [*n'aboutit à rien*], and it is not suitable [*inconvenable*] that foreigners should dig in our country."

"You would not, then, approve of my examining the place when I return?"

"You have been received and entertained at the Court, and have written kindly about our people, I hear, and I would help you or any friend of yours as far as I

could in such an object; but this is a wild and dangerous district [I fancy this was an impromptu of the *chef*], and there would be great difficulty."

At 3 P.M. the following day we set off from Wazan, about a dozen of the Sharif's men escorting us through the town, which we had asked leave to visit. The streets, though narrow and steep, are not as dirty as in most Moorish towns, and there is far less disease and misery apparent in the faces of the inhabitants.

Our presence caused great excitement, the people pressing round our little cavalcade, and those who could not get near running on ahead and taking up a good position where we were likely to pass. Our guard were so violent in their efforts to clear a passage for us, that I was glad when they turned down a narrow court, and motioning us to dismount, showed us through a low door into a succession of open *patios*, round which the houses of the Jews were built. Generally the *melha*, or quarter where they live, is far dirtier than any other part of the town; here it was the reverse, and the well-to-do appearance of the grown-up people, and pretty laughing faces of the children, show that in Wazan, at all events, the ancient race is not subject to persecution. Some of them could speak a few words of Spanish, and the inmates of several houses into which we looked saluted us with, "Buenos dias, señores." I have always noticed how glad the Jews in Marocco are to see one; and particularly in Fez and Mequinez, after having been scowled at by the true believers as we rode along with our guard, it has been a relief to turn in to the *melha*, and be greeted by the smiles and welcome of these persecuted Israelites. It is most dif-

ficult to form any correct estimate of the population of a Moorish town. Wazan, I should say, was certainly under 10,000, of which the Jews number probably about 600.

Although it was after three o'clock when we got outside the town, we had hoped to do at least ten miles that afternoon; so our dismay can be imagined when, after riding about four miles, the Sharif's men said we were to go no farther, but to encamp where we were. In vain we protested against this very high-handed proceeding; it was not of the least use. "We were in the Sharif's country," and it was intimated very plainly that we must do as we were told. Of course we abused the *chef* for having interpreted so badly, and for not telling us what the Sharif's wishes had been; but that was the only satisfaction we had, and there we were obliged to camp for the night. It was a very pretty spot, just on the edge of the plains; but the noises which surrounded us I shall never forget. All the flocks and herds of the district seemed gathered there,—the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes had been ordered by the Sharif to rendezvous there, and, with their animals and attendants, kept up a most unholy chorus the livelong night. Our servants, too, seemed quite demoralised by their visit to Wazan, and aided in making night hideous by squabbling over the unnecessarily large supplies brought in by the villagers. Among other items were 150 eggs, which I in vain endeavoured to refuse. I was told everything belonged to the Sharif, nothing to the people, and they dared not disobey orders.

We slept—or rather did not sleep—that night in a big tent the Sharif had lent us; and before sunrise I was up trying to get my

people together, and be on the road once more. There was to be a big beat that day for partridges, &c., for M. de la M.'s benefit; and at about 7 A.M. I heard cries of "Sidi, Sidi" (the Saint or Lord), and descending the hillside from Wazan, I saw our host and his attendants slowly advancing. It was a curious sight, as he came up to the camp, to see the *káids* and headmen who had assembled all jump off their horses and run to meet the man who to them is the representative on earth of God, and the personification of all power and sanctity. He took not the slightest notice of any of them as they ran forward, bowing, and kissed his knee or foot; but, dismounting, met me as I advanced hat in hand, and shook hands,—a proceeding which must have raised me considerably in the estimation of the villagers. His carpet being spread out, and the Spanish *chasseur* being summoned to interpret, the Sharif said: "I am grieved at your leaving us, but I hope your friend will enjoy his day here; and when you return to Wazan, you must have many days' shooting." The kind and courteous tone in which he said this was really touching; and it was with sincere regret that I made my final adieux, and, accompanied by two mounted soldiers of the Sharif's, cantered off after my servants, who had left an hour before, and whom we soon overtook. I found the *chef* lamenting that he had only secured ten fowls as his share of the spoil. The wretched creatures were all alive, tied by the legs, with their heads hanging down; but he promised me they should all be killed on arrival in camp. The soldiers came with us as far as the western entrance to the "enchanted glen," and saying I had nothing further to fear, rode back to join their chief.

By 4 P.M. we were again on the banks of the Kús, which, though still pretty broad, had gone down about two feet. As soon as we had crossed and were approaching Alcazar, I broke to the *chef* that I had no intentions of halting there, but should push on to the Warúr, seven miles north of the town. As soon as he had explained my orders, there was a wail of lamentation among my followers, and every conceivable and inconceivable reason was adduced for halting. The cook said he had to buy charcoal and meat—"Je veux être pendu si je ne vous donne pas votre déjeuner à cinq heures du matin." The soldier, too, said it would take him a long time to buy barley for the animals; and, what was worst of all, Bumassa declared that the "mule de Bruzaud," which I was bound to take back, was located two miles off in the country! As I had no way of disproving this, I left the animals and servants in charge of the soldier, and, in company with my old friend, entered the town. The first man we met was a vendor of pack-saddles, in whose charge the injured beast had been left, and who told the same story—so, at least, the *chef* said. I therefore sent for the Jew who had asked me to take him back to Tangier, and who spoke excellent Spanish. He at once took me to the man's yard, and there was the "mule de Bruzaud," restored to health, and ready for the march. Within a quarter of an hour, with my assistance, the meat, barley, and charcoal were all purchased, and we were once more *en route*, arriving on some high ground on the north bank of the Warúr just after dark. I felt quite proud, not only of having detected my followers' falsehoods, but, when tired and quite ready for a halt myself, having succeeded

in getting the camp a good seven miles farther on the road. The Jew whom I took under my protection was a great acquisition, and installed himself as my valet and factotum. He told me this district was full of robbers, and one was killed yesterday close to Alcazar. The guardians of my camp brought a lot of dogs with them, and about 10 P.M., seeing that sleep was out of the question, by reason of their barking and howling, after several remonstrances, I unpacked a revolver I had at the bottom of my portmanteau, and having loaded it, told the *chef* to explain to the villagers that I would shoot the next dog that came near my tent. They were all sitting round the camp-fire; the *chef* was beside me, and in front were my seven mules and ponies. By some unaccountable accident, just as I put the pistol back in my coat-pocket, bang went one of the barrels, blowing my pocket to pieces, and giving me rather a start. I never saw my old friend excited before. "J'espère, monsieur, que rien ne vous est arrivé?" "No," I replied, "mais j'ai peur d'avoir manqué ce chien." With which lame excuse I retired to my tent, unloaded and replaced my weapon, extremely gratified at my own escape and that of the Moors and animals.

I cut loose all the poor fowls that evening, and fed them with barley, insisting, however, on their not being carried alive any farther. I have always looked upon the Moorish and Spanish method of transporting them as very cruel; but I confess my views are modified, for the *chef* that day had drawn my attention to the way in which, though tied head downwards by the legs, they pecked everything eatable that came within their reach, and at each other; while the cocks,

even in that awkward position, lost no opportunity of making love after the obtrusive manner of their kind.

Next night I encamped near a small Arab *duar*, or village of tents, on some very pretty rising ground just beyond the river Aya-sha, and within twenty miles of Tangier. I had made a detour of about five miles by myself to have a look at the extraordinary monolithic remains at El Uted. There is only one large column, about twenty feet high, still standing, a solemn and mysterious relic of a prehistoric age. The natives attempt no explanation of the phenomenon, but regard the place as sacred; and I was by no means sure as to what kind of reception I should meet with from a few men who were sitting close underneath it. Fortunately they were very friendly, asking, as far as I could understand, if I was the Christian who had just been to Wazan, and on my replying in the affirmative, looked at each other and at me in much astonishment.

The headman of the *duar* where I halted begged me to pitch the camp closer to their tents on account of robbers; but I had chosen a nice bit of ground near an orange-grove, so declined to move. There was delicious water there, and the ladies of the *duar* brought it us in large jars. There were some pretty girls among them, and I had a long talk before dinner with them through the medium of the *chef*, who brightens up a little when brought into contact with the fair sex, and must, I think, have been a bit of a Lothario in his day. He was much pleased at their asking me if I would like to come and live there, and to my modest affirmative must have added some impromptu of his own, judging from the laughter which followed my answer.

“Comme elles seraient jolies habillées en modes Parisiennes!” remarked the old libertine; but there I disagreed with him, preferring the less civilised but more graceful fashion, which is not ashamed to disclose a pretty foot and part of a well-formed and shapely leg. They brought me some ewe’s milk before dinner—a delicacy I had never, to my knowledge, drunk before, but which was extremely nice. They seemed to have lots of sheep and cattle, but spokedespondently about their affairs, saying it was no good making money, for as soon as they earned it it was taken from them. Lately a servant of the Sultan’s had stayed a night in the *duar*; his mule, worth 150 dollars, had been stolen, and they had to pay up 300. This and similar acts of oppression, they said, had made them very poor.

It is the same story as I have heard in all parts of the country. A fine intelligent race, a land blessed with every good thing that Providence can bestow, but cursed by a system of government which is rotten to the core, but which is far too paying a one for those in authority ever to admit of the necessity of reform. How can it be otherwise? There is hardly, in all Marocco, a single official or headman in any department who is paid for his work. On the contrary, a large sum is expected from them, to be paid into the Sultan’s Treasury every year. “Why should we pay official salaries,” was the answer made to me by a man high in office in the Sultan’s Court, when I taxed him with the grinding down of the poor people in many of the districts through which I had passed—“why should we pay official salaries, when able(?) men are found ready to pay *us* for appointing them?”

Considering that these officials

are vested with almost unlimited power—and though appeals to the Sultan are sometimes made, yet access to an audience is very hard to obtain—it needs little imagination to picture the cruelties and excesses committed by the headmen in their endeavours to squeeze the wretched people. This has gone on from time immemorial, and will continue till the great change takes place which is always hovering near, and at last must overtake every partially barbarous country which happens to be adjacent to the more civilised world. When and how this change will occur to Marocco is a problem as interesting as useful,—and to no nation a more important question than to our own. It may be that the wave of Western civilisation which has already overspread the whole of Northern Africa, from Egypt to Oran, will receive a further impetus, and, before losing itself in the Atlantic, engulf the ill-starred country of Marocco. Internal convulsions might also bring it about; the death, for instance, of the present Sultan, and his being succeeded by some ruler, not only with the same liberal views as Mulai Hassan himself holds, but gifted with sufficient governing power to enable him to rise, phoenix-like, upon the ashes of the Augean stable of corruption and mismanagement which now weighs the country down. Then, again, the system of extending irregular protection to many Jews, which is practised to a shameful extent by several of the foreign representatives in Tangier, may be the forerunner of some tragic events. These Jews, who are known to have paid large sums to European Ministers for the protection of their flag, have now grown so insolent and so tyrannical in their dealings with Moors in the interior, that the hatred of the

Mussulmans for these people is lately increased tenfold, and needs but little encouragement to institute a series of massacres throughout the country. Then, of course, foreign intervention would be necessary, — and the partition treaty which already exists in embryo in the minds of many European statesmen, would become a *fait accompli*. Far better would it be if abuses of this description were inquired into and corrected, instead of the agitation which is created by some philanthropist "having seen a slave in the streets of Tangier or Tetuan,"—slavery, as I can vouch for myself, being one of the few well-conducted branches of the interior economy of Morocco.

But through whatever channel the future destinies of those "happy realms" may be altered, it is certain that without some serious provocation the Moors themselves will bear no hand in the matter, but will be content to jog along in the same monotonous groove in which they have moved since the beginning of the Christian era.

I had the misfortune that evening, my last in camp, to break my watch-glass, and found in the morning it had stopped. I watched the sun rise, and set it to what I guessed the right hour, finding on my arrival in Tangier that I was only ten minutes out. I had to wear it all day pinned on the outside of my coat, to prevent the hands touching anything—which eccentricity, however, attracted no attention on the road. My late companion had a neat little *cadran solaire*, with which, by allowing for the approximate variations, we were able to tell the time pretty accurately.

For the last time that night I gave orders for the *chef's* wretched fowls to be killed, as, apart from

the cruelty of the proceeding, I did not wish to make my entry into Tangier laden with spoils, like the members of certain foreign legations in that town. "Ils serrent tous morts après votre dîner, monsieur, je vous jure;" but on waking at "cock-crow," I experienced the same sensation which I fancy must have been Samuel's after the destruction of Amalek—while I flatter myself that when the *chef* overheard my order to my valet, "Quitta los pollos," he must have felt a little like Agag. He at once began cutting their throats; but I stopped him at the third, and after pointing out that obedience was better than sacrifice, I sent for my fair young friends of the preceding evening, and distributed the remaining seven cocks and hens, with which attention they were much pleased.

At about nine that (Sunday) morning, I passed Hadd el Gharbia—the weekly market held about 18 miles from Tangier—and found it unusually crowded, being almost the first fine Sunday they had had for weeks. All the different trades have separate ground allotted to them, the butchers, corn-dealers, pottery-sellers, shoemakers, all being numerous represented. I think the latter are about the busiest, as Moorish slippers take a lot of patching up, and the cobbler generally makes good on the market-day the wear and tear of the preceding week. The bread-sellers were all of the gentler sex, chiefly young girls; and as I had to buy a day's supply for my men, I went round with the *chef* inspecting their wares, much to their amusement. Some of them had on the pretty Moorish brooches, joined together by a silver chain; and though I made my attendant offer considerably over the value for several of them, it was of no use.

I bought a good deal more bread than was required, but had the satisfaction of distributing it, together with a lot of oranges, to the starving people who always hover around these assemblies.

As I was leaving the place, a very handsome man, but desperately thin, and with recent marks of fetters on his legs, followed me gesticulating wildly. I could not conceive what he wanted, but found he had been imprisoned for many months at the instance of a French or Italian protected Jew. The governor of the district had at last let him out, and he was on his way to Fez to try to get redress. He had had no food for some days, and I shall never forget his famished appearance and look of gratitude when I gave him money to buy some. The soldier, who knew who he was, vouched for the truth of his story. That functionary, who knew a word or two of Spanish, rather amused me that afternoon. I was sitting under the shade of a big rock washing down with some claret the wholly unedible meal which the *chef* had provided, and there being half a bottle left, offered it to the soldier, who refused it with protestations of horror; but on my making as if I would throw it away, he at once seized it, and remarking "Casa, bona," wrapped it up in his *jeláb* for consumption privately.

When within seven or eight miles of Tangier, I left my people to follow at their leisure, and cantered in, arriving an hour before dinner, very glad to stretch my legs once more under a comfortable table, and to be able to express my thoughts again in my native tongue, — a luxury I had not enjoyed since leaving Tangier.

Next day, after an interview with the Sharif (*père*), at which

H.E. Sir J. Hay acted as interpreter, I recrossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and succeeded in catching a homeward-bound ship the day following. Generally, passengers getting in at the last port of call on a long voyage have to put up with rather poor accommodation; but I was fortunate in securing a large cabin between myself and a chance acquaintance, who was also going home. We were not quite so happy, however, in our *entourage*, for an aged second-class passenger, in a moribund condition, had been removed into the adjoining cabin, and, with all the ports closed on account of a north-westerly gale, was by no means a pleasant neighbour. Of course there was no help for it; and as the poor old man did all in his power for us by dying the second night at sea, I bear him no ill will. I must confess, however, to having been a little startled by a nautical party, provided with needles, &c., appearing at my bedside at six the following morning, with the intention of sewing me up and committing my body to the deep. I begged for delay, and suggested their applying their misdirected energies next door. At eight o'clock the stopping of the ship and solemn tolling of the bell announced that the old man's earthly voyage was at an end.

After this sad event, we concluded our troubles were over, and were naturally indignant at finding our late friend's place was taken by a sick Lascar. In vain we expostulated with the doctor, who made himself particularly disagreeable, and could not be brought to see the advantage of sharing his own cabin with his patient rather than putting us to inconvenience. Orientals are not wont to suffer in silence, and the poor man's groans were harassing to a degree, till our



arrival at Plymouth, where, by an exodus of most of the passengers, I was enabled to move into another cabin.

Notwithstanding blowy weather and the presence on board of about sixty children, which made me drink sometimes at dinner to the immortal memory of cruel King Herod, the voyage home was extremely agreeable, and pleasant hours spent on deck or in the saloon will possibly remain a pleasing recollection to more than one of us. Cards were always going on, and, when smooth enough, music, though the powers of the one fair accompanist must have been sorely tried by some of the duties which devolved upon her. In one case particularly so, when a travelling gent of the true 'Arry type, who was always bursting with suppressed melody, would crave an accompaniment to "'Er bright smile 'aunts me still." It is, perhaps, one of the drawbacks of meeting agreeable people on a

short sea-voyage that the intimacy established on board ship can hardly go on through the busy life of work or fashion on shore; and though, as I once heard remarked, the pleasant intimacies on those occasions are only due to their being nothing else to look at than "a sea-gull and the man at the wheel," yet the friendships formed under these circumstances in a few weeks or even days, are often as lasting as though they were the result of as many months' companionship under more stirring influences.

And now my task is completed, and my last visit to Marocco, with the incidents and actors connected therewith, is fast fading into a memory. It is a very pleasant one; and if the record of my stay among the people tends to interest those who are acquainted with the country, or to raise its people in the estimation of those who know nothing about them, I shall not have penned these notes in vain.

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## THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART VII.

## CHAPTER XXV.—A VISIT TO THE CITY.

ONE fine morning, not very long after his excursion into the country, Dexter File might have been seen threading his way slowly along Cheapside, taking in as he went all the sights and sounds of that wonderful thoroughfare. Everybody seemed to be busy enough, and yet the eager, anxious, careworn look which File was accustomed to observe on the countenances of his countrymen rarely met his eyes. The people seemed to have a good-natured aspect; and once or twice when he stopped some one to ask his way, he was treated with a patient civility which struck him as a thing rather new in the ways of men dealing one with the other. He admired the cleanliness of the streets, the brightness of the shop-fronts, and the excellence of the pavements; he thought well of the big policemen, and of the skill with which the bewildering mass of traffic was kept in its proper channels. "These English are not so backward as I fancied," said the millionaire to himself, as he crossed the road to the Royal Exchange; "they must have a good deal of common-sense concealed somewhere about them, and yet it is wonderful how they will let anybody take them in. If they had not bought up most of our bankrupt roads, and flooded mines, and bogus cattle-ranches, I don't know where a good many Americans would have been by this time. They are fighting rather shy of us just now,—seems as if we had scared them at last. We *have* been running them pretty hard lately, that's a fact." And he recalled the different occasions on

which English credulity had been of very great service to himself, especially in the days when no one in his own land would have taken his word for half-a-dollar.

He went on with his head bent down, while these and like thoughts skimmed over the surface of his mind; and after a little time he found himself in a narrow street standing before a doorway, on the side of which a certain name was painted. File looked at this name, and then at a card which he drew out of his pocket. Apparently he was satisfied, for he went into the house, and passed up a dirty staircase, and tapped at a door in front of him. A muttered word or two reached his ears, which perhaps was an invitation to enter. File accepted it frankly in that spirit, and walked in without further ceremony.

He passed at once into a small and grimy room, in the centre of which there was a table, strewn with papers more or less ink-stained and discoloured. Some of the papers were tied up in bundles with faded red tape. Two chairs stood by the side of the table, and in one of them there sat an unpleasant-looking young man, with a bilious skin and bloodshot eyes, and a furtive expression, which at once set Dexter File against him. For there was nothing he hated so much as any sign of craft or guile in others: perhaps he was not unconscious that those qualities entered a little into his own composition, but that did not reconcile him to them when he saw them exhibited by anybody else.

The sly young man looked at File with suspicion. His apparel

was ill made and shabby, and the high hat, to which he clung as his only friend in a foreign land, had not improved in appearance since his arrival in England; softening of the brim had evidently reached an advanced stage. Then the clerk did not fail to notice that the visitor wore a paper collar, and a necktie which might have cost a shilling when it was new, which was a long time ago. Noting these things with a careful but rapid glance—and it was part of the clerk's business thus to "take stock" of his employer's visitors—he came to the conclusion that Dexter File was some poor devil in a scrape, and that he had come to the wrong place to be shown the way out of it.

"Is Mr Moss Jacobs in?" asked File, who could scarcely bear to throw another glance at the clerk. It was a case of reciprocal aversion at first sight. "This is his office, I believe?"

"This is Mr Jacobs's office," said the clerk; "but he's very seldom here. Do you want to see him?"

"I reckon I should not be here if I did not. You don't find people coming much for pleasure, do you?"

"Well, not often," replied the clerk, with an ugly leer. "We are not much in that line in this part of the town. Many of our customers go in for pleasure, but not at the East End. There is nothing very festive going on when they call upon Moss Jacobs in the City. So you want to see him. Is it about pictures?"

"It is not about pictures. I am not a painter."

"I should think not," said the young man, laughing. "Artists all drive in their broughams now, and live near Holland Park,—at least *ours* do. But what *is* your business?"

"I come on private business," answered File, with an air of sim-

plicity, for he was beginning to be amused with this nice young man.

"Private?—yes, of course. Most people who come to see Mr Jacobs have very private business with him. But I am sure to know all about it, for I take charge of all the bills, you understand, and remind him when they are due. Is it about money?"

"I suppose that is what brings most people here, is it not?"

"That's about it."

"Very good. Then I have come on the same business as other people."

"Well, I should advise you not to try it on just now," said the clerk, now lounging towards the window, and adopting a patronising manner towards the visitor. "The governor has had bad luck lately, and money is short—in fact, I never knew it so short before. You have come to the wrong shop, mister; I could see that directly you opened the door. It's the house with three gold balls hanging outside that you want, and there are plenty of such places about here. Mr Jacobs deals only with swells; if you knew anything about him, you ought to have known that. Look here! I may as well save your time and his. If you are hard up, why don't you go to a loan office? That is about the ticket for you, don't you see? What made you come here? Who sent you?"

"I forget now who it was," replied File, in a vacant way which increased the clerk's contempt for him tenfold. "I think it must have been Captain Tiltoff."

"So you know him, do you?" said the clerk, pricking up his ears, and scanning File more closely than before. "He's a pretty customer. We have had some trouble with him, and it isn't all over yet. We should have sold him up long ago, but there is some difficulty in

the way. So you come from him, Mister What's-your-name? Why didn't you say so at first?"

At this moment a bell rung in an inner room, and the clerk started towards the door. "That's the gov'nor," said he, hurriedly. "If you come on Captain Tiltoff's business, I daresay he will see you for a minute. Shall I tell him you are here?"

"Tell him anything you like," said File; and as the clerk disappeared he ran his eye rapidly over the papers on the table. He had no particular curiosity to see what they were about, but when he went into a room he liked to look at everything, and the truth is that many a useful scrap of information he had picked up by a casual glance at a letter.

"Yes," said the clerk, after a short absence, "he will see you. Only, if you come to ask him to renew any of the Captain's bills, I advise you not to go in. He is like a bear with a sore head to-day."

File, however, did not show any sign of nervousness as he entered the private office where Moss Jacobs transacted the financial part of his business. The picture trade was carried on in Bond Street, and there Jacobs was to be found nearly every afternoon, looking out for his American customers. So far as his opportunities permitted, he was gradually getting back the money which had been paid for the Alabama claims. As soon as his eyes fell upon Dexter File, he saw that he was an American, but of a class with which he had never sought to have any dealings. He muttered a gruff "Good morning," and waited for his visitor to begin.

"You are a friend of Captain Tiltoff's, I believe," said File, taking a chair, and putting his hat on the floor.

"I don't know so much about that," replied Jacobs, in a sour tone.

"At any rate, you have lent him a good deal of money?"

"Ah, that's another matter."

"So it is. May I ask you how much he owes you?"

"Do you intend to pay it, then?" asked Jacobs, with an impudent laugh.

"It all depends," replied File, in his usual placid manner. "Tell me how much your debt is, and I will let you know. I suppose he is in debt everywhere?"

"Do you know him well?" asked Jacobs.

"I never spoke to him in my life."

"I see," said the usurer, now thinking that he began to understand matters. "You take a friendly interest in his affairs. And I suppose you expect to buy up his over-due bills at half-price? But they are all good enough to hold on to. I shall get my money when I want it, I daresay; but depend upon it, Tiltoff will get no mercy from me. He has been carrying on a nice game, but it is very nearly at an end. If you are his friend, you can tell him I say so. I intend to be even with him," and there was a look on Moss Jacobs's face which sufficiently proved that he meant to be as good as his word.

"Well," said File, taking up his hat, "your young man out there tells me that money is short. I propose to take up these bills of Captain Tiltoff's at once, and pay you their full value. You will wait some time before you get your money from *him*; but that, I suppose, you knew before."

"You are evidently deep in his affairs. Have you been long in England?"

"About two weeks."

"Two weeks!" repeated Jacobs, beginning to feel rather puzzled.

"You make good use of your time."

"I have very little of it to spare

just now ; so if you mean to settle this matter, let us do it. Write down on that slip of paper what you want for all your debt. Are the bills here ?”

There was now a firm business-like tone in the stranger's voice, and a cool decision about his manner, which caused Jacobs to suspect that he had perhaps made some mistake about him. He could not be a friend of Tiltoff's, for he offered to pay his debts, and none of Tiltoff's friends would have been rash enough for that. Perhaps he was some one who had a grudge against the worthy captain, and was willing to pay for his revenge. He glanced secretly at File's face ; but, as usual, it was a blank. Then he took up the slip of paper, and wrote down a few figures upon it, and pushed it over to File, who took it up and kept it in his hand. The railroad king took another piece of paper, and began writing upon it, while Jacobs watched him curiously, thinking that he was working out a calculation. It was in reality an order upon a well-known banking-house for the sum which Jacobs had demanded.

“You have the bills here ?” said File.

“When you are ready to pay for them ;” and Jacobs opened a drawer, and took out a little packet.

“Very good ; then if you hand them over to me, we can both get at some more profitable business than this.”

Jacobs looked at the paper which his visitor passed across the table, and then jumped up from his chair as if he had been shot.

“File,” said he, as he read the name at the foot of the order ; “Dexter File ! not the famous Dexter File of New York ?”

“My name is Dexter File, and I live in New York. But what of that ?”

“What of it ? Everything of it,

my dear sir. To think of your having been kept waiting out there half an hour, while my fool of a clerk was treating you like a dog. I would not have had it happen for a thousand pounds. Pray, sit down, sir. My kerridge will be round at three o'clock—in ten minutes. Let me drive you to the West End ; or the coachman shall take you anywhere you please. If I had only known you were coming !” Jacobs prostrated himself almost to the ground, while File looked on with the same indifference which he had displayed under the impertinence of the clerk outside.

“Sit down, Mr Jacobs,” said File, with a slight motion of his hand ; “our business is not quite over yet. I have brought a small parcel with me, which I intend to put with this waste paper I have just bought of you. Then you will tie them up together, and take them to Captain Tiltoff. He will no doubt be ready to settle with you ; if not——” File shrugged his shoulders and drummed upon his hat. “You understand ?” he added, glancing quickly at Jacobs.

“Yes, sir—yes, Mr File—I understand,” replied Jacobs, still, as it were, grovelling in the dust. “The man is quite ruined—I knew that long ago. I was only waiting my time to strike. When do you wish me to see him ?”

“As soon as you like—things of this sort ought to be got out of the way quickly. My name need not be mentioned. And as for your expenses, send me a note when all is over.”

“And some day I hope you will call and see my new gallery—the finest works of all the masters, old and new. Most honoured to have a visit from you. Good morning, Mr File,” for the visitor had now made it clear that he intended the interview to come to an end. He steadily declined all offers of the

“kerridge,” and with a slight inclination of his head he made for the door, but Jacobs went before him, bowing and scraping, much to the astonishment of the clerk.

“Is the gentleman coming back?” the young man ventured to ask, as the door closed upon the visitor.

“Mind your own business, you fool,” growled Jacobs, savagely. “A pretty morning’s work you have done! What made you keep him out here all that time? Couldn’t you see that he was a millionaire?”

“No,” returned the clerk with equal roughness, for he was not afraid of Jacobs. “How should I know that millionaires wore paper collars?”

“You idiot! you might wear anything, or nothing, if you were as rich as Dexter File of New York.”

“Dexter File,” repeated the clerk, opening his mouth and looking very foolish, as people *must* do when their mouths are open. “Why, I would have given a sovereign to have known it. What brought him here?”

“He has bought all Captain Tiltoff’s bills. But what he means to do with them is another matter. You take good care that I am not at home if the Captain calls—and

keep a sharp look-out for Mr File. We must get him into Bond Street before we have done with him.”

Unconscious of this deep-laid scheme, the millionaire pursued his homeward way, and when he reached his room, his eye happened to fall upon a paragraph in a morning paper which lay upon the table, and which simply stated that Mrs Peters of New York had come to London for the season.

“Oh, she has,” said Dexter File to himself; “so much the better. She is the very person I want to lend me a hand, now that this precious captain’s affairs are all comfortably settled. Sally Peters in London! I wonder whether she is as pretty as ever! She will do exactly what I wanted to get done, and it requires a woman to manage it. Sometimes they are useful. I will get her to give me as much of her time as she can spare from flirtation, and that will not be much unless she is a good deal changed.” And with that the millionaire went to his dinner, although it was but two o’clock, and he consumed it with almost utter unconsciousness whether he was eating fish, flesh, or fowl. Such was his idea of the Art of Dining.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—A PEACEMAKER.

Mrs Peters had, in truth, decided to spend the season in London, much as it vexed her to leave Paris, where she had numerous friends, and among them not a few admirers. She had found that life could be made very tolerable in a charming suite of apartments at the Hôtel du Rhin, and her little dinners became one of the features of Parisian life, for she chose her guests with much discrimination; one was always certain of finding there the people who had done

something to distinguish themselves in the world. The great actress of the day, who was thought to be a genius, and whose abundant eccentricities went far to sustain the reputation, was one of her frequent guests, and she even attested her regard for the widow by presenting her with a little statuette of herself, modelled in wax. One could see the light of a candle through it, but some people said you might do that through the fair original herself. Sometimes, too,

the great M. Perlon condescended to show himself at her receptions—noisy, vain, and outwardly confident, but secretly laden with discouragement and anxiety. Then there would very likely be a marquis or a count of the true old stock, whose house was behind one of the high walls of the Faubourg St Germain—for even into that quarter had the vivacious and clever widow contrived to carry the standard of victory. She was far too accomplished a tactician to allow M. Perlon to cross her threshold on her aristocratic nights. In the sombre old mansions, with gardens or courtyards in front of them, jealously screened from the vulgar gaze of the passers-by, the name of Perlon was never breathed. The inmates, wrapped in their own seclusion, did not appear to know that there was such a thing as a Government in France. There had been one long blank since 1848. Their sons and daughters were married and given in marriage; but outside their own circle, no one ever heard of them. They ignored M. Perlon and all his kind, but they were ignored in return; and it would have been hard to prove that they had the best of it. Among these relics of the past, Sally Peters might have discovered more than one kindly disposed person who would have been willing to cast in his lot with her own; for, as she said, anybody may marry an American, especially an American with an ample supply of money. But she had found her own way of life a pleasant one, and it is never safe to hazard great changes when all is going on well. Stone walls may not always make a prison, but the young widow had a decided preference for keeping on the outer side of them. Once or twice, even M. Perlon himself had shown symptoms of succumbing to her manifold charms. There was an unusually

soft and sentimental look on his broad and somewhat vacant countenance, and the harsh tones of his voice became almost gentle. The lion in love is doubtless an interesting object, but it simply aroused the young widow's sense of the ludicrous. She made quiet sport of her admirer; and very soon he decided that although she had many attractions, her character was of too light and frivolous a cast to harmonise with the great destinies to which he was called.

It cannot be said that Sally Peters had grown weary of this somewhat mild and harmless sort of amusement; but the truth is, that ever since the day when Reginald Tresham had made her his ally, she felt that to her was intrusted the mission of bringing about a reconciliation between the lovers. That they should have been parted for any cause whatever would have been a very grievous blow to her; but to see them parted through what she believed to be a sheer misunderstanding—that was a thing not to be patiently endured. Kate had acted in accordance with a high sense of honour; but what was that but one reason the more for not permitting her to sacrifice her happiness? That Reginald was deeply attached to her was quite clear to the discerning eyes of the shrewd widow, but such attachments had not always the power to prevent lifelong separations. In love as in friendship, the chasm which is not soon closed up widens imperceptibly, and the day comes when there is no possibility of bridging it over. At the thought of such a result as this, Sally's heart sank within her, for she held strongly to what some people called romantic and sentimental ideas, as we have already seen; and if she could, she would have led every anxious pair of lovers to the altar without putting their constancy to

too severe a trial. This was doubly magnanimous, as everybody will admit, on the part of a woman who had herself been married.

Thus, then, she prepared for her siege—patiently and silently, determined that while there should not be any undue haste, on the other hand there should be no failure. In leaving the Place Vendôme she was making a great sacrifice; for hotel life in London is not altogether like Paradise, and a solitary widow cannot very well take a house—at any rate, Sally Peters was not disposed to venture upon that experiment. She was always in favour of keeping on the safe side. At length she pitched her tent in the neighbourhood of Dover Street, where, with the aid of the genius who had for some time past graciously consented to act as her cook, she hoped to renew the triumphs of her Parisian dinners. In many respects she was placed in a very advantageous position for the pursuit of her plans. She had not entered society by one of its side-doors. She came to England armed with some undeniable passports, and several great ladies in the London world had taken her up, and rendered themselves responsible for her good behaviour. The rest was soon done. She studied to win over to her side all the women, knowing well that an equal degree of trouble was not necessary to secure the other sex. She was always beautifully dressed, and yet she never outdressed any one, and excited no ill-natured remarks. No married woman ever found her husband engaged in too long and too earnest a conversation with her. In fact she did not encourage married men—not if she had reason to suspect that their wives were of a jealous temperament. By thus walking warily, she made as few enemies as it is given to most peo-

ple to pass through life with. A certain proportion there must be, but in the widow's case it was a little below the average limit. Thus her new season promised to be anything but dull, apart from the great project, which of itself promised to afford a fair measure of interest.

The *entourage* in London was not quite so perfect as that of the Hôtel du Rhin; but by dint of great skill and some hard work, it was made to bear a near approach to it. And the dinners were undeniably a success. Instead of being reduced to ask to her table a few belated Americans, mixed up with some barristers and unknown members of Parliament, the name of Mrs Peters figured in the papers as the entertainer of genuine *grandees*—ambassadors, bishops, and dukes. Mr Spinner, who among his other good points had a decided though not always a very refined or delicate appreciation of female beauty, took a particular fancy to the lovely American, and poured forth his thoughts to her with the freedom which characterised him. A highly emotional and impressionable being he seemed to her, and she could not quite understand how it was that he had obtained his great supremacy. She had now seen great leaders of parties in three different countries, and it became more than ever inexplicable to her what had given them their extraordinary reputations, and what the world really meant when it called them wise and profound statesmen. These reflections, however, she did not confide to her English friends. She was pleased with Mr Spinner's attentions—very much more pleased than she had been in Paris with the unwieldy flatteries of M. Perlon. Whatever might be thought of Mr Spinner's statesmanship, there could be



no dispute as to the charm of his social qualities. Sally Peters liked him, and told him so one night with her usual frankness.

"I am delighted to hear it," said the Minister, with a smile; "there are many people, I can assure you, who do not. How fortunate are you, who can have no such experiences!"

"What! do you suppose that nobody dislikes me?"

"Yes, I should take that for granted. If you have enemies, sit them down in front of you, and talk to them as you are now talking to me. I will answer for the results."

"I am afraid I should not find them so generously disposed as you are. But everybody knows that generosity is your distinguishing feature."

The statesman looked at her as if a suspicion of her sincerity had for a moment crossed his mind. But there was no sly malice to be detected in her innocent eyes. Clearly she must mean what she said.

"You are indeed right," he said, in his most melodious tones; "generosity is my guide—generosity and the love of justice. Yet the best of men cannot afford to be compared with your sex in these respects. All our good qualities are learnt or acquired from women."

"Are you in earnest, Mr Spinner?"

"Madam, I am always in earnest; that is a peculiarity for which, permit me to say, I am renowned. And even the most capricious of mankind must be sincere when they are in the society of a good—and lovely—woman. The influence is irresistible; and it is well for us that it should be so. It exalts us above the ordinary cares and trials of life."

"I had no idea that you great

statesmen had time to think even of my poor sex."

"Ah, my dear Mrs Peters, you little know the human heart. Plunged in the vortex of strife, we turn to you as the weary traveller turns to the bright stream which refreshes him at the wayside, and find renewed energies to go on with our dreary task. Sometimes it is possible that devotion to an ideal may lead men astray; for we are all weak, erring mortals."

"*Presque tous,*" smilingly murmured Sally, in the words of the French Abbé.

"Oh, I was speaking of the men, and of course I exempt you, and all the young and beautiful, who have the happy privilege of gladdening the hearts of the tired and jaded. Look at me, for instance——"

"You are the youngest man in the world," said Sally, letting her soft dreamy eyes rest upon his face.

"I never come to see *you* but I feel myself ten years younger—that much I can truly say."

"Then come every day, dear Mr Spinner," said Sally, in her girlish way, and putting her pretty hand gently on the statesman's arm, while she looked up at his face with an air of the most rustic simplicity. She wore a light dress, which to Mr Spinner's eyes seemed to consist chiefly of a cloud of fine lace and gauze—a cloud not dense enough to conceal the outlines of a beautiful form, such as ambitious sculptors have endeavoured vainly to copy in stone, as if there could be any resemblance without movement. The white hand was fringed with lace, and Mr Spinner laid his own upon it in a fatherly manner, and sighed.

"I will come and see you as often as you will permit me," he said, and then he seemed to make a great effort, and tore himself away. Once more it must be said

that, however great a man may be, or however powerful, before a lovely woman he appears no longer as the conqueror but as the vanquished. It is the lot of man, and it is his duty to submit to it, as Mr Spinner invariably did, with meekness and resignation.

After this interview, Sally put on her bonnet—no woman alive wore such pretty bonnets, and where she got them from was a mystery—and drew on a pair of gloves which seemed just large enough for a child, and sat waiting for a few minutes till her brougham came round to the door. While she waited she had what she called a “good think,” and in the midst of her reflections, which were not devoted to her dress or her bonnets, a servant entered and announced a visitor.

“I cannot see anybody,” she said quickly, before the man had spoken, “for I am just going out.”

“It is Sir Reginald Tresham, madam.”

“Then show him up,” said Sally, jumping to her feet and motioning impatiently to the man, who was taken aback at her sudden change of manner. He looked very hard, though in a furtive way, at Reginald, as he escorted him up-stairs, and made up his mind that it would not be at all a bad match. There is no escaping the penetration of our servants.

“Are you going out or coming in?” asked Reginald, for Sally met him at the door, full of animation and friendly greetings. To many a young man, parted from his love, the presence of such a friend as this, so kind and faithful, and incidentally so young and beautiful, would have been a grateful consolation; and it would be folly to deny that to some extent it was so to Reginald. We are but mortal, as Mr Spinner had truly said; and Reginald, although he had come to

this house thinking of no one and of nothing but Kate Margrave, could not but be aware that her form was somehow vanishing from his mind in the presence of this good friend to them both. It was doubtless nothing more than the appreciation of Sally’s mediation on his behalf which made him stand admiring her in the doorway, until she almost began to blush under the ardour of his gaze.

“I am going out,” she said; “but I think you may come in for five minutes, if you will promise not to stop longer.”

“I will promise anything you like to ask,” answered Reginald, submissively.

“Then take out your watch and time yourself, for I must hurry up—I mean, make haste,” said Sally, who occasionally caught herself in one of the idioms of her native land, and corrected it in deference to English prejudices—not because she was in any way ashamed of it. “Do you know where I am going?”

“I do not,” said Reginald, his eyes still following her with admiration; “but wherever it may be, I wish I were going with you.”

“I daresay you do; but you cannot.”

“Well, then, make my five minutes a quarter of an hour. I haven’t met you anywhere for a week past, and it gives me new life and hope to see you.”

“Dear me,” said Sally, “that’s just what Mr Spinner has been telling me.”

“Hang Mr Spinner!” cried Reginald, impatiently. “Has he been here too?”

“Here too!—yes, of course he has. What other lady does he visit? Don’t tell me that he calls upon anybody else as often as he does upon me,” said the pretty little woman, with mock earnestness, and clasping her hands together.

“All you women are alike;

whether men are young or old, you have no pity on them."

"If you talk like that, I will take off my bonnet, and not go where I intended."

"Ah, my kind friend, I understand you now—you were going to see Kate, and for me. And I am keeping you here talking nonsense. Has anything new happened?"

"Nothing has happened, but I intend that something shall happen if you behave yourself properly, and don't speak disrespectfully of my friends because they think proper to admire me. You would not have everybody in love with Kate, would you?"

"There is no fear of that while you are in London. But tell me what you have devised—what plan has your kind heart suggested to you now?"

"I am going to give a ball."

"To give a ball," repeated Reginald, in a tone of woful disappointment, not seeing that such a project could have any particular interest for him. "Is *that* all?"

"All? Well, I should think it was quite enough, and so would you if you were a poor unprotected woman, and had to arrange everything, without any help." Here Sally was not keeping within the strict bounds of accuracy, for she knew perfectly well that upon due summons one or two, or more if necessary, of her great friends would come to her assistance very cheerfully in this enterprise. But she liked to depict herself as very lonely and forsaken.

"Now listen," she continued, seeing that Reginald was obviously cast down; "do you really wish to see Kate?"

"Do I wish it? Does a hungry man wish to eat?"

"I don't know anything about hungry men, except that men always seem hungry. But I suppose

you *do* wish to see Kate—you have not changed?"

"Changed? How many times have I told you that I can never change? Come, do pray let us consider that point at least as settled. I intend that Kate Margrave shall be my wife, if faithful love can win her."

"Well, it can do a great deal, as a rule—so I've heard, for I don't know very much about it."

"That must be entirely your own fault," said Reginald, and he was surprised how gently his voice sounded.

"I really do believe that you are trying to flirt with me," exclaimed Sally, with a look of horror.

"Recollect that you have limited me to a quarter of an hour—what time does that allow for flirtation?"

"I said five minutes," said Sally, demurely; "but you may take a quarter of an hour."

"I may? Then you are the best woman in the world;" and upon this, Reginald seized the hand which happened to be nearest to him, and kissed it with a warmth which might have alarmed Sally, if she had not quite made up her mind that she would marry this young man to Kate Margrave. As it was, she looked at him with a matronly air of disapproval.

"Have you quite done with your nonsense?" she asked.

"It is not nonsense; you do not know how grateful I feel to you."

"Well, then, you must keep your gratitude within the usual bounds; they are not so wide as you seem to think, sir. Once more I tell you to listen to me." Sally raised her finger solemnly, and looked straight into the young fellow's eyes. "You will never be reconciled to Kate if you go on shilly-shallying like this. You should have marched up to her boldly when she first came to London, and refused to accept a hasty letter as

her final decision. That is what I should have done if I had been a man. Was it bashfulness that kept you back?" added Sally, with a sly glance at her hand.

"It was the fear of making matters worse than they already were, and of wounding her sense of pride. You know the motives which kept me back—do not *you* judge me harshly."

"No, I will not," replied Sally, once more speaking very seriously. "Now what I want to do is to bring you two foolish persons together again. It has been impossible to get Kate to go out anywhere, but I think I shall prevail upon her to come to *me* for this ball. I will throw myself on her pity—for without her, how can I manage my guests? I would rather have her with me than all the dowagers in England."

"So would I," interposed Reginald.

"I thought you were not going

to interrupt again. Recollect your time is nearly up. Well, now, I am sure she will come. And if you really want to see her, you will perhaps condescend to come too?"

Reginald made another movement towards the same hand; but Sally was too quick for him, and rose up to leave the room with a very pretty affectation of anger. "You Englishmen are much too presuming," she said.

"But you have not told me the night?" replied Reginald, running after her.

"It is not necessary to tell you. But depend upon it, I will tell Kate of your behaviour this morning."

She entered her brougham, and left Reginald standing on the pavement rather puzzled what to make of her. He had not caught the droll expression in the corners of the widow's eyes as she whisked off and left him staring somewhat blankly after her.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—TWO OLD FRIENDS.

The first thing which struck the widow when she saw Kate was, that she had rather a harassed and weary look; her cheeks had lost a little of their wondrous freshness, her eyes something of their lustre, and there was a listless and dispirited air with her which betokened the sad companionship of anxiety and care. And in truth there had of late been moments when the young girl's courage had seemed almost unequal to the task which lay before her. She had borne up bravely in that struggle with herself and the world which she had so suddenly been called upon to make, but there are times even with the most buoyant when the spirit shrinks from further effort, and when the toilsome road still to be traversed seems to be too long

and hard for one's strength. Then, perhaps, come failing health and declining energies, and the forces which alone could stimulate to renewed exertion are withdrawn when they are needed most. An indomitable will can prevail over these difficulties, if time enough be granted; but let no one suppose that the victory is ever easily won. The bravest are not always exempt from the weakness which whispers to the heart that it is better to give up; all that they can do is to continue to put forth their strength, with tenacity, even with desperation, resolving that if failure is to be the final result, it shall not come till every resource known to man has been exhausted to stave it off, and that even then it shall not triumph over the will. Those who

emerge victorious from such a struggle could tell how often the prospect looked dark and cheerless; how little encouragement there was to go on; how useless it sometimes seemed to contend any further.

To Margrave such periods came frequently; for to begin life all over again, when the freshness and vigour of it are past, is not an inspiring enterprise to undertake, even if there be nothing more at stake than one's own welfare. In these days, lucky is the man who can make a good career for himself even by starting upon it betimes: to do it when youth and hope have both taken their departure falls to the lot of few. As Hosea Mink had anticipated, the slender reserve fund which Margrave had preserved from the wreck of his fortunes was soon exhausted, and the utter want of any prospect before him, and the impossibility of making a provision for his daughter, weighed heavily upon his spirits. Strive as he might, he could not always hide his anxiety from Kate. Her watchful eyes soon detected any change in him; and if she divined the cause of his dejection, she felt that it was beyond her power to remove it. In how many situations of life does it happen that those who are bound together by the strongest ties of affection are doomed to look on at one another's sufferings, powerless to remove, or even to relieve, them! Kate, it may well be believed, was not without sorrows of her own. She had looked forward with joy to her marriage, and to be called upon to cast away all hope of it had been a bitter trial. An event such as that in the life of a pure and noble woman cannot leave her precisely as it found her. It may not kill, but it will make its mark. Yet it was but little and seldom that Kate thought of herself. Her own troubles only increased her

gentleness towards her father—a gentleness which had always been invested with a peculiar charm and grace, and to which was now added a deep and touching devotion, not to be regarded unmoved even by the casual eyes of strangers. If now and then the thought crossed his mind that his time was getting short, and that the daughter for whom he would gladly have given up his life, when that life was much more to him than now—that *she* would be left friendless in the world, she on her part could not but realise that her father alone remained as her support in a world of whose vicissitudes, young as she was, she had already gained some sharp experience. The secluded life which they had led together since their arrival in London deepened these feelings on both sides; and it was high time, as Mrs Peters said reproachfully to herself when she entered the room where, as usual, they were both at work, that their friends came to break in upon their solitude.

“And this is what you call taking care of yourself, is it?” she said, with an accusing look at poor Kate, whose hands she was holding tightly in her own. Kate merely responded with a pleasant smile, which of late had been seen but rarely on her lips.

“You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, both of you, to shut yourselves up here week after week, seeing nobody but one another.”

“And can you tell us of anybody else better worth seeing,” asked Margrave, “except yourself?”

“Yes, I think I could,” said Sally, with a meaning glance, and repented herself of the words almost immediately, for the shadows which her arrival had dispersed again clouded Kate's brow. “There is Mr Dexter File, the millionaire,” she added, with a bold attempt to

give the subject another turn; "he is in London, and everybody seems to find him interesting enough. You hear of no one else wherever you go. Have you seen him?" she asked, turning to Margrave.

"I know Mr File very well; but millionaires, I am afraid, are not much in our way just at present."

"Well, I do not believe that *this* one would hesitate to come and see you, just because you are not so rich as he is. He is not so bad as that—indeed I don't know that he is bad at all. I like him."

"Everybody always said you did," observed Margrave; "and what is more, it is quite understood that Dexter File returns the feeling. Think of being the mistress of a hundred millions of dollars! It is better than to be the master of a hundred legions."

"That is what you think of money, is it?"

"Well, we are apt to attach some importance to it in this house," said Margrave grimly, and looking round with a shrug at the one apartment which had to do duty for library, drawing-room, and studio. "People, you know, are likely to place an exaggerated value on that which they have not got."

"I do not see any use in having money if your best friends will not allow you to be of the least help to them in their troubles. I would not act so;" and the little woman's voice trembled as she spoke, for Kate's pale face had made her thoroughly miserable, and she felt indignant at the injustice which fate had chosen to wreak upon her.

"Why, what would you do?" said Margrave, looking at her with amusement.

"I would get away from these odious lodgings," replied Sally, her eyes darting fire, "and go and live in Paris, with friends who appreciated me, at the Hôtel du Rhin!

That's *one* thing I would do. I can tell you of others, if you want to hear them."

"So the friends who appreciate us live at the Hôtel du Rhin?"

"Don't mock at me, Richard. I cannot bear to see you and Kate imprisoned in this dreadful house——"

"Kate, call up the landlady," interrupted Margrave; "she will be delighted to hear these compliments."

"This horrid old furniture——"

"Wait a minute till Mrs Talbot comes."

"And working yourselves to death when there are plenty of good friends——"

"All drawn up in a row at the Hôtel du Rhin," again broke in Margrave.

"Asking nothing better than to be allowed to help you. I call it a shame—and so would you, Richard, if you had come back from a long absence, and saw how pale and ill Kate looks."

Margrave started to his feet, and went quickly over to his daughter, and held her face between his hands. "Let me look at you, child," he said, tenderly; "are you really unwell? Have you been concealing anything from me?"

Kate looked at him with all her old cheerfulness, and laughed. "Cannot you see," she said, "that Sally is only jesting? Are you not yet familiar with her tricks? There is nothing the matter, dearest father, or I would have told you. Go and take your walk, and leave this quarrelsome woman for me to manage." Then she made a sign to the widow, who advanced to Margrave and took his hand.

"There is nothing wrong, Richard. Kate wants a little change of air; we will all go into the country together presently. Do not mind what I said."

"You have chosen two unlucky

subjects to joke upon to-day," said Margrave, shaking his head at her, and gazing now and then at Kate with the look of a man whose fears have been aroused; "but I forgive you. Dexter File shall revenge me when you are married to him!"

"You should not have said a word before my father," said Kate, the moment he had left the room. "You do not know how easily he is alarmed about me. I think there is much more cause for me to be alarmed about *him*. Do you not see how jaded and worn-out he is looking, and how much he seems to have aged of late?"

"You both need to get out into the world a great deal more. It does not answer for people to shut themselves up as you have been doing. Now, Kate, I have come here to ask you to do me a great favour; and if you refuse, I declare I will go back to New York at once, and never speak to any of you again."

"What! not even to Mr File?"

"Don't *you* be so foolish as all the rest. Mr File indeed! A man sixty years of age."

"Well, but poor Mr Peters was sixty-five. Some people like them old."

"Let us be sensible, Kate, and leave old men alone. Listen! I am going to give a little ball on the 29th, and I want you to come to it. You must not say no," she added hastily, seeing that Kate was about to speak. "I have made up my mind that you are to be there; and if you were to disappoint me, I don't know what I should do, for there would be no one to help me. I depend entirely upon you."

"But——" began Kate.

"No, I will not hear anything which begins with that horrid 'but.' All you must say is, yes or no—I mean *yes*. 'No' will not be of the least use, because I will not listen to it."

"If it must——"

"Do you say yes?" cried the widow, clapping her hand over the other's mouth.

"Well, then, *yes*," said Kate; and for fear that any questions should be asked, or that Kate should alter her mind, Sally hastened to escape, with the comfortable sense of having managed her business with considerable tact. Kate was at first not quite so well satisfied, but after a day or two she too began to take an interest in the great event; and on the night of the ball, any one might have been pardoned for supposing that she, and she alone, was responsible for its success.

But the personage who believed that she had managed it all was Lady Rathskinnan, whose husband had always taken a lively interest in Americans, especially in Americans who happened to be young and pretty, like Mrs Peters. Some women might have viewed with suspicion his decided preference for beauty when it came from the other side of the Atlantic, but Lady Rathskinnan had the utmost confidence in him at the present period, although in former years she had not been always free from uneasy doubts. And as for Mrs Peters, her conduct had invariably been so discreet that no one could hesitate to trust the giddiest of husbands in her society. The noble Earl paid very marked attention to her, it was true, but his age conferred upon him the happy privilege of conversing as long as he pleased with charming women, without rendering himself amenable to ill-natured comment. And on this particular occasion, he availed himself of this privilege to the largest possible extent and in the most unblushing manner.

"How much pleasanter this is," he said to his fair hostess, "than most of our London crowds. Here

you have not too many people, and all of them are interesting. Who is that very pretty young lady who has been standing near you so long?"

"That is Miss Margrave—I thought you knew her?"

"An American, of course; only your countrywomen have that peculiar *nuance* of beauty. Dear me, how I wish I were younger!"

"There is no necessity—you are quite nice enough as you are. I daresay Lady Rathskinnan thinks so."

"Really I don't know about that. I should think it very doubtful—most doubtful; but it is not a question of my wife. What I should like to do is to have a fair chance with the new *régime*. They interest me. When I was young, there were no Americans in London. That is why I did not marry one."

"Take care—Lady Rathskinnan will overhear you."

"What does it matter? She knows all my weaknesses—or thinks she does, including my extreme partiality for you. Permit me to tell you that you never reflected so much credit even on American women as you do tonight. Was it not in your country that some one discovered the fountain of youth? I wish I could share the secret: for your sake I would make a pilgrimage to the spot, and offer to you the devotion of a young man, as I have long since offered you that of an old one."

"I will not hear you call yourself old; it seems to me that no Englishman ever looks old."

"We never *feel* old when we come into such a presence as yours. That is what deceives you. I am at this moment prepared to go forth and do battle against all the world for you; only you happen to have all the world on your side,

including this spruce young man who is now advancing towards us."

"Sir Reginald Tresham,—you surely know *him*?"

"I have heard of him," said the old Earl, with a sudden change of manner; for he knew that an alliance with his house had been within the reach of this young man, and that he had—not exactly turned his back upon it, but passed it by. That was an act which gave him a poor opinion of Tresham's understanding. But there was one other person in the rooms who had noted Reginald's entrance, and who in spite of herself felt a gentle tremor steal over her as she watched him exchanging a few whispered words with her hostess. This, then, was the meaning of the ball! Kate thought she saw it all now, and for a moment she was inclined to be angry at the little plot which had been laid against her. But then it might have been accident after all—there was no reason why Reginald should not be there. No doubt, then, it was an accident. And scarcely had she so decided when Reginald himself, whom she had not even seen for months, was by her side, almost the same in his manner towards her as ever, except that he did not call her Kate, and that there was more formality in the respect which he paid her than there had seemed any great necessity for in the old days.

The first meeting after an estrangement is always a trying moment. It is as well that it should take place, if possible, in a crowded room, with scores of people looking on, and amid circumstances which help to divide the attention and remove embarrassment. It is awkward when it occurs in a railway carriage, or on a pathway where there is only room for two. Self-possession is the great art of the present day; and Reginald,



although inwardly not a little agitated, was outwardly entirely self-possessed. Kate and he might have shaken hands with each other only the day before. He asked kindly after her father, and laughed at old Lord Rathskinnan, who was still paying assiduous court to the gay young widow.

"He is in love again," said he; "but he is always in love. Upon my word, there is every excuse for him now. Our friend is very nearly the most attractive woman in the room. See, she is glancing at us. It is to her kindness of heart that I owe this happy meeting with you—the thing of all others I have most wished for many a long day." His heart was in his voice; Kate could not and did not doubt his sincerity. His very tones imparted to her, she knew not why, a gentler feeling towards him than she had known since that memorable Sunday in the country, when, amid fragrant flowers and the songs of birds, he had first breathed the words of love in her ear.

She knew not how long they had sat together—she scarcely remembered all that he had said; she only felt that if there had been coldness it was now all forgotten. Yet she was as firm as ever in the belief that the former intimacy could not and should not be renewed. The circumstances in which she and her father were placed had not changed, nor could her decision be changed. On that point there should be no weakness.

"You will not refuse to let me come and see you? At any rate, I may call and see your father? He was always a good friend of mine."

"He is so still," replied Kate in a low voice; "but I think you must not come. It must be as I said in my letter. Nothing has happened to make me alter my opinions."

"I will not have it so—there is no reason why it should be so. Forget that unhappy letter, and let me forget it. Let us at least meet as we did when I first knew you. Do you recollect those happy days? Or was it all a foolish dream of mine? Tell me that you forgive me." He bent towards her, and noticed that she was very pale, but her voice was firm.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said. "I cannot help what I have written to you—and I cannot recall it. It was, and is, for the best."

"That is gone and past. We will think no more about it. If you knew how happy it has made me only to look at your sweet face again!"

"I must go to Mrs Peters," said Kate; "see, she is motioning for me to come."

Reginald led her through the room, but neither said a word. The young girl placed herself once more by the widow's side.

"Is it all settled?" asked Sally, eagerly. "I so much hope it is!"

"Yes, it is all settled," said Kate, quietly.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE DOWNHILL ROAD.

Philip Delvar, the editor of the 'Sentinel,' was doubtless a stanch Republican, but it formed no part of his system to cultivate Republican simplicity at home. He was the proud possessor of a very hand-

some suite of rooms in one of those red-brick houses which have of late years sprung up on the banks of the Thames, in the classic neighbourhood of Chelsea. There the principles of modern art, which

have not yet been very clearly defined by its foremost professors, had been applied, so far as architects and decorators understood them, on the most lavish scale. Turrets and gables and twisted chimneys attracted the eye without, and within there were all sorts of quaintly shaped chambers, with vaulted passages leading to them, and mullioned windows overlooking the Thames. Studios adapted to soothe and gratify the aesthetic tastes, especially of ladies, were fitted up for artists who were lucky enough to have private fortunes to mitigate the rigour of their professional exertions; and here they played at painting pictures, and flattered themselves that they were founding a new school of art, destined to be immortal. In some of these grand apartments supper-parties were given at which the fine ladies of the fashionable world had the opportunity of meeting some of the men of genius whose works adorned the Grosvenor Gallery, as well as of making the personal acquaintance of their charming sisters of the stage. There was almost always dancing after supper, and no one was in a hurry to get away the next morning, for the party was invariably given on a Saturday night, and everybody knows that Sunday is intended to be a day of rest, and it is so regarded generally in dramatic circles—no small part of it being spent in bed. Sometimes the fashionable visitor was tempted to give a sitting for her portrait to the æsthetic owner or owners of the rooms—for very often they were held in partnership, the two occupants sharing everything, or almost everything, in common. The arrangements and general effects were quite equal to anything which could be seen on the stage itself; indeed Mr Heavy-sides, the manager of the Royal Knicknack Theatre, who had so

chivalrously provided an opening for more than one recruit from aristocratic circles, had condescended to borrow an idea or two from these mansions. It was in one of them that he had first been introduced to Mrs Popper, who, to serve the sacred cause of art, generously undertook to go upon the stage, all untrained and inexperienced as she was. The world, ever ready to recognise genius, flocked to see Mrs Popper, and admired her dresses and her undresses to that degree that it was impossible to secure a place in the theatre without engaging it a week beforehand. It need not be said that she very soon cut the acquaintance of poor Heavysides.

Delvar knew most of the people who frequented the mansion, including several of the actresses, who made a point of being very polite to him, as they are to most editors and critics—such is their good nature. But he did not take an active part in the Saturday night revelries, for he preferred to go out of town, generally to the luxurious residence of Mr Chirp, where he could at once breathe a little fresh air and take in a new supply of true Republican principles. For Chirp deserved the compliments which Tresham had paid to him; he “worked” the press with great adroitness, being well aware that in these days no Government can exist long without the help of the newspapers. His opponents neglected this means of giving the proper direction to public opinion, and thought that their virtues needed no recommendation—just as good wine needs no bush. Mr Chirp was delighted to see them taking this tack, and went himself more persistently than ever upon the other.

He was ever ready to give information, or to inspire an article; and if at times, in the hurry of

business, he inadvertently allowed two or three able editors to drink at the same fountain of inspiration on the same day, he was not responsible for the striking family likeness which their articles bore one to another. Such accidents are unavoidable when a man has other people's business to attend to besides his own. Chirp generally endeavoured to keep Delvar out of these scrapes; for the editor of the 'Sentinel' was easily offended, and had a very high opinion of his newspaper, and a still higher one of himself. He would have resented bitterly a slight offered to either. For him, therefore, Chirp usually reserved a very exclusive "tip"; and moreover, there had been two or three private conversations on the subject of a seat in Parliament, which had done much to strengthen Delvar's confidence in the statesmanlike qualities of his friend the Cabinet Minister. On one subject they were both agreed; and it was that, as revolutionary principles were in the ascendant, it was the duty of every wise man to stand by them. If their own interests happened to be directly promoted by their holding these opinions, surely no one could object to that. When a man is wiser than others, he has a right to profit by his wisdom.

But the editor's mind was not always fixed on topics so grave as these, although he made it a point to look as if it were; for he knew that a solemn aspect and an unbending air have very great weight with most people, and that it is a rash thing for a man with political aspirations to indulge in levity. He may get the reputation of being a wit, but he is not likely to be asked to take an office. To show habitually a preoccupied and grave mien, to assume a "dejected" *haviour* of the visage," this was part of Delvar's stock in trade. In fact, he

imitated Mr Spinner, who now and then made a joke of a highly elaborate and ponderous nature, but who, as a rule, was very grave and solemn in his speeches,—and that is what the British public like. They will laugh at a jest, if they understand it, but their preference is always for the serious man.

Delvar, as it was just remarked, really could turn his thoughts to lighter matters than those which concern the fate of the empire; and at the time which we are now describing, he was intent upon a scheme that he had taken up on the merest hint from Dexter File. The millionaire had spoken to him of his visit to the Treshams, and of the glimpse which he had caught of Four Yew Grange. Then he had expressed a desire to know Captain Tiltoff, and this had been easily gratified; for Tiltoff was always in London, and generally quite ready to be asked out to dinner—provided no objection were made to his departing at an early hour. About ten o'clock or so, the gallant Captain always had some private business which required his attention. A meeting had therefore been arranged, and Tiltoff had seen the great financier, and the great financier had seen him, and had come to a very definite opinion about him. After that, File had contrived to get himself asked by the gallant Captain to Four Yew Grange, for his curiosity respecting that house was not entirely satisfied. And he was glad when Delvar offered to go down with him; for although he had no sympathy with the editor's politics, yet he found him a sufficiently agreeable and well-informed companion. Thus it happened that they were both at the Grange together, and it did not take File long to make himself acquainted with all that he cared to know about the secrets of that *ménage*. He wormed most of them

out of Tiltoff himself before he had been in the house twelve hours, and indeed there never was the least difficulty in getting the Captain to talk about his pecuniary difficulties. He seemed to have a vague sort of idea that his want of money was a reflection upon mankind generally; and if that theory had any virtue in it, clearly it was only fair that Dexter File should bear his share of the blame.

The class which Tiltoff represented was not unknown to File, for it is not by any means an exclusive product of the British climate and soil. If there had not been special circumstances to induce him to take an interest in the example now submitted to him, he would have brushed Tiltoff at once aside as another blockhead galloping to destruction. But File did not thus dismiss him; he watched him closely, and seemed to have conceived something like a regard for him—so, at least, Tiltoff construed his manner. The millionaire encouraged him to talk about his affairs, and was so much with him that at last even Delvar was puzzled. Could it be possible that the “smartest” man which the New World had yet produced was about to become the prey of so transparent a schemer as Tiltoff? He tried to sound the capitalist, but he might as well have attempted to sound the Atlantic with a fishing-line. File looked simple and good-natured, and nodded his head when Delvar described some of the worthy Captain’s peculiarities. If he was about to become a dupe, at least he was walking into the trap with his eyes open.

“If it goes on much longer in this way,” remarked the Captain one evening to the millionaire, “I shall go to New York. It is easy to make a fortune there, isn’t it?”

“Some people say it is,” replied

File. “But why don’t you try it in your own country?”

“I *have* tried, and you see what a mess I have made of it. There is nothing to be done here any more. Everything is used up, unless you go for the political line of country, like Chirp and Delvar. But I can’t do anything there—I never had a head for politics.”

“That ought not to keep you back. Look at the men who get on in that way—they cannot all be genuises. It is very easy to persuade people that you know more than you really do.”

“Well,” said the Captain, with a sigh, “I must soon be doing something, for I cannot afford to keep this place up much longer. The expenses are awful. You cannot do with less than a dozen horses; and then look at the servants. I don’t see how I have managed to stand the racket so long.” It seemed to File that, with a great effort, a man might contrive to get on with fewer than a dozen horses, especially if he happened to be without the means of keeping them.

“You like living in the country?” he asked.

“Like it!” replied the Captain, with energy. “I hate it. I would give all this up to-morrow if I could.”

“And what does your wife say?”

“I have not asked her,” replied Tiltoff, sulkily. “Of course she would rather live in London; and if she would *not*, that is her lookout. A man cannot always be studying his wife’s whims, can he?”

“I guess not,” said File; “but some women would not call the desire to keep a home over their heads a whim. It all depends on how you look at things.”

“What I should advise you to do, Tiltoff,” said Delvar, who had been reading a paper, and now suddenly jumped up and walked

about the room, "is to let this place for a time. You would get a good rent, and might save at least half of it. Get our friend Mr File here to take it off your hands," he added, by way of jest. "We will make a country gentleman of him."

"You might make a worse thing of me than that," replied File. "I don't know that I should have any objection to your plan. The fact is, I have had some thought of living in England for a year or two. Our climate wears a man out in course of time, and I cannot afford to be worn out just yet."

"It's the work you do. You do not seem to take that into account."

"No; I make no account of work, because I never allow work to worry me, and I never do anything myself that I can pay somebody else to do for me. That is a very simple rule; I advise you, Mr Delvar, to act upon it. Now this paper of yours," continued the millionaire, taking up a copy from the table, "I suppose you write a great deal of it yourself?"

"If I did not, it would be a poor look-out for the proprietors. These are ticklish times, Mr File. Courage and firmness are what we want nowadays."

"I should say they were the very qualities you English do want, very often, especially at the beginning of trouble. They would save you from a good deal of worse trouble later on. I reckon we ought to lend you our General Squash—he would open your eyes a little."

"The public would tolerate no despotism here," rejoined Delvar, with some asperity.

"We do not call our government a despotism. Only we will not have mob-law at any price. We put our foot down on *that*. You people play with it, and some day you will find it has got too strong for you. You live in an

old house, and can't play these tricks with it without bringing it about your ears."

"Hang politics!" cried the Captain; "I never understood 'em, and I don't believe anybody else does. Are you really in earnest, Mr File, about coming over here for a spell? The hunting in this neighbourhood is the best in England, and the shooting first-rate. If you are thinking of it, you cannot do better than take the Grange."

"I never touched either a horse or a gun, but I will take your house if you mean to let it," replied the railroad king in his usual soft tones.

"You will?" said the Captain in astonishment.

"Provided the rent is suitable, of course," put in Delvar.

"I never talk over business matters with friends," said File. "If Captain Tiltoff will give me the address of his agent, I will call and see him. And now, gentlemen, if you will excuse me, I will go out and look about me a bit. I am curious to see those old trees yonder."

"Well, don't stay out after dark, for the place is haunted. Shall I go with you and show you the grounds? I ought to have thought of it before."

The millionaire declined the Captain's offer; but Tiltoff followed him to the hall door, and said something to him in a low voice.

"Are you at liberty to sell it, then?" Delvar heard File ask.

"Of course I am. There are no restrictions on a place of this sort. It is not an entailed property, you know, or I should not be here now."

"Very good. I will call and see your agent."

"Do you think he is in earnest," said Tiltoff to Delvar as they watched the retreating figure of the millionaire.

“There is no telling. Look at his face—it never alters. You might as well try to read a block of marble. But what will Mrs Tiltoff say?”

Then the gallant Captain made use of an expression which need not be repeated, but which gave the editor to understand that Mrs Tiltoff’s views would not materially affect the course of any pending negotiation. The picture which had presented itself to Delvar on the occasion of his last visit, when he entered the drawing-room unexpectedly, and found Baron Phlog and Mrs Tiltoff alone, arose involuntarily before his mind’s eye. “The fellow’s a worthless scoundrel,” said he to himself as the Captain stalked off, “and it will serve him right. I would not save him if I could.”

Meanwhile Dexter File pursued his walk, sometimes immersed in his own reflections, sometimes lifting his head and looking around him, and often turning round to survey the house, which seemed to him a romantic-looking old place, quite suitable to the purpose which was in his mind. “A little lonely,” said he to himself, “but I guess it will do. At any rate, I need not stay in it longer than I like. Dreadful bad lot, that Captain. I reckon I will get out of this to-morrow morning, and not see *him* again.”

And thus ruminating according to his wont, he walked on until he reached the park gates, and then he turned into the high-road, and continued his stroll until he reached the little village of Pilford, which stood a couple of miles or so from the house. He had never yet seen a true English village; and this one delighted him beyond measure, for there was a church which was evidently hundreds of years old, and some tumbledown cottages, and a venerable inn with little lat-

ticed windows, and roses climbing up all over them. And hard by the inn were actually the parish stocks, half mouldered away, but still capable of holding a man fast by the legs if they were once clapped down upon him. File inspected this machine with an interest which St Paul’s Cathedral had failed to inspire in him. When at last he turned away, he noticed that in front of the inn there were three large covered carts or waggons drawn up, from one of which, unless he was deceived, a stove-pipe issued, and as he drew nearer he could see that smoke was coming out of the pipe. Evidently it was a house on wheels, and File made up his mind that he had been lucky enough to fall in with what he called a circus. A man was standing at the inn door, watching the clouds drifting across the sky, and to him File addressed himself.

“Can you tell me,” said he, scarcely knowing what to ask, “how far I am from Four Yew Grange?”

“Why, you have come from that direction now. Are you going there, sir, may I ask?”

“I expect to sleep there to-night.”  
“Then you probably know Squire Margrave? You are fortunate, sir—he is as true a gentleman as you will find anywhere for twenty miles round. I ought to say so, for he’s been a good friend to me.”

“Is this your—your——” File hesitated, for he did not know what word to use, but he pointed to the caravan, and the man understood him.

“Yes, sir, it’s mine. I am on the road once more. Last year I said it should be the last time, and this is positively the last. We showmen have a right to take two or three farewells, as no doubt you’ve noticed.”

"Is it a circus?" asked File, with studied politeness.

"A circus! Well, no, sir—not so bad as that. We are in the legitimate line; and the time has been when I've had the best people in the county flock to my tent. But that's all over now. We play to the bumpkins, and very soon we shall be thought a touch or two below them. I wish you could have seen us last year, sir: we had one of the greatest actresses in England, although she *was* a bit off her head at times. Her name was Madame Ruffini."

File gave a start, which the man in the legitimate line immediately noticed. "Maybe you're tired after your walk, sir? Why not step in and take a little refreshment? It is a highly respectable house; I've known the landlord these forty years. If you like good old English ale, you'll find it here. You're not English, sir, I take it?"

"I am an American."

"Indeed, sir? Then you may have heard of our Madame Ruffini? I always fancied she came from there. Wonderful country! I wish I had gone there when I was a young man. I should have made a fortune."

"And Madame Ruffini is not with you now?"

"Then you *have* heard of her, sir? No, she is not with us now, but she is to join me soon at Coalfield. I shall be passing through here again on my way to open at Coalfield with her. Would you like to see her? If so, you could not have a better opportunity.

She is quite worth your seeing, take my word for it; but perhaps you *have* seen her over in America?"

"I never did," said File, gravely, and in truth the natural gravity of his manner had increased considerably during the last few moments. He looked at the man, and then at his caravan, and debated within himself whether there would be any impropriety in offering a little present before he took his departure.

"I cannot drink ale," he said, presently, "but you would oblige me by taking a glass for me, if it's all the same to you." And he slipped a sovereign into the man's hand. The showman looked at it in blank amazement.

"Did you say you would be here again soon?" asked File, not noticing the man's surprise.

"Yes, sir—in about a month from this very day."

"Then I will meet you, and perhaps I can arrange to be at your performance. A month," he added to himself, "ought to give me time enough."

"I will be here, sir, and proud to place myself at your disposal."

As File turned away, he noticed that the name painted on the carts was that of SIMMONS. He might have recognised him by his truly magnificent bow, had he known him better. But as he strolled leisurely back, it was not of poor Simmons that he was thinking, but of a personage who somehow interested him more, although, as he said, he had never seen her—and that personage was Madame Ruffini.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—TROUBLED WATERS.

After the ball given by Mrs Peters, Kate Margrave and Reginald met somewhat more frequently,

but it soon became evident to the young baronet that he had made little progress towards restoring

that delightful companionship which had been so much prized, and was so soon interrupted. A decided coldness might possibly have been overcome,—at any rate there would have been something definite to contend with in that, and he would not have despaired of conquering it in the course of time. But it could not be said that actual coldness was shown towards him. He was invariably treated on the footing of an ordinary friend—that, and nothing more. To restore the old relations seemed impossible. There was a certain quiet firmness in Kate's manner which was infinitely more difficult to deal with than open indifference. When they met, it was always in the presence of others, for although Reginald had called once at Lilac Villa, he was not received, and he deemed it wise not to repeat his visit. It was quite possible that, as the landlady had said, neither Margrave nor his daughter was at home; but there had been some little delay before he received this message, and Mrs Talbot did not seem quite at her ease when she delivered it. "She does not wish to see me," said Reginald, as he walked back to his rooms,—and he was right. Kate had decided that in all respects it was better that there should be no opportunity for explanations on either side. She had not hastily decided upon her course, and she did not mean to forsake it hastily. And yet during this time her heart had not changed. To her, first love had come with all the romance which poets ascribe to it, and she cherished it now as a kind of sacred possession, not to be lightly flung aside, even if she had the power to do it; and she doubted within herself whether she had that power. Since she had seen Reginald again, the hope returned to her that the obstacles to their marriage might

one day disappear, for she no longer doubted his affection. Her woman's instinct told her fully as much as his protestations could have done, even if he had been allowed to utter them. It was a hard struggle which she had to make with herself, but having once decided that it was her duty to make it, she did not flinch from it. Her trusty friend, Sally Peters, came to understand her motives, and to respect them. But all the same, she did her best to weaken their hold upon her mind.

"I would never give him up," said she, soon after the ball, "and least of all because of a mistaken sense of what you owe to his family."

"It is not a question of that, but of what I owe to myself—and to him. His mother is no doubt right about it. I dare say I should take the very same view if I were in her position."

"But you are not, and therefore need not be so dreadfully wise. And you do not even know that Lady Tresham opposes the marriage now. She did so once, perhaps, but she has changed her mind."

"And why?"

"Because she sees that her son's happiness is involved. And depend upon it, you will never find any difference in him. He will not give way to his mother on such a matter as this. Recollect that he is not a Frenchman. I think the very least you ought to do, Kate, is to see him. After all the trouble I took to bring you together at the ball, for you to act like this!"

"So that was the reason you gave that wonderful ball, was it? Sally, Sally, you are a most dangerous schemer, and do not seem a bit ashamed of having been found out."

"Ashamed! First show me what there is to be ashamed of. You have chosen to be very hard



and cruel towards an excellent young man, and I wanted to see you friends again. And so you were friends that night."

"And so we are now. After all, your conspiracy succeeded. It is difficult to satisfy you. Would you like me to go and get married this very day?"

"Yes," said Sally, in no wise put out. She went up to Kate, and patted her gently on the cheek. "You will not be so cross with me by-and-by," she said; "some day, instead of laughing at everything I do, you will thank me."

"How do you know that I do not thank you now?" said Kate, turning away with one of those sudden changes of manner which were peculiar to her. This retort puzzled the simple-hearted widow, who never felt quite sure how to interpret her friend's sayings. In one thing, she thought, she could not be mistaken—these two persons in whom she took so great an interest were sincerely attached to each other; and that being so, it was the duty of every one who knew them, to use all lawful means to bring them together again. To accomplish this object, she would have endured much greater trials of patience than those which Kate's raillery inflicted on her.

Just at this time a new ally came to her assistance, but entirely without her knowledge. It was the last person whom either Kate or Mrs Peters would have suspected of entertaining a wish to remove the estrangement which had grown up between the lovers—none other, in fact, than the daughter of Lord Rathskinnan, Lady Selina Plume. It is not to be supposed that Selina was ignorant of the plans which Reginald's mother had formed with regard to her; but she was by no means of a visionary or an imaginative turn, and she had seen quite

sufficient to convince her that it would be absurd to look upon herself in the light of a rival to Kate. To sit down and cry for the moon, seems to give some people a dismal kind of comfort, but Lady Selina did not belong to that class. When the affairs of life did not arrange themselves as she had wished or hoped, she took them as they happened to come, with a gentle resignation which more than one disappointment had possibly rendered comparatively easy to her. Some years had passed since she had indulged in illusions of any kind, either about herself or others. She did not see any good reason why she should not help Kate in any way that was possible. She would not have hesitated even to have brought all her influence to bear upon Lady Tresham, if she had thought that the great difficulty lay in that quarter. But she soon found reason to believe that the mother had practically retired from the field. She had not openly surrendered, but she was a non-combatant. The obstacle had to be looked for in a different direction, and a woman of half Lady Selina's penetration would have discovered it without making a very long search.

When Margrave's great reverse fell upon him, Selina took some trouble to find out his retreat, and to call upon Kate. Their previous acquaintance had not been particularly intimate, but it was close enough to justify her in offering various little services which could not be rejected without churlishness. She went to see Kate as often as she was able, and talked to her on the subjects which most interested her, and now and then persuaded her to take a drive in the park, where at least she could see and be seen by her old friends. These visits became very pleasant

to Kate—they recalled a past which had been without a cloud, and they made her feel that her connection with those who were associated with that past was not entirely severed. There were still some links remaining to connect her with the great world from which she had been parted. Lady Selina, on her part, was charmed with the perfect frankness and sincerity of the young girl, and detected, with much greater accuracy than others had done, the true state of her feelings towards Reginald. Even Margrave himself, with all his love for his daughter, had not read the secret so skilfully as Selina. In her opinion, Kate was right in the view she had taken, and yet she saw that if the resolution which she had formed was not changed, sorrow would be brought upon two lives. It required infinite tact to induce Kate to talk upon the subject at all; but at last she had succeeded in leading her gently to it, and then she had opened her heart freely, and had told Selina that she looked upon her engagement as at an end for ever.

“Then I think you are wrong,” said Selina, with great gentleness, “and I will tell you why. You seem to look upon Reginald Tresham as a very rich man, and upon yourself as a poor girl. You are in error in both respects. I do not consider that any girl can be poor with your gifts. In these days people do not hesitate to buy a clever picture simply because it is painted by a woman. We have triumphed over most of the prejudices against our sex. Now you are very successful. I hear from everybody how well your pictures have sold. You have what dear Dr Johnson once called the ‘potentiality’ of growing rich. So much for that. Now what is Reginald’s position? He is not what the world calls a rich man; he would

be able to support his wife comfortably—that is all. There is no inequality between you. He could maintain his wife; and to do that is every man’s duty. Do you think that he would like you to work for him?”

“Not that, undoubtedly—but when we became engaged I had what people call expectations. That is all over. You know as well as I do what sort of a marriage Lady Tresham desires for her son. I would never consent to be taken into her family on sufferance.”

“You forget that Reginald himself is the head of the family. As for his mother, it may be that she had other plans for him, but they are at an end. You need not let them even enter into your thoughts.” Lady Selina spoke cheerfully as she said this, but she could not quite suppress a sigh.

“Those plans would very likely have been better for him than his own,” replied Kate, who knew well that it must have cost her friend an effort to reconcile herself to the failure of all Lady Tresham’s projects.

“I do not think so. Marriage without love is not a short road to happiness. Even with it, it appears that it is not always the certain road. That Reginald loves you, none of us have any doubt; and you ought to doubt it least of all. Lady Tresham was mistaken in her ideas, but she will learn to appreciate you better by-and-by.”

If Reginald himself had been aware that his cause was being thus ably pleaded, he would at this period have had a better hope of its success than he allowed himself to entertain. For some reason or other, his one friend on whom he thought he could rely seemed to have abandoned all hope, and his visits to Mrs Peters left him more discouraged than he was before. The last time he had seen her she had sent him away with the con-

viction that it was idle to indulge in a vain dream any longer; for Sally had her variable moods, like the rest of her sex—to say nothing of the other—and on this occasion Tresham fell a victim to them.

“Why did you not go and see Kate all last week?” she asked, in the tone of one who had good reason for dissatisfaction.

“Because she would have refused to see *me*. Do you mean to say you did not know that?”

“I think I do not know anything at all about it. You clever men seem to make just as many blunders in managing women as the other sort. For my part, I would rather have the other sort to deal with at once.”

“Well, I am one of the other sort, so do not let me fall out of favour. As for Kate,—what am I to do? The wall between us is not so high that we cannot shake hands over it; but more than that seems to be impossible.”

“I would give her up,” said Sally quietly, and slipping fast into an exasperating frame of mind.

“Surely you are not speaking seriously,” said the young man, immensely astonished. Here was a woman who changed her ground almost as rapidly as a leader of the people! “Do you mean to say that you are going to desert me *now*?”

“I am on your side now, as I have always been; but I can do no more than I have done. Kate seems to have made up her mind, and I really do not think she will change it. There must be something in the background that we do not understand;” and the widow knit her brows, and seemed to be trying to solve some amazingly difficult question. “Do you know Mr Creek, the artist?”

“Well, yes; I know him slightly.”

“And did you ever notice how attached he seems to be to Kate?”

“Absurd!”

“Of course; everything of that sort is always absurd in another man’s eyes. I do not suppose that Mr Creek thinks it absurd,—or Kate either, for that matter. If I am not mistaken, she has a very high regard for him. He proved himself a most kind friend to her father and herself when no one else seemed to be remarkably eager to stand by them. Perhaps you do not quite understand how such actions as those influence a young girl’s heart. If I had been in Kate’s place, I should have been a good deal influenced,—as I have no doubt she is. And then I believe that Mr Creek himself is a most worthy man. Do you know anything against him?”

“Nothing in the world. But to what purpose are you saying all this?”

“I am telling you what I think, and trying to serve you, as usual. But I do not expect to get any thanks for it. I daresay that both of you will declare, one of these fine days, that it would have been quite as well if I had never left Paris. At any rate I am certain of one thing,—my wisest course is to go back there.”

“I am sure you will not do that,—at least till you have seen how all this will end. And you say that this Mr Creek is often at the villa?”

“Oh yes, very often,” said Sally; and she closed her lips firmly, and put on a very serious look. But it was not as serious as the look which was on Reginald’s countenance as he took his leave.

“A little touch of jealousy will do him a world of good,” said Sally to herself, with a mischievous smile, as the door closed upon him. “Perhaps it will lead him to do something more rational than to come here and look as melancholy as a loon at me.”

## THE STORY OF A LITTLE WAR.

THE histories of little wars are not in general very gratifying to national pride. In English experiences of the kind, they commonly begin with a tragedy, the result of undue confidence and scorn of opposition, and end with such a scattering of petty antagonists and such a prodigious bill of costs, that the country is apt to return to its first mood of contempt and over-security, and to think the panic exaggerated and the enterprise unnecessary. There have been also recent instances in which failure has added a sting to the reckoning, and we have not even had that sense of having beaten our adversary which Englishmen had always insisted upon, right or wrong, in earlier days. It is with all the greater satisfaction that we draw the reader's attention now to a little war which ended in complete success, with the additional advantages of very little bloodshed, and but a small bill to pay. One way or other, we have heard a great deal lately of Fiji. Miss Gordon Cumming's lively and amusing book has opened its external aspect and domestic economy to many readers, and its recent history has been full of an interest more comfortable and satisfactory than is usually afforded by savage races—with the additional attraction that no race was ever more savage, and none had bloodier and more horrible traditions, than the very constitutional, parliamentary, and evangelical people which now lives so calmly and reasonably under the joint sway of the English Government and the Wesleyan Conference—an example to all islanders.

The story of the original annex-

ation of the Fiji Islands is well known, as well as the curious and most unfortunate circumstance of the introduction of measles, that (in our climate) mild and childish malady, which spread like wildfire among the natives, and very naturally appeared to these innocent people a device of their new rulers to kill them off and appropriate their territory. That any portion of the population should have been sufficiently enlightened or strong-minded to resist this evident conclusion seems to say a good deal for their intellectual powers and capability of reason. The hill tribes, however, who had not the same means of knowing their new superiors, and whose education under the missionaries was but beginning, took up with natural vehemence this simple idea, and, with all the force of prejudice and panic added to their lingering inclination towards the old *régime*, sent away their teachers, resumed their old habits, and renounced at once their new masters and all the early beginnings of civilisation. That they should be at liberty to practise the religion they preferred, and be governed by their own laws, had been promised to them; but it was scarcely to be expected that so important a step as a change of allegiance could be accomplished altogether without trouble; or that the mountaineers of Fiji should have been better disposed to accept civilisation than other mountaineers before them. When they proceeded to the aggressive steps of burning Christian villages and killing the helpless and undefended whom they found there, it became necessary to act at once and with vigour. In ordinary circumstances a mili-

tary campaign, with a little army imported, and all the circumstance if not the pomp of actual war, would have been the method adopted to convince the rebels that the vows they had so lately made were intended to be kept and not broken. Fortunately, however, for Fiji, its first governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, was a man little fettered by precedent, and one who added to a thorough interest in his new subjects and earnest desire for their improvement and wellbeing, a mind and methods of his own. Foreseeing what was likely to occur, he had formed his own view of the situation, and decided that the necessary work could be done by the small constabulary force already at his command, backed by the friendly natives whose loyalty had not wavered. It is evident that he had formed a high opinion of these chiefs, and had been impressed by the native sense and intelligence as well as good feeling of many among them. The 'Story of a Little War'<sup>1</sup>—a book which Sir Arthur has not seen fit to add to the over-abundant book-making of the time—contains the account of this successful enterprise in the daily letters to him and to each other of his staff. And it is something more than a mere narrative of military operations. The interchanges of opinion, sometimes even the differences frankly made apparent, of this handful of Englishmen in the midst of a foreign and half, if not wholly, savage race—their admirable loyalty towards their leader, and cordial co-operation among themselves; the ready, watchful alertness of mind and body among them, and devotion to their object—a devotion by no means incompatible with considerable enjoyment of the strange and beautiful scenery in which they

found themselves, the picturesqueness of the people, and the delights of adventure,—give the reader a glimpse of the liveliest kind into that process which, but that the word has been spoiled by ignoble use, we might call making history. A century or two hence, if Fijian literature progresses, there will no doubt be lyric narratives of the young white chiefs with their cheerful looks—marching, speech-making, conciliating, judging,—sometimes stern, when they were terrible—sometimes, in their evening camp or hut, full of jests and laughter, hating nothing but cruelty and bloodshed,—who brought order and government to the very mountain-tops, to the caves and rock villages, far above the reach of common men. It was perhaps wise not to have published a book in which there are inevitably many repetitions; but we think the reader will be all the better for a bird's-eye view of this most wholesome, effective, cheap, and manly campaign.

It is difficult, without the assistance of maps, to follow all the movements of the various parties in this little war; but we may say briefly, that what may be called the western highlands of Viti Levu, by much the largest island of the Fiji group, was the scene of the rebellion. The Sigatoka river forms a kind of boundary between these high-lying regions, with all their natural defences of mountain and cliff, and the easier and more accessible portions of the island in which all was order and good faith. But on the other side were bristling rocks and mountains scarcely explored, where, retired in unknown fastnesses, the mountain tribes returned to their old customs, and if they did not lift their neighbour's

<sup>1</sup> Letters and Notes written during the disturbances in the Highlands, known as the "Devil" Country, of Viti Levu, Fiji, 1876. Privately printed.

cattle, burnt his houses, and killed his retainers, and ate, or would have liked to eat, what they slew. These *Tevoro*, or Highlandmen, more recognisable under the easy appellation of "Devils," were the representatives of primitive savagery against native law and order as well as against the new religion, government, and humanity which had been brought to the island by their new rulers. In hopes of quenching the disaffection before it came the length of open war, Sir Arthur Gordon commissioned two officials (one of them already in charge of the district), attended by a body of native police, to establish a permanent camp upon the heights, within reach of the river, whence they could watch the proceedings in the Devil country, and give notice of danger. These were a cautious Commissioner, learned in Fiji language and customs, considerably inclined to exercise his eloquence upon the chiefs, and with no small confidence in that mode of subduing them: and a somewhat rash and impulsive Captain of constabulary at the head of the little band of native police, who would have liked to rush in at once and demolish the cannibals without more ado. The little drama opens with the letters of these gentlemen to headquarters—the Commissioner very careful and explanatory, and troubled by the rashness of his companion. To get "the chiefs to come in and have conversations," to secure a supply of food, and, equally important, a supply of the circulating medium—to wit, cloth and knives (for he becomes almost querulous in his complaint of having "nothing but money to buy food with"), and to keep the Captain quiet, are the things which chiefly occupy his thoughts. The people he describes as "very hostile:" the distance

from the coast is considerable, and the position altogether not encouraging. The Commissioner, however, though full of cares, is not without confidence in his own power of persuasion:—

"I had a meeting last night and spoke very moderately, and made them understand everything. One fact I particularly pointed out to them, that we did not pretend to say we had conquered them, but that we had joined ourselves to them, and that they would derive great benefits from our presence among them. In fact I exhausted every subtlety gained by my intimate acquaintance with their modes of thought to bring them round to a proper way of thinking; but although they professed themselves as being much pleased at what they heard, it was pretty evident that their pleasure merely extended to me personally, and not to the subject-matter of my discourse."

This excellent representative of her Majesty's civil servants, always pondering a new speech, and with an invincible confidence that his intimate acquaintance with Fijian modes of thought must one time or other bear fruit, finds with that curious artistic fitness which is often to be met with in human conjunctions, his perfect opposite in his military colleague, who might be an Irishman of the old Charles O'Malley type—a headstrong, daring, and careless individual, as much disposed to be impatient of the meetings and palavers at which "Carew got through a deal of talking," as the other is with his rashness. "What!" said I, "turn back and see the Government defied!" cries the Captain, "much disappointed at not having a rub at the scoundrels," and wounded in his finest feelings by "seeing the Government defied by a few flint-lock and old Tower muskets." While his colleague is anxiously reasoning with all comers, this fool-

hardy leader risks his own person in a reconnaissance, by which we see the nature of the dangers around.

"I went up to the top of the hill again, first sending my men back to Nasaucoko. They were most reluctant to move away, especially as they did not see me with them, but they had to go. And now comes what I cannot account for. I felt that I could not return to Nasaucoko (the camp), and that I must go and see this crowd of rebels. So I told Batikarakara and Gusudradra that I was going with them, telling them that they might kill me if they liked. They seemed agreeable, so I sent down for my cook, and had a feed before starting, and gave some food to the 'Devils.' One of my faithful boys came up with my food, and on my telling him to go away, he begged to be allowed to remain with me, and nearly shed tears : so I took him, together with an ex-mountaineer and the boy who waited on you at Navola. We set out on our perilous journey. I did not care very much what happened. On arriving at the village, which consisted but of eight or nine houses, I asked for the chief, and the answer I received, in anything but a polite way, was, 'Go in there and you will find him,' the person who spoke pointing at the same time to a house, at the door of which stood a man leaning on the handle of a very large battle-axe, who reminded me of an executioner of the olden time waiting for his victim. The feeling that came over me at the time was that I was to have that beastly thing about my head before long, and the scene about me did not tend to dispel the idea. Old men with hideous faces begrimed with dirt sat about, eyeing me curiously and savagely, and altogether the scowling visages of the elder portion of the crowd were enough to make one's blood curdle. The most they could do, however, was to kill me ; so I put on a bright face and entered the house, and finding no one inside began to think I was in for it. But such was not the case, for the chief turned up, and turned out to be a fairly decent fellow, and anxious to hear about the government ; but his

younger men were uncivil, and would not allow him, so I told them about England and ships, which amused them. I don't think they intended to hurt me, but I believe they wanted to kill my men. On leaving the village at last, I asked for a small club, which they gave me, and then left with a decent escort of about twenty youths. We had got about a quarter of a mile out of the village when I was asked to sit down. I did so, and ate some sugar-cane. They were much amused with my rifle and knife, and one fellow got so affectionately close that I thought he was going to have a slice out of me. After waiting a short time, we saw several men crossing the river at a short distance from where we were sitting, and presently they formed up, and commenced to march towards us. I began to think again they were up to some mischief, and as I had no chance, determined to put a good face on it ; so they came up, looking very fierce, spears planted and ready to be thrown. They all passed within a few yards of me, each man dropping a small piece of sugar-cane or some bananas. They then formed up in some sort of order, and started for us at the double, shouting and yelling, till within a yard or two of me, and then halted and pointed their spears, to which I said, '*Vinaka, vinaka, kai colo*' (very well done, highlanders). After that I said I would like to see the chiefs ; so they came over, and I shook hands with them in rather a peculiar way : each planted the whole of his fist in my hand and left it there, and stared me in the face. I did not like to hurt his feelings by dropping it unceremoniously, so shook it once or twice, and *vinaka'd* him and dropped it. I then thought it time to get back, so made a start, well satisfied with my visit, rejoicing to have seen their strength, which consists of about one hundred and fifty armed men, some quite boys, some decrepit old men : not a single rifle or breech-loader."

It is easy to imagine how the careworn Commissioner must have regarded this schoolboy exploit, which the hero himself allows to have been "foolish, rash, and dan-

gerous." Mr Carew's hands were indeed sufficiently full to make the inappropriateness of his colleague very galling to him. When the Captain was not risking his life in vain expeditions, he was "all apathy and irresolution;" and though he would have precipitated a warlike encounter had he not been held back almost by force, he could not be persuaded to take necessary precautions about the stockade round the camp. In short, this officer, who "understood none of his Excellency's ideas," and had no distinct purpose in his puzzled brains one way or another, is clearly the very type of man whose agency is so disastrous in enterprises of this kind, and whose very bravery brings misfortune. There is, however, a certain charm and simplicity of human nature about the brave and foolish fellow which make us pause on the edge of more stirring events. His grave companion very soon hints that "a trip to Levuka" (his Excellency's residence) would be the best thing for the Captain's health; and this plan is finally resorted to. In the meantime, however, a reproof and warning from his Excellency produces a confused half-pathetic letter from the offender, which is too good to be altogether lost, and gives a side-glance into character such as would delight a biographer or writer of fiction, though it has little to do with the history.

"I have lived much by myself, and have only a few real friends," he says (having been rebuked for "incoherency"). "I have lived among men I have not cared about nor trusted; hence arises this serious impediment to my progress as a useful member of the Government when verbal explanations are required. A letter can be copied and thought over; but speech, like a wild bird in a cage, when let loose is seldom or never taken again—

a bad illustration, but I can think of no other at present."

This is almost too exquisite for real life; and we part from the warrior with regret. He took that "trip to Levuka" not long after, on the very eve, as it happened, of serious disturbances, and was afterwards employed in raising recruits and other work more fitted to his character. His appointment would seem to be the only mistake in the admirable selection of workmen fitted to his purpose made by the Governor, and it was remedied with promptitude. As soon as the troubles really began, his place was taken by two much more efficient figures, Captain Knollys and Mr Gordon, who come into the field with all their wits about them, prompt, cool, intelligent to perceive the meanings of every step that has to be taken, and penetrated by his Excellency's ideas. It is no harm, however, to these gentlemen to say that they are not half so amusing as their predecessor, do not tempt us to laugh except at some humorous view of the savage simplicities around, nor make any ingenuous revelations of character to tempt us aside from the record.

The Captain had but newly departed when the storm broke out. By aid of Mr Carew's journal we now find ourselves placed upon a kind of watch-tower, from which we can see all that is going on, and partially divine what is brewing, kept constantly on the alert by here the light of a burning village on the horizon, there a discharge of muskets or the warning clamour of a drum, or perhaps the apparition on a height of armed bands among the trees, investigating the approaches to the camp itself, with its still imperfect stockade. No easy post was that of the Commissioner. We perceive from his mount of vision, dimly stirring



in the landscape, white settlers, planters who are of no use to him, though their little groups of wife and children add to his anxieties, and their complaints of property stolen and houses threatened add so many pin-points to his greater vexations. Then as soon as the Devils break out, another set of figures become visible, hurriedly appearing out of the unknown—village chiefs, Bulis of the various places attacked or threatened, hastening in with their reports, some of disaster, some of successful resistance, asking for orders, for ammunition, and, with a comic touch, for stationery, the new-born necessity of letter-writing having found them somewhat unprovided. We doubt much whether the mayors and aldermen of as many little country towns in England would keep their courage and self-possession, or write their reports with half the conciseness and lucidity of these half-savage officials. Here is an example:—

“THE BULIS OF NADI TO THE GOVERNOR.

“MEREKE, VUDA, *April 14.*

“ISAKA.—We, the Bulis of Nadi, write unto your Excellency our report.

“War has commenced in the mountains. Several towns have been burnt, sir. The towns of Deva, Vunirosawa, Vunimoli, Naloqi, Uto, and Nawaqa. These six have been burnt. We report to your Excellency and the head of the police that you may know, sir, what is now commencing here to the west.

“We remain here obediently waiting that your Excellency may be pleased to direct us what to do. Shall we go up to your Excellency’s Commissioner in the mountains, or shall we remain in our own places for the present? Let us know your decision in this matter, sir. This is the report from the west. Our report, sir, is finished.

“I, SABORI, *Buli Vuda.*

“I, NAVOLA, *Buli Nadi.*

“I, BUKATAVATAVA, *Buli Sabeto.*

“I, DAURU, *Buli Veitoga.*

“Your true friends.”

The officers of the assailed districts are still more terse and in earnest. “Our district is ruined on account of the Devils,” says one. “Batīri is all burned. Several women and children are clubbed. Some men are killed. The details, sir, have not yet been made clear.” Another reports the news with further particulars about the men who have been spared, the mothers and children who have perished, the teachers whose fate is not known. “Our district is ruined. On this Monday morning the 17th of April this thing happened. I beg of you some paper and envelopes, that I may continue writing to you.” Another asks for guns, powder, and balls, that his men and he may go off to the help of their neighbours: “my idea is, if they show a bold front at all, to have a try at them.” The Roko of Nadroga sends a similar list of the destroyed villages, but adds a more hopeful description of the spirit of the neighbourhood.

“They then approached up to Burua, but they were well prepared, and not of the same mind as the enemy were, so they did not make any attempt on this village. They then went to Nabuasa, but this was prepared to meet them; so they left there and went off to Nadrumai, one of the villages of ours they had threatened frequently. I was ready for them, and swept together my men far down the coast; and yesterday they attempted to take the village, and started firing; but we were better men than they. They left eleven dead of their friends in the middle of the village, after which they ran off, throwing away guns and clubs and everything else.”

These demonstrations of loyalty gave some consolation to the anxious Commissioner in the midst of all the alarms, false and true, which surrounded him. And they afforded encouraging proof that

“his Excellency’s ideas” as to the possibility of subduing the disaffected and restoring order without any military demonstration, by the help of the native auxiliaries were correct and well founded; but a man who is aware of the existence of bands of armed savages all round his little encampment, and can even see them appearing on the heights, to which they retire whenever threatened, is to be pardoned for a good deal of anxiety.

In the meanwhile Captain Knollys was hastening up to the mountains to take command of the operations, and in the loyal districts below Mr Gordon and Captain Olive were occupied in calling out the native levies and equipping them as far as was possible. The plan of the campaign was very simple and thorough. It was to divide the forces so as to surround the cannibals,—Captain Knollys ascending into their fastnesses on one hand, and shutting these refuges against them, while Mr Gordon advanced from below. The Fijian highlanders were not very great in number, nor were they very well armed, but they dispersed and reassembled with all the facility of mountain warriors; and the caves, which were their last defence and resort, were formidable natural strongholds, which it was of the last importance to secure. The forces collected against them were, with the exception of the small band of the police with their Sniders, entirely composed of Fijians, led by their natural chiefs, several of whom present an aspect of dignified authority and intelligence, which the reigning class, in a much more advanced civilisation, does not always possess. Their letters and reports are admirable in their brevity and distinctness: and their ready adoption of more civilised modes of warfare,

in distinction from the proceedings of the cannibals who killed their prisoners, destroyed the gardens of the villages they attacked, and ruthlessly shot down women and children, shows a fine natural understanding, as well as the influence of Christian sentiment. That they were, however, still on a ticklish border-ground between savagery and better knowledge, may be seen from one of the first incidents in the story.

“I hope,” writes Captain Knollys, “that I have not been aiding and abetting at heathen rites; but as the people who brought the dead man from Beimana made a point of my seeing the body, I went to the village to do so. It was a curious sight by torchlight to see the dead man slung on a bamboo, with about sixty of the wildest-looking people I ever saw dancing round him and making speeches. They wound up by a half-joking request to be allowed to eat him, and half a hint would have made them do so. However, I ordered him to be buried at once.”

The same writer, a few pages further on, begs the Governor, who is anxious to pay a visit to the camp, to come on Friday, “as that would enable you to return on Saturday, otherwise you would find difficulty about bearers, &c., and would create a scandal by travelling on Sunday. *Mountaineers are very strict about the Sabbath.*” It was the same men who would at “half a hint” have embraced the opportunity of eating their dead prisoner, who would have been scandalised by his Excellency’s visit on Sunday—which is as curious a conjunction of sentiments as we remember to have heard of.

This visit from his Excellency affords a pleasant break in the somewhat confusing record of villages burned and chiefs interviewed. The Governor had been

anxious for some time to proceed to the centre of the operations, to see with his own eyes what was going on, and give the high sanction of his presence to the force engaged, but had been anxiously dissuaded from the expedition by his officers, who were very naturally afraid of running the risk of any personal danger to their chief. As his Excellency, however, insisted, not being himself of a timorous disposition, the visit took place, and we came down with relief from our watch-tower at the camp, to accompany the Governor's progress through the fine landscapes and among the picturesque groups of the loyal regions. On the voyage to Sagunu, the home of the Roko Tui Ba, one of the most intelligent and dignified of the native chiefs, the Governor's steamer passed four large canoes, "smart with red and white pennants from the crescent-shaped masthead and the edge of the huge mat-sails," which contained Adi Alisi—that is, the Lady Alise, the wife of the Roko, hastening home, as fast as a dead calm would let her, to receive the illustrious visitor. She was late, poor lady, and the honours of the mansion had to be done without her. The Ba river, upon which Sagunu is situated, made one of the Governor's companions imagine himself "to be looking on the West Highlands of Scotland," rather than "the mountains of an island in the South Seas." The town was considerable, but, as all the houses were "hidden away among trees and gardens," did not reveal its size to a cursory glance. These dwellings are described as follows:—

"The style of building here was quite new to me. The posts that support the walls of the house are set square, and one large central post supports the somewhat dome-like roof

of thatch and bamboo-rafters. The walls, too, are thatched with grass, and from the outside it is hard to say where the walls end and the roof begins. Each house stands on a built-up mound, four feet above the ground-level; but few houses have more than one door, and that seems generally closed, and windows they have none. A good road leads up from the banks of the river to the Rara (public square or village green), where the Roko's house stands. The house is a new three-roomed one, in shape the same as those on the east coast, and is divided into compartments by well-made reed partitions, and is very comfortable, though the European writing-table and chest of drawers, and the easy-chairs and muslin-curtains done up with pink ribbon, looked rather odd and out of place. But Ratu Vuki is a good man of business, the pigeon-holes of his bureau are full of papers, and he was able to put his hand directly on one that was wanted—an improvement on the usual Fiji fashion of hiding away all letters and papers under the mats."

This is the same native gentleman who, writing to his wife for paper while he is absent on the campaign, tells her that she will find it in the portfolio in a certain drawer—an insignificant detail which impresses the imagination when we recollect that the Roko Tui Ba and the Lady Alise were born cannibals and savages. The curtains with the pink ribbons were no doubt her share of the rapidly advancing civilisation. We must not pause to describe the curious scene which ensued when the people of the town presented their offering, placing "presents of boiled yams or *taro* sewed up in banana-leaves, with sometimes the addition of a boiled chicken, on the floor mats in front of the Governor," whose distress at all this waste, and dislike to accept such presents, had to give way to the custom of the country—a difficulty which the Roko was intelli-

gent enough to understand, though proud and happy, in spite of his better knowledge, in the feeling that his people had distinguished themselves by their liberality. As the Governor's *cortège* moved on, additional illustrations are continually added,—alternate scenes of engaging and primitive simplicity, belonging now to the savage, now to the civilised side. "The weather was beautifully fine and cool, and the moonlight nights were lovely," writes the secretary above quoted. "Every night during the five days we were at Na Rewa the mats were spread outside the house, and the natives sat in a great semicircle in front of us, and chanted their drinking-songs while the *yaqona* was being strained." The *yaqona* is a beverage prepared in a very primitive fashion from a root, into the manufacture of which it is unnecessary to enter, but which seems by prolonged experience to commend itself even to the European palate. It is the national debauch, though apparently a mild one, of the Fijians. After the sight of those dark figures in the moonlight singing their wild songs comes with humorous incongruity an inspection of the school, with the "usual reading, writing, and summing." The children, however, had a *meke* or festive meeting after on the green, where their proceedings bore a more amusing character than those of an ordinary school feast.

"Through Mr Wilkinson and the native parson I managed to make out something of the meaning of the song. It was a lesson in natural history which had certainly never been taught them by a white missionary. All the children were seated on the ground, and in a rhythmic chant they told all about the birds and insects, imitating their cries, and giving descriptions of their habits that were scarcely scientifically correct. When they came to

the mosquito, they began to hum and buzz, then to slap their arms and legs in perfect unison, as if they had just felt a mosquito in the act of biting. All this was part of the performance, and done in the most perfect time; then, as if driven half wild by the irritation, they shouted and threw their arms about, and then suddenly stopped exhausted, declaring that there was nothing for it but to bear the pain patiently, when the mosquito would sing songs in their ears, and say *vinaka, vinaka* (good, good), in applause. 'When a man dies,' they told us, 'all the other animals rejoice that he can no longer enslave them, or hurt them, or kill them; and most of all the ants are pleased, for they dig down through the earth to where his bones are buried, and carry off his teeth for their *tabuas* (offerings of whales' teeth, the usual conciliatory present and proffer of friendship in Fiji). But the mosquito alone is sorry, and hovers about humming a mournful song, "What good," says he, "is a man to me when he is dead? I can neither drink his blood nor sing songs in his ears that he will hear."'"

The expedition, as it moves on, always ascending towards the disturbed regions, passes through so much fine scenery that we are at a loss whether to choose for quotation the very admirable sketches given of it, both by the Governor himself and Mr Maudsley, or those of the constantly recurring groups which animate their progress. The human interest, on the whole, is the greatest, and we will leave the "rolling waves of the plain," the rapidly increasing strain of the ascent, the widening out of the magnificent view seaward, with all the islands lying in purple and gold, the valleys with "their slopes broken up into thousands of little grass-covered ridges and dells, as if to see how much surface could be exhibited in a given space"—to the imagination of the reader. As the party begin to reach the neighbourhood

of the insurgents, the story becomes exciting; and here is one sketch in which the eerie sensation of unknown danger and darkness is wonderfully suggested. It is at Wai-wai, which the party reached, having ascended over 1750 feet, in a cold and rainy night, and found the place in hourly expectation of an attack. The Governor and his companion inspected in the chill and wet evening all the approaches, and posted sentries; but it was judged expedient to keep a watch throughout the night. It is his Excellency himself who speaks.

“We took it in turn to keep guard, and I had the first watch. My companions were soon asleep, and I had plenty of time for thought and observation. The house we were in was an ordinary mountain house, with only one doorway and a central post. Within, it was not unlike a cow-shed on a very miserable old Scotch farm, being divided into six stalls, three on a side, and the floor littered with straw and grass. There were no mats except what had been brought in for us from the chief's house. Against the central post was stuck a candle, which I from time to time removed. Twice I went the round of the sentries with Sergeant Low. They were all awake and on the alert. It was very cold in spite of our rugs and wraps, and I could not get warm. As I sat half dozing, the grass fringe which hung in the doorway to keep out the wind was moved aside, and a handsome young soldier, dressed only in a black *liku*, came in with a letter from Knollys. He had come very fast from Nasau-coko, and was tired. . . . About 1 A.M. I called Maudslay for his watch, and at once fell asleep.”

Next day brought the welcome appearance of Captain Knollys and his train to escort the Governor to the camp. The A.D.C. presented himself before his chief not in parade costume. “He was bare-legged, with trousers cut short at

the knee, his rifle slung over his checked shirt, and a solar *topee* on his head.” Neither, perhaps, was his Excellency apparelled for a drawing-room. The men in Captain Knollys's train streamed in, picturesque and terrible, in native cloth and painted faces. “One had his face all black, with a red tip to his nose; another equally all black, with one red temple; another had a face like a gridiron, longitudinal stripes of black and white; another a singular zigzag device coming from forehead to cheek diagonally; but the most ghastly was one who, on a completely black face, had large white circles round his eyes.” The Governor was much struck by the completeness of the disguises afforded by the painted face, and the manœuvres of these somewhat appalling figures were amusing. “Sakiusa was at their head, and he and many others carried huge fighting fans. It was pretty to see the skirmishers running in front quivering those fans, quartering over the ground like pointers, and brushing the grass with the fans as if to sweep away all enemies from their path.” The following description of the procession, as it set out again for the camp at Nasau-coko, by Mr Maudslay must be quoted:—

“Nothing could have been more picturesque than our guard winding along the track in single file. Each dress seemed more fantastic than the last one, and many of my old acquaintances were so disguised by their war-paint that I could not recognise them. The European guns and cross-belts seemed somehow only to add to their fierce barbarian appearance. The man just in front of me for the first few miles, though by no means the most fantastically dressed, is a fair specimen to describe. He was a fine tall fellow, with a shining brown skin, his face blackened all over, and his head done up in folds of brown gauze-like

*masi*,<sup>1</sup> arranged somewhat in the manner of a Parsee's cap. Round his neck was a piece of red cloth, and fastened to it behind were two long folds of brown *masi*, which hung down below his waist or streamed out in the wind. A black leather cross-belt and pouch were the only parts of his dress which could be called uniform. Round his waist he wore a sash of scarlet cloth; and a long black water-weed *liku*, like a kilt of horsehair, hung in strings to his knees. His legs were gartered with fringed rolls of the same weed, strung with many-coloured beads. Although I kept a sharp look-out to mark the character of the country we were passing through, it was hard to take one's eyes off the movements of one's escort. Every turn in the track, the view from every hill, showed them to fresh advantage: climbing up a bare hill with their *masi* streamers flying in the wind, or grouping themselves on heights to rest after an ascent, they seemed to form picture after picture. Perhaps the most striking of all was when through a tunnel of trees they scrambled down a steep hillside, and were gradually lost to sight in the dark wood at the bottom. Every moment we saw a fresh head-dress and new style of ornament. One man had his head covered with brown *masi*, bound on with a fringe of white, and a long queue of brown hanging behind like a bag-wig; another man had on what looked like a very tall white night-cap; a third had his *masi* arranged with a sort of plume in the front. In fact, there were not two of them alike."

With this train the Governor proceeded to Nasauoko, where he met and spoke with several native chiefs, collecting what information they could give, the principal being Kolikoli, the nearest and most important person in the district, whose course of action, placed as he was with the Devils on one side and the Government camp on the other, was of the utmost consequence. On Saturday the party left again, his Excellency

having encouraged and commended the bands of warriors, and elated their native leaders by his thanks and courtesies. After returning to the coast and expediting the other branch of the little army under the command of Mr Arthur Gordon, his Excellency went on across the hills to Nadroga, where his presence was said to be extremely necessary, the white planters about having interfered in an unjustifiable way, and the natives having precipitated the struggle, and burned several villages, the thing which of all other things was most intolerable to the Governor. He had assurances on all hands that the road was perfectly safe, but on his first night's halt found himself in the very centre of the danger. This revelation did not burst upon the party till after they settled to a little ease and repose after their journey. Once more it is the Governor himself who speaks.

"We sat down on the ground and ate our supper, watching the picturesque effects of light from a fire which our men had lighted to cook a young pig which we had given them. The grouping and the light and shade were admirable, and quite delighted me; but presently an additional effect of light, which had not been anticipated, made itself startlingly visible. The rise of flames over a neighbouring ridge, and clouds of smoke rolling upwards to the sky, and brightly illuminated from below, showed us that the Kai Colo—elsewhere called Devils—were burning a Christian village about a mile off, Vakula by name. Of course it was to be anticipated that their next attack would be on us, and the excitement was general. All the able-bodied men had gone to Nadroga to join Arthur's army, and none but very old men, women, and children were left in the town. Of these we had a muster. All the guns in the place were brought out, our scanty

<sup>1</sup> A native cloth made from bark, of a sort of lace texture, extremely tough and light.

guard told off to different parts, and the old men employed as pickets along the three roads which led to the town. I had my *yagona* prepared on the *rara*, and drank it there; then, at the strong request of the others, I went into the house, at the door and corners of which sentries were posted. I did not like going into this house,—one felt so like a rat in a trap, the house having but one door and being so easy to set fire to; but no doubt they were right, as my white clothes made me conspicuous, and one could not tell who might not lurk in the bush close to us. Macgregor made an excellent captain of the guard, and visited the sentries every hour. The Bishop (native), who had one of the few rifles of the party, constituted himself my especial guard, and I do not think closed his eyes once throughout the night. He watched at the door of the house, and followed me closely wherever I went. . . . The mosquitoes were fearfully troublesome, and would have themselves rendered it impossible to sleep, so we watched and waited. Once we heard the beating of the Devil drums at no great distance, but no other sounds disturbed the still night. Hour after hour passed, and the suspense and want of sleep became very wearisome. When the moon rose the scene was picturesque in the extreme. The Bishop in his white dress, rifle in hand, sat on the door-step, with a tiny fire before him; at each corner of the house, and on each road at the entrance to the village, sat other armed men, all quiet and silent, but all on the alert and full of anticipation. About 1 A.M. a Kai Colo, with a big head, stepped out of the bush at the bottom of the hill, and, standing for a moment in the road, looked up at the town, and then crossed into the trees and jungle on the other side. I suppose he saw that we were prepared, and probably supposed us to be stronger than we really were, for no attack was made. But for an hour or two after the scout had been seen, we were of course in momentary anticipation of an assault. . . . More time passed without a sound but the humming of the intolerable mosquitoes, and at length moonlight slowly gave place to dawn, and dawn to day. Macgregor and I then lay down and

slept for an hour or two, but the mosquitoes, though diminished in number, were still very troublesome. When I awoke again, I went and explored the upper part of the village, strangely quaint and picturesque. It was a most lovely morning. The Vakavuli Buli (elsewhere called the Bishop), of course, in his morning prayers touched on our 'deliverance'; and when he had done, all our young soldiers repeated the Lord's Prayer, Vula leading."

Vula, a young chief, "with his bright golden hair dressed in wavy points around his head like Apollo," apologises for the bad manners of the mountain folk as a young exquisite might do in any other region. "Nadroga manners, sir," with a shrug of his shoulders. "What else can you expect?" But after this exciting night there was no further alarm, and the expedition ended peacefully enough.

We now come to the real beginning of the campaign, all the plans having been finally settled and arranged during the Governor's visit. Mr A. Gordon, in command of the army on the lower side, collected his forces, while Captain Knollys, the commander-in-chief, waited with such patience as he could at the Nasaucoko camp, till somebody should be sent to occupy his post there, along with the reinforcements necessary for him. Here our interest, though not our sympathy, is taken from Captain Knollys—whose enforced inactivity, with nothing to do while so much remained to be done, must have been galling in the extreme—and reverts to Mr Gordon on the lower river, with his recruits and his little circle of chiefs eager for action. He too had to wait, in the hope that Knollys might have begun his share of the work simultaneously. The two young commanders were thus, much against their will, in the historical position

so long appropriated to two better known though not more successful leaders,—

“ Lord Chatham with his long sword drawn,  
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strahan :  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham.”

Their letters in the meantime, and friendly wrangles over various subjects,—Heffernan the interpreter for one, whom both wish to have, with mutual regret that the heroic method of dividing invented by King Solomon is not practicable,—and mutual eagerness to get to work, are amusing and full of interest. The reader feels himself in good company. The cordial simplicity of their language, not untouched by a little slang, and altogether devoid of any “tallness” of expression, might astonish a more formal race; but their minds are full of what they have to do, and, especially in the case of Captain Knollys, the pause is beyond measure trying. It is Gordon who gets first to work. So far as can be made out from the map, the southwest coast upon which he was stationed is lined with lofty cliffs rising up from the sea-level, upon the rocky heights of which were several strong towns or villages, some of them fortified rudely, all of them defended by the natural ramparts of the rock. The river Sigatoka makes its way through these cliffs to the sea, and it was by means of this natural highway that the attacking force got within reach. Mr Gordon's campaign—when at last, being able to wait no longer, though still a little too early for his colleague up the river, he began operations—was short, brilliant, and victorious. Had we room, we should like to quote his description of his camp, and the devices to which he was put to

occupy and amuse the men during their long waiting, setting them to build houses, *churches*, fortifications, whatever could be thought of. Here, however, is one curious scene, describing the ceremonial by which the Fijians prepare for war, which must be given :—

“ Each Nadroga tribe advanced silently in single file, and on nearing the place where we sat, squatted down in two long rows, several men deep, until the whole of the Nadroga men were seated, with their faces turned in the direction of the point where the other tribes stood ready to make their advance. Then after a short interval of silence, the other tribes, each tribe formed separately into a compact square, began singing a wild monotonous chant, swaying from side to side while slowly advancing, and now and again simultaneously flourishing their muskets, clubs, or spears in the air. Thus they approached, one tribe after the other, until within about fifty yards from where we sat; then suddenly—like the turn of a flock of starlings on the wing—they crouched in dead silence, but for a moment only; for as the whole compact mass, still half crouching, began rapidly to rush at us, the most extraordinary sound was heard, commencing with something between a hiss and a growl, which rapidly increased in volume as they rushed, till it ended in a roar as they stopped suddenly within a yard of where we sat. They then turned off abruptly to the right and left, and squatted down on either side to await the next tribe. This manner of approach was repeated by all the tribes in succession, until the whole were seated, numbering altogether about 1200 men. The ceremony, which has often been described before, was thus gone through, which alway takes place at a *taqa* (preparation for war), and which may very properly be called the ceremony of boasting. Every tribe is called upon in succession by a chief of the party to whom the *taqa* is given, to give some token of willingness to fight for the cause in hand, and this token is accepted in the form of a boast as to what each individual will do in the coming war. The chief



before mentioned stands in the centre of the circle with a long stick or spear in his hand, with which he keeps digging away at the earth, whilst one man of each tribe as they are named in succession (generally an old man and distinguished warrior) rushes up and down the line of his own men, calling upon them to fight, taunting them with cowardice, asking what they can do, and the whole time brandishing a spear before their eyes. Then one by one, generally, but sometimes two or three together, the men rush out of their ranks, and stopping short before the chief in the centre, shout out their boast, at the same time not unfrequently firing off their muskets, or bringing down a club on the ground to enforce their words.

"This ceremony concluded, and everybody having resumed his seat in the circle, a long line of women are seen approaching along the road from the coast, and as they come nearer, it is seen that they are dressed in high white *tappa* caps, and *likus* of a fine white fibre, and bear in their arms and on their backs numerous packets of cooked yams and *taro*, fish, poultry, and portions of pork neatly done up in baskets and banana-leaves. These, as they come into the circle one by one, they deposit in a heap in the centre, throwing off at the same time in another heap their *tappa* head-dresses, and then quietly file along the road to Navalilli, there to await their husbands, brothers, and sons. The apportionment of the food next takes place. A heap for each tribe is made from the big heap, and when all is ready, each tribe is called upon by name to take its portion. This is quickly done, and each tribal heap divided till each individual has received his lot. After this the tribes go back to their encampment, and the *taqa* is over."

With the force thus composed, the young civilian, cool and clear-headed, though altogether without military experience, took in rapid succession three of the great cannibal fortresses, entirely destroying the rebel power in that part of the island, and bringing

profound discouragement upon the other tribes still in arms. The complete and victorious execution of this work took him about ten days only, with very little loss of men; the sole drawback in the matter being that Captain Knollys's force was not yet in possession of the higher ground, and that consequently the routed rebels had a larger tract of country to flee to. But the hornets' nests, at least, were in his hands. The possession of these hornets' nests, and what to do with them, had, however, by this time become in every sense of the word a burning question. The invariable use and wont in Fiji warfare had been to burn the villages of rebels, and banish the rebels themselves to some of the smaller islands—a method which desolated the district in which the outbreak occurred, while spreading disaffection in other places. But against this unsatisfactory policy the Governor had set his face from the beginning. His plan was at once sharper and more merciful. To cut off summarily the leaders of rebellion, and the bloodthirsty criminals in their immediate train, but to preserve and reclaim the multitude, and to establish permanent conditions of peace, under which the very Devils themselves might mend and thrive, instead of being banished or exterminated, was his determination. Before the beginning of the struggle, his orders had been urgent that none of the villages should be burnt. This, however, was one of "his Excellency's ideas" which greatly exercised his active representatives; and not one of the least interesting points in the narrative is the searchings of heart that occurred on this subject, the distress of the young commanders when compelled to infringe these orders, yet confi-

dence in their chief's understanding of their difficulties and motives. Mr Gordon was obliged to burn the towns he had taken, but in every other respect the Governor's programme was fully carried out. The operations on the lower river were concluded by an act of solemn justice, the extreme and dangerous novelty of which a hasty reader will scarcely note, in the perfect composure of the record. It was no less than the establishment of law with its gravest penalties amid a people totally unaccustomed to consider the preservation of the helpless and protection of the weak as objects of high importance, and to whom the execution of a chief for anything so unimportant as the murder of a woman was unprecedented. When the struggle was over, the chiefs, who not long before would have made a great feast and eaten their captives, were assembled in a solemn tribunal, before which the ringleaders of the rebellion were tried. Fifteen of them were condemned to death. These were chiefly men who had been convicted of the brutal murder of the women and children, whose massacre had been the first step in the revolt, along with the chief plotters and leaders of the rebellion, a certain Mudu being the head of all. This high court of judgment was presided over by Mr Gordon,—the Governor being present, and making a solemn address to the assembly, but taking no part in the proceedings. One of the men accused of spearing a child smiled a little, when questioned, "as if there was something which pleased and amused him in the recollection." "It is quite true I killed a child; only one though," he said. Others confessed their guilt calmly. "Yes; I killed her with a club." The Governor's

speech after this curious trial was grave and impressive. He bade them remember that all had been warned as to the consequences of rebellion and bloodshed.

"Those who plotted this wickedness and led others to commit it, I cannot pardon. Nor can I pardon those who began this evil by killing women and children who could not fight them, nor yet the traitor who took money from the Government whilst he fought against it. These men must die. There must be no more wars in Viti Levu. This must be the last time there is fighting. For let there be no doubt about it,—there is no man nor place in Fiji that, sooner or later, I cannot reach; and if any do wrong in this fashion, most surely they will be punished for it."

The strange and terrible new light which must have poured upon the cannibal leaders, expecting nothing more than an easy sentence of deportation, and little troubled in their minds about a parcel of murdered women, may be imagined. A highly dramatic and tragical scene ensued. Mudu, the chief rebel, a great chieftain and man of unbounded influence, burst from his captors and ran towards the people, the circling mass of half-savage spectators of his own blood, and calling to them as his children, entreated them to save him. "Not a voice replied, nor was a hand raised. Had he succeeded in exciting their sympathy," the Governor adds, "our career would have been short."

Meanwhile the party under Captain Knollys were but beginning their campaign. The arrival of Mr Le Hunte at the camp freed the anxious leader, but it was not without much difficulty and many vexatious incidents that he got under way. For one thing, the Commissioner, his superior in the general government of the dis-

trict, though not in military matters, had come back from a wandering expedition among the tribes with his head full of possibilities of mediation, of certain chiefs of the Wai ni Mala who were to set everything right, and of his old confidence in needless explanations and talk—and was therefore no small trouble to the young soldier who had so long been consuming his heart in forced inactivity. At last, however, he managed to get away; and on the day when the last germs of danger were being stamped out far down at the mouth of the Sigatoka, was plodding his way up towards the head of the river, and had just captured and taken possession of a rebel town in which “abundant signs of recent cannibal feasts” were to be seen about. With Captain Knollys was the respectable Roko Tui Ba, with whom we have already made acquaintance—he whose bureau was so well arranged, with all his papers in their appropriate drawers, and whose wife’s white curtains and pink ribbons had amused the strangers. Before starting from Sagunu, the Roko’s town, he had made a speech to his people, “warning them that we were going to war after the white man’s fashion, and that clubbing of women and children and wounded, and other excesses previously indulged in in war time, were strictly *tabu*, and would be followed by severe punishment.” This warning seems to have been generally addressed to the savage warriors, and to all appearance was accepted by them implicitly, along with various other refinements which puzzled them greatly, such as not destroying their enemy’s harvest, and buying instead of taking the produce of their gardens when wanted for the commissariat.

The work of Captain Knollys was much more difficult than that of Mr Gordon. In the one case there was a series of towns to be taken, and success from the first raised the spirits and confidence of his men, who had no toilsome journey or succession of anxious circumstances to disturb them from their straightforward work. Captain Knollys had to make his way through an unfriendly country, harassed occasionally by ambushes in which he lost a few men—deceived by false *soros* or offers of peace, which did not prevent the negotiators from taking the field against him next day, or, worse still, laying snares for the stragglers of his army, at the very moment when they were presenting their overtures. And when at length the expedition arrived at its object, it was no ordinary town or village that had to be stormed, but a wonderful succession of caves in the rocky heights, which were the last retreats of the mountaineer, and, so far as the ordinary tactics of war are concerned, were virtually impregnable; while, as they were fully provisioned, starving out was impracticable, and the enemy had, if he knew how to take advantage of it, unbounded opportunities of “potting” the assailants. The difficulties of a mountain campaign are apparent throughout, even before the expedition had clambered up to the final stronghold. “I am in low spirits, but getting vicious,” Captain Knollys writes. “These beasts move about in the bush like so many buck, and there is apparently about the same chance of catching them. We have hustled them about, as it is our best hope of getting hold of them; but the slightest movement in camp—even a louder sneeze than usual—starts

them off." Nothing, however, in Mr Gordon's more brilliant and rapid work, is equal in dramatic interest and in wild originality to the final achievement of Captain Knollys—the siege and clearing out of the various caves. His own account of his first success of this kind is so very succinct that we turn to that of Dr Macgregor, a new but very important personage who reveals himself in this part of the campaign, having been merely alluded to by name in the former records, and who furnishes us with a detailed description of this exploit, as well as with one heroic narrative of his own proceedings, unparalleled perhaps in all the records of his beneficent craft. We must omit the account of the exciting night journey, full of hairbreadth 'scapes and feats of mountaineering, the long procession ascending and descending, now pushing breathless to the top of a rocky ridge, now stumbling down through broken ground and dark wood, now wading across an occasional stream in single file, not without observation of the novel and sometimes "sublime" landscape, yet with bated breath and without even a whisper of communication from one to another. Here, however, is a glimpse on the way:—

"We were on the top of a very high ridge of mountain, and could command a view of a very extensive tract of country. On one side of us the mountains were clothed with forest, while those on the other side were almost destitute of trees, and their forms were plainly visible in the moonlight. But the appearance of the woods and mountains was singularly soft and beautiful: only the tops of the mountains were visible,—every valley and gorge was full of a dense fog of snowy whiteness. The cool breeze, however, that glided over the surface of this flood of mountain mist

was very chilling, and by no means gratifying to our senses."

The dawn found them still at some distance from the object of their march; and as the sun was up and shining before they attained it, the surprise which they had intended became impossible, and their task accordingly much harder. After various casualties, the doctor had the luck to arrive in the very central spot of the stronghold, and to secure the most important prisoner. His narrative (like all his other contributions to this history) has a touch of the professional in it which is horrible but graphic:—

"Rorobokala and his men being silenced, we had time to look round, and found at one corner of the *rara* a strange spectacle. There was spread on the ground a large mat, rather coarsely made of broad plaits, and well worn, and on it lay several pieces of cooked *taro*, and a human leg cooked and laid out for breakfast. It was the right leg apparently of an adult Fijian, and had been severed from the thigh by one unacquainted with that kind of work, and ignorant of anatomy. . . . It was a small leg with soft muscles and a delicately rounded calf, a nicely turned ankle, and a small, neat foot. It was in very fair condition; and the skin, smooth and soft, presented here and there small cracks, through which peeped a line of yellow fat that must have rendered the individual for whose gastronomic delight it was served very reluctant to leave it, warm and untasted. I had seen three or four people leave the place where this repast lay, and had marked where they had gone. On proceeding to the spot, followed by two or three of our men, I came upon four or five people, one of whom was evidently the chief of the party. At first they manifested some disposition to offer resistance, but the leader, covered by a hostile rifle, surrendered himself, and ordered the others to do the same.

"I soon found that my prize was

the principal personage in the camp of the enemy, where he was priest and king, and was said to be fed by his subjects on human flesh and *yaqona*. His appearance was certainly striking. Looked at from a little distance, he was of an iron-grey colour, about forty years of age, of middle height, with a hooked nose, scanty hair, and blear-eyed. The colour of his skin was owing to the existence of a pathological condition said to be present in those fortunate creatures white elephants, and it most probably secured for this chief the proud position he occupied in his tribe. Neighbouring septs said the colour of his skin was caused by the constant drinking of *yaqona*. . . . After seeing the breakfast that had been prepared for this chief, the men with me could scarcely be restrained from attacking him after he became my prisoner; and he at once evidently made up his mind to put himself under my protection."

This extraordinary personage is described by Captain Knollys with much less toleration as "the *Bete* (priest)—one of the most disgusting animals in human form I ever saw." But we do not know what becomes of the wretch, or whether, if his life was spared, he was able to do without the horrible stimulus of his favourite food. Dr Macgregor goes on to describe the funeral of two men who were killed in the attack (for, exciting as it was, this warfare resulted in little bloodshed). After the women had made their lamentation over them, one apparently with a true passion of grief, the burial took place. The native teacher, who is the hero of this incident and of the doctor's chaff (who is not very favourable to the Christians), was one who is recorded as following him close in every danger.

"The bodies were then placed in the extemporised grave, and Filipi, the missionary, took his post, and after his own fashion performed the

funeral service. Filipi was never so much in his element as when he was burying a Kai Colo: on no other occasion could he ever wear the same look of bland and dignified triumph. He advanced with an imperial stride to the head of the grave, planting his left foot on the grass, and his right foot on the top of the earth and stones scraped out of the shallow pit; then leaning forward, he put the radial edge of his right hand to his forehead, and thus shading his eyes, prayed silently. The upper lip was elevated at the corners, his brow was calm and placid, his eyes sparkling with jubilant exultation, but looking, as was becoming, meekly towards the ground. From the expression of his face, one would have said that his thoughts must have been, 'Have him at last!' What was the subject of Filipi's prayer on that occasion I could not ascertain, as nobody heard it; but I strongly suspect it was a pæan."

This success was followed by two others of a similar character, —in one case the caves being beleaguered for forty-eight hours—in the other, a whole week of dangerous and exhausting watchfulness being necessary. "The entrance-holes were so small that one had to creep in on hands and knees;" therefore any of the usual operations of a siege were impossible. "Every opening in the rock, and they were too numerous to count, was a loophole." Parties were posted at every entrance; and "as the inmates informed us that they would rather die inside than come out, we sat down to wait for them," Captain Knollys says. Then ensued numberless parleys, in all of which the young commander and his aids must have been in the utmost danger from the unseen enemy. So wearing out was this process, and so hopeless seemed any ordinary attempt to dislodge them, that smoking out was tried, but feebly, against the grain, bring-

ing a rebuke from his Excellency when he heard of it, but no other result. Finally, however, the hidden foe were coaxed, threatened, and tired out of their holes, a great number taken prisoners, and the last centre of resistance overcome. With the surrender of these caves at Nacawanisa the "little war" would seem to have been at an end. The Commissioner, indeed, with his pet chiefs whom he believed in, had his own troubles to get through, which kept the camp in hot water. But nothing much seems to have come of that undercurrent of tragi-comedy, save that poor Mr Le Hunte, eagerly hoping to have a share in the active operations, had never a chance of any of "the fun" at all, for which we sincerely sympathise with that humorous and cheerful, but deeply disappointed gentleman.

Before concluding this narrative, however, we must return to the doctor and his story, above referred to as the most wonderful surgical feat we remember to have heard of. Dr Macgregor all through is like a doctor "in a book," although, indeed, a novelist would scarcely venture to place a man so charmingly professional in a work of fiction. His ardour is unflagging, and he sees everything from a medical point of view. "Macgregor is enjoying himself," writes Captain Knollys during the campaign, "revelling in skin diseases and intestinal worms." The following extraordinary account of his daring and coolness, as well as of the emergencies of a surgeon in a savage country, is from the doctor's calm journal of an "interesting case." One of the prisoners had his leg shattered by a bullet, and Dr Macgregor found that amputation was necessary to save the

man's life, and that not a moment was to be lost.

"The critical period had now arrived when I must either operate or let the man die. I therefore arranged my medical panniers in the open air, so as to form a kind of operating-table, which I covered well with soft grass, and I then arranged my instruments in such a way that whatever might happen I should have everything that might be required within reach of my own hand. I then got some of the natives to lift the patient on to the extemporised operating-table, and I myself proceeded to put him under the influence of chloroform, as it would have been quite impossible to operate without the use of an anæsthetic. When I had put the patient well under the influence of chloroform, I directed Crawford to take the towel containing it and to keep it over the patient's mouth and nose to keep up insensibility. I had been so exclusively occupied in concerting my plans and making arrangements to meet every emergency, that I had not observed until I handed Crawford the towel that he was very drunk. Seizing the towel, he immediately proceeded to press it hard upon the mouth of the patient. I removed his hands, and told him again to hold it as I had directed; but as soon as I went to lift the patient's leg, C. seized hold of the sick man's nose, and held it tightly compressed, for which, in the anger of the moment and the hurry to relieve my patient, I rewarded C. with a push that sent him sprawling on his back. I then ordered half-a-dozen men to take him and put him in irons, which they did with great alacrity. But meantime I was left alone, in the midst of a multitude of wondering natives with a man under chloroform for the performance of a capital operation. After the patient had lost the power of speech and motion, not one of the native on-lookers would come within ten yards of him, as they were lost in astonishment at the effect of the *wai ni mou* (water of sleep), and thought that the man was being deliberately killed. The position was one of the greatest

difficulty and of the greatest responsibility. I was convinced the patient could not live twenty-four hours unless the operation was performed; there were only two white men within fifteen or twenty miles of me, one of whom was ill with fever and too weak to stand; the other in a state of intoxication, so that his presence was a positive danger. . . . If the man died during or immediately after the operation, it might be feared that my act would make the natives suspicious, and might give rise to serious complications in the unsettled state of the country."

These and many other arguments *pro* and *con* the doctor paused, yet scarcely paused, to consider at this tremendous moment, which indeed was as great a test of courage and heroic self-devotion (just tintured perhaps with professional inclination) as it is possible to imagine; and no more curious scene occurs in the whole history than this of the indomitable surgeon with all his instruments and all his wits about him, the gaping, frightened crowd round, and the patient insensible upon the improvised erection before him.

"I therefore did not hesitate, but determined to incur all risks to save a human life, although that of a rebel. I put the patient thoroughly under chloroform, and began to amputate the limb as best I could. . . . I was thus able to cut through the soft parts and to saw through the bone with more ease and despatch, and I even managed to ligature the main artery of the limb before the patient began to recover so far, from the chloroform, as to move inconveniently. A little more chloroform was then administered, which enabled me to tie all the vessels and stitch up the wound; but I must confess I found that holding the end of a catch-forceps between one's teeth, when tying the vessel held by it, with half-a-dozen small arteries projecting as many streams of hot blood into one's face, is not the most pleasant position in the world, espe-

cially if surrounded by two or three hundred spectators quite capable of imagining that one was drinking the blood of one's patient, and dividing his body for the purposes of the larder. At last, however, the wound was dressed, and by degrees both the patient and myself could breathe freely. When he opened his eyes and began to talk, the astonishment of the dusky crowd of spectators broke the deep silence that had prevailed during the operation. Standing at a distance of about ten paces from the patient, those in the nearest ring of the spectators would gaze hard at him, and in a voice of joy and wonder exclaim, 'How strange! how strange! he is not dead after all.'"

The operation was completely successful, though "performed," our doctor says modestly, "under greater difficulties than any other I have ever felt it my duty to undertake." He heard afterwards that the man had become quite a hero among the people, and that two or three families contended for the possession of so miraculous a being as a man with one leg.

Dr Macgregor, however, we are sorry to say, was not very favourable to the native Christians, and thought the hillmen finer fellows and more industrious, for one reason, because, "not being Christians, they do not wallow all day on a mat in the "Slough of Despond" of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" a book which it appears the Fijians are fond of reading. We are distressed by the doctor's scorn, and by his mixed metaphor, yet admire the courage with which he states his opinion, all but censuring the very Governor himself for the number of capital punishments which he had sanctioned at the close of the campaign on the lower river. It is an admirable proof of the good understanding between Sir Arthur Gordon and the officials under him, that his

medical officer states this conviction with so much frankness, in a letter to which his Excellency instantly replies with the most perfect temper and friendship, explaining at length the reasons which made him feel such a step to be necessary. The position of the Governor throughout, with his staff of young men all eager for his approval, referring to him in every difficulty, yet sufficiently sure of his perfect goodwill and candour to express without hesitation and even urge their different views, is almost an ideal example of that which the head of such a Government ought to occupy. A touch of the peremptory now and then but serves to give character to the consideration and fine confidence and understanding with which he treats the executors of his plans; and the unflinching condemnation of every method inconsistent with his purpose, which was not to crush but to bring into necessary subjection the race which it is his office to protect and guide—and his care that no suffering which it was possible to spare should be inflicted, nothing destroyed that it was possible to preserve—show through every page of these letters, even in the impatience with which now and then his Excellency's ideas are touched upon among themselves by his active agents—such, for instance, as that restriction against burning towns, already referred to, which they found it impossible always to obey. But there are few ways of securing obedience and attachment more certain than such a mode of treatment on the part of a superior as is expressed thus:—

“You are very good about obeying orders, and I am afraid you chafe a little sometimes at the stringency of some of mine. You need not in all

cases take them too literally. I am anxious that you should fully know my mind and wishes, and I am sure that you do fully understand them, and that you will honestly and faithfully strive to carry them out, even when you don't see the whole of the reasons for them. This is all I wish. You may not always find yourself able, consistently with what is necessary for success, to adhere strictly to them. When this is so, you may be quite assured that unless you do something very atrocious indeed, or something more idiotically stupid than you are at all likely to do, I shall be ready to adopt what you have done, believing truly in my heart in most cases that you have done right. . . . You have, as I have more than once told you, my entire confidence in this matter; and you know that if one gives a thing entirely, it is contrary to mathematical possibility to give it by halves.”

The entire success of all the operations above described, and the settlement and pacification of the country, to all appearance as complete and thorough as that of any civilised and Christian nation, are recorded at the end of the book in Sir Arthur Gordon's despatch, addressed to Lord Carnarvon, then Minister for the Colonies. The formal report of towns rebuilt, of trade established, of savages clothed and cannibals turned into Christians, gives but a graver version of the more graphic narrative of the letters and journals: and it is impossible to imagine a result more satisfactory.

We greatly regret that our space forbids any reference here to the proceedings of the Legislative Council of Fiji, and the speeches of the Rokos and Bulis of whom it is composed, which testify to the enlightened anxiety of these primitive lawgivers for the interests of their country, their sound allegiance to the British Govern-



ment, and their almost passionate attachment to the Governor whose work among them was so thorough and so effectual. We regret still more not to give the reader a few more particulars and letters of our friend the Roko Tui Ba, and his wife, the Lady Alise. It would be hard indeed to describe as savage, a community with such a family at its head.

The last extract we shall make is the following description from Sir Arthur Gordon's diary of a visit paid little more than a year after the end of these operations to the district which had been the scene of conflict. The spot visited was the rebuilt and improved version of one of the towns burnt in the war.

"Most striking was the scene in the village afterwards, each household grouped in front of its own door; and later the sound of prayer from the various houses. Every one of the people here and at Na Sua Tabu was last year a prisoner. The con-

trast between my present visit and those made while I was in this place last year struck me forcibly; and when Kuollys and Heffernan turned in I did not feel inclined to follow their example, but strolled up and down the *rara* for some time by myself. Though late, many of the people were still up, discussing in little knots the great event of the evening. From one house I heard a number of women repeating the Lord's Prayer. What a change from last year, when there was nothing here but heaps of ashes! It had been a very hot calm day, and the night was perfectly still. The moon was almost full, and its light perfect. The pale precipices of Matunavata towered above us mysteriously, and as I walked about at midnight, and absolutely alone, but in perfect security, in a town full of the nearest relations of those put to death last year by my orders, I could not but rejoice that I had turned a deaf ear to counsels which would have prevented the rebuilding of those towns when once laid waste, and would have dispersed their people to distant islands, where they must have vanished away and perished altogether."

## A GLANCE AT THE PURSUIT OF EQUALITY.

THE last hundred years may be called *par excellence* the Age of Invention. The world's history makes mention of no century wherein thought has borne so much fruit. Science and Art have seemed to yield themselves readily to the genius of the time. The useful discoveries, and the applications of them, which have been introduced since the year 1783, are startling to one who reckons them with the knowledge that they are real achievements. Many of them from their nature, and the sum of them from its vastness, would, if they had been foreshadowed ere they began, have been pronounced to be the wildest illusions. The survey of what has been secured for use enables us to form some estimate of the vast mental application which has been unwearyingly and intensely devoted to finding out and utilising the secrets and powers of nature. The idea of such a brain-force, exerted by our puny and short-lived race, is overwhelming to the individual mind which essays to entertain it.

Yet striking as has been the number of minds devoted to material progress, a far greater number would appear to have been intent on another pursuit during the same period—a host of thinkers known to us not by the results which they have achieved so much as by the shocks which at intervals their seething fermentation has produced. For every thousand men that have been studying to subdue the elements to their will, twenty thousand at least have been pondering the solution of one engrossing problem—viz., how to can-

cel and abolish the inequalities of power, station, and wealth which are found among men. To such an extent has this problem occupied the masses of men in Europe, for the hundred years gone by, that it may be called the question of the age, notwithstanding the enormous expenditure of brain-power on natural philosophy and its applications, of which we have above made mention. The general thesis, "How shall we make all men equal?" is not now often stated by those whom it interests; but it will be found to be really their main subject, and to underlie a thousand minor propositions which are being from time to time placed before the world. There is nothing unlawful in the inquiry. There is probably not one of us who, if by taking thought he could fairly and honestly raise himself to the level of the highest personage known to him, would not do so. But unfortunately the process of levelling up to the highest grade is so hard to discover when large masses of our kind are concerned, that it has been often quickly abandoned by those who have been setting to work in earnest to produce equality, and made to give place to simpler methods. Levelling downwards, pulling down, has been found practicable enough where the equality seekers had overwhelming physical force on their side; but this process has been commonly attended by much injustice and violence. Equality born of force and wrong is not likely to endure, for equality requires equilibrium, tranquillity, and a general consent. Although the levelling power may commence

operations with the most unselfish and philanthropic intentions, it is liable to find itself impatient of opposition, inflamed by strong passions, and forced by circumstances to inequality, though not, perhaps, to the same inequality against which it made head.

If rank, station, and the possession of certain kinds of power were the only inequalities to be redressed, we have warrant for supposing that a dead level in those respects might be attained; for titles of honour may certainly be abolished, and station and authority may be so watered down by subdivision and restriction as to be not offensively present in an individual. But the powers that can be reduced nearly to an even plane were above limited to certain kinds. Powers that are inherent in a man can hardly be taken from him; the power which he may derive from being able to influence a large following of relations, friends, or clients, would also seem to be inalienable; above all, the power which wealth gives must remain as long as property may be respected.

These truths were not always known. After they became known they did not obtain general recognition. But experience has at length proved an efficient instructor, and the science of equalising has been cleared of a great many false lights and stumbling-blocks. And one thing which seems to be pretty plainly perceived and accepted is, that mere political levelling will not be a solution of the problem. There must be social levelling too; and social levelling involves a redistribution of property.

How to divide the wealth of the whole world equally among all the inhabitants thereof would appear to be the foremost question in the

science of equality. That once satisfactorily answered, most of the other matters would dwindle to corollaries, and be readily disposed of. We assume, then, that Communists, Socialists, and myriads of workers in the same field who decline to absolutely enlist under the banners of those bodies, are at present occupied in the study of how to promote the equalisation of property. We think that we may congratulate them and society generally on the wide recognition of the doctrine, that the method once much in vogue among levelers, of simply making a rush upon property and then wrecking and plundering, will not secure the end in view. The three days of delirium, the dispersion of capital, the interruption of industries, the temporary break-up of society, are inevitably followed by a ruinous and desperate, instead of by a prosperous state, and by greater inequality than they were intended to correct. We need not, we think, in this day concern ourselves with the consideration of equality as projected and essayed by Jack Cade and his followers.

These latter times—say the last twenty years—have witnessed the adoption of the maxim that capital is useful and indispensable, and that if those who are low in the social scale would acquire a larger share of the world's wealth, they must not disperse nor paralyse capital, which is found to be the goose which lays the golden eggs. Capital must continue to institute and sustain industries, and to advance money in the form of wages; but cannot it be forced by some means or other to forgo its profits or the greater part of them, to let the wealth so relinquished fall to the workers, and so be of less account itself and bring its ser-

vants up to a level approaching its own? Efforts in this direction, if successful, might accomplish the part of the plan which consists in levelling downwards. The capitalist might be forcibly, or even legally, shorn of his income to a great extent; and wherever the feeling towards him may be that of Haman to Mordecai, it may be gratified. But we have no right to say that the general feeling is of this kind. We rather suppose that the sensible part of the equalisers are intent upon obtaining some substantial benefit for the toiling many.

Now we do not remember to have seen any calculation of the amount of benefit that would accrue to the workers if a proportion of the profits now retained for their own use by capitalists were to be relinquished to them. Suppose one-half were so transferred, then half the annual net profits of many a capitalist whom we might name is undoubtedly a handsome sum of money, capable, if divided by a small figure, of much improving many humble incomes. But equality cannot of course divide by a small figure. It must make a very large number partakers in the benefit, or it must cease to call itself equality. Now the profits of a very large capital, when divided by a very large figure, dwindle down to a very miserable quota. What looked immense when appropriated to one man is of small account as a dividend for hundreds or thousands. And what is true of one collection of profits must be true of the aggregate profits of a country or of the whole world. A million of pounds divided among a million of men would give each

man only one pound. It might be well, before making any exhaustive or expensive effort to divert profits from the capitalist to the workmen, to calculate pretty closely how far the gain to the latter might be expected to compensate for the many dangers to business generally which would certainly attend such a new appropriation.

To look into this a little more closely. A business in which many workmen are employed may be conducted with a moderate capital—which means, that the principal cost of that business is in wages. Another business employing much fewer workmen may nevertheless require a very large capital—that is to say, it may make its principal outlay on machinery, fuel, raw material, patents, heavy rents, chemical processes, and so on. Now if in each of the cases supposed the workmen were to obtain from the capitalist a fixed share—say half—of the profits, the results would be very unequal; because the profits of the larger capital would be divided among the smaller number of men, and the profits of the smaller capital among the larger number of men. In the one case the share of the individual workman might be very handsome, and in the other very meagre. But possibly the workmen who would profit so largely say—“Never mind; if all trades cannot benefit, many can, and we shall have made a step in the right direction.” This, however, would be a mistake. It is impossible, while the world continues what it now is, that an industry employing few workmen should pay them heavily, and an industry employing many should pay them scantily, for any length of time.<sup>1</sup> To the cap-

<sup>1</sup> We suppose the workmen in both cases to be on a par as to knowledge, skill, and ability.

italist, in either case it would come to the same thing<sup>1</sup>—he would part with half his profits. But to the workmen it would be by no means the same thing; and they would undoubtedly be as eager to correct this inequality of gains as they now are to gain out of profits at all. They would all press for employment in the business which would pay them best. But everybody could not find employment in one business. True; yet they would manage to make wages pretty equal. Premiums would be paid for places in the well-paid concerns, sometimes to the workmen in possession to retire and make way, sometimes to the employer for the privilege of serving him, and often very likely to both. The consequence would be, that in a short time the workman's gain in both the industries here supposed would come down to the level of the lower one.

The result will be the same after a short time if we contemplate any number of trades—the tendency undoubtedly being to make wages approximate to a fixed standard. A little reflection will take us further than this; and we shall see that, in effect, the half-profits taken from all the capitalists in a given region, will directly or indirectly come to be pretty evenly divided among all the workmen of that region. By this division each workman's gain would be very small indeed. Manufacturing hands, labourers, artificers, sailors, would all come in for shares. The capitalist would lose, but the workmen would be very slightly benefited.

What can it mean if half the

sum of the profits of a given region, when divided, can but yield a paltry addition of income to each workman? If we are right in our view of the case, it has a most important meaning, which all who want to see profits made over to the workers would do well to lay to heart. It means that the profits made in a given region (which may be the whole world) are pitifully small in proportion to the number of workers who would claim to participate in them. This truth it is which seems to lie at the bottom of all the workmen's disappointments. The profits made are not enough to enrich more than a few. No wonder, then, that the many, all seeking together to get rich, are baffled. There is not the wherewithal to satisfy their desires, even though these be modest.

Again, the capitalist, when restricted to a paltry share of the profits, might think it not worth his while to give his time to, and risk his fortune in, business. He would reflect that in bad years, when there might be very low net earnings, or no net earning at all, he must bear the whole loss; and that, being tied down to his meagre proportion in prosperous years, he could never hope by any exertion to regain what might once have been lost. The consequence probably would be, that in a bad year he would shut up his works, cease to pay wages, and so throw all his workmen out of employment. Forced idleness of this kind would quickly dissipate the advantage derived by the workmen from sharing the profits.

It is true that it has been said to capitalists and employers, in an-

<sup>1</sup> If, for the sake of simplifying the argument, we neglect the consideration that the master who has much capital locked up in machinery, buildings, plant, &c., would sacrifice more by giving up half his profits than he whose principal outlay is in wages.

swer to such arguments as we have just used, "Increase the price of your manufactured goods, or of the aid which in the way of your business you give to the public: so shall you be able always to secure some remuneration for yourselves, while giving your workmen much better pay than heretofore." But the man who may arbitrarily raise his prices in the manner suggested cannot, as a rule, count upon obtaining from the public much countenance or assistance in carrying out his plan. Competitors are sure to appear, offering the same goods or services for a lower price; the public will buy in the cheapest market; and the employer who has endeavoured to increase the cost of his wares will find himself left behind, with his stock unsold. Levellers did not perceive this difficulty until lately; and when, six or eight years ago, it had been found that it was unwise to press capital too hardy, they accepted with complacency the doctrine that, though it might be prudent to have some mercy upon capital, yet there was no reason on earth for having the smallest consideration for the public, who might be bled to an infinite extent for the benefit of the workmen. Accordingly, after the great strikes which occurred about 1872 had failed, through the inability of capitalists to meet the demands which were made on them, the device was hit upon of making common cause, as it were, with the capitalists, and of forcing them to raise the price of their commodities or services, and so, while conserving their own means, to make the public yield the necessary funds for increasing wages. Notices were therefore given to the employers that strikes were impending, in order that they might increase their charges, so as to be in funds

and ready to meet the workmen's wishes.

But the public did not lend itself very graciously to the design. It looked elsewhere for the lower-priced commodities which it could not get in the home market (we are speaking of England now); and the foreigner, who had not raised his prices, stepped in and undersold the native employer. It was thus found that the new plan, which had been thought so ingenious, was even more suicidal than the old one of assailing the capitalists,—because from the latter error it was possible to recede when it was discovered to be an error—it was a mistake among ourselves, and did not offer an opportunity to an alien interest; but the bringing in of the foreigner to find a market here was an evil not so easily to be corrected. He would hold his footing, and not be at all prompt to depart when it should be found that he was in the way of native industry.

It became plain at last that, as long as nation may compete with nation commercially, it will be ruinous for the manufacturers and other capitalists of any one nation to raise prices for the sake of bettering the condition of their workmen. So this fancied resource of the levellers had to be abandoned in its turn as impracticable. They did not, however, cease from their endeavours; but in order to remove the impediment to the arbitrary raising of prices, they projected a large combination of the labourers of the chief countries of the whole earth, who are to work in unison, and to prevent the state of things in which one country can undersell another. This is the last form of the great levelling movement that we have heard of, and it is a gigantic design. It will be

almost impossible, as we should think, to work it. There must be at this moment a great many nations who will absolutely refuse to forgo the advantages which they may gain in the markets of the world in order that their workmen may benefit at the expense of the other classes of their communities. Even supposing that a very extensive confederacy could be formed to embrace many portions of the earth, the workmen, having gone east and west, and north and south, to seek help in giving effect to the idea so dear to them, could hardly think themselves wronged if employers, and the purchasing public, who might fancy that their interests were threatened, should also seek to protect themselves by looking for cheap labour in any region of the world where the workmen might not have joined in the confederacy of labourers. That they would do so, one may judge from the scare which some months ago agitated English labourers at the rumour that there were to be importations of Chinese into this country. Such an importation would be most unpalatable, no doubt, and probably fatal to the workmen's aspirations. Yet, if we are to concede to them the right to band with foreigners, it is only just that we concede the same right to employers and to the purchasing public. We can scarcely doubt that, were the confederated workmen to succeed in making commodities artificially dear, they would have to face the competition of Chinese or other cheap labourers.

Thus there would seem to be, all through this conception of raising up the labouring classes socially, as far as we can trace it, natural difficulties in the way, which do not diminish, but which,

on the contrary, increase at every stage of experience to which practical effort attains.

So that the levellers are face to face with some established condition of things which resists all these attempts at equalisation. We by no means say that these are wrong, as long as they are not attended by what is violent or illegal. But it is worth consideration whether the labour, thought, and money expended in this direction are likely ever to make a good return.

We have been speaking of the practicability of bringing about a general rise of wages; but there is something further than that to be considered. All candid writers on the subject have agreed that, were even a general advance of money wages to be brought about, the workman, though nominally he would have a larger income, would in effect be little, if at all, better off than he is at present. Because, as everything would be dearer, he would have to pay more for food, clothing, rent, &c.; and so, his expenses increasing in the same proportion as his gains, he would be very much where he was when the old prices prevailed. And although the public are often slow to see that the designs or movements of certain classes militate against their interests, yet, when they do see that they are being victimised, they will resist vigorously, and can by no means be relied on to help prices up. As an instance of how the public will act, may be cited the general indignation which was expressed when, a few years ago, the gas-workers conspired to leave London in darkness during winter nights. We do not here speak of the attempt as right or wrong, good or bad, but merely state that the public will be the uncompromising opponents of movements to

raise wages the moment they perceive that their own interests are directly or indirectly concerned in the matter. They were exasperated to a high degree against the gas men; and the latter not only failed utterly in their design, but many of them lost their employment through their plotting, and many were punished by the magistrates.

The fate of the recent telegraphists' strike in the United States is also worthy of note. It was a very extensive movement, and threatened a great loss to the telegraph companies, and a great inconvenience to the public. Yet it has resulted only in the confusion of the workmen; and so is, as one would think, a thing to be regretted by all their true friends. They have unfortunately more flatterers and pretended friends than they have real honest friends; and thus they are frequently induced to run after these Will-o'-the-wisps, in order that their parasites may beguile them of their votes, and make a profit through their error.

Some thinking men are of opinion that laws can be made which shall secure to workmen a large share in the profits of any business in which they may be engaged. But anybody who may think earnestly on the conditions of prosecuting business, which we have briefly noted above, cannot fail to perceive that it is beyond the power of law to make business run permanently in such forced grooves as would give the workmen all they are seeking for. Laws, no doubt, have been, and may be, made which shall have the immediate effect of stripping certain classes or persons of their property, and transferring the same property to other classes or persons. But can it make the benefits to the

favoured classes or persons lasting? That is the question.

That very perilous experiments in legislation may be made in States where the workmen may have acquired a large share of power is extremely probable; but they cannot be of lasting benefit to the labouring classes until some cleverer plans shall be invented than any of those which have been mentioned in the preceding pages. Laws which attempted to regulate wages arbitrarily are not unknown in history, but it is unknown that such laws have ever had the effect of permanently benefiting the classes in whose interest they were enacted. So far as we have been able to discover, the labourers in a business which may be enjoying prosperity are pretty sure to participate in some way in the profits derivable from it; while out of a fluctuating or depressed industry it is in vain that we seek to get improved wages for the workmen. If this be a sound maxim, it is for the advantage of the workmen that the business should thrive. But strikes and quarrels and the terrifying of capital are all adverse to prosperity. Therefore they must be, except in special circumstances, adverse to an enduring rise in wages.

It is often said by those who plead the workmen's cause, that under the present system—that is to say, under the pressure of the conditions which we have been endeavouring to describe—the workman's lot is truly pitiable; that he is allowed to earn only so much as will meet in the coarsest way his absolute necessities; and that, as to his making any provision for sickness or old age, or being able to defray the expenses of raising himself to a higher position, supposing that he has abilities to make him worthy of advancement, the idea is prepos-



terous. But we must say that we do not think this plea well founded in general. Some industries no doubt there are which are very poorly paid, but these are only a few; and against them may be cited many trades in which the workmen are able to earn very handsome wages.

Undoubtedly in England the workman has not been left behind while the community generally has been advancing during the present century. His has perhaps benefited more than any other class. His way of life has become vastly more comfortable; his food, clothing, and home are far above what they were. It is fair, then, to argue that, if he was able to live in the old bad days, he must be able to live and put by something in these improved times. But no, say his spokesmen, his increased wages barely enable him to keep up with the greater requirements of the day,—if he has got more wages, the habits of his class have become more expensive, and there is nothing to put by. As to provision for a rainy day, he is as little able to make it as he was before. Now any other class besides the workman's may, as means increase, live up to the improved means, and lay by nothing; but this must be in most instances from choice, and not from necessity. When a man's wages are materially and permanently increased, and there is not a corresponding increase in the prices of necessaries, he must, as a rule, be able to save something if he chooses. And we have no doubt that, with a little self-denial, something may generally be laid up. In former days the workman, even when disposed to be frugal, was often deterred from saving by the examples which he saw of institutions intended to encourage thrift

breaking down and disappointing honest workmen of their little provision. But he has no collapse to dread now when the Government savings banks will take charge of his deposits. We would ask how it is that funds are always forthcoming for the support of trades-unions if the workmen have nothing to spare! The money which now goes from the workman's pocket to the trades-union, and which is spent in a long strike, and in supporting Parliamentary and other agitators, might go far to secure a provision, though a modest one. We doubt whether the assertion often so roundly made, that the workman's share of the profits of business is kept down to the lowest at which life and body can be held together, can be maintained after the workman's history during the last eighty years shall have been examined.

We observe that it is sometimes said by those who perceive the extreme difficulty, nay, the desperation, of forcing either capitalists or the public to contribute more largely for the workmen's benefit, that capitalists ought, as a duty, to keep less of the profits of business for themselves, and to make a present of part to their workmen. But we have never seen any good reason adduced for the duty of the capitalist being such as is represented. He has to take the whole risk of loss, and often to bear a heavy loss of which the workman is entirely clear. Naturally, therefore, he will maintain that he is entitled to profits even when they may be large. He knows not how soon he may be face to face with dull business, or with a strike; and if he does not take care to supply himself well in prosperous years, he cannot be able to cope with these difficulties when they come. It will be

said, too, on his behalf, that he advances the workmen's share—*i.e.*, the wages—before it can be known whether his business is going to be prosperous or not: he and the workman are therefore in totally different positions as regards the ultimate profit or loss; the one having to bear for long the whole risk and its attendant anxiety—the other secure of his wages at the time when they are earned, whatever may be the fortune of the business in the future. It would no doubt be very agreeable to the workmen that the capitalist, having already advanced to his men the sum agreed upon as wages, should further, if he should find that he has been working at a profit, present a portion of his profits to them also. There would be nothing wrong or the least objectionable in this if the employer should do it with goodwill; but it is quite another thing to say that it is the duty of the capitalist to do it. The workman certainly is not altogether unselfish in his dealings with his employer: by what law, then, is the employer bound to be altogether unselfish in his dealings with his men?

In inculcating the above "duty" upon employers, the friends of the workman are getting very near to the principle of co-operation,—the chief difference between their plan and it being, that they shield themselves from all risk of loss; whereas if they made their business a co-operative association, they would have to share losses as well as profits.

And does it not appear a singular fact that, the workmen's feeling being so suspicious and jealous of the capitalist, co-operative business is not largely resorted to by the workers? They surely might often, by combination, and by the help of their friends and advocates,

set concerns going in which they might be both capitalists and workers—the profits of which would not be appropriated by a bloated employer of labour, but must be fairly shared among all the joint-proprietors. This plan would entirely obviate the fetters upon labour of which Socialists and Communists complain. Were a few ventures of this kind attempted, we might be able to discriminate nicely the conditions of the men who manage their own business and share all the profits, and those who work for masters and receive only wages but run no risk of loss. To prove by example how much better off the co-operative workman must be than the employee of a capitalist, would carry conviction a thousand times more quickly and forcibly than the propounding of theories of labour and the setting forth of the duties of moneyed men. That the co-operative method is so little adopted by working men leads one to suspect that, after all, the old method of wages advanced according to agreement is more to the workman's liking than an arrangement by which he might share profits and risks as well. Of course, if he can secure all the advantages of co-operation without any corresponding risk—that is to say, if he can persuade an employer to take all the risk, and at the same time to yield up most of the profit to his men—he will be wise to do so; but we do not expect that he will induce many persons with money at command to employ it according to that principle.

Cognate with this doctrine concerning the "duty" of employers is a complaint which some have thought proper to make against the Christian religion for that it has failed to fulfil the expectation

which it held out, that goods should be in common, and that "the poor" should be considered and relieved from their poverty. As to community of goods, we cannot ascertain that any promise of the kind was ever made, or that such community was ever commanded, except in so far as those who were well provided for were commanded to give largely of their means to the poor—a subject of which we will say something further anon.

It is of course true that the first little knot of Christians, after their Lord had been taken from them, did in practice carry out this community of goods; but they are understood to have done this from choice, and not by commandment. Indeed it is clear from the sacred writings that this arrangement was exceptional, and not essential to Christianity; for we very soon lose all mention of community. We are introduced to states of society wherein it clearly does not exist; and though we find many precepts and commands, we are without any instruction to make a common stock.

What we undoubtedly are commanded to do is to give liberally to the poor and needy. And a most serious and general obligation this is—one to which all who have this world's goods are bound to give heed. Though there may be a denial of community as a duty, there can be no dispute as to the duty of every Christian to give as liberally as he can. But there is this remarkable condition under which the duty is to be performed; it is left to the conscience of every giver to decide how much he will give, to whom he will give, and when he will give. No man can claim of another under the commandment—he can only ask; far

less can any one take forcibly from another under Scripture warrant. The responsibility—very heavy responsibility, no doubt—is altogether upon him who has to give; there is not a word which authorises any one to take.

And there is another point on which there ought to be a clear understanding, before the trustworthiness of religion is called in question—viz., who are meant in Scripture by "the poor"? We have always understood the poor of Scripture to be the sick, the weak, the helpless, who could do nothing for themselves. Never for a moment have we supposed that able-bodied men, able to procure work and to earn wages, are the persons contemplated as "the poor" in the sacred writings. The workman may be poor in comparison with the capitalist his rich employer, but he is a substantial man in comparison with the crowd of orphans, sick, halt, maimed, and blind who may be found in the world. All these would have to be served, according to our view of the Scriptural requirement, before an able-bodied workman, except in peculiar circumstances, would be an object of charity.

We cannot find, therefore, that there is justice in the accusation that the Christian religion promised to make the wages of working men better. Indeed we doubt whether the workman and his friends are wise in invoking the testimony of Scripture at all, because once it is under examination it may chance to prove too much. There is a great deal in the Scriptures about contentment, strifes, and emulations, which it might be inconvenient to bring forward while a redistribution of property is so popular a notion. How awkward, while a vigorous assault

upon a man's goods is being projected and preached, to be distracted by the command, *Thou shalt not covet!*

There are still, we are sorry to learn, friends of equality who talk of some great crisis, some frightful cataclysm which is to overwhelm society, if the just demands of workmen, as determined by themselves, be not speedily conceded. The threat, for all that we are able to say, may not be an empty one. There may be, *malgré* the reasonable and philosophic tone which has gained favour of late among the levellers, some fierce and impatient spirits who will endure no further question—who will force on a convulsion in the hope either that it may, after the inevitable confusion, result in a state of things more to their liking, or that at the least it may be a means of punishing and humbling the rich. But we are fain to hope that there may be a majority of more prudent men, who will refuse to risk the degree of well-doing which they yet enjoy, for an ill-understood and shadowy chance of amelioration by means of anarchy. If rich men are to be punished, what is the offence that they are to be punished for? Because they have not already made things better for the workmen? The rich man cannot tell, any more than the workman can, how equality is to be produced and maintained. It is not his fault that the problem is so obstinate, and it would be most unjust to punish him for not being able to do impossibilities.

If, on the other hand, the cataclysm be intended to break up the existing order of things, those who may bring it about should, before they venture on it, be prepared with a new scheme of society—one that will operate to the lasting bene-

fit of all. Revolution merely for the sake of revolution they seem to have dismissed from their minds. The only revolution to them worth having is one that will make their position permanently better. We think we may say that they have not yet devised the new order of things which will produce what they want. Until they do so, and can be pretty sure that their plan will stand the trial, it would be much better that they should pause. Only very few men of any class, as we are inclined to think, are pleased at the facility with which money is disposed to stick on to money—at the ease with which fortunes, already large, grow greater, and at the difficulty of adding in the most moderate way to a poor income. But the matter is not one of sentiment alone. It is one that has so far baffled all the ingenuity that could be brought to reflect on it. It has been suggested that fortunes should not be permitted by law to accumulate beyond a certain definite bulk, and that all gains over and above this should become the property of the State. But how easy it would be to evade such a law! The capitalist who might find himself near to the confiscation-mark could endow his children or his heirs in his lifetime instead of after his death; or he could do what is often done now—viz., make over some of his capital to another man, in whose name it would be worked for the benefit of the original holder. Worse than this, he might send some of his wealth out of the country, which would be a loss to the whole community. Should the State even be clever enough to devise means of infallibly seizing his surplus, yet the doing so would be a discouragement to trade, and would probably do the workmen more indirect harm than it would

produce for them direct benefit. If it be true that the capitalist's contributions to the income-tax are in reality felt throughout his business, as truly would the confiscation of a part of his wealth paralyse business, operating as an incubus on energy and enterprise.

Having looked with some care into the subject, we do not see that any of the schemes which are so much advocated nowadays on the workman's behalf are likely to lead to an improvement in his position, although they may bring loss as well as disappointment by inducing him to follow unwise courses. It is a hard thing to have only limited and uncertain means, while others have enough and to spare without the necessity of doing much for it; but it is a hardship which has not been appointed by anybody in the world, and one which all the talent of the world has so far been quite unable to cancel. The present con-

dition seems fenced round with all manner of protection; there is a flaming sword which turns every way, and prevents all permanent interference with it. But it is an interesting question—How long will so many minds think it worth while to devote themselves to the pursuit of equality, to the exclusion of other subjects which they might study with success and profit? We cannot help being reminded, by the dogged efforts of Socialism, of the unwearying experiments of the old alchemists. They never succeeded in turning base metals to precious; but how they clung to their idea, what time and means they gave up to it, and how absolutely fruitless were all their pains! Profitable and attainable science is so open now to all, that it seems a general misfortune to have so many men kicking continually against the pricks, and wasting themselves in a race which has no goal.

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## OCTOBER SONG.

WHEN the fields are ripe and yellow,  
 When the leaves are shrunk and sere,  
 If thy thoughts are mild and mellow,  
 Sing, and praise the fading year.  
 If thy heart is full of groaning,  
 If thine eyes are near to weep,  
 Vex not Nature with thy moaning,  
 When she folds her robe to sleep.

All things have their times and seasons,  
 Nought that lives from change is free ;  
 God is wise : and for wise reasons  
 Birth and growth and death must be.  
 All things find their fitting places,  
 High and low, and great and small,  
 Kings and peoples, creeds and races,  
 In the wonder of the All.

Breezy hills and blastful mountains,  
 Chirp of birds, and thunder's roll,  
 Tinkling rills and gushing fountains,  
 Powers that spurn weak man's control.  
 Cradle song and chariots' rattle,  
 Mighty thoughts that stir the soul,  
 Throng of business, roar of battle,  
 All make music in the whole.

Art thou young,—be bold and daring,  
 Flap thy wing, and spur thy pace,  
 Fruitful labour never sparing,  
 Where a spade may find a place.  
 Art thou old,—in quiet corner  
 Live from fretful labour free,  
 Wise with faithful hand to garner  
 Life's rich fruitage stored for thee.

And, when Death comes, ugly spectre,  
 Spare thy hand the fruitless blow ;  
 Bow thy head : the great Director  
 Wisely willing willed it so.  
 Death must be : and in the keeping  
 Of harsh frost all life must lie,  
 Till God shall please to rouse from sleeping  
 All from God that may not die !

J. S. B.

## LETTERS FROM GALILEE.—II.

## JEWISH AGRICULTURE.

A MOST romantic path, not usually taken by tourists, leads from the plain of Gennesareth up a wild gorge to Safed. The rugged beauty of the scenery culminates at the base of the gigantic rock Akhbera, where we stop a few moments to water our horses at the spring of Ain Kehaly, and gaze wonderingly at the red sandstone face of the cliff rising precipitously above us, to a height of at least 500 feet, for it is perforated with caverns, and honey-combed with corridors which communicate in the interior. There was a time when it was a sort of rabbit warren of robbers—not a single den, but a collection of dens of thieves who lived like swallows in the holes of the cliff, but how they got into them is a problem to any one looking at them from without, as there are no stairs or ladders visible by which to scale the dizzy heights. The ascent is said to have been made by passages in the interior, but these have now for the most part been blocked by the roofs which have fallen in. As they are not supposed to possess any antiquarian interest, I am not aware of their ever having been thoroughly examined, and the investigator bent upon their exploration would soon find himself engaged in a war with the owls and bats and eagles, and be compelled to resort to dynamite or gunpowder to clear his way. No doubt a good climber, with a strong head, might sometimes at the risk of his neck scramble along the face of the rock outside, from one cave to another, and I cannot imagine a more tempting field of

inspection for adventurous youth. Indeed this part of Galilee abounds in precipices, which are interesting from a historical and an archaeological as well as a picturesque point of view; while the elevations from which it is possible to fall, although not equal to those of the Alps, yet possess the merit of being high enough to be fatal in the case of a false step. Every inducement is therefore offered for the formation of a Palestine Climbing Club, which should have for its object the exploration of the mountains, tombs, and caverns of the country. Such a club would possess this advantage over its Alpine rival, that while it afforded sufficient risk to life and limb to insure enjoyment, the results might occasionally be interesting and useful to the world at large, while the occupation would exercise the mind as well as the body. In case any Alpine climber, on reading this, should feel inclined to scale a few Palestine precipices, I should recommend him to begin with the Wady Hamam, which runs out of the south-west angle of the Plain of Gennesareth, and the rock Akhbera. They are not above seven miles distant from each other. The cliffs in the Wady Hamam are nearly 1200 feet in height, are crowned by an old castle, consisting of caverns in the rock connected by passages and protected by walls; and like Akhbera, the whole face of the dizzy cliff to the top is perforated with robbers' nests. Herod besieged them here, and only succeeded in turning them out—to make room for hermits at a later date—by

letting down cages full of soldiers by ropes to the mouths of the caves, where a battle took place in mid air, in which it would have been pleasanter to have been on the side of the robbers than the soldiers. It is noteworthy that the style of abode which best suits thieves should be the most admirably adapted to hermits, who both in such a very different fashion depended for their sustenance upon a confiding public. They are still inhabited mainly by birds of prey; but perhaps when a railway comes this way with modern civilisation in its train, they may be converted into dynamite magazines, or put to some other use consistent with the progressive spirit of the age in which we live. In 1258 Rabbi Jacob of Paris found here the tombs of three celebrated Rabbis; and Josephus mentions the rock Achabari or Akhbera in connection with the castle of Sefh, which he fortified, in Upper Galilee. Dr Thomson is probably accurate in his identification of this castle with the ruin which now crowns the mountain upon which the modern town of Safed is situated. The first mention we have of the place is in the Vulgate version of the Book of Tobit, and rabbinical tradition attempts to identify it with the Bethulia of the Book of Judith; but Captain Conder has, I think, successfully proved that the true position of this latter town is to be found at Mesiliah or Mithilia near Jenin. It is a two miles' scramble from the rock of Akhbera to the "city that is set on a hill, and which cannot be hid," as some have fancifully designated Safed, upon the hypothesis that the Sermon on the Mount was preached on one of the horns of Hattin, from which it is a conspicuous object. Whether this be so or not, the most re-

markable thing about Safed is its position: perched upon the summit of a mountain nearly 3000 feet above the sea-level, it presents a striking appearance from all parts of the country, over which it commands an extensive view. Its outward aspect, which is somewhat imposing, is, however, sorely killed by its internal condition. The streets are narrow and pestiferous, from the fact that each contains in its centre an open gutter which answers the purpose of a sewer, and one finds one's self to one's surprise suddenly transported into the Ghetto of some Polish or Roumanian town. Not merely do the smells but the sights and sounds of the East seem to have departed. Instead of mingled odour of burnt manure, tobacco, and coffee, which usually pervades an Arab village, we have the drain pure and simple. Instead of turbans and shaved heads and flowing robes, we have high hats, long ear-curls, and greasy gabardines. Instead of Arabic, we hear guttural "jargon." At Tiberias the Jewish inhabitants are nearly all Sephardim, wear Eastern raiment, and speak the language of the country as their own. Here, about five-sixths are Ashkenazim, and retain the language and costume of Eastern Europe. But Safed contains a larger population, and is altogether more essentially Jewish, than Tiberias, and has been celebrated among the Jews as a "holy city" even before the sixteenth century, when it became the great seat of ecclesiastical learning and bigotry. Besides several rabbinical schools, there were eighteen synagogues and a printing-office here. Except Jerusalem itself, there is no town anywhere more revered by Jews. In 1837 the place was destroyed by an earthquake, and more than 4000 of the population perished.



For many years after this catastrophe it seemed as though it would never regain its former importance, but of late years its population has been increasing rapidly,—so much so that it is difficult to form an accurate estimate of its present total, but we shall probably not go far wrong if we put it at 14,000, of whom half are Jews who live on one side of the hill, and half Moslem who live on the other. The summit is crowned by the ruins of the old crusading castle, built on the foundations of Josephus's fortress, and the town almost encircles it. The crusading remains, however, have in their turn given place to a more modern construction; and the present ruins—which were caused by the earthquake nearly fifty years ago—are those of the castle that Daker el' Amr built here at the time that he defied the Turkish Government, and governed this part of the country by force about the middle of the last century. After the decisive battle of Hattin in 1188, Saladin took Safed, which is then described as a strong castle; but it was given up to the Christians, and rebuilt by the Templars in the following century, only to be speedily recaptured by Bibars. The remains of the fortress, to which so many interesting associations attach, are, however, rapidly disappearing, as the people of Safed use them as a quarry, and I saw several new houses in process of construction in the Jewish quarter, the stones of which had formed part of the old castle.

Safed is mentioned in the Talmud as a place fit for a signal station, under the name of Tzephath, and in the Book of Tobit as Sephet. It is evident that, from a very early date, Safed was venerated by Jews, probably owing to its proximity to the tombs of

holy men and learned Rabbis, and acquired a character for sanctity which attracted Jewish pilgrims thither. Thus in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it is mentioned by several Jewish writers as being inhabited by a large Hebrew community. Since the Russian atrocities and the persecution in Roumania have driven so many of this race to seek a refuge in the Holy Land, this community is steadily increasing, in spite of the efforts of the Turkish Government to prevent immigration; and unless measures are taken to provide them with suitable occupation, it is to be feared that much destitution will result, and that the burden of the Haluka, or fund subscribed by Jews abroad for the maintenance in idleness of their co-religionists who flock to Palestine to pray and die in the country, will be augmented by the necessity of supporting all those members who have of late resorted to it with an honest desire to work, and, if possible, to live there, and who will continue to do so.

It is difficult for a Christian to enter into the mind of a Jew upon this subject; but it must ever be a matter of great interest to Christians to know what Jews think about it. It is a remarkable fact that in proportion as one travels west, does the opposition of Jews to the Palestine colonisation movement increase. It is nowhere stronger than in America. This may arise partly from the fact that, owing to the difference in the material and political surroundings which exists between the Jews of the United States and those of Eastern Europe, the former are altogether out of sympathy with their Eastern co-religionists; and partly in consequence of the ignorance which prevails generally as to the local conditions in Pales-

tine. This induces Western Jews to regard the scheme as fantastic and visionary. Were there no prophecies on the subject, it would not excite so much controversy; but in countries where there is a strong tendency on the part of the Jew to assimilate himself as much as possible to the Christian, and to identify himself with the institutions of the nation which he has adopted, as is the case to a marked extent in America, there is a shrinking from a movement which is acquiring national proportions, lest by encouraging it he should seem to be a bad patriot, and have other aims and aspirations than those which are directly connected with the land of his adoption. Yet with the American Irishman under his nose, the American Jew need not fear that the fact of his having two separate nationalities would operate to his disadvantage. If the Irish patriot who is an American citizen loses no credit with his fellow-citizens by loudly proclaiming that he is an Irishman first and an American afterwards, and that he is only using his adopted nationality as a temporary vantage-ground from which it can more conveniently operate for the establishment of his own overt acts of violence, the Jew certainly would not suffer by supporting his oppressed co-religionists in their peaceable efforts to cultivate the soil of their fathers; nor need even the creation of a Jewish nationality oblige him to abandon the one which he has made his own, and to which he may feel himself bound by his financial or political interests. It is due, however, to many of the Jews who are opposed to the movement to say, that they are actuated by no selfish motive, but by a religious sentiment based upon the belief that the return of

the Jews is to be accomplished by a direct and visible intervention of the Divine hand, which should not be precipitated by human means, as the object of the Dispersion,—which was to serve as a permanent manifestation of Jewish doctrines, the mission of the race, would suffer by its premature settlement in Palestine. In answer to all this, it may be said that the encouragement of agriculture by Jews in Palestine does not necessarily conflict with the miraculous return expected by some Jews, while it need still less be feared by those who are sceptical on this latter point. It would be as monstrous to refuse assistance to a few struggling colonists, for fear they might prematurely force on a fulfilment of prophecy, as to deny it to them on the ground that they might form the nucleus of what might become a new and inconvenient nationality. For the present the contingency, though it may ultimately arise, is too remote to be allowed to interfere with a pressing charitable obligation. The ‘*Jewish Chronicle*’—the most able representative of Western Jewish thought—has treated this subject in a spirit at once liberal, impartial, and enlightened. In discussing the opposition which the establishment of Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine has encountered among Jews in the West, it remarks—

“Whatever can be urged against the encouragement of the tendency,—however undesirable the movement generally may be considered,—it is, we contend, one that already attracted a large number of Jews who have suffered persecution for their religion; and for this reason, if for no other, it demands consideration of the Jewish public.

“It is not difficult to understand the motives which lead many to fear entering upon the subject. If the attempt to found agricultural colonies

were made in any other quarter of the globe, there is no doubt it would receive sympathetic attention. The experiments of a similar kind in the far west of America have already received very substantial encouragement from the leading Jews of Western Europe. But when the movement is directed towards Palestine, the subject becomes immediately submerged in a much larger question. Such is the halo of tradition round the Holy Land, that anything connected with its soil loses at once its independent position, and becomes involved in some of the crucial problems which affect Western Judaism. The result is that a movement towards Palestinian colonisation ceases to be treated on its merits, and becomes involved in questions of much wider import and bearing. In consequence there is always a latent objection to treating the question, not to say fairly, but to treating it at all, owing to a fear that the whole problem of the future of Judaism may be involved in deciding the question whether a few Jews, who have displayed self-denying energy, should be assisted with small loans or gifts of tools.

"The Return has formed the aspiration of all the noblest sons of Israel during the Dispersion, and it is not strange that it should still retain its hold on those who inherit their spirit. On the other hand, much is to be said for the opinion that any premature indulgence of this sentiment is likely to be prejudicial in view of anti-Semitic accusations of want of patriotism."

At Safed itself there is a strong party opposed to Jewish colonisation on a still more selfish ground. These are the Rabbis and elders of the ultra-orthodox and Chassidim party, who think they perform an act of piety by coming here to spend the last years of their lives in idleness, in whose mind devotion seems to be inseparable from mendicancy, who consider they have a sacred claim upon the alms of their co-religionists, who nevertheless beget children who are driven perforce into following

the example of their parents, and who have a tendency to grow up useless members of society, and who attach no degradation to the idea of eating the bread of idleness, who are discouraged and even prohibited by their clergy from enlightening their minds by any other education than that of the narrowest theology, and who, therefore, form a community upon whom the efforts of those who desire the regeneration of their race should first be concentrated. These young and able-bodied men, the sons of men who are opposed to agricultural colonies, because they are afraid that it would diminish the supply of charity upon which they live, are those who should be forced to labour on the soil, under penalty of having that supply stopped. They would be perfectly capable as farmers to support their parents; and those Jews who repudiate as a moral and religious obligation the contribution to the Haluka should be the first to contribute to a fund which, if properly applied, would ultimately prove its death-blow. Therefore it is in the neighbourhood of Safed, where large tracts of fertile land can be bought more cheaply than almost anywhere else in Palestine, that agriculture should be most actively pushed. I was offered a tract of 1500 acres in the immediate neighbourhood of the town for a sum which was returning to its proprietor an average income of 10 per cent on the price he was prepared to take, nor was this surprising, considering that the legal rate of interest is 12 per cent, which by judicious loans to the Fellahin can be easily doubled. The grapes which are produced in the neighbourhood of Safed are among the finest in Palestine; and the country round, which is well watered, is celebrated for all descriptions of produce.

Like the Jews of Tiberias, those of Safed are all under the protection of some foreign power. The consular agents who represent those powers are all Jews also, and their position does not therefore, in most cases, carry that weight with it that it would, if they were foreigners. This is notably the case so far as England is concerned, which country assumed the protection of a large number of Jews who fled from Russia at the time of the Crimean war. During the foreign administration of Lord Palmerston they had nothing to complain of, but since then, especially during the present administration, every attempt is being made to shuffle out of our responsibilities in regard to them. They are oppressed and persecuted by the Turkish authorities without hope of redress, and the British consular agent himself has never even been furnished with the necessary papers which should entitle him to recognition by the Turkish authorities. It is necessary, in order to preserve the privilege of this nominal protection by England, to which the Jew still clings, that he should register himself every year at the British Vice-Consulate at Haifa, and pay a fee of five shillings. This entails a long journey. It has been hoped by the Foreign Office that the trouble and expense would result in the diminution of *protégés*, owing to their neglect to fulfil the required conditions, and any assistance which might be rendered to them by a visit of the Consular authority would certainly not meet with official approval. The Jews are well aware of the dislike which is entertained by the British Government of the obligations involved by the protectorate: indeed the latter do not suffer them to remain under any delusions on the subject, and our policy

in this respect forms a curious contrast with that of France and Russia, both of which Powers energetically espouse the cause of any one whom they can find a plausible pretext for protecting. Thus the French Consular agent at Safed, who is at the same time the chief Rabbi of the Sephardim, is so well backed that he enjoys more influence than any other. A discussion has lately arisen between the French and Turkish Governments with respect to several Tunisian Jewish families who have come to Tiberias and Safed, the Turkish Government claiming them as Ottoman subjects, and refusing to acknowledge the right of the French to protect them, under a treaty made with the Bey of Tunis to which the Porte never consented. Indeed the energy displayed by France, in adopting as *protégés* all sects in Syria and Palestine, whether Christian, Jew, or Moslem, who are willing to come under her ægis, has recently induced the Samaritans to apply for the privilege, though I doubt whether it would have occurred to them to do so had the idea not been previously suggested from a French source. In the same manner the Russian Government manifests a wonderful solicitude about the despised Jew, when, having driven him into exile by persecution, it can make political capital out of him abroad. Thus at Safed a refugee Jew who had been burnt out of house and home in Russia, and compelled to fly across the frontier, found as he supposed a resting-place near Safed, where he was a member of a new agricultural colony. Unfortunately a Moslem youth who wanted to examine a revolver owned by the Jew, and which the latter refused to show him, was accidentally shot in the struggle for it.

The Jew was accused of murder ; indeed his life was barely saved from an infuriated Moslem mob. The case was gone into, and the circumstance proved to have been accidental, and a *procès verbal* to that effect registered. Still the man was detained in prison, notwithstanding a good deal of money spent in backsheesh to procure his release. The Russian Government took up the cause, as he proved to have been under age at the time he went through the formality of adopting the Turkish nationality, and fought his battle with an earnestness which would have been more appropriate had he been a cherished member of the Muscovite aristocracy. Of course this astonished the Turkish Government, which is at a loss to understand why France champions the cause of the identical priests she has driven into exile when they come to Syria ; or why Russia becomes so tender-hearted and humane in Turkey, in regard to the Turkish race who seek a refuge there from the atrocities to which they have been subjected at home. When I was at Safed the Russian Government had won the day in this particular instance, and the Jew was only detained in prison until enough blood-money had been paid to the deceased Moslem's relations, to secure him from their vengeance as soon as he should be set at liberty. It is also a significant fact that the Russian Government has protested against the prohibition, on the part of the Turkish Government, of emigrants landing in Palestine. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, in answer to a question by Sergeant Simon not long since, declared that our Government had done the same ; but it has met with the usual fate of British protests, so far as the Turkish Government is concerned, and has been treated

with the same contempt which has characterised the reception of our remonstrances in the case of reforms in Armenia. We have been supposed, since the last Russian war, to exercise a treaty protectorate over Asia Minor under certain conditions—a privilege not accorded to any European Power. Practically this responsibility has, in the case of England, been utterly ignored, and both France and Russia, without any such right, are incessantly attempting to enforce a similar privilege in regard to various classes of Ottoman subjects. There can be no doubt that the order issued by the Turkish Government to the authorities in Syria, to prevent the landing of foreign subjects in Palestine should they be Jewish emigrants, is in direct defiance of their treaty obligations ; but so great is the apathy of Europe, and especially of England, in the matter, that to this day the Porte is allowed to infringe this international obligation with no more serious results than empty protests. There are thousands of Jews at this moment, both in Russia and Roumania, who are living there under the most severe pressure for existence, and who are prevented by this illegal prohibition from seeking an asylum in the land of their forefathers, and neither the Jews nor the Christians of the West move a finger in their behalf. A society has indeed been started in America, which, it is hoped, may deal with this flagrant injustice ; and the American Government, by taking under their protection Eastern European Jews desirous of emigrating to Palestine, might put Europe to shame, and confer a lasting favour on a large and oppressed class of humanity.

The importance politically to England of exercising a controlling

influence in Palestine, has become more accentuated since the military occupation of Egypt, and its virtual government by Great Britain. The influence of Egypt on Palestine is very direct. The recollections still remain of its conquest and annexation by Mehemet Ali, engraven on the memory of the living generation, and of its government by Ibrahim Pasha. From time immemorial the varied conquests of Palestine by Egypt have illustrated the close political relations which must ever subsist between these two contiguous countries, separated only by the Suez Canal and a patch of desert—and no control of our communication with India is complete which does not embrace a Palestine as well as an Egyptian Protectorate. The rebound of every political event which happens in Egypt is felt first in Palestine; and there can be no doubt that the defeat of the British arms at Tel-el-Kebir would have been immediately followed by a massacre of Christians, and especially of British subjects, in Palestine and Syria. The position and proceedings of England in Egypt are now narrowly watched here—the commonest Fellah will enter upon a discussion on the subject; and the absolute neglect of our interests in this country, if it is allowed to continue, is telling on the country people, who contrast it with the activity of other Powers, and cannot fail to involve consequences which may prove disastrous. It is not therefore as a matter of sentiment, but as a matter of interest, that the condition of the Jews in Palestine should occupy the attention of our Government. They are the race in Palestine which, of all others would most conveniently fall under our ægis. The French have the interests of the Catholic faith to fur-

nish them with the necessary excuse for interfering with the internal administration of the country, and are active in increasing their protectorate responsibilities among other races and creeds. The Russians have the interests of the Greek Church to safeguard, and the four or five thousand Russian pilgrims who annually flock to Jerusalem, to supply them with a pretext for a similar intervention. We who are most deeply interested, and who enjoy by treaty certain protectorate rights, are under special responsibilities, dating from 1861, towards the Druses, and towards those Jews who came under our protection in 1854, besides incurring, owing to the abuses to which both Jews desiring to come to the country and those who are already in it are exposed, a moral obligation to interfere in behalf of the nation generally. There are now between forty and fifty thousand Jews in Palestine; and this number, in spite of the obstacles thrown in their way, is daily increasing. All things are pointing to a crisis in the destiny of the Ottoman Empire; and the geographical and political position of Palestine is such, that the fate of that province must present one of the first problems for solution. Now that nearly a fifth of its entire population is Jewish, it is too large a factor to be left out of account; and considering the peculiar conditions which attend their position in the country, the traditions which connect them with it from the earliest times, the aspirations they entertain with regard to it, the sentiment which prevails on the subject with a large class of people in England, and the vital importance it is to England that the destiny of the country should not be controlled by any other European power—it is manifest that England could

not find a leverage upon which to base her political action more powerful than that which is furnished by a Jewish immigration which should be facilitated by her protection, and by specially safeguarding the interests of the Hebrew population now in Palestine.

It was about the month of October last year, before the restrictions against Jewish immigration were severely enforced, that a party of colonists, consisting of twenty-three Roumanian and four Russian families, comprising in all about 140 souls, arrived at Safed with a view of establishing themselves in a colony in its neighbourhood. Here, owing to the exertions of the Sephardim Rabbi, who differs from the majority of his local co-religionists in the aid he is affording to the agricultural instincts of the Jews, about a thousand acres of land were bought under very favourable conditions at a Moslem village called Jauna, situated about three miles from Safed. I started early one morning to visit this colony, and as the colonists had received no notice of my intention, was glad of the opportunity thus afforded of taking them *à l'improviste*. The path wound round the summit of the hill to the north, beneath the ruined walls of the castle, and the view over the rich intervening vales of the mountains of Galilee, with Jebel Termuk, scarcely five miles distant, rising to a height of 4000 feet, was very grand. As we got round to the east of the castle we skirted a portion of the Moslem suburb of which the youth to whom I have already alluded as having been accidentally shot, was a native. The feeling on the subject was still so strong, that some of the Jews who were

accompanying me were pelted with stones as we rode through. A portion of the Moslem population of Safed are Algerians, who followed the late Abd-el-Kader into exile; but I am not aware whether the young man in question belonged to this community.

Leaving this hostile neighbourhood, our path lay over the grassy, breezy shoulder of the mountain, the air of which was so pure and bracing that one could scarcely realise the near proximity of the odoriferous pig-stye from which we had escaped. It is no wonder that when cholera visits these parts, it should find its stronghold at Safed. There is no town in Palestine more healthily situated, or more adapted to be a cool and pleasant summer resort, were it only kept in a decent condition of cleanliness. The Jews say that the Government authorities take no steps in the matter; but they probably would not prevent the inhabitants undertaking this duty for themselves, and sanitary considerations render it urgently necessary that something should be done to improve the salubrity of the place. There are nearly always cases of fever lurking in its slums; and were it not for the extraordinary natural advantages of its position, it would be a hotbed of typhus.

From the highest point of the great basalt plateau on which we now stood, we looked north-west over a range of country more highly cultivated than is to be found anywhere else in all Palestine. This central part of Galilee combines more advantages for settlement than can probably be found elsewhere. It enjoys a delightful climate—the elevation above the sea varying from 2000 to 2500 feet,—a most fertile soil,

with plenty of water, and perfect security from Arab incursion. The result is, that it is comparatively well populated, and the land, for any colonies which might be established here, would have to be purchased from the natives. Nowhere else have I seen so many flourishing villages, each surrounded with immense groves of olives, and expanses of yellow waving grain. There are carefully tended gardens of fruit trees; the vineyards are well looked after, and produce the largest grapes in the country; and good crops are obtained almost everywhere. This prosperous portion extends over the whole central plateau on both sides of the watershed. Among the villages over which I was now looking are some interesting historical sites,—notably Kades, the site of Kadesh Naphthali or Kadesh in Galilee, a city of refuge, and where there are some extensive and interesting ruins, which have been elaborately examined and reported upon by the Palestine Exploration Fund Survey; El Jish, the Giscala of Josephus; Kefr Birim, where some of the finest remains of purely Jewish architecture in Palestine are to be found; and Meiron, which I shall describe in my next letter, as it was to be my next stopping place. In half an hour we found ourselves commencing a descent so steep, that it was more comfortable to dismount and scramble on foot down the mountain gorge that leads to Jauna. A magnificent view now suddenly opened upon us in exactly the opposite direction from that in which we had just been looking. The valley, or rather the plain, of the Jordan, from the Lake Huleh or the waters of Merom on the one side to the Lake of Tiberias on the other, lay stretched at our

feet nearly 3000 feet below us, with the mountains of Jaulan attaining an elevation even higher than those on which we stood bounding the view eastward, and Hermon towering away to the north. Here we looked over a fine tract of rich land at present lying undeveloped, but which is capable of being made immensely productive. This is the plain of El Keit, which is about six miles long by four miles wide, and is watered by the Wady Hindaz and the Wady Wakkas,—streams which run into the Huleh, on the south-western margin of which lake the plain is situated. It is a few feet below the sea level, and the climate in summer is therefore oppressive, while it is liable to incursions from the Arabs, who use it as their camping-grounds now. After descending about 800 feet we came upon a splendid spring, which gushed from the rock and flowed in a fine stream down the valley, fertilising the highest gardens of the village of Jauna, which we were now approaching. This fine source, which is perennial, belongs to the new Jewish colony. Turning the corner as the gorge opened, I suddenly came upon some twenty men and women, all Jews, hard at work hoeing in their potato patches. This was a sight at once novel and encouraging; and as nearly all the population seemed out in the fields, I had to wait a short time for them to come from their several occupations. Then, under the guidance of the managing committee, and who had in the course of six months' field work developed into bronzed horny-fisted farmers, I entered the principal house of a neat little row of sixteen, and discussed their immediate necessities and future prospects. In doing this, I was



sorry to find that the Roumanian and Russian Jews would have to be considered in separate categories. This arises from the difficulty of establishing a thorough harmony among Jewish colonists who come from different localities, and much more from different countries. From my experience so far of agricultural experiments of this kind, I feel convinced that the obstacles to success will not be found to lie in the incapacity of the Jew for agriculture, so much as in the jealousies and rivalries which exist between them, and in the tendency which they manifest to intrigue against each other, and to rebel against the imposition of rules and regulations by which all should be equally bound. There are, moreover, often strong divergences of opinion among them on theological subjects, all which renders it very difficult to combine them for united action of any kind, or to use any of them for positions of responsibility or authority. In fact, these Russian and Roumanian Jews, who have suddenly escaped from the house of bondage, are like untrained children who have fled from prison, and who now, without any experience or knowledge of the world, or habits of self-restraint, find themselves free to follow their own devices, and to obey the first impulses which may act upon their ill-regulated natures. We have only to consider the conditions of their existence in Russia and Roumania, to see how impossible it is for them to enter upon communal life as farmers without some assistance from abroad, and some strong hand to guide, restrain, and, if need be, to coerce. Their faults are not so much inherent defects of character as the result of circumstances, and there can be no doubt that, with firm and judicious treatment, what appear to be their natural

tendencies could be modified for the better. That these are not national characteristics, is evident from the fact that a Russian Jew differs as much from an English one as a Russian does from an Englishman. In the case of the Jauna colony, twenty-three families had come from one place in Roumania, and were living together in tolerable harmony: they were in far better circumstances than the Russians, and were in communication with a local committee, from whom they derived some little support. The Russians, on the other hand, had not been so well off at first, and had suffered pecuniarily from the unfortunate accident to which I have already referred. Of the Roumanians, two-thirds had already built, or were building, their houses; but the Russians were still without shelter, and were living at Safed. As they had both land and cattle, they were conducting their farming operations from there. I went into each of the sixteen houses already built: they consisted generally of two rooms, in one of which there was nearly always an oven for baking bread, besides other cooking apparatus. They were kept remarkably clean, and the whole row commanded the view over the Jordan plain I have already described. As yet no farm buildings had been put up, and it will probably be found that for all to live in a single street will be attended with inconveniences when the question of barns and outhouses has to be considered. So far, they have manifested an energy and perseverance which is in the highest degree praiseworthy; and they seemed to take a real delight in the consciousness of the fact that they had become landowners, and declared that they much preferred the open-air life and the manual labour in which

they were engaged, to the Ghetto life they had left. One of the houses was set apart for sacred purposes, in which two men were engaged in their devotions when I entered it.

The remainder of the village of Jauna, which has not been purchased by the Jews, is owned by about twenty Moslem families, who have so far maintained the best possible relations with the newcomers, offering them assistance and advice, and seeming well pleased to have them among them. Their houses are immediately contiguous to the new row which has just been built. Besides about a thousand acres of arable land, the colonists have some fruit and vegetable gardens in the gorge, watered by the little stream that gushes from the spring above. Jauna does not seem to have been identified as a Biblical site; but some broken pillars, and a capital with ordinary mouldings, indicate that it was the position of some Roman city of greater or less importance. The Jewish colonists have given it the name of Rasch Pina, meaning "the head of the corner." At least such is the translation of the Hebrew word in the verse in which it occurs: "The stone which the builders rejected, the same has become the head of the corner." By means of a fund supplied to me by the charity of benevolent persons in England, who take an interest in promoting the welfare of the Jews in Palestine, by assisting them in their agricultural efforts, I was able to afford this interesting colony some support; and I have heard since my visit that they are likely to be encouraged in their efforts by the Alliance Israelite of Paris—a body which has hitherto persistently set its face against Jewish colonisation in Palestine.

Colonies in this country need protection against unjust taxation and official oppression after they are prosperous, even more than pecuniary assistance in the first instance: and if, through the medium of the "Alliance," the French Government extends its ægis over Jewish colonies in Palestine, as well as over the Latin Holy Places and monasteries in that country, and the various heretical sects who have applied for it, a convenient excuse will be afforded for promoting its political influence. Considering the more important interests which Great Britain has in the destiny of the country, this is a duty which I should have rather seen undertaken by the Anglo-Jewish Association of England. A part of the land now cultivated by the colonists of Jauna was once farmed by some of the Jewish families of Safed, who would have done pretty well here had they not been unjustly overtaxed, and who expressed to me their great regret that farming operations, which some of them professed to understand thoroughly, and to like as an occupation, were attended with so much risk of extortion on the part of the Government officials, that they had been compelled to abandon them. Still one of them showed me a very good garden at Jauna that he still possessed, and where he has determined to return and establish himself. I was assured that there were altogether two hundred Jewish families who were acquainted with agriculture, and desirous of earning their livelihood by the sweat of their brow. They needed, first, capital, and secondly, protection; and besides this, I was informed that over a hundred Jews in the place worked for hire on farms belonging to Moslems and Christians. If this be so—and one

of the chief Rabbis was my authority—it goes far to disprove the oft-made assertion, that the Jew will always refuse to work on the soil. The fact is, that the Jew is in every country what circumstances make him. In the mountains of Mesopotamia he is a shepherd; in the deserts of Yemen he is a nomad, living in tents with flocks and herds; in Western Europe the richer classes engage in the ordinary pursuits and occupations of civilised life; while the poorer, who have never had a chance of becoming rural peasantry in any country, and have in many cases been prohibited from holding land, have been driven to petty commerce, money-lending, and peddling. It has yet to be proved that if the Jew is placed on the soil which was tilled by his ancestors, he has become inherently disqualified to enter, by his own exertions, once more into the ownership of it, or that he prefers carrying a pedlar's pack to following a plough.

So far from such being the case, my observation has led me to arrive at an opposite conclusion. At the same time, I am ready to admit that attempts at colonisation in this country can only be attended with success if they are undertaken under certain conditions; and that in considering what these are, the peculiar characteristics of the Eastern Jew must be taken into account, as well as the varied obstacles with which he has to contend, in undertaking, in a country where all the surroundings are new to him, a pursuit of which he has had no experience, and which he can only prosecute under the disadvantage of a Government which places every conceivable obstacle in his way, and of officials who lose no opportunity of robbing him. Left absolutely to himself,

then, with his limited pecuniary resources, and with no foreign protection to rely upon, or strong hand to guide and sustain him, it is quite probable that he may fail to establish himself so securely on the soil of his fathers as to pave the way for the restoration upon it of a Jewish peasantry; but this consummation is both feasible and practicable, if it is really desired either by the Jews or the Christians of the west, and if they are prepared to make the very small sacrifice of money and of time and of influence which it would involve.

Meanwhile the fact that certain colonies have been established already with more or less success in Palestine, has kept up the desire of the Jews, especially in Roumania, to emigrate to this country, and they continue to dribble in, in spite of the Government prohibition. Scarcely a week passes without some fresh arrivals; but the fact that they come in twos and threes, unsupported by any organisation in their own country, and almost destitute of funds, renders it hopeless to establish them on land without assistance. They all have the same story to tell. Life has become impossible in Roumania—they are willing to do work of any description for their daily bread; they generally profess to be agriculturists, but probably in most cases are not, and unless something is done for them, I see no other future for them and their wives and little ones but death by starvation—or at best a life of mendicancy at Jerusalem or Safed, if they can procure for themselves a share of the Haluka. Sooner or later the question of their relief will force itself upon public notice,—a question which might have taken a very different shape had the facts of the case been better understood

from the first, the necessity of providing for them recognised, and had an organisation been formed in England either by Christians, Jews, or both, which should have included Palestine in its scheme of operations. The word was introduced by the Mansion House Committee in its programme, it is difficult to say exactly with what object—but it is certain that any contributors who were under the impression that any large amount of its funds would be applied towards establishing Russian Jews in this country have been disappointed. It must be admitted, however, that the founding of colonies either here or in America did not enter directly into the scope of the committee's operations. What is needed in England is the formation of a society for protecting the Jews of Eastern Europe generally, which should protest against illegal action on the part of the Turkish Government, which should insist in behalf of foreign Jews, no matter of what nationality, upon their

legal right to purchase land in any part of Turkey in which they desire to settle without necessarily becoming Turkish subjects, which should aid them in doing so by pecuniary advances upon terms offering the necessary guarantees, and which should protect them by its influence against oppression or extortion. Such a society would have power to control the emigration within proper limits, to choose the most desirable families, to select the most available land, and to insist upon such provisions being complied with by the emigrants as might best ensure success, and avert the calamities which an unlimited and unprotected pauper emigration is certain to involve. Sooner or later the force of events will render such an organisation necessary; the only effect of delay will be, that an immense amount of unnecessary misery will have to be endured, and an increasing number of obstacles will have to be encountered.

## GOVERNMENT BY FRAUD AND GIVING WAY.

THE Right Honourable gentleman, the member for Mid-Lothian, is a wonderful man. He demonstrated in that county three years ago that the gullibility of the British elector, or the powers of irresponsible oratory, or both, could make it possible for a popular orator to say anything, and to be rewarded with public confidence for saying it. He unconsciously was the medium for giving the strongest practical illustration in our time of the truth of a view expressed by that most observant of calm historians, the late Earl Stanhope, who, in his 'History of England,' wrote—

"There seems some inherent proneness in mankind to great national delusions. The same men whom we find as individuals watchful and wary, as a body will often swallow open-mouthed the most glaring absurdities and contradictions; and the press, which ought to be the detector of such delusions, will sometimes stoop to be their instrument."

How truly do these words read after the Mid-Lothian campaign of 1880; and how still more truly, especially the last of them, do they read when the present state of things is compared with the utterances of that campaign, and the comments of newspapers upon them! Calm observers in 1880 could not do otherwise than look on with regret at the spectacle of a great statesman of ripe experience, who had occupied the highest offices under the Crown, and been her Majesty's chief adviser, hurrying about the country, and shouting from carriage-windows and railway bridges things that it was impossible he could practically stand

by should he take office again. Thoughtful men were much alarmed to hear views expressed on foreign politics, which, if carried out to their legitimate result, must be most disastrous to the imperial interests of Great Britain, and as a corollary from this, hazardous to the prospects of civilised progress throughout the world. Decency was shocked by the affectation of irresponsibility on the part of one who, it was shrewdly suspected, was covering under the garb of a "humble member" outside the circle of responsible politicians, the designs of the power-seeking chief, prepared, should victory crown his efforts, to exchange the guerilla goatskin for the gorgeous robe of the royal Minister. So unprecedented a mode of currying public favour and trading on the repute of past statesmanship, while hedging for escape from consequences under the guise of a "monarch retired from business," and entitled to plead the irresponsibility of a free lance, astonished the whole community by its audacity. But neither astonishment nor regret could hold back from admiration at the amazing powers of the man. All or nearly all were compelled to believe that speeches so intensely earnest in style were truly spoken *in earnest*, and that things so often declared to be uttered in "God's name" really were the expressions of fixed conviction. The denunciations which poured forth in torrents of eloquence were believed to be the expressions of an honest, as they professed to be the emanations of a sanctified, consideration of the events of the day. Men could not but hold that the speaker

believed the works of the Beaconsfield Administration to be corrupt, and that its destruction would be the beginning of a regenerate political life. Those of no very fixed opinions were swept headlong in the torrent of denunciation. They believed Mr Gladstone to be carrying away the bulwarks of a system which he convinced them was radically bad. Like men who only discover in what a vortex of sin they have been living, when some fiery evangelist shakes their souls by his thundered denunciations and awful threatenings of eternal damnation, so people who had been reposing in comfortable faith that the country was not quite going to the dogs in 1878 and 1879, were in 1880 whirled into the appalling conviction that—except in Ireland, the state of which had not been so good for a generation—the whole best interests of Great Britain were being neglected at home and brought to the verge of ruin abroad. To such a pitch were the minds of listeners roused, that they asked for no policy from him who thus laid on with his axe at the policy of others, as he would hack at a tree in the policies of Hawarden. They followed him blindly, as a preacher denouncing the path trod by others as a way of destruction, regardless of the fact that they were receiving no practical teaching as to the path in which they were to go, should they turn aside. The excuse put forward by those who were taunted at the last general election with having no programme or policy, was that Mr Gladstone had shown the Conservative Administration to have been so disastrous, that the putting right of its mistakes would be quite sufficient employment for some time to come. Reversal of Conservative deeds, and abandonment of Conser-

vative modes, made up the programme that was flourished before the country by the Liberal party, and a short term of that policy was to make straight the path of Mr Gladstone for legislation on the long list of matters, which he had declared to be held back only by a foreign policy that occupied too much public time, and fought for purely selfish interests, and by an Irish policy which did not proceed upon the footing that the Gladstone Land Act of 1870 had made everything smooth in the sister isle.

Mr Gladstone has now been in power for four sessions, the inordinate length of that of 1882 being a fair set-off against the shortness of the session of 1883. The word "shortness" is used comparatively—for all the sessions of the present Parliament have run further into the autumn than was the case under former Liberal administrations. The Parliament elected to do Mr Gladstone's will has thus run practically two-thirds of that period of existence which he himself has laid down as being the fullest allowable by the spirit of the Constitution,—although, according to the letter, its course might be protracted a little longer. For did he not, in 1879 and 1880, repeatedly and vehemently preach upon the text that the proper duration of a Parliament was limited to six sessions? He then can scarcely complain if the prospect of the old age of the Parliament which his colleagues declare to be the best that has ever sat at Westminster, is forecast in the light of the period of its youth and manhood.

"We may our ends from our beginnings know."

Still more when the end is approaching may we guess of what

kind it will be, when we have the history of the bloom as well as of the budding. What is to be expected from the "strongest Government" of the century working with the best Parliament that has ever sat, may surely be to some extent forecast by what they have done in the vigour of youth and the maturity of middle life. If the life of the Parliament is already on the decline, will any reasonable man believe that there is continued life for the Ministry when the Parliament expires, if its two last years in any measure resemble its four first? If the country is to have two more years of what it has enjoyed since 1880, surely a very slight alteration of dates and names would make the Mid-Lothian speeches of that year a fit model for anti-ministerial jeremiads in 1885. There would be this difference, and this only, that while Mr Gladstone's harangues in 1880 were directed against a policy which was consistent and firm, the Government we have enjoyed since has presented to the world a spectacle of shifting and uncertainty unparalleled in history. No intelligible principle can be traced in its proceedings. Professions have been thrown over, as easily as the aeronaut empties his bags of ballast. Grand schemes are propounded, and in a few days airily abandoned. What was denounced as immoral and wicked, is repeated with a coolness that almost takes the breath from criticism, and is defended with a casuistry worthy of the most skilled professor of an S.J. College. Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way is elevated to the position of a fine art.

In that amusing comedy "The Colonel," there is a scene in which an American, who has come back

to this country after an absence of several years, names, one after another, several places of amusement he knew of old, and proposes once more to revisit. To his astonishment he is told, as he names each in succession, that it has been shut up. It is not difficult to fancy what would be the astonishment of a "Colonel" of political proclivities, who had visited Great Britain in 1880, and found amusement in listening to Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian speeches, could he return now ignorant that "a great deal had happened since then," and believing that the harangues he listened to at that time were the expression of the country's wishes, and of the truth of Gladstonian policy, should these speeches bring about his return to power. The stranger might "guess" and "calculate" time after time, and find that he was quite as far behind the events of the period as the "Colonel" of the play. He would probably remark that he found the Liberals boasting and gay, with all the light-heartedness and enthusiasm of youth; and believing, in politeness, that their aspect of complacency was genuine and just, would doubtless assume that they must have accomplished much and noble work,—that they had relegated foreign policy to the graceful retirement of the Athenian woman, had by stupendous statesmanship avoided foreign complication with dignity, abandoned honourably the "filched" and "foolish" territorial acquisitions of their predecessors, shunned all interference with Eastern questions, where only British interests were concerned, carefully abstained from doing anything abroad without the "concert" of the other Powers, effected some extraordinary triumphs of peace policy, and made gigantic strides in

home legislation, and that Ireland was confirmed in that improvement which had so markedly called forth Mr Gladstone's approval in 1880. How astonished would he be to learn that Great Britain had been engaged in two wars—one to maintain the "foolish" policy of the late Administration; and that, after much bloodshed, the cause for which it was entered on was abandoned, after shameful defeat! What would he say on learning that the Gladstone Administration owed a revival of popularity in the third year of its existence to a successful naval and military expedition, undertaken solely in consideration of "British interests," and that "filched" Cyprus had been used as a base for operations and a sanatorium for the troops engaged? One can fancy his asking, in a bewildered way, Is this true that I hear, that you have pushed your war-ships into a foreign port, and because the people of the country, seeing these ships with their enormous guns, set to work to strengthen their own fortifications, you battered them all down with your heavy guns, while your allies the French refused to have anything to do with your proceeding? It would hardly diminish his astonishment to be told that all this was done, but that it was not "war"—oh dear, no! If he went on to ask whether a large force was landed by us in the same country, and had with much expenditure of human life and money destroyed the only army the country possessed, seized the chief of that army, with the decorations of his own suzerain upon his breast, and deported him as a prisoner for life to a British colony,—and on all this being admitted, were to ask if that were not war, would he not be astonished still more to be told that—well, yes, on

the whole, to be candid, we think it must be called war; but then it is not exactly like other wars, for "if ever a war was conducted on *peace principles* it is this war"? If the bewildered "Colonel" were then to inquire whether but for "British interests" there could be any justification of this war on peace principles, probably the answer would be, "Oh yes, but"—and then another canting phrase or two, and a round lie about it all being a legacy from the previous Government. Suppose the Colonel, hopelessly bewildered about foreign policy and the facts which constitute war, were to change the subject to Ireland, and to say, "Well, I calculate under your Liberal policy Ireland must have been going ahead and improving, since you got it over so nice and comfortable as you said when I last heard you speaking." Would it be credible to him that Mr Gladstone and his colleagues, who had made the country resound with their denunciations of Tory coercion, and their gibes and jeers at Lord Beaconsfield's earnestly expressed alarm and solemn warning as to the condition of Ireland, should have their names associated on the page of history with such events as make the record of Ireland for the last three years? What would he say of the horrid roll of midnight murders, ghastly mutilations, hideous conspiracies, organised assassinations, dynamite plots,—an Irish secretary and his colleague gashed to death in open day in Phoenix Park, and a year after men and women dancing round bonfires in celebration of the shooting to death of the informer whose evidence brought conviction on the murderers? What would he say of Ministers so blind, notwithstanding the warning of their predeces-



sors, as not to be able to discern that such a state of things was brewing, and refusing to take measures to put it down, and yet having to come, not long after, and coming unblushingly, to Parliament with a demand for coercive powers more stringent than the generation had known, and to which those that their predecessors had urged them to renew, were as a handline to a chain cable? What would he think of a Ministry that first thrust a number of members of Parliament into prison, and detained them there for many months without a trial, on the ground, as stated by the law officers themselves, that they were steeped to the lips in treason; and then, without there being any sign, far less promise of amendment, on the part of these men, carried on negotiations with them with a view to obtaining their support by their votes in Parliament if they were released? It might puzzle him still further to learn that while the Minister in whose department the proceedings against these men were carried out was so ashamed of these negotiations that he severed his connection with the Ministry, his colleagues were not prepared to admit that the things that had happened could be called negotiations at all, and preferred that they should be nameless. And what between war that is not exactly war, or is war on peace principles, and negotiations that are not negotiations, but something for which even Mr Gladstone cannot find words, "Our American cousin" might well agree with Lord Dundreary that Ministerial doings in this country under the Administration of All the Virtues, is a thing that "no fellah can understand." It will be seen before this paper is closed whether the other

parts of the Ministerial proceedings are more intelligible to the ordinary mind, or whether those already referred to are not typical of the whole.

When a man has posed long and ostentatiously as a model of piety, and made others believe in him as an embodiment of all that is excellent, society does not readily turn from its impression regarding him, and for long will strive to believe that things which seem strange and inconsistent must be capable of explanation, and are not so bad as they look. Accordingly the conviction reaches them but slowly that they have been deceived in the man; and if he be bold and brazen enough, he may even make them doubt whether they see rightly when they feel moved to condemn his actions. But in such a case, the downfall, when it does come, is all the more complete and disastrous, when the point is reached at which profession can no longer cover the true condition of things. So it has been, and so it will be, with the Ministry that was the outcome of the electoral campaign of 1880, when Mr Gladstone drove the Flying Dutchman of opposition at a furious rate, while Lord Hartington acted through-conductor, telling the alarmed Whigs to keep their seats, as there was no danger. Radical fads were hid away, Whigs were dandled to sleep over their terrors. Mr Morley backed Bradlaugh with his badge of atheism, Lord Hartington gave a helping hand to Lord Ramsay with the Home Rule cockade on his hat. No man appeared in his true colours. All was a bid for party power, and let principles find their level as they may. A united Liberal party was the idol that had to be set up for men to bring their

votive offering to—an idol well gilded to dazzle the eye, though all beneath from head to foot were but mixed iron and clay. Out of this combination of hypocrisy and compromise of principle, what could come but a Ministry of fraud and giving way? The Radicals had to be rewarded for huddling up their revolutionary schemes and fondly cherished fads—the Whigs to be kept from a rude awakening out of their soothing syrup repose. A Ministry must be made up in which the Whigs should be able to fancy they had predominance; while the Radicals must get such men into office as would inspire them with the feeling that the little leaven was hid away to do its certain work on the whole lump. Accordingly an administration was formed, the members of which have as much natural fellowship as light has with darkness. Aristocratic Whigs, moderate Liberals, and avowed revolutionists, were caged as a sort of *Alert's* happy family, in which all the quarrelling takes place when the showman and spectators are away, but in which peace reigns when the shutters are taken off and the public allowed to see.

From such a mode of obtaining power and making up a government, the natural and inevitable result has followed. Mr Forster, the impersonation of honest political life, in his eagerness to get rid of the sins of war and annexation, cried out during the electoral campaign of 1880, "Let us get back to righteousness and the Ten Commandments!" Doubtless, in the simplicity of his heart he thought we had so got back when Mr Gladstone took office. Yet scarcely two years elapsed, when he himself and several of his colleagues had to leave the Ministry, not on points of detail, but on matters of principle.

So shifting and crooked was the path taken by the Ministry, that, as Sir Stafford Northcote with true humour described it, their course was a kind of wild Irish car business, in which corners were turned so sharply, that every now and then a colleague was shot off with all the suddenness of centrifugal force. Whiggery in Argyll, Lansdowne, and Cowper, moderate Radicalism in Forster, and extreme Radicalism in Bright, followed one another in rapid succession: Forster, because the conduct of the Government was an intrigue with traitors; Bright, because its proceedings were immoral; and Argyll, because its policy was one of spoliation of property and an infringement of principle. These were secessions which no one in the Liberal party would have ventured to predict as possible when the Ministry took office. Bright would have scouted the idea of their going to war for mere "British interests;" Argyll would have been able justly to assure all that interference with property in Ireland could be no part of their programme—that finality was reached in 1870; and Forster would have been shocked at the very suggestion that those who had returned to righteousness and the Ten Commandments would coquet with men "steeped to the lips in treason," to obtain their support for Liberal measures. But what was too strong to be swallowed by these able colleagues of the other Ministers, they all—Whig, semi-Radical, and revolutionary—have gulped down without a struggle. As they began their ministerial life, so they have had to continue it. Each section has had in succession to do outrage to its principles, to save appearances, and keep up the semblance of unity. Her Majesty's Government must be carried on;

and where those who have to carry it on are not agreed on first principles, it can be carried on only by fraud,—fraud on self and others,—and giving way—

“ A strong conceit is rich, so most men deem ;  
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.”

Such a Government must practise self-deception to the extent of establishing an innate belief in its own righteousness, that it may successfully impose upon the rest of the community. It must have such self-righteous confidence in its own motives, that whatever exigency may compel it to do, its conscience may be convinced that it is doing right. Then, being strong in this conviction, it will be easy to prove that not being as other men are, the ordinary rules by which men's actions are scanned do not apply to these men who form the practical ruling power,—that all who do not submit to their proposals are unpatriotic and obstructive, that to be opposed to them is to be opposed to good, and that as they are virtuous and desire to progress, any attempt to stay their progress is wicked, and calls for public indignation. Is it any exaggeration to say that this is the spirit of the present Government and those who support it? An examination of their past history, particularly during the last two years, will supply the answer.

Foremost for special consideration comes Ireland—that word which perhaps above all others raises the most conflicting and opposite feelings in men's minds, whether on the east or west of the Irish Channel. Foremost, because the most complacent and sanguine of Ministers cannot but know that it is the difficulty which no temporising or giving way can turn into

a difficulty of the past,—the difficulty which, whether it can be got over or not, cannot be got rid of by the expedient of a suzerainty and convention talked of as much, but known to signify nothing,—the difficulty which active, unscrupulous, and powerful men are determined shall be aggravated by every means, fair or foul, that cunning may devise and obstinacy may carry out,—the difficulty which has been made more difficult by the want of a firm, consistent policy, and the vague, uncertain, unpatriotic shuffling that has characterised the utterances and the actions of those now in power. The Lord Hartington who invited the Liberals of Liverpool to support the man who promised to vote for Home Rule, is now a Minister of the Crown. The Lord Ramsay, for whom he thus prostituted his position as a responsible statesman, is one of the trusted spokesmen of her Majesty's Government in the House of Lords. The man who sat with and aided the efforts of Mr Parnell and his associates in season and out of season in the last Parliament, joined in their obstruction, cheered their violent speeches, and voted with them in miserable minorities, unimportant but for the seditious character of their whole proceedings, is now a Cabinet Minister. The author of the sublimely jesuitical evasion that if people would tell him what Home Rule meant, he would say whether it should have his support or not, is now First Lord of the Treasury. Last and not least, every Minister of the Crown now in power has resting on him the shame, which Mr Forster could not bear, of having been in treaty with traitors to obtain their support for the Government. Who can wonder that, after all this discreditable

pandering for votes, this undignified and degrading sacrifice of principle to curry favour with traitors, the Ministry is as far as ever from having scotched, not to speak of killed, the snake of Irish disloyalty? Is there any man who observes with ordinary attention the events of the day, who does not know in his heart, whatever he may say, or whatever he may applaud when said on platforms, that the farce of the "Conciliation of Ireland" is played out? The delusion that the troubles of Ireland were caused by a few "village ruffians" has been rudely dispelled, and it has been made certain that the Irish masses are honeycombed with treason, and secretly sympathise with those who by dastardly crime and brutal outrage have been endeavouring to compel submission to their wishes. Coercion has put a stop, or at least given a check, to murder and violence, but the spirit that produced them is as dominant as ever. The problem to be solved is not less difficult, but is rather more difficult than before. Concession and coercion have been experimented with, but there is no appearance of change of tone. The mass of the population is known to be absolutely—and it is sad to be compelled to fear, irretrievably—disloyal. The crowds which danced round bonfires with frantic demonstrations of delight at the news of James Carey's death, were the visible symbol of the feeling that would fill the breasts of the Irish populace, did they believe they had the power to destroy by any means, however brutal and bloody, the domination of British power on the west of the Irish Channel. By all the transfer of property from its owners by compulsion of law, by all the display of power and administration of stern justice that

have resulted from the parliamentary action of the Government, the Irish people have neither been conciliated nor reduced to submission, far less brought within measurable distance of a condition of morality and loyalty. When Mr Gladstone has to resign office, or go to the country to ask for a fresh lease of power, he knows well that he will be unable with truth to say that his policy in Ireland has effected what he expected from it. He knows that he will leave behind him an Ireland in which the spirit of sedition and treason is as dominant as ever; that if it is not rampant, it is because it has been chained down, not destroyed; that his sops to the disloyal, at the expense of the loyal, have not appeased the hunger after what cannot be given. He knows he will leave that unhappy country under the paramount influence of men whose whole aim and object it is to foster discontent and cultivate treason—men whom no restraint but that of a prison can hold back from doing the utmost in their power to injure and if possible upset the Constitution—who are controlled by no scruples, and influenced by none of the ordinary etiquette within which gentlemen who value the decencies of society fence their conduct. He knows that neither they nor their followers have ever given the Administration he has dominated one word of thanks for all their concessions, but have, as irreconcilables always do, made concession a ground for asking more from the giver, urging their followers on by assuring them that the concession was wrung from fear and not granted from goodwill, and stimulating them to ask more as those who will stop at nothing to extort through alarm what they cannot obtain from

sound judgment. If men "steeped in treason to the lips" can be negotiated with to help a Liberal Government, when that Government has them fast in prison, what may not treason, triumphant at the polls, and practically returning the mass of Irish representatives, not expect to force from a pliable Administration? Till lately, Mr Gladstone and his admirers could prate with some show of plausibility about the probable success of their Land Act, in bribing the Irish peasantry from their hostility to the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain—could, while driven almost to despair by the coldly cynical brutality of Mr Dillon's utterances, or the ingeniously seditious language of Mr Healy, profess to treat these as the last hiss of the foiled reptile, knowing that his fangs were drawn. But the recent Irish elections have for ever made it impossible for optimism, however great, to indulge any such ideas. In Ulster itself, the Ministry is so out of favour, that it can muster but a handful of votes, these votes being withheld from the only loyal candidate who has the slightest chance of success. The candidate who is the nominee of avowed traitors is placed at the head of the poll. Elsewhere throughout the country the strongest recommendation of an aspirant to parliamentary honours seems to be, that his conduct has been so flagitious and contrary to the maintenance of law and order under the Government, that he is at the time of his election imprisoned as a convicted criminal. To such a condition have three years of government-by-fraud-and-giving-way brought that unhappy country, that the best passport to public favour is to have opposed the powers that be, until either

law must become a farce, or lawlessness must be coped with and crushed. The election of Mr Healy for a northern constituency, and of Mr Harrington at all, is a sufficient answer to all talk of pacification of Ireland, far less of rendering her peace-loving and loyal. The prospect before the Ministry at the next general election is, that Ireland will emphatically reject both its policy and its blandishments, and will hold on to past concessions, not as boons conferred, but as niggardly instalments extorted by fear. Since Parliament was prorogued, the first note of the coming campaign has been sounded by Mr Davitt and Mr O'Brien in the county Limerick, where a great meeting, with the usual brass bands and banners, was held the other day. Mr Davitt, having announced the fact that 5000 evictions had taken place during the quarter (without any statement as to how these evictions came about, or whether they were oppressive or not, but going solely upon this fact), is reported to have used these words:—

"Is it not reasonable to suppose that these *outrages* upon the people of Ireland will drive men to think of desperate actions; that these outrages upon the part of landlords may *possibly* beget *outrages of another kind*, which all Ireland would deplore?"

Were ever words so abominable uttered in a country and to a people among whom the tendency to violent outrage has so recently manifested itself in such hideous brutality. "Reasonable to suppose" that there will be outrages. What is this but saying to an excitable and ignorant people, "Outrage is reasonable; reasonable men will expect that you will answer those who carry out what is law, if

that law displeases you, by breaking every law of God and man that stands in the way of your revenge"? Even in his most earnest moments an Irishman cannot escape his bull-making propensity. That outrages should be "reasonably" expected from Irishmen, which *all* Ireland would deplore, reads rather strangely, unless, indeed, Mr Davitt means that those who commit them do so with the stern hand of justice, while their eyes are blind with tears that they are compelled to be its instruments. The cant of the last line, "which all Ireland would deplore," is too disgusting for comment. It is a small matter after this to read that Mr Davitt, amid cheers, spoke of "the imperative necessity of using all the people's energies and powers to encompass the complete and final abolition of landlordism," finishing off with the sweeping announcement that, "if full justice were done to the landlords, they would not receive their fares from Kingstown to Holyhead." And who doubts that this Mr Davitt, who years ago said of an assassination, "by all means let it be done," will, before another Parliament assembles, be elected to represent an Irish constituency? Mr O'Brien, who sat by and listened with approval to this highly moral harangue from Mr Davitt, is already a member of Parliament. Let us see how he speaks of the grandmotherly concessions to the Land League, which Mr Gladstone's policy has granted.

"It is idle to say our work is done; it is only begun. Our opponents have the Crimes Act and bayonets now, and they can prevent the people from making their power felt with the same directness which used to be so disagreeable to the land-grabber."

And that there might be no doubt as to the modes which Mr O'Brien regretted the people were deprived

of for making their power felt, he was at pains to say that he congratulated the people of county Limerick "upon the fact that their hands were unstained by *foul play*,"—not, be it observed, the foul play of shooting men, and cutting off their ears, or houghing cattle, and burning hayricks, but the foul play of bringing the men who did these deeds to justice. This member of Parliament congratulated them that they were unstained by foul play, because

"the air of their fields had not been tainted with the breath of an informer"

—that is, one who discloses crime to the authorities. And as Mr Davitt had been frank in his suggestion that Irish landlords, if they did not choose to be treated in the way it was "reasonable to expect" they might be dealt with, should barely get their railway fares when they gave up their property, so Mr O'Brien, with equal frankness, announced that Mr Healy had spoiled the English games in the House of Commons, in a way they could never equal in Ireland unless "*they had arms in their hands*."

Such is Ireland after "righteousness and the Ten Commandments" have had full sway for three years, and after the leaders in the present Government, having over and over again declared that the three F's could never be granted, have practically conceded them all. Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way has yielded to propose to ask Parliament for power to fix Irish rents, and either in fraud or that culpable ignorance *qui equiparatur dolo*, obtained these powers under the assurance that they were not intended to affect, and would not affect, rents but in isolated cases. Having obtained the powers, they have allowed them to be exercised

on the avowed principle that tenants must be enabled "to live and thrive." Accordingly their assurances have been thrown to the winds, and Government-by-fraud has taken away nearly a quarter of the rental of all landlords, good and bad, without one single word of explanation of the inconsistency. Mr Chamberlain, indeed, has ventured on an explanation, with his accustomed audacity. He boldly asserts that the decisions which thus cut down rents, as he and his colleagues, acting under the responsibility and with the information of their official position, had said they would not be cut down, are evidence that they were too high, and adds the cynical observation that landlords should congratulate themselves that they had drawn them so long. And after all this confidence-trick legislation—this "show your confidence in us by giving us your property to deal with,"—after the property has been cut and carved to suit "Irish ideas"—that is, the ideas of the disaffected and disloyal,—things are in this condition, that the mass of the Irish people are hopelessly demoralised socially and politically, and that the leaders whom they worship are men whom no restraint but that of a prison can hold back from doing deliberately the utmost mischief in their power to the Constitution,—men who are actively engaged in stirring up the ignorant and undisciplined populace to lawlessness and violence, while hypocritically talking of "constitutional means,"—men wholly unscrupulous, uncontrolled by the principles which restrain gentlemen, and callous to the consequences of their evil counsels. Such is Ireland after three years of "righteousness and the Ten Commandments," as exemplified in Gladstonian administration. Fraud and

giving way have borne their natural—their only possible—fruit.

Just as Ireland was the centre at home of all the incompetence and wickedness of Lord Beaconsfield and the Government over which he presided, so was South Africa the place abroad where their folly and guilt were made manifest in the sight of all men. On no subject was Mr Gladstone more vehement and sarcastic. It was clear to him, and to all honest men in his belief, that the policy being pursued there was insane and criminal. Cetewayo had said, and Lady Florence Dixie had been his surety, that he never intended any evil to our colony, and to believe the contrary was ungenerous to a noble-minded prince. The Boers of the Transvaal were Bible-loving Boers, and to annex their country, although every black man in it was glad we did so—and the blacks were as 5 to 1—was a cause of shame and indignation. Mr Gladstone thundered forth his denunciations, and the high hills and the little hills re-echoed the thunders on every side. Utterances more stirring never fell from a public orator. It was made plain to the Boers that, if they rebelled, Mr Gladstone and his followers would support them against the Government to the utmost of their power. Mr Gladstone's incendiary utterances were printed and scattered over the Transvaal by the ream. The Boers did rebel, but Mr Gladstone, being himself in power, advised his sovereign to declare that her authority must be vindicated; and having sacrificed the lives of her troops in endeavouring to do so, and having for the time failed, he sacrificed their honour and his country's by making the sudden discovery that he would incur the reproach of

“blood-guiltiness” if he carried out what the Queen’s Speech had declared must be done. Government by fraud and giving way succeeded in capping the story of the judge who, having decided a case one way in ignorance of a precedent, decided the next case the opposite way, on the precedent being quoted to him, and expressed his satisfaction at having for once the certainty that he must have given a right judgment on the point, having decided it both ways. Mr Gladstone went further than this. He first decided, when irresponsible, that it would be righteous in the Boers to rebel; he next, when in office, decided that it was righteous to fight them for rebelling; and lastly, when fighting them proved more troublesome and expensive than he expected, he decided that as

“humility is good  
When pride’s impossible,”

it was righteous to give in. A deficit caused by war expenditure was a more terrible evil than dragging the British standard through the mire. It would have been right to rebel against Beaconsfield, it was not right to rebel against Gladstone, and it was right to yield to rebels. “Oh but,” said Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way, “we are not yielding quite, you know; we are to have a suzerainty, and we will take ‘securities’ for the protection of the blacks.” And so the confidence trick was played again: “Show your confidence in us, by believing that the honour of your country’s good name won’t suffer, and that the trodden-down blacks will be protected.” The confidence is shown, the Boer power is re-established, and when confiding patriots who love their country’s honour, and philanthrop-

ists who seek to save the black population from cruel oppression and wrong, appeal to Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way, and point out that British residents are treated with contempt, black men are pillaged and murdered, and solemn conventions are treated as so much waste-paper, Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way replies, “What can we do?—it would never do to go to war, and so we can do nothing but send out a commissioner; or perhaps it will be better, as the Boers think the convention should be revised, to wait till they send commissioners to us. And as for the blacks, oh, well, we will give the chiefs some money.” But this is not all. To such straits is Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way driven, that a statesman of such universal knowledge as Mr Gladstone has to shelter himself under the plea of ignorance in regard to the Transvaal. *Vide* Mr Gladstone, August 1883:—

“I will not, however, state my opinion dogmatically, but at the same time observe that reserve which I think is due to the circumstances of a case arising at a vast distance, in a country difficult of access, and with which, let us say what we will, most of us are imperfectly and inadequately acquainted.”

If Mr Gladstone after three years of office,—during which Transvaal affairs have pressed so much on his attention, and he has learned so much about them that he can decide to throw up the Queen’s declarations in her speeches, and perform a complete *volte-face* in policy,—is compelled to plead ignorance in regard to the Transvaal as a ground for speaking with reserve, it is a great pity that he did not discover that ignorance was a ground for reserve in



1880, when he was out of office, and therefore cut off from any official information whatever. Surely "righteousness and the Ten Commandments" have some claims on men out of office, and a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility" does not make it moral to be among those of whom it may be said,

"The positive pronounce without dismay"

on subjects that they are confessedly still ignorant of, after three years of enforced and painful study, in a position of information and responsibility.

The state of Zululand is such that no commentary, to add point to its practical condemnation of the policy adopted by the Government, is required. The sentimentalism which led to that most foolish of all proceedings in dealing with savage nations — namely, going back on what you have done, has borne its fruit. Savages must be dealt with as such. To give them the feeling that those who have conquered them and imprisoned their leaders, will give way, and restore these chiefs to power, is to sacrifice every advantage you have obtained towards civilisation. Sense of the power and consistency of civilisation is what they must feel first, before they can be influenced by it in their own persons. To suppose that you can turn a treacherous bloodthirsty savage into a peace-loving truth-speaking gentleman, by locating him for a few weeks in Bayswater, and supplying him with tall hats and patent-leather boots, is as ridiculous as it would be to expect to give Bill Sikes the instincts of an English gentleman by a fortnight of polo and garden parties, or a course of dinners in the clubs of Pall Mall.

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Accordingly, as all men who knew predicted, the result of Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way, reversing the policy of their predecessors, and restoring Cetewayo to power, has been that Zululand has been deluged with blood, and has fallen into hopeless anarchy, while Cetewayo himself "harps constantly on the perfidy of the whites, and says he owes all his difficulties to the British Government." Here is the latest news from that unhappy country, to which the Ministry believed they were bringing peace by restoring the "noble savage" to his throne:—

"DURBAN, 5th September.—The special correspondent, who has just made a tour through the heart of Zululand, reports that undoubtedly the natives are on the eve of more widespread and desperate fighting than ever, and that as both parties feel that the struggle will be a decisive one, the effusion of blood will be very great.

"A great storm is certainly brewing, and the next few days may see the whole population of Zululand involved in a war of mutual extermination. The expression of colonial opinion is very strong and general in reference to the wholesale slaughter which has been brought about by the action of the English Government in sending Cetewayo back, in spite of the unanimous protests of all those who knew anything of the circumstances of Zululand."

The author of the "return to righteousness and the Ten Commandments" has little reason to be, and is little, satisfied with its results in South Africa. Perhaps Mr Courtney, whose invitation to join the Ministry was a decidedly pro-Boer manifesto, may be better pleased. He has a belief in allowing people "to stew in their own gravy," and is candid enough to express the opinion that "a little anarchy is not at all a bad thing."

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If his counsels assisted to bring about Cetewayo's restoration, he can congratulate himself that he has succeeded in giving Zululand an opportunity of trying his policy of anarchy, of which it is availing itself very freely.

After all this, Basutoland is scarce worth mentioning, were it not that it completes the *fasco* of government-by-fraud-and-giving-way in South Africa. What a howl of righteous indignation would Mr Gladstone and his party have raised had a Conservative Government announced that they had annexed once more in South Africa! what earnest entreaties to diminish rather than increase our engagements! &c. &c. Faugh!

What shall be said of India? At no time since the Mutiny of a quarter of a century ago has the state of India caused more anxiety. And why? Because, most gratuitously, without any demand for it, either of State necessity or of enlightened public opinion, the Government have chosen to disturb public tranquillity, opening up race questions of a most hazardous kind, with no other motive apparently than a reckless desire for change, or a determination to pose as sentimental reformers. Regardless of consequences, they have taken a step which cannot be otherwise than harmful, whether they go on or go back. Without obtaining the opinion of those who know the country and the difficulties involved in its control and administration, they have committed themselves to a course which they now know is condemned by the great weight of official opinion throughout the whole of India, but from which they cannot retreat without necessarily creating great and justifiable discontent among the native population, and running serious risk of

stimulating every rebellious tendency that may lie dormant among them. That in this matter they will be ultimately compelled to afford another exhibition of their skill in government-by-giving-way, it is impossible to doubt; but it is cause for deep regret that while in other cases, where they have abandoned their own original policy and returned to that of their opponents, the country has had cause to rejoice, in this case they have made it impossible to hope that, even if they again carry out their opponents' policy, imperial interests will not suffer through their folly.

In Afghanistan our policy seems to be now limited to paying a large sum of money annually to the Ameer, without any guarantee whatever that we are thereby purchasing his favour, or making ourselves secure against Russian intrigue and influence. Russia has pushed her way with giant strides towards India, and if her Majesty's Government imagine that they will stop her influence by a few lacs of rupees, they are playing Mrs Partington and the mop once more. They deliberately abandoned the only possible influence that controls such races as the Afghans — the influence of power; and to try to keep up a real influence by money bribes, is an absolutely fatuous policy. Every coin that we present to the Ameer is not only wasted, but is certain to do evil. We can never compete with such masters of bribery and corruption as the Russians. We are certain to fail in a competition in silver-key intrigue, and our money will only go to help the contest against us should Russia see fit at any time to stir up animosity to Great Britain among the inhabitants of Afghanistan.

But of all the matters abroad in

which Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way has been occupied, Egypt has been the most important, and is still the most engrossing. The farce of remaining in Egypt only till order was restored is over; Lord Hartington's ridiculous estimate of six months for evacuation is consigned to practical oblivion. On no other matter has it been possible for this Government to show its unblushing effrontery as on this of Egypt. Had they wished to test how far public credulity would go, they could scarcely have devised means more perfect than their Egyptian proceedings. Righteousness and the Ten Commandments suffered terrible wrongs when Indian troops were brought to Europe to meet the possibility of Russian predominance in the East, when India was called on to contribute to the expense, and when Cyprus was taken over to serve as an aid to our military position in the Mediterranean. But what was wicked in 1879 was holy in 1882; what was mean in a Tory Administration was just in a Radical; what was a foolish and useless acquisition three years before, was used successfully, without a word of explanation, by those who had jeered at it, amid the cheers of ignorant crowds. Who does not remember Mr Gladstone's denunciations of the moving of Indian troops to the Mediterranean, and Sir William Harcourt's merriment over Cyprus—"I find if I wish to raise loud laughter, I have only to mention Cyprus"? Did not Mr Gladstone accuse Lord Beaconsfield, in so many words, of stealing it? But Government-by-fraud-and-giving-way does not hesitate to repeat the sins it denounced, to stultify its loudest protestations of exceptional virtue, and to yield to

accept and use what it sneered at as utterly valueless. Captain Deuceace himself, who was frank enough to say that he did not intend to keep his promise, could not have carried impudence to a higher pitch than this. Its very audacity is probably what gave it success. When

"An impudence, no brass was ever tougher,"

makes itself manifest, its very boldness is its safety.

"They that never would be trac't  
In any course, by the most subtil sense,  
Must bear it out with matchless impudence."

The words which Pitt used with such scathing power against Fox, seem as applicable to the Whiggery of to-day as they were when spoken:—

"It would be needless for me to remind the honourable gentleman of any declarations he made in a preceding session; professions from him so antiquated and obsolete would have but little weight."

It is Egypt, also, that has supplied the most recent, and perhaps the most flagrant, instance of government-by-fraud-and-giving-way. Mr Gladstone and his colleagues having entered into an arrangement that this country was to provide Mons. de Lesseps with eight millions sterling at moderate interest, for a second Suez Canal, in forgetfulness that Mr Gladstone had vehemently condemned the folly of our buying four millions' worth of shares in the first; and having defended their action by committing themselves to the admission that Mons. de Lesseps had a right to a monopoly of conveyance by canal through the Isthmus of Suez, found their silly policy received with loud and emphatic protest from all parts

of the country. But a Gladstone Ministry, which is so little sensitive about its country's honour, is equally careless of its own. Within a few weeks, the policy it had resolved on and announced as the only possible one, was gaily abandoned with the gracious permission of Mons. de Lesseps; and the Ministry proceeded to execute a manœuvre, of which, to judge from the jubulations of Radical newspapers, their party seems to be specially proud. The Cabinet had the boldness to raise to the honourable position of a vote of confidence in themselves a division taken on a motion not raised by their opponents, and not raised on their policy, but on a whitewashing motion raised by one of their own party, on the question whether they were to be condemned for abandoning their policy when they found that it was certain to be defeated by their own followers,—in other words, they are not ashamed that it should be a ground for their own majority having confidence in them, that they are ready to withdraw from their own deliberately adopted policy as an Administration whenever the majority shall so order. Confidence in the Ministry is to depend, not on their own powers and prudence, but on subserviency to the will of the majority. Confidence bought on such terms is degradation rather than credit. Truly, as the poet says—

“He who stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him  
up.”

It is a new thing for a British Ministry to seek for confidence by eating dirt. Vote of confidence, indeed! What has become of that favourite phrase of Liberal speakers, “the mechanical majority of the Government?” Of course, a ma-

majority that is used to wash down a Liberal Government after it has rolled itself in the mud, is not mechanical. There is no feeling of hopelessness as regards the future of a man so great as when it is found that there is not left in him any sense of shame on which influence can be brought to bear. So it is with the present Government. From Mr Gladstone's famous “Dear Count Karolyi” letter down to their complacent acceptance of Mr Norwood's motion as a vote of confidence, the proceedings of the Government have been characterised by the same shameless abandonment of professions of policy. To get out of a mess with a loss of honour is to them a triumph. If place is safe, if a majority is subservient, all is well.

This last plunge of the Government is but a natural sequel of its history during the three years it has been in office. For the Ministry is made up of such incongruous and mutually destructive elements that it is impossible it could keep up the semblance of unity within itself, except by a policy of fraud-and-giving-way. When Pitt declared that

“a similarity of ideas is requisite to make friendship permanent, and without that similarity there cannot be either public or private coalition that will last;”

he did not consider the possibility of a British Ministry made up of such incongruous elements as the present, holding itself together by descending to the simple device of treating every question on which they could not agree as an open question, and when necessity arose for voting upon it, that some should vote one way, some another, and some walk out of the House. Fancy Pitt standing up in the

House of Commons and proposing a vote of money as a provision for a Royal Prince on his marriage, and half his Cabinet staying away from a division, and Pitt and they continuing members of the same Ministry! Fancy Pitt's Minister of War declaring that certain Acts could not be repealed without detriment to the military service, and thereafter colleagues who sat at the same council-table with Pitt and him voting for a resolution against them, and Pitt's War Minister then announcing that though the Acts were not yet repealed, the Government had resolved to repeal them by a side wind, by not including the sum necessary for carrying them out in the estimates! Fancy Pitt allowing members of his Cabinet to walk out of the House before his face, when a division was to be taken on a vote of thanks to the Queen's services for their conduct during war! Yet all these things, and others like them, have happened under this Ministry of fraud-and-giving-way. Pitt never dreamed that a Cabinet could agree, by deliberately arranging that on subjects on which its members differed, they should vote against one another, and that the policy of the Ministry should be settled, not in council, but by the result of such votes.

His views of statesmanship did not include the idea of a Ministry which got its instruction on important points of administrative policy from divisions on motions by private members, in which half the Ministry voted one way and half the other. Such a mode of government did not commend itself to him as dignified, moral, or practical. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Both in and out of Parliament government without

responsibility seems to be thought a dignified position for a Cabinet. While in Parliament such things are done as have been noticed, out of Parliament its Radical tail "waggles" furiously, and the Whig part, which believes itself the backbone, is not sure whether it is "waggled" or not. Mr Chamberlain, the *quondam* Radical disposer of the question whether Lord Hartington was leader of his party or not, was made a Cabinet Minister because Whiggery was afraid of him. They now let him say what he likes, because they are afraid of him still. Mr Chamberlain, speaking as a Cabinet Minister—for except as such he could not know—tells the British public that "the Cabinet is more Radical than the House of Commons," and proceeds to announce a programme of the future, which would have made the Whigs of a quarter of a century ago white with terror. Some one asks the Government leader in the House of Lords whether the extraordinary views thus expressed are those of the Cabinet? and this leader (!) replies that he has not particularly inquired what the views of the Lord Chancellor or some other Cabinet Minister is on these points. How logically conclusive, how dignified, how statesmanlike! A Cabinet Minister preaches manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and all the rest of it; and brother Ministers, who abhor such things with holy abhorrence, sit down at the same council-table with him, satisfied to have him as a responsible adviser of the Crown, because they know that having once taken him within their charmed circle, their own very existence depends on their appearing to be happy in his company. Again, how dignified and how statesmanlike! Was ever

such a state of things seen before? The Government of the day, to whom men are entitled to look up as embodying principles and guiding the country in general policy, showing themselves day by day to be a structure in which there is no real cohesion, because there is none of the building cement of "honourable principles," without which, said Pitt, "all coalition is a farce, and can never be permanent."

It is time for truly patriotic men to consider whether a continuance of the present state of things can result in good to the country, in the spirit of the words of that

great example of what a statesman should be—

"To those who feel for their country as I wish to do, it matters little who are out or in; but it matters much that her affairs be conducted *with wisdom, with firmness, with dignity, and with credit.*"

It is matter for congratulation that the time cannot now be far off when the country will have the opportunity of declaring, to use Mr Gladstone's own words, "whether this is the way in which the people wish to be governed."

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXVII.

NOVEMBER 1883.

VOL. CXXXIV.

## THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.—PART II.

### CHAP. VI.—THE TWO GODFATHERS.

“By wonder first, and then by passion moved,  
They came; they saw; they marvelled; and they loved.”

—PRIOR.

It was plain by the whole look of Endhill that the expected guests had arrived, when Lady Matilda and her brother rode in at the gate.

The gate stood open; that of itself showed that Robert was not about. Fresh wheel-marks were visible along the muddy lane without, and the wheels had sunk into the gravel of the little drive, while an unmistakable station-fly stood in the stable-yard.

Robert had not met his friends, for which omission he was doubtless at the present moment lading out excuses and apologies; but the friends were there, and that was everything.

Lady Matilda hopped off her horse like a bird, full of glee at thus, by her smartness, depriving her son-in-law of the felicity of offering his solemn useless assistance; and she had run into the house, and opened the drawing-room door, before any one could

make a ceremony of the matter. Teddy had followed, as in duty bound, close at his sister's heels, and there stood the two—the happy, naughty, provoking two,—there they stood, as pleased as possible, Lady Matilda's hat awry, and a splash of mud on Teddy's cheek,—just as Robert was turning round from the window to announce in his most measured accents, “I think, Lotta, I hear horses. Is your mother likely to be over to day?”

Sure enough he had heard horses, even though by common consent the horses' hoofs had been kept to the softest side of the drive, and muffled, as it were, more and more as the house was neared,—he had heard, as he could not help hearing, when they came round the last corner, and got into the deep gravel at the entrance-door; but as the drawing-room window looked not that way, and as it was, moreover, shut on account of the day being

damp, he had fancied himself very quick, and that the riders were yet a good way off, when, behold! they were in the room. How had they got in? How had they made good their entrance without bells ringing, servants flying, bustle and importance? He had not heard a sound of any kind.

"William was in front," explained Lady Matilda, with bright unconcern, "so he took our horses, and we just came in."

Now, was not that like her? She "just came in,"—just did what she fancied on the spur of the moment, with no regard to anything or any one; and here he had had no time to tell who or what she was, no chance of making the most of Overton and the best of its people, not even for putting more than that one hasty question ere it was so abruptly and indecorously answered.

Of course Whewell and Chaloner looked surprised,—well they might. He supposed that silly feather-headed creature did not care a straw for that, or, more likely, plumed herself upon it as a compliment, without a notion that she had made a mistake, and that she could never now take the place he had meant her to take in his friends' estimation.

Well, it was no use crying over spilt milk; the thing was done, and could not be undone; and, tiresome as it was, it had this in its favour—it showed, and that broadly, upon what easy terms the two families stood. And, to be sure, Lady Matilda was still Lady Matilda, and Teddy, mud and all, was still the Hon. Edward Lessingham; divest themselves as they might of every outward circumstance of rank—trample their dignity under foot and throw propriety to the four winds of heaven, as they habitually did—the brother and sister must still belong to their

order, they could not absolutely unfrock themselves.

With a sense of returning peace to his soul, but, nevertheless, with a stifled sigh and inward frown for what might have been had they, oh, had they only been all he would have had them, Mr Hanwell crossed the room, and confronted the graceless couple. They had not even the sense to see, or at any rate to care—he was by no means sure that the lurking light in Matilda's eye did not mean that she *did* see—how ruthlessly she had upset his programme.

He had meant to send over a note, (for in notes he shone,) to the effect that his friends had arrived, were to spend a few days at Endhill, as Lord Overton might remember he had told him they were expected to do, and that he would esteem it a favour if they might be granted a day in the covers, provided Lord Overton had made no other shooting arrangements, either for the end of that week or the beginning of the next. Why he could not have asked before, no mortal knew; probably some vague idea that he might be thrown over by the two mighty men he had chosen, at the last moment, had to do with it,—probably he had ere now thus suffered, since no very strong counter-attraction would have been needed to make any one throw over Robert Hanwell; but at any rate he had thought it best to be on the safe side, and to have his birds in his hand before reckoning too securely on them.

But the note was written and ready, and there it lay on the hall table, waiting to be despatched by special bearer, as soon as the anticipated arrival should have actually taken place, and as soon as William could have seen the flyman off the premises. For this cause the dog-cart had not gone to meet the



train; the horse—he had but one—was required for William; William was to have ridden to Overton, and so to have timed his arrival there, as to have caught Lord Overton on his return from his daily walk, when it might be counted upon that he would answer at once, and answer favourably. The answer would arrive while dinner was going on at Endhill, and it would be an agreeable diversion to have it brought in, and be able to read it aloud, and give round the invitation which was to prove so welcome.

All of this had not been thought out without care and pains; and it must be conceded that some pity was due to a man who had spent all his leisure moments that day in concocting an elaborate strategic epistle, and had wasted three good sheets of paper over writing it.

The whole arrangement was blasted. He had known it would work well, had hoped so much, and thought so much, and, since leave in general terms had been already granted, had looked forward so much to seeing the matter thus properly and decently brought to a climax,—and now all was undone. By Teddy's look, important and eager, he was too plainly charged with a purpose, and that purpose the dullest could divine; Matilda had obtained the invitation from one brother, and had passed it on to the other to deliver, and the whole patronage and *éclat* of the proceeding was taken out of Robert's hands.

He would not, however, allow himself to be overpowered even by this. "Take the easy-chair, Lady Matilda; Lotta has the sofa, you know; but I believe you like the chair best. What a cold day for you to be out!" (he knew perfectly well that no cold day ever stopped her;) "really we had hardly expected to see any one from Overton to-day; and the roads are so bad too. You find the fire too

much? Lotta, my dear, where is the glass screen? I saw it this moment; oh, behind you;—not at all," (to offers of help),—"I can manage it myself perfectly. Don't move, Lady Matilda—pray don't move. Will you have a cushion? A footstool?" Poor man, he did his best for her, and she would not give him any help, not the tiniest atom of help. It was cruel of Matilda. Cushion? Footstool? She sat a yard off the cushion, and with her little foot kicked away the footstool,—kicked it away under his very nose.

"What's all this about, Robert? Get me some tea—there's a good man. Baby well, Lotta?"

At least she asked for the baby; she generally did that, but as likely as not she would never ask to see it; and there she was sitting on the edge of her chair, pulling off her gloves, tipping back her hat, as straight as an arrow, and as bright and pert as a humming-bird—and this was the baby's grandmother.

He stole a glance at his friends. Challoner was still in the window, gazing absently out; it would be hard to say whether he had heard or seen or wondered at anything. Challoner, he now remembered, always had been noted for keeping his feelings to himself; and Whewell,—Lady Matilda was at the moment turning up her face to Whewell, who was standing near, and whom she had recognised without any hesitation at once. She was making a remark about his railway journey down. "You must have come through floods," she said.

"Floods? Yes. Yes—it was very bad—very wet. I mean the whole place was under water," replied the young man, at a momentary loss to remember, when thus called upon, the real state of the case. At least so it seemed; but

the truth was this, it was another lapse of memory that was troublesome, he had forgotten Lady Matilda herself, or, to be more exact, he had forgotten, clean forgotten that she was what he now found her. He had had no recollection, no impression of any one of that kind; he had seen her among a number, bright, handsome, gay, and well dressed,—but then, others had been so likewise, and he met pretty women every day in London. It was beholding her thus in the little cottage room, by the side of her homely daughter, it was meeting her thus suddenly and unexpectedly, that made him stare and stammer. In another minute he was himself again.

For Whewell prided himself above all things on being a man of the world, and he would have despised himself had he not been equal to any occasion, however puzzling. He drew a breath, drew nearer, held a chair, then sat down on it, and in the shortest time possible he and Matilda were in the full flow of chat, without either apparently feeling it in the least necessary to include others in their conversation.

Lotta, who, erewhile in all her glory as hostess, as semi-invalid, or at least convalescent, and at any rate as chief person on the interesting occasion which had brought the two gentlemen down, had been busy with Mr Whewell, and who had thought they were all very snug and comfortable, and that every one must feel how much nicer it was to be within doors on that dreary afternoon, with a good fire and a prospective tea-tray, than wandering aimlessly about the garden and grounds as Robert had at first proposed,—Lotta, poor thing, now resented, no less than her husband did, the disturbing of all their little elements. She did not care to talk to uncle Edward—(who,

indeed, showed no symptoms of any desire to talk to her)—and since mamma had usurped Mr Whewell, there was no one left. Mr Chaloner stuck to his window like a leech, and Robert had returned to him; so, since the other four were thus left, and since mamma and uncle Edward had chosen to come—it was a pity they had come, but since they had—they ought, at least, to have helped out the visit by making it a sociable general affair. She had been getting on delightfully with Mr Whewell before the others came, but now he had no chance of saying a word to her. It was not his fault—of course it was not; but mamma would always be first, and she seemed to forget altogether sometimes that she had a grown-up daughter, and a married daughter to boot. Mamma really ought to think of this. It was quite rude to Mr Whewell taking him up in this way, when she, Lotta, as lady of the house and his friend's wife, ought to have been paying him attention: it looked as if he had bored her before, and he had not bored her in the least. She had liked him very much, and he had talked so nicely, and seemed so interested in all she said, and had asked so much about baby, and shown so evidently that he had been pleased to be godfather, that altogether she had felt they were going to be great friends: and then mamma came in, and took him away, and he was never able to renew the conversation; but she was sure he had been quite vexed at being so interrupted.

A good deal of this was for Robert's ear afterwards, and a good deal passed through Charlotte's mind at the time; but outwardly, Mrs Hanwell merely sat up on her sofa, in one of her best dresses, taking care not to ruffle or soil the frills of her sleeves as she poured

out the tea with rather a grave face, and an air that betrayed to all that Lotta felt herself out in the cold, and that this, for a young matron with a partial spouse, and an excellent opinion of his judgment as well as her own, was a novel and not entirely pleasing sensation.

Lady Matilda drank her tea, and sent back her cup for more.

The grateful beverage sent up a yet warmer colour into her cheek, and she looked her best—her smiling glowing best, — while poor Lotta, sullen and forlorn, was bereft of all the very small share of outward attractiveness she ever possessed.

It could not pass unnoticed, the contrast. Whewell saw it, even as he held the cup: mean man, he stayed several minutes by Lotta's side, making his peace, as he told himself, with the tea-maker, and this was how his thoughts were employed!—he noted the curious difference between the two, betwixt the placid, dull, expressionless mask now before him, and the brilliant changeful features to which he was returning. Was it likely he would stay long? Can it be wondered at that all the little bustle over the sugar-basin and the cream-jug could not detain him?

True, he came and went more than once, but it was always on the one lady's errands: he had to bring her bread-and-butter and cake, as well as to have her cup filled twice; he stood about, he fetched and carried, and he stepped backwards and forwards, but it was always backwards, backwards, his feet took him finally; until at length, the business over, and the last attention paid, he fairly settled himself down by Matilda's side, and neither looked at nor spoke to any one else during the remainder of her stay. It was enough: Lady Matilda saw that she was noticed, more than

noticed, and frankly she allowed to herself that it was for this she had come. She knew that she was charming, and sometimes the knowledge was too much for her; it needed a vent; it wanted some one to applaud, admire, and flatter; and, no disrespect to Mr Frank Whewell, she would, in her then mood, have made eyes at a field scarecrow.

But we must give our readers some idea of Whewell.

From earliest years he had shown the germ of such mental powers as succeed best in life. He had not been a thinking boy; he had not puzzled his masters and tutors, nor set his parents cogitating about his future; but he had made the most of every talent he possessed, and those talents had been not a few. Concentration, grasp, alertness, tact, and fluency of language, all pointed out unmistakably his path in life. He was to go to the bar, and if he went to the bar, there was no doubt in any one's mind that he would do well; he would succeed, rise, and one day rule. So far every favourable prognostication had been fulfilled; nothing had hindered or thwarted a career which seemed to be one continued triumph; and though higher heights were still to be climbed, and greater obstacles yet remained to be overcome, there was no reason why, with ordinary good fortune, he should not go on as he had begun; ambition was his ruling passion, and ambition is an irresistible spur.

But in the little drawing-room at Endhill during the hour that Lady Matilda spent there, Whewell showed himself in another light to what he usually appeared before the world. He liked women, and he liked to be liked by them. Apart from his profession, he liked nothing so well as to talk with them, to listen to their soft replies, to their hopeless argu-

ments, to their sweet laughter. It was a delicious relief to his tired brain to allow itself to be at ease as it were in their presence, to permit himself to ramble over metaphorical hedges and ditches in his talk, avoiding as the very plague the straight hard road which led direct to the point—that very road he would pursue so relentlessly when wig and gown were on; and it gave him an excusable feeling of satisfaction to perceive that while the latter course prevailed with men, and made him what he was and where he was, the former won for him the golden opinions of the other sex.

Now much of his popularity he put down to his good looks. He valued his handsome face still more than his versatile ability, and therefore the face, or at least Whewell's general appearance, ought to be described. He was getting on to forty in years, but he had looked forty ever since he was nineteen, and would continue to do so until he was ninety. The boys at school had nicknamed him "Grandfather," and by-and-by people would infallibly observe how young he looked, and the same eyes, hair, and mouth would do duty for both observations: he had not changed a feature or gained or lost anything since going to the university. But he was undeniably personable. He had a slight, firm, well-knit figure, raven-black hair, an aquiline nose, a small well-shaped mouth, a quick turn of the head, and an eye so keenly apprehensive and inquisitive that it seemed at once to take possession of whatever it looked upon.

And of all these good things no one was more aware than Whewell himself.

He thought they gained him female friends, and perhaps in this he was right; but he went still

further, and in this he was undoubtedly wrong. It was his fixed idea that no amount of talent would ever make an ugly face palatable to a woman—whereas the truth is that women like, ay and love, ay and worship, ugly faces every day.

Lady Matilda could have told her lively friend as much; but very likely if she had, he would not have believed her. And since the cleverest of us must sometimes be at fault, and since such was the opinion of the sagacious barrister, it will surprise no one to hear that the opinion was shared by the sagacious Teddy.

"Oh, you thought him very good-looking, no doubt," said Teddy, when at length the two took their leave and found themselves on their way home; "very good-looking, and vastly pleasant. I'll be bound you did that. Talking away to him there the whole time, and sitting on till it was so dark that we had to have candles. I was quite ashamed of staying so long. I thought we were never going to get away, and there was Lotta fidgeting and fidgeting, and Robert looking round from the window,—what on earth did you do it for?" he broke off suddenly. "I am sure they didn't want us all that while."

"Did they not? Oh yes, they did; or, at least, they ought if they did not," returned his sister, gaily. "I am sure they were deeply in our debt; I am sure they owed to us the whole success of the afternoon. It was a success, don't you think? And imagine what it might have been! Failure is not the word. Think, Teddy, of a whole afternoon, a wet afternoon, an afternoon hopeless of interruption or variety or anything, with only Robert and Lotta! Picture to yourself that delightful Mr Whewell——"

—“Delightful! nonsense.”

“Wrecked upon Lotta, stranded upon Lotta, submerged in Lotta,” pursued Matilda, merrily. “Lotta with her eternal talk about cooks and babies, and ‘our arrangements for this,’ and ‘our ideas about that’; Teddy, put yourself in Mr Whewell’s place, and feel for a moment as he felt. They were in the thick of it when we came in; I saw it in the victim’s face; and even if his face had been hidden, he would have been betrayed by his hanging head and dejected mien.”

“How you *do* talk! ‘Hanging head and dejected mien,’ what on earth—I saw no hanging head. I am sure he seemed as fit a little cock-sparrow as I have ever seen, jabbering away to you by the yard.”

“So he did,—when he had me to jabber to. I rescued him out of the Slough of Despond, and he had the wit to be very tenderly grateful to his deliverer, moreover; and the grace to rate his deliverance at its proper value, or I am mistaken. Come, Master Ted,” cried Matilda, in her sauciest tones—“come, sir, don’t be sulky. You did your best; you did as well as any could have expected, and as much as in you lay; but you must own that to me—me—me, belongs *‘la gloire et la victoire.’* There. Understand that, eh? I did it all: I enlivened a dull visit, took compassion on an unfortunate stranger, and drew him forth from the very jaws of domesticity. Did I not do well for him? I think I did. I think he was worth it, and that he will feel now that there is some one, even in this benighted spot, on whom he is not altogether thrown away.”

“Great cheek if he ever thought anything of the kind.” Teddy had had enough of Whewell, and had, moreover, been ill used all through the visit by everybody. “I was quite astonished to see you make

yourself so cheap to that fellow,” he proceeded severely. “You were so taken up with him, that you had not a word for the other one, and he looked by a long way the better of the two.”

“Glad you thought so. But I left him for *you*. *You* were civil to him, I hope?”

“I? No. How could I? I never had the chance. Robert monopolised him, as you did Whewell. I had nobody.”

“Nobody! What are you saying, bad boy? Do you call your own married niece, in her own house, and at her own tea-table, nobody?”

“She is nobody, all the same. She is the stupidest creature—well, you know what I mean,” he broke off and drew in a little, since, after all, Lotta was Matilda’s child,—“you know,” he added, apologetically, “you think so yourself.”

“No—no—no. No, Teddy, I never said that. Fie, Teddy! you encroach; you must not say such things; and I would not have any one but me hear you for the world.”

“Is it likely I should say it to any one but you?”

“You m—ight. It might slip out. Do be careful.”

“Of course I’ll be careful: I always am careful; but Lotta is a regular dolt. Except when she was looking at you, she had about as much expression as a Chinese mandarin.”

“And when she was looking at me?”

“I say, she didn’t like Whewell going over to you, you know.”

“Did she not?”

“She thought you were poaching on her lands.”

“So I was.”

“Why did you do it? I should not have done it had I been you.”

“You would, had you been me—that is just it. Oh, I had no particular reason for ‘doing it,’ as

you call it; I just had the inclination; I wanted to amuse myself. And then I thought that if I had the one, you could have the other. I could entertain Mr Whewell, and you Mr Challoner."

"Robert and Lotta each other?" said Teddy, with a grin.

"Oh, they never do anything for anybody; they are no count. You see I took Mr Whewell, and if you had done as much for Mr Challoner there would have been nothing for anybody to complain of."

"By Jove, that *is* hard! when there was I who would have been thankful of any one, stuck down all by myself in a chair by the fire, with yards of carpet in front of me; and there was Challoner, or whatever his name is, away at the far end of the room, with his back to me, mumbling away to Robert, and Robert to him, without stopping once the whole time; and now you speak as if I had—as if it had been my fault!"

"Don't be incoherent, my dear; how am I to tell what you mean when you muddle up your sentences in that way? And there is nothing to excite your wrath either. I merely meant to suggest that probably the luckless Challoner would have preferred your company to Robert's; and after all, that is nothing to take umbrage at."

"Humph,"—mollified, however.

"What was he like, Ted?"

"Like? I don't know. I never thought of it. He was like other people, I suppose."

"Like other people? Oh! Not in any way particular?"

"Well, not in any way particular. No, I don't think he was."

"But you must have seen *something*?" urged Matilda. "You, who had nothing else to do, and no one to listen to, and no one to look at——"

——"I had. I had you to look at."

"Me!" cried she.

"I was wondering what you did it for, and what you could possibly see in that puppy to make such a work about."

"What did I see? Well, now you ask me that in a friendly way, brother, and not in an acrimonious carping backbiting spirit, I will answer you candidly: I don't think I saw very much."

"And yet you talked to no one else?"

"And yet I talked to no one else."

"Come, I am tired of the subject," cried she, suddenly; "come, away with it!"—and starting her horse to a canter, nothing further passed of any note between the pair for the time being.

#### CHAPTER VII.—"A PRETTY SCRAPE YOU WILL GET INTO."

"It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion"—BACON.

Lady Matilda's sole impression of Challoner had been that of a tall, broad, listless man, leaning against the window-pane in the drawing-room, the while he yielded a sort of pensive half attention to the platitudes of her son-in-law. Whether these had suited him or not, no one could tell. He had not seemed to respond much certainly,

but he had listened—presumably, at least, he had listened,—and undeniably he had not turned away. He had stood still where he was, and had let the stream flow over his head, and that in itself was enough. He had not broken loose, shaken off his host, crossed the room, and drawn near to *her*; and this was what he should have

done to have found any favour in Matilda's eyes. A man ought not to be tamely broken on the wheel; he ought, he surely ought to make some sort of struggle with his fate—some desperate resistance, even when resistance is fruitless. But Challoner had shown no fight, even no inclination to fight: he was beneath her notice.

She would not waste pity or sympathy upon one so insensate—would not throw away gentle amenities on one so indiscriminating; while Whewell—Whewell, who had at once bent beneath her sway, and who had shown himself so apt, so responsive, and so appreciative—Whewell should have all her smiles.

Here at least was one who knew how to value the good fortune which had befallen him in that most ill-favoured spot, who could appreciate having a Lady Matilda to talk to and to look at, who could discern between her and the inert Lotta and the insufferable Robert. Here was one who could claim a privilege and make the most of an opportunity; and the vain creature coloured ominously in front of her glass that evening as she recalled glances and speeches, and the whole little scene at End-hill,—Lotta's prim, prudish attitude, Teddy's impatience, and Whewell's exclusive devotion.

He, Whewell, had had neither eyes nor ears for any one but herself. He had pushed out into the hall by her side when she went, had held her foot and put it in the stirrup as she mounted, and had been the last to go inside as they rode off, standing bareheaded out in the chill November air to watch them down the drive.

She could guess with what reflections he stood there; she could picture to herself, or thought she could, what were his probable sensations and anticipations at the

present moment,—how gladly he would have exchanged his quarters had this been possible, and how joyfully he would appear at Overton next day.

"They will not come till dinner-time," she announced to her brothers. "Robert had a dozen unanswerable reasons why they should not dress here, so we are not to expect anybody till eight o'clock. When they have done their worst on our pheasants, they will come and inflict themselves on us. They are all coming, every man-Jack of them, as Teddy would say. Robert has engaged for the party generally. By the way, I did not say anything about it to Lotta; but I do not suppose that will signify. She will be quite satisfied if dear Robert has arranged it; and dear Robert has taken it upon himself, after due references and inquiries, to answer in the name of everybody. One thing is, he will see that they all turn up, and that not one of them is late. They will be here at eight o'clock to the second, if he die in the attempt. Happily it is dark so long before then, that the poor men will not have their sport curtailed by his anxieties, as those others had in partridge-time. I did pity them; I knew how it must have been exactly. Woe betide the unfortunate finger that ever steals to the trigger, once Herr Robert has decreed that time is up! He will never forgive that shot, more especially if it kills. Well, perhaps it is a good thing for all our sakes that my son-in-law is no sportsman; but what would I not give to make him unpunctual, even ordinarily, decently unpunctual."

"What do you call being decently unpunctual?" said Overton.

"When a man stands with his watch in his hand, and will have you know the time when you don't

want to know it, it's not decent," replied she.

"Was that what happened this afternoon?" inquired her brother, cracking his walnuts,—for the three were sitting cosily together over their dessert, and Matilda was, as usual, doing most of the conversation.

"No, Mr Inquisitive, it was not what happened this afternoon," retorted she. "Oh, Overton," her attention diverted, "I do wish I could crack single walnuts in my hand as you do. I can't think how you do it," stretching out a white arm, and screwing up a soft and shapely hand with desperate energy. "I have tried again and again, and I never can—oh!"—with a final and utterly ineffectual wrench.

"You couldn't crush a spider with that!" said Teddy, disdainfully. "With that little bit of a wrist you have not any power. There is nothing easier than walnuts," performing the feat again and again. "But, I say, Mattie, what made you give the invitation to those people to-day? I thought you told me that I——"

"Of course I did, and you saw I left to you the shooting arrangements; but I had to do something myself; my dear Teddy, Robert's face must have shown you that I had to do something to pacify the storm. We were in the wrong box, you and I; we were dreadful offenders——"

"How?" said Teddy, opening his eyes.

"We had come before our time, my friend."

"Had we? But what did that matter? We did it to be civil; we thought it was a friendly thing to do. What should they come for, then? I'm sure *we* didn't want them."

"Oh, you dear innocent, you don't half know Robert yet. It was all very well our showing at-

ention, hospitality, and so forth; but we, you and I, our two selves in the bodily presence, Ted, *were not wanted*. Can you understand that now? Overton can. He thinks he never is wanted, which is a mistake, on the other hand. If he, now, had found his august way over to Endhill to-day, he would have met with a different reception; but as it was, it was only poor Teddy and Matilda," shaking her head with mock mournfulness, "and they were sadly in the way."

"And what good did the invitation do?" said Overton, intercepting an indignant protest from his brother.

"Oh, it soothed the ruffled feelings in a wonderful way. You see, dear Robert really was sadly put out, though Teddy may not believe it; he had had no time, I fancy, to get out his say, to swell and strut, and spread his plumage as he loves to do, and as he never *can* do whenever any one of us is present; and he and Lotta would fain have had their visitors to themselves for a while,—imagine what a fate for any man, let alone a Londoner and a—Whewell. However, Robert would have liked this, and he did not get it, and we—or rather I—was in disgrace. And——"

"Why you more than I?" burst in Teddy, with a black look.

"I am the lady, you know, and the lady naturally takes the lead. That was all, dear," replied Matilda, with one of her swift transitions from sarcasm to gentleness. "That was what I meant, don't you see?" looking at him to make sure she was saying right. "And besides, you know, Teddy, an invitation from the lady of the house always counts for more than one from any of the gentlemen—even from you, Overton. Now does it not, Overton?" eagerly, her warning voice adding, "Say it does."



"Why, yes. Yes, of course. Every one knows that," said Overton, responding promptly to the whip. "Teddy knows that as well as any one, only he forgot at the moment."

"Oh yes, of course—of course. A fellow can't be expected to remember things like that," said Teddy, his brow clearing under the combined influence. "I did not think of it, that was all. Go on, Matilda."

"Where was I? Oh, I was telling you how Robert took my friendly overture. He never suspected, you know, that it was only thought of as we were mounting our horses; he imagined, no doubt, that the idea had been manufactured with all the labour and sorrow and *pros* and *cons* that would have gone to the making had he had a finger in the pie; and actually I did my best to foster this aspect of things. I quite turned our impromptu dinner into an important affair. You should have seen how his grimness relaxed, and how at last a ray of sunshine stole athwart his sad cheekbone."

"Because he was asked *here*?" said Overton, incredulously.

"Because they were all asked here; because he was to bring himself, and his Lotta, and his dashing Whewell, and his statuesque Challoner, and to trundle them all along, packed as tight as herrings in a barrel, over the hill to Overton. You look scornful, most sapient brother! Is not the cause sufficient? Oh, you do Robert injustice—you do indeed; he loves of all things to seek your sweet society, and nothing affords him greater pleasure than—we will not say to dine, but to *say that he has dined here.*"

"*Here?* Nonsense. There is nothing here to make Robert or any one care to come. We are all very well by ourselves, but for

anybody else, there can be no attraction."

"Can there not? Now really, can there not, Overton? Are we no attraction in ourselves, you and Teddy and I?" cried Matilda, with an odd note in her voice. "You are a plain man, Overton, and will return a plain answer to a plain question. Tell me, is there no conceivable attraction here for— for any one, in you, or Teddy, or—or me?"

"None in the least, none whatever," replied Overton promptly, for his thoughts still ran on Robert Hanwell, while hers had flown, as may have been guessed, elsewhere. "Robert wished to marry your girl, and so he chose to come and visit her here, very naturally I suppose," with a twitch of the lip which needed no interpretation. "Since Robert wished to marry Lotta, it is to be imagined that he cared to be with her now and then beforehand, and as she was here he came here; but now—now that all that is over, there is nothing, nothing in the world to bring him out of his own snug house on a raw dark November night, when the roads are about as bad as they can be, and there is not even a moon to light their way. It is a cool thing to ask any man to do, and I must say, Matilda, I wonder you liked to do it. I am sure I, for one, should not have ventured."

"And I am sure that I, for another, should not, very certainly, very decidedly should not, with an eye to some one else's comfort than good Robert's," said Matilda, laughing. "No indeed, that I should not, my brothers twain, had he and he alone been the proposed recipient of our hospitality. But, bethink you, there are others; and the raw dark November night, and the bad roads, and the no moon, may be no obstacle to *them*. What

do you say, Teddy? Do you think that Mr Whewell would leave it? Do you think he would imperil his precious legal life in a four-mile drive through this lonely country after dark, to have another sight of—either of us?"

"Of you? Oh!" said Overton, with a smile.

"Of her, of course," added Teddy. "She is such a creature for getting round people, that she had that ass Whewell all in a buzz before we left. You never saw anything like the way he went on, shoving through the doorway in front of me to get after her. And now she wants him over here——"

"To complete the damage done. Very good, Teddy," said Matilda, approvingly. "I never like to leave a piece of work unfinished, on principle; so, as you say that Mr Whewell has done me the honour to——"

——"To flirt with you," said Teddy, bluntly.

"Oh fie, Teddy! do not believe him, Overton. I never flirt. It is a thing I would not do upon any account; and as to flirting with Mr Whewell—we were only pleasant, pleasant to each other. And there was no one for my poor Teddy to be pleasant to, and so he is cross with his Matilda," patting his shoulder as if cajoling a fretful child. "Now, was not that it, Ted? Don't be vexed, then: it shall have some one, it shall. Let me see, to-morrow night: whom could we get over for to-morrow night? No one but the Appleby girls, I am afraid. Will Juliet Appleby do, Teddy? She is fond of you, you know."

"I shall take Marion in," said Teddy, decidedly.

"Judy is too young, is she?"

"A wretched school-girl," with contempt.

"A tolerably forward school-girl; she has learned one lesson

thoroughly, at all events. But you are wrong, Teddy, she is emerged, emancipated; she is going about everywhere now, and has been since the summer."

"I shall take Marion in," reiterated Teddy. Juliet had caused him offence last time they met, and he thus revenged himself.

"As you please," said his sister. "It does not signify, or rather it is better so; Juliet is much the prettier of the two."

"You don't call those Miss Applebys, pretty, do you?" said Lord Overton, who, when quite alone with his brother and sister, could take a fair share in the conversation, and make now and then quite a good remark if not called upon to do it. "They are so what is it—unripe?"

"And budding beauty is what poets sing about, and lovers rave about."

"Budding, perhaps, but these are buds that will never blossom. Juliet is pink and white, but she has not a feature in her face, and Marion's teeth would spoil the look of any mouth."

"Well, I'll have Marion all the same," said Teddy, obstinately. When he had a notion in his head he stuck to it, as he said himself; and he now looked defiantly round, as if Marion's teeth and Juliet's pink-and-whiteness had alike been forces used against his determination. "I mean to have Marion; so there,"—bringing down his hand on the table.

"Such being the case, I give way," replied Matilda, humouring his mood. "I give way, and Juliet has Mr Challoner; it will do that chatterbox good to have such a stone wall to expend her artillery upon; she will not get much change out of *her* companion, I should say: then Overton takes Lotta, and Robert must go by himself. He will not mind going by

himself for once, when he sees his dear Lotta in the place of honour."

That she meant to have Whewell for herself was thus evident. Challoner might have the right to give her his arm and seat himself by her side—probably had the right, since she had a tolerably distinct recollection of something having been said about his family and connections which rendered it unlikely that Whewell could be in birth his superior,—but what of that? Who was stupid enough to care for that? Certainly not Matilda Wilmot. She was not to know, or at least was not to be supposed to know; and at any rate Whewell she wanted, and Whewell she meant to have.

"And a pretty scrape you will get into with Robert if you do," Teddy reminded his sister; for he too had heard the reference to Challoner's family, and he saw what Matilda was up to, after that fashion he had of seeing things that were not meant for him. "You had better just look out," he warned her.

But to no purpose. A plague on Robert! she must now and then be in scrapes with him, and as well now as at any other time. She would have her way, and trust to her good luck and her ready tongue to make matters straight with him afterwards, for Lotta's sake, not his own. She wished, oh, how devoutly she wished, that they could have a quarrel—a downright, out-and-out, give-and-take-no-quarter quarrel—so that they might be free of each other for evermore; but for her child's sake she would keep the peace—with intervals for refreshment; and as, happily, she knew his weak points, and could lay her finger on them to heal as well as to wound at any moment, he might be put aside occasionally without much alarm as to the future. Accordingly she

laughed at Teddy, and went her way unheeding.

The next evening came, and with it the expected guests. Robert was in great force, had been in force the whole day; and meeting the returning carriage of the Applebys as they drove up to the Hall, was just as it should be. Lady Matilda had with unwonted thoughtfulness provided two new girls for his bachelor friends, and this would be the crowning touch to a day that had been altogether successful. The two strangers had shot well and walked well, and had expressed themselves warmly on the subject: their host had little doubt of being able to obtain for them another day on the Monday, and there was nothing to mar the satisfaction and serenity with which he alighted. The footmen had on their best liveries, and his cup was full.

"Take care, Lotta. Another step, my dear. Are you all right? Fine old hall, Challoner. The pictures are not much, but they are at least genuine. Your collar is turned up, Whewell: allow me." His "allow me" was the pinnacle of his good-humour.

But it was not destined to last long, as those who are in the wilful Matilda's confidence are aware; and only too soon after the party had assembled before the drawing-room fire, did his uneasy fears arise. Until then, no doubts had arisen to disturb his mind, for on this wise he had argued, that foolish and heedless as the young grandmother habitually showed herself to be, she could not go the length of this; she could not, without consulting his opinion or making due inquiries, take upon herself to decide as to which of his guests—of *his* guests—should have precedence, when brought by him to the Hall. He had, indeed, already hinted his wishes; but if,

as was, alas ! too possible with such an auditor, the hint—the very emphatic hint—had been thrown away, in such a case here he was himself to be appealed to, and here was a good five minutes in which to make the appeal. A whisper to him, an aside through Teddy, a nod of the head, a turn of the eye, would have done it, would have let the hostess know which to make the happy man,—and of course it was Challoner who ought to be the man;—and as a Miss Appleby could be placed upon his other side, so that he need only have the honour of Lady Matilda, and could have the pleasure of an unmarried lady's society at the same time, (Robert was one who took it for granted that a bachelor must always prefer a "Miss")—all being

so nicely arranged, Challoner would be well off.

He watched, he waited for the signal that was to bring him into secret communications with Lady Matilda; but Lady Matilda, quite at her ease, made no sign, and he grew restless: and then, just as he was debating within himself how matters would really go, if there would be a scrimmage at the end, or what?—what should he see but Challoner, the Challoner he thought so much of, and cared so intensely to show off before, paired off with an absurd little Juliet Appleby—not even Marion, but Juliet, the school-girl while Whewell, all radiant and triumphant, talking, bending over as he talked, gallantly escorted the hostess to the head of the table?

#### CHAPTER VIII.—A STRANGE EFFECT.

"Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief, does it all."

—PRIOR.

Never had Matilda looked better. She was glowing with life and health; and having put on her most becoming dress and ornaments, the plain home-made frocks of two rather so-so-looking damsels, and Lotta's high morning silk with the lace *fichu*, which, when put on in her little room at Endhill, had looked quite elegant enough and quite dressy enough for a quiet dinner at her uncle's, then became all at once dowdy and ineffective.

They were all much on a par, Lotta perhaps the worst, for Lotta had grown stout of late, and could not stand much *fichu*, besides which, there was a suspicion of being somewhat too tightly buckled in for comfort,—but still the Miss Applebys could not cast stones at her. Juliet's muslin was limp, and did not hang straight, being longer on the one side than on the other; and the

lace edgings on both sisters' skirts, on the blue as well as the pink, was cheap, and looked cheap. Little threads hung out here and there, and the colour had slightly run in the washing; while to crown all, the cut on two rather meagre, scrimp, waistless young figures, was not all that could have been desired.

Lady Matilda was in black, but it was brilliant black; it was set off by freshly cut, snowy chrysanthemums, and quivering maiden-hair ferns; it was relieved by lustrous opals at her throat and in her ears; and it encircled the roundest, whitest neck and arms in the world.

Mrs Hanwell thought her mother over-dressed. It was just like mamma, she said; and she wondered how it was that Matilda knew no better, and how she, who

ordinarily seemed to care so little how she looked, or how old and shabby her clothes were when walking about the lanes, or even shopping in the town, would sometimes take it into her head to flare up into splendour, and throw every one else into the shade. And it must be confessed that the young lady who sat thus in judgment did not like being in the shade, and felt more discomposed than she would have allowed to anybody, at finding herself there.

Her own costume was so nice, so very nice: she had herself tacked in new frilling in the neck and sleeves—her best frilling too, out of a not over-abundant supply—and it had gone to her heart to reflect how it would get crushed and soiled by her heavy fur cloak in the drive to and from the Hall; but she had felt that the occasion was sufficient. She had meant to look well, and not to grudge a little trouble, or even her favourite ruffles; she had rubbed bright her large gold locket and chain, and put it on over the lace; and then there had been a pair of neat little bronze slippers, and mittens, and a brown fan, with a brown ribbon run through the handle to match the slippers. And a clean handkerchief, fine and soft, but not her best Honiton one, which would have been over smart, had been found for the pocket, and a pretty white scarf had been remembered for the head, and nothing had been forgotten, not even the parting directions to nurse, nor the kiss to baby, before she left Endhill.

Nobody had ever crossed the threshold there with a more complacent step; no one had ever entered the entrance-hall at Overton with a fuller sense of inward assurance.

And in half an hour all was altered, for in half an hour Lotta had had time to look about her, to

take notes and to adjust her ideas, and the result was that she felt oppressed and crestfallen.

Lady Matilda had no fan, no gloves, no bracelets, probably no handkerchief,—but her bare white arms, fringed with the glittering black, would have been insulted by a covering, and made the very idea of mittens loathsome; while the shape of her beautiful head, and the thickness of her hair, turned Lotta's little matronly cap into a superfluous and ridiculous appendage. Lotta, in short, looked as though she had not dressed—what ladies call “dressed”—at all.

“My dear, you might have made more of yourself,” Lady Matilda could not forbear murmuring aside, as the two sat on a sofa together before dinner. “You have evening gowns,” continued she, reproachfully. And then some one had spoken, and there had been no chance of explaining the why and wherefore the evening gowns referred to had not been considered suitable, and altogether it was hard on Lotta.

But her vexation was slight compared with Robert's when the move to the dining-room took place, and he beheld, as we have said, his much too lovely, much too enchanting mother-in-law led forward to her seat by Whewell. He almost hated the agreeable barrister, and scarcely dared to look how Challoner fared. As for that wicked Matilda—but she was irreclaimable.

There she sat, by far the finest and fairest woman present; and there was his friend, but not his chief friend, not the man who should have been where he was,—there was Whewell, cocked up on high, equal to anything, delighted with everything, turning his head this way and that way, by Matilda's side. And there was Challoner—even Challoner could increase the

dudgeon of the moment; for the injured, ill-treated, degraded Challoner, was eating his soup with an air of unconcern, which showed too plainly that whether he had even understood his ignominy or not was doubtful.

Further, however, than that his manner bespoke ease and enjoyment, Whewell gave no just cause for offence; he did not abuse the prosperity which had fallen to his lot; he did not attempt to keep Matilda's ear and attention for himself as he had done, and so successfully done, at Endhill; he had a word, an inquiry, or remark for all about him, took part in divers conversations, told capital stories, and led the laugh with such success, that no merrier meal had ever been known at Overton. Even Robert and even Lotta resumed their usual lugubrious serenity as the courses ran on. "And even Mr Challoner, the stately Challoner, smiled upon us at last," said Matilda afterwards. "He needs waking up, does that poor Challoner. I was quite relieved to see him look more cheerful and less lackadaisical, as he and Juliet advanced in intimacy. Juliet, my dear, that must have been your doing," putting her arm round Juliet's waist as she spoke. "To you must be the credit of thawing the ice upon the Challonerean brow. And it is worth thawing, I believe. Do you know, girls, that he is—what is he, Lotta? for I protest," laughing, "that I do not know myself."

"He is very nice," said Lotta, warmly, "very nice indeed; though mamma does not think so," with a little prick of malice.

"Mamma does not think so, indeed! Bravo, Lotta! Now, Madam Wisacre," cried Matilda, who would always have an insinuation said out, whether the speaker liked or not—"now how, pray, do you

know that mamma does not think so?"

But on this occasion Lotta was not unwilling to be explicit. "You have never taken the slightest notice of him since he came," she said. "You have never taken the trouble to speak to him, and you would not have him in to dinner."

"So that is the accusation. Now, hear me. I did far better than have him in to dinner myself; I gave him Juliet."

All were silent.

"I gave him Juliet," repeated Lady Matilda, slowly; "and I think that every young man would allow that he had the best of it in such an assortment. You are too polite, much too polite, to say so to me, young ladies; but you know as well as I do in your hearts that, whatever Mr Challoner's proclivities may be, a young man——"

"He is not so young at all," observed Lotta.

"Any man at all then, or at any rate, the average man of the day, prefers a young and blushing mademoiselle to an old and unblushing—grandmother."

"Oh, Lady Matilda!" They all laughed.

"Grandmother! It is really too absurd," said the eldest Miss Appleby. "When we heard about baby, you know, Lotta, the first thing we all said was, 'Think of Lady Matilda a grandmother!' and we laughed so—you can't think how we laughed."

"Lotta thinks there was nothing to laugh at," said Lotta's mother, looking at her with a smile; "and it was very shocking of you, girls, to make sport out of me and my grandson. You might as well have said, 'Think of Lotta a mother!' That was quite as funny, I suppose?" But no one looked as if they had found it so.

"Oh, Lotta seemed quite the

right person to have a nursery full," said Marion, candidly. "Lotta always was sober, you know; she—oh, Lady Matilda, you should have heard what papa said!" cried the poor girl, leaving Lotta's unencouraging face to right itself. "Papa said—he is *such* an admirer of yours—and when we told him, he said that you were the handsomest and youngest woman in the county: youngest—you remember, Juliet, how he defined it? that it wasn't years and that sort of thing that made people old; and he said that if Lady Matilda had a score of grandchildren, it would make not an atom of difference."

"Thank you, my dear. Next time I see your father, I shall say aloud in his hearing that he is the dearest and most discerning old gentleman in the county; and that if there were a score of women he admired more than me, it would make not an atom of difference."

"Now, Juliet," pursued she, when all, Lotta excepted, had done justice to the repartee,—"now, Juliet, for Mr Challoner once more. Mr Challoner once more to the front, please. What is he like? What is his line? What is there in him?"

But this was too much. "I should think," said Mrs Lotta, with a toss of her head, cap and all,—“I should really imagine—at least any one would imagine—that I might be the one to know most about Mr Challoner, as he is now actually staying in our house, and he is Robert's own friend; while Juliet has only spoken to him—has only *seen* him within the last half-hour!"

"Two hours at least, my dear: don't be inaccurate because you are cross. And I will tell you why I don't ask you for information,—simply because I am not likely to get it."

"Why not likely? You have never asked. I will give it you in a moment."

"You would, my dear, I know; and I know what the value of it would be, and it would be——" and Lady Matilda made a little snap of her fingers that was hardly dignified, but was very charming. "These things are not in your way, Lotta. You were never any hand with men," which was unfair, all things considered.

"But then, she never would have been," said Lady Matilda to herself; "she has not the way with them, and never would have."

"Now, Juliet is like me—she has perception," continued she, aloud. "Juliet is a bit of scamp herself, and so I can depend on her to tell me whether she has found one in Mr Challoner or not."

"Oh, Lady Matilda!"

"Well, child, I am not blaming you—far from it; I appreciate the gift. Come, out with it, for good or for evil, for better for worse. Give us your experience, your valuable experience; Mr Challoner is——?"

"To tell you the truth, then, Lady Matilda, I would gladly have exchanged companions with you."

"You would, you monkey? I believe you; from my heart I do. What!—he was not responsive, was he not, Juliet? Now, Lotta, be quiet. I see the man is a man of lead."

"He is not *at all*: not in the *very least*."

"Oh yes, he is: Juliet says it, and Juliet must know."

"But I did not say it, Lady Matilda," protested Juliet; "I only said, and that when you asked me, and *made* me say it——"

"I know, I know: never mind, Lotta, you goosey; nobody minds Lotta in this house—though she reigns supreme at Endhill, no

doubt. But here I am the only person to be in awe of, d'ye see that?" pinching her ear. "Now get on with your tale. You gave him up? Did you give him up? Did you find him past endurance? Lotta, go away; go and talk with Marion over there: don't listen to us,—that's right! Now, Juliet?"

"I must say he was rather difficult to get on with, Lady Matilda."

"Difficult! How difficult? What shape and form did the 'difficult' take?"

"He never originated an idea, to begin with. And then he was so—don't you know?—absent. He did not seem to take any notice—I mean he had no interest; all he cared to talk about was the shooting, and I know nothing about shooting—how should I?" said poor Juliet, plaintively. "I tried him on all sorts of other things, indeed I did. I told him all about the neighbourhood, and the people, and—and everything I could think of; and then, when I had said all I could think of, and had racked my brains to make the most of a thing, he would just answer me, and let it drop. I had to do it all over again with something else, you know. It wasn't encouraging, was it?"

"Bad, bad,—very bad. Just what I had expected, however. I must say I object to have my pet subjects 'let drop,' myself; and you certainly had a hard time of it, Judy."

"The worst of it was, he was always looking at you." Incautious girl, the words escaped her ere she knew, and Matilda heard them, and stopped short, although she had drawn her breath, and opened her lips to speak again.

She stopped short in her surprise.

"Looking at me!" she said, at last.

"He was, indeed. He was always looking your way, at least,

and listening to what you and Mr Whewell were saying. I suppose he must have found your conversation more amusing than mine, and no doubt it was," owned poor Juliet in her mortification. "Mr Whewell is amusing, is he not?"

"Oh, very."

"And pleasant? And—and——"

"Everything."

Miss Appleby sighed.

"Come, I have a spark of generosity in my nature," said Lady Matilda, suddenly, "and my Juliet shall profit by it. You have told me all that was in your heart, Judy, you have hidden nothing of your discomfiture and—disgust. Never mind, never mind——" as Juliet protested. "It is too late to draw back now, much too late; and you have done so well, it would be a pity to spoil the effect. I see the scene. I see the dauntless Juliet plodding on, and the ungrateful Challoner lifting his eyes to higher spheres. (That's me)—in parenthesis.) "I am the higher sphere, my love, and it is not to be wondered at if a man of forty—he looks about forty, I should say—if he did prefer—I mean, if he would have preferred my society to that of a little lass of eighteen. Had he been twenty years younger, Juliet—oh, Juliet, you have it all before you. Juliet, Juliet, you need not envy me my poor autumnal triumph. Every year you will change your style of admirer, my dear; at present you have one kind, in another year you will have another kind—it is so long ago with me that I forget the exact ages, but they keep marching on as you march—until at my years none are left to you but a scattered remnant, here and there a susceptible widower, or a man who has lost his first love, or a foreign diplomatist who wants an English wife to head his table, or——"



"Oh, Lady Matilda, how can you say so? You know very well——"

"Very well all that you can say, child," with unaffected disdain. "Oh yes, I know all about it; trust me. But, Juliet, what I meant to say was this. You envy me Mr Whewell, my dear delightful Mr Whewell, and herewith I make a present of him to you. Now this is how the deed of gift shall be drawn out. He sings; well, I love music, but I fear I do not greatly care for musical people, more especially when the fit is on. Fact is, I hate 'em. So Mr

Whewell shall not have the felicity of being accompanied by me in 'Darby and Joan,' or 'In the gloamin', oh, my da-ärlin'," mimicking, "those two abominations which are no doubt the flower of his *ré-pertoire*; he shall not be permitted to shine in them, but he shall hum his bass to Juliet's sweetest treble, while I, even I—hearken, O Lotta, hearken, O Marion,—I will immolate myself on the altar of——"

The door opened, and she was prevented saying Challoner's name by the entrance of Challoner himself.

#### CHAPTER IX.—ROBERT HAS CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

"You always do too little, or too much."

—COWPER.

There was nothing in the faces of any of the ladies to indicate that they had been interrupted in their conversation. Lady Matilda, even while turning round courteously to include the new-comers in the conversation, continued to address the youngest Miss Appleby—altering her topic but not her tone,—while the elder sister and Mrs Hanwell resumed the thread of a confidence that had been suspended for a moment by the last remark.

"You see," said Lotta, earnestly, "I could have overlooked it if it had been the first time, and if I could have put any faith, any real faith, in the woman's professions. But if once a servant has been untrustworthy, you don't know how to believe her again."

"Yes, indeed," replied her companion, endeavouring to look as attentive as before; "yes, indeed. I know that is what mamma always says, and——"

——"I could never have let her out of the house with any comfort, could I? And if there had been a message to be taken—and we so

often have to have messages—at least errands to be run—down to the village, you know, to the post, or forthings that cook wants—cooks always want things when there is no one handy to go for them——"

("I hear Lotta and her cooks," murmured Lady Matilda, aside to Teddy.)

"——If we had wanted to send anywhere, it would always have been 'Who was to go?'" proceeded the unconscious narrator. "Now Sarah has always seemed willing, and so I always let her; and it was only the other day—though I must own I had my suspicions before—but it was only the day before yesterday, something was wanted for yesterday's dinner, something that cook had to make ready the day before, for we had these gentlemen coming," (lower), "and so, of course, cook was anxious to do her best, and she asked if Sarah might run up the road for her."

——"Don't you find the fire rather hot, dear?"

"No, thank you, never mind."

Lotta's tongue was not to be stopped in that way.

"Well, Marion, I do assure you that the girl took an hour and a half, and she had not half a mile to go! She did indeed; for I looked the clock, and it was four o'clock when she went, and half-past five when she came in. It was dark, quite dark outside, but I heard her come in and go up the back-staircase, so I called out, 'Is that Sarah?' and it was."

"Oh, that was too bad. But——"

"She had only to run up the road to Farmer Dunstable's for some cream—at least, to let them know that extra cream would be wanted next day; she had not even to wait for it, and she could not pretend that she had when I taxed her. The cream was wanted for the white soup, you know; cook does make such excellent white soup, and she is so economical over it; she never thinks of veal and chicken; she makes a bit of the neck of mutton do, with a rabbit. Of course, I let her get what cream she likes; for, after all, a shilling's worth of cream goes a long way; and Mrs Dunstable's cream is always good and thick. So when she asked if some one might be sent to the farm, I said, 'Send Sarah.' I said it at once, never thinking, never for a moment imagining, you know, that she was not to be trusted. Robert would have sent the groom, but he had hurt his foot; and as Sarah has nothing much to do about four o'clock—she never has—I suggested her myself. She brought in my cup of tea first—Robert does not take tea—and I remember that I thought it rather strange Sarah's bringing it in so early, for I don't usually have it till five, or nearly five,—and she excused herself by saying that she thought I looked tired, and would be glad of

my tea. It was that I might not find out how long she stayed, you know."

"Dear!" said Miss Appleby, properly shocked. Resistance was of no avail; the grievance, she saw, must be heard out.

"I could hardly believe it, Marion, and, of course, I have felt it dreadfully. Nurse—I mean Mrs Burrble, not Hannah—nurse did give me a sort of hint a week ago, at least she says now that she meant it for a hint,—by the way, Mrs Burrble can stay on with us another week, Marion—is not that nice? I was so anxious that Hannah should have her in the house for a little after Hannah had begun to take baby in hand; and Robert has been so good, he says under the circumstances I am quite right, and he does not mind the expense at all. Of course she is expensive, but she is such a nice woman, and I can talk to her about all sorts of things. I told her about Sarah at once, and then she reminded me that she had given me that hint. She had said, 'Are you keeping on Sarah, ma'am?' And she tells me now that she had meant me to notice it, and to ask why she inquired. But it never occurred to me. Now, would it to you?"

"Not for a moment."

"And I was not to blame, was I?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, it is a good thing now that it is off your mind," continued Miss Appleby, in a summing-up judicial tone; "and as you have given her warning——"

"Oh, but it is not off my mind at all. You see I did not take in what Mrs Burrble meant, when she asked, 'Are you keeping on Sarah?' What was I to say? Of course I *was* keeping on Sarah. So now Sarah says——"

“Young ladies, young ladies, where are your manners?” Never had human voice sounded more musical in the ears of the unfortunate Marion Appleby than Lady Matilda’s did now. “Fie, both of you! usurping one another in this way,” continued the hostess, with the most delightful reproach. “Fie! get up; split into two, instantly. I really wondered how long this was going on,” she proceeded, looking from one to the other as they stood up at her command, “and at last I saw something must be done. Look over there.”

Over there accordingly the culprits looked, and indeed what they beheld justified Matilda’s complaint. Lord Overton, Mr Challoner, Robert, and Teddy were all silently drinking coffee, having apparently exhausted every single thing they had to say to each other before they left the dining-room. Whewell was more lucky, but still only relatively lucky: he had the resource of the china ornaments on the mantelpiece and Juliet Appleby; but even he was less lively than before, while there was no doubt that the other quartet felt themselves, if not aggrieved, at least unwanted, unneeded, superfluous.

As soon, however, as it was seen that the ladies were no longer too deeply engaged for intrusion, they were approached on all sides,—the two Overtons, elder and younger, with one accord addressing the ever-pliant accommodating Marion Appleby, who was always ready to listen, and never had much to say; while Mr Challoner, apparently impelled by a sense of duty, made an opening observation to Mrs Hanwell, and Matilda herself was left to her son-in-law.

Well, she could not help it; she had meant, had certainly meant, to take that opportunity for making amends to Challoner, and she would

undoubtedly have preferred him, even him, to Robert; but he had begun with Lotta, and so there was an end of it. No one could say it was her fault. Still it was the hour for sacrifice, so if balked in one direction she would strike out in another; she would make the best of the bad bargain the fates had given her for the nonce; and accordingly—

“I am having new covers in my boudoir, Robert.”

“Indeed? Are the old ones worn out, then?”

“Worn to rags. But I daresay I should have had them still, if Teddy had not let fall a bottle of ink, and it went all over the sofa, cushions and all, last week. Perhaps on the whole it was the best thing he could have done.”

“You are a philosopher, Lady Matilda.” The effects of a good dinner and a pleasant after-dinner were not without their effect on Mr Hanwell; he found Lady Matilda more sensible than usual. “And what are the new covers like?” he inquired with interest.

“Really not very unlike the old ones. You may not discover any difference; I should not be surprised if they never catch your eye at all, unless you remember my having told you.”

“And why did you get them so much alike? For the sake of the rest of the furniture, I suppose? It is really an important matter when you begin to alter furniture,”—he was a great man for furniture,—“and I suppose you had to suit your carpet and curtains? Or have you new curtains?”

“Well, yes, I have. I did not need them a bit, and I don’t know why I got them, but there they are.”

“And where did you go?”

“I had patterns down from several places, but one little man in Tottenham Court Road sent by

far the best. Two or three of them would have done. If you and Lotta are in want of any more things, I advise you to try there; I am sure he is cheap, and I have kept the address. Those girls want it too," looking at the Miss Applebys.

"Are they furnishing, then?"

"They are talking of doing up their drawing-room. Between ourselves, I doubt the result; four or five people all suggesting, and scheming, and plotting, and planning—to say nothing of quarrelling and sulking over it—is too much. They will come to grief sooner or later, you may depend upon it, and already there are rumours of dissen- sion afloat. I fancy 'papa' does not see any reason for doing it at all; papas never do, you know."

"Exactly: they never do. My father was most unwilling to make any changes at the old house, I remember," observed Robert, sitting slowly and heavily down on a low chair beside her," (oh, heavens, this was more than she had bargained for!) "and it was some time before we could get the old gentleman to acknowledge that there was anything of the kind needed. One of the floors was actually giving way; and when the library carpet was taken up," continued he, stretching out his legs comfortably in front—"when the old green carpet was up that had been down for thirty years, I believe you could see daylight through it! Oh, there were holes in a number of the carpets."

"They were not visible holes, then," replied Lady Matilda, graciously; "invisible to me, at any rate. I saw nothing but what was the picture of comfort and—and" (again that word 'respectable' in her mind, and again it would not do)—"and everything. But with such good rooms," proceeded the speaker, hastily—"with such first-

rate rooms as they have at your father's, it is easy to make them look well. I was never in a better planned house in my life."

"Well, really" (he hardly knew what to do under such amiable treatment), "really, you—ah—you are very kind to say so. And it is tolerable in its way; not like this, of course, not to be compared to Overton; but it is certainly a good old-fashioned building, dry and wholesome. And when are you thinking of going over again, Lady Matilda? They will be most happy, you know. We propose taking baby the end of next week, and stopping over Sunday—Lotta perhaps longer; certainly they will try to keep her longer,—she is a great favourite with them all, and I may leave her for a week or so if she wishes it. I must come back myself. We begin our new stables on Monday week, and I must be on the spot while it is being done. Besides the chance of blunders, I always make a point of being at home when the workmen are about. You never know what they may be up to. And then we have at present no very good place for keeping our silver. How do you do about your silver here? Have you a safe?"

"Yes—no. At least I don't know,—I suppose so. I never thought about it." She was not quite sure that she knew what a safe was, but had discretion enough to keep her ignorance to herself.

"Well, I have almost made up my mind to have one," proceeded Robert, "and I will tell you where I mean to place it. I have my own ideas on the subject. There is a little cupboard that opens out of the hall, pretty far back, underneath the staircase, just beyond where the coat-stand is——"

"I know—I know." Her tone meant, "Stop that, at any rate,"

but happily he was insensible to it.

"You know? Well, that little cupboard is pretty well hidden, and it goes pretty far back. A safe could be fitted in at the back, and made fast either to the wall behind, or to the floor—either would do. I am not sure which would be best. Which should you say?"

"I should consult the man who comes to put it up."

"Oh, I never do that,"—he shook his head emphatically. "No, no, Lady Matilda, I know better than to do that. I have my own ideas about things, and I generally find they are correct. I do not want to boast, but really I have hardly ever—I may almost say never—had to repent when I have taken a thing into my own hands."

She sighed, but she had to endure: for fully half an hour did he run thus smoothly on; and as every one else either was, or was obliged to appear to be, equally agreeably engaged, she had no pretext for rising, and no hope of deliverance.

At length, however, came a break. One voice dropped off after another, more than one eye was directed to her, and she could with all propriety herself respond to the general mute appeal for a change of scene.

"We were to have some music?" suggested Whewell, approaching. "May we hope, Lady Matilda——"

She rose smiling.

"Let him sing alone," said Robert in a low voice. "He can; and he can play for himself too." Whewell had gone to open the instrument. "I think," continued Robert, with what was for him a great effort of moderation,—"I think, perhaps, Lady Matilda, you have not noticed that Challoner—ah—I fancy he would like if you would speak to him a little. And I think you would be pleased with him,—I really do. Quite so,—I mean if you

have the opportunity," in reply to a hesitating glance towards the piano. "I understand: it will do by-and-by—quite well, by-and-by."

Well, she would, by-and-by. Robert had a show of reason on his side; and however dull and uninteresting his friend might be, it was true that, for her own sake, she ought not to be rude to any one. And then Juliet had said that Challoner had been looking at her. Certainly she would do something, if it were ever so little, for him—by-and-by.

But, alas! by-and-by was long in coming. One song succeeded another, and Whewell found each more charming than the last. He did not sing with her, having found out, with his native quickness of perception, that she would prefer going her own way unmolested, and that the few notes he threw in once or twice had only resulted in confusion; he had put her out, and a thousand apologies could not put her in again. He promised in future to abstain; but to sing with him for an auditor, for an enthusiastic demonstrative auditor, was pleasant enough—so pleasant, indeed, that time drew on, and there was no appearance of an end to it.

It was not that Challoner was forgotten,—it was that she could not be troubled with him. And, after all, why should she be? She thought—as soon as the effect of Robert's leniency had worn off a little—she thought Mr Challoner did well enough without notice. It appeared to be all one to him where he was, or what he was doing; and looking at him, as he and Overton sat together at the far end of the room, with evidently quite a fellow-feeling of comfort and repose in obscurity, she vowed it would be a pity, altogether a pity, to unsettle the minds of either.

Now Whewell was different:

Whewell could not be happy unless he were in the front of everything: whatever was the order of the day, he must have a part in it, and could perform that part well; and such being the case, it was a pleasure to do anything for him. But if a man has no discernment, sees no difference, and would as soon be at the bottom as at the top—why, leave him at the bottom.

At length, however, Whewell had implored, and praised, and thanked, and flattered, until it seemed as though nothing else were left to be said or looked. It grew late. "I believe I ought to see after people," said Matilda, rising. "Juliet, take my place; and you, who accompany so much better than I do, play this for Mr Whewell."

Thus she was free, and now surely was Challoner's time come? But no. Unfortunately no one but Matilda herself knew what Matilda meant to do, and two at least of the party were ill enough pleased with what she had already done. Neither of these was Lord Overton—he was happy enough: he thought the evening had gone off well—better than he had expected; and that as every one was doing as he or she liked best, all was right. Whewell he considered was a noisy fellow, but noisy fellows were of use sometimes, and it was lively to hear the piano going. For himself, he liked Challoner better, infinitely better; but Challoner could not help things off as Whewell did; and any way the dull dinner-party would soon be over, and he hoped Matilda would not soon think it necessary to give another. Here was Matilda coming; and had Matilda come, had she got his length and accosted him, she would have been received with his usual smile. But an angry voice stopped her midway.

"You have come at last," said Teddy, in her ear. "And time you did, I should say. You and Juliet have behaved nicely to the rest of us,"—for Juliet had not shown that sense of desolation which he had expected on seeing him turned into her sister's cavalier for the evening. "She is going on with that ape, Whewell, with a vengeance. And so were you. And you treat that other one, as nice a fellow as ever lived, as if he were a dog."

"I do nothing of the kind: I don't know what you mean."

"He has sat in that chair ever since we came in from dinner, and nobody has gone near him but Lotta."

"Overton is sitting by him now."

"What's Overton? I don't believe he has said ten words since he came in. And Juliet too. Tell you what, Robert says——"

"What do I care for Robert? Let him say anything."

"He is as savage with you as ever he can be."

"Savage! How absurd you are!" cried Matilda, but still under her breath, though with a movement of the shoulder which carried its own emphasis. "Let Robert mind his own business. It is not for him to dictate to me; I can judge for myself, I should hope." And not a syllable would she speak to Challoner after that.

"The carriage is here," said Lotta at last. "Good-bye, mamma; we must not stop a minute, as it is raining. My cloak is down-stairs, thank you. It is in the library." And the next thing was the cold touch of a limp and indignant hand, as Robert, no longer under the influence of dinner and claret, followed his wife out into the hall.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

A FEW words must be premised to this notice. For many reasons, it makes no pretence to the coldness of criticism. In all cases, an autobiography, left as a legacy to the public by one of their favourite writers, appeals strongly to our kindlier sympathies—especially a record so transparently honest as this. If any present reader knew nothing of Anthony Trollope except through his books, let him take these pages on trust, as from those who knew him well, and believe that we speak here only “that which we do know.” To any who have known and loved him, they will not appear too partial. If they meet the eyes of any who knew him and loved him not, let him pass on at once to some other article,—he will assuredly find little here with which he can sympathise.

The record before us was finally closed by its author more than seven years before his death. Why he chose to cut his own written life short, and consider it, as would appear, rounded and completed at that particular date, we have no kind of intimation given us in the volumes themselves, or in the few pages of preface added by his son. Possibly the solution is to be found in some words in one of the earlier chapters. After speaking of his youthful days as having been anything but happy, he goes on to say:—

“Since that time, who has had a happier life than mine? Looking round upon all those I know, I cannot put my hand upon one. But all is rot over yet. And, mindful of that,—remembering how great is the agony of adversity, how crushing the

despondency of degradation, how susceptible I am myself to the misery coming from contempt,—remembering always how quickly good things may go, and evil things come,—I am often tempted to hope that the end may be near.”

Let the motive have been what it may, it was evidently with determinate purpose to write no more about himself that he penned his closing sentence:—

“And now I stretch out my hand, and from the further shore I bid adieu to all who have cared to read any among the many words that I have written.”

His purpose was not, he distinctly tells us, to give any kind of record of his “inner life”: “no man ever did so truly, and no man ever will.” He wishes it to be considered the biography of the author, rather than of the man:—

“It will not be so much my intention to speak of the little details of my private life as of what I, and perhaps others round me, have done in literature; of my failures and successes such as they have been, and their causes; and of the opening which a literary career offers to men and women for the earning of their bread.”

Many readers may regret that he has not told us something more about himself, even at the cost of having to condense some of his dissertations upon literary questions—*as, for instance, in the matter of copyright; but we must take these charming volumes as he has given them.*

His boyhood was, he tells us, “as unhappy as that of a young gentleman could well be.” It was made so by unfortunate family circumstances. He was sent first to Har-

row, then to a private school, then to Winchester, and then to Harrow again; but at all these places his life was made miserable by the impossibility of associating on equal terms with other boys. He attributes this in some degree, with a pathetic honesty, to "an utter want of juvenile manhood" on his own part. But how could a boy be other than cowed and dispirited, who had to trudge three miles and back, through mud or dust as it might be, twice a-day, to such a school as Harrow,—who never had a shilling in his pocket, or a decent suit of clothes on his back? Boys are notoriously cruel to one another in such cases, and were even more so fifty years ago than they are now: the "poor scholar" at a public school must be endowed with some exceptional vigour of character, or transcendent intellectual abilities, to hold his own in the battle of school life. But he suffered not only from the boys—that age, as La Fontaine acutely remarked, has no feeling of pity—even the masters, to their great discredit, added their taunts to the persecution. Dr Butler stopped him one day to ask whether it were possible that "such a disreputably dirty little boy" could belong to the school? The Harrow school-tutor, who in consideration of his father's circumstances had consented to take the boy without the usual fee, compensated himself by proclaiming that fact in the pupil-room. Mr Trollope, the father, was a man little fitted for the responsibilities of a parent. The character which his son gives of him does not err, we may be sure, on the side of harsh judgment:—

"He was a man finely educated, of great parts, with immense capacity for work, physically strong—very much beyond the average of men, addicted to no vices, carried off by

no pleasures, affectionate by nature, most anxious for the welfare of his children, born to fair fortunes,—who, when he started in the world, may be said to have had everything at his feet. But everything went wrong with him. The touch of his hand seemed to create failure. He embarked in one hopeless enterprise after another, spending on each all the money he could at the time command. But the worst curse to him was a temper so irritable that even those whom he loved the best could not endure it. We were all estranged from him, and yet I believe that he would have given his heart's blood for any of us. His life as I knew it was one long tragedy."

He was a Chancery barrister, considered by those who knew him best as "an excellent and most conscientious lawyer," and practising in chambers in Lincoln's Inn, until his bad temper drove the lawyers from him. His prospects at the time of Anthony's birth appeared to justify his taking a farm on lease at Harrow, and building himself a country house there. This investment was fated to be "the grave of all his hopes, ambition, and prosperity." He had been a Wykehamist and fellow of New College, and for Winchester and New College young Anthony and his two elder brothers, Thomas-Adolphus and Henry, were eventually intended. But meanwhile the father determined to take advantage of the almost gratuitous education offered at Harrow to the sons of residents; and to Harrow the three brothers were sent as day-boys, in succession, at the early age of seven. The two elder, their brother thinks, might perhaps have made out some kind of tolerable existence there, because during their school-days the father was still living in a good house and with fair means; but things were going badly with him at the time when the little Anthony was sent



to school. He had by that time been compelled to let both his house in London and that which he had built at Harrow, and degrade into a farmhouse belonging to the land—a house that “had been gradually added to and ornamented till it was commodious, irregular, picturesque, and straggling.” This was the “Orley Farm,” so described in the novel, and sketched on the spot by Millais for the frontispiece of the original edition.

Anthony was taken away from Harrow at the expiration of three years—being then the last boy in the school, as he was when he entered it. On the details of his school life, its humiliations and its misery,—whether at Harrow, at Mr Drury’s at Sunbury, or at Winchester—for the same *res angusta domi* cramped and depressed his joyless boyhood wherever he went, and made him almost an outcast amongst his more fortunate schoolfellows,—on all this we do not care to dwell. We could even wish that the tale had not been told to the public ear. Yet the feeling which dictated it is intelligible enough. The writer was delivering his soul. “It was fifty years ago,” he says, speaking of one act of injustice from a master, “and it burns me now as if it were yesterday.” There was also, no doubt, a justifiable self-appreciation in recording this contrast between his early and his later life; how, in his particular case, the boy could hardly be said to have been the father of the man; how, through all these depressing circumstances, with faculties and feelings cramped and chilled instead of expanded by a public-school life, he had worked his way by sheer energy to literary fame and social position.

At the age of twelve—having spent the last two years at a

private school—he followed his two brothers to Winchester; his father, apparently, commanding sufficient Wykehamist influence to get them all three upon the foundation. His eldest brother was his boy-tutor there—his teacher, patron, and mentor—an arrangement peculiar to Winchester, dating from very early times, and having, as old Wykehamists will remember, its advantages and its abuses. The elder brother “had studied the theories of Draco,” and discharged his tutorial duties mainly by thrashing his junior soundly every day. In addition to this fraternal discipline, he received more than his share of attention from the Winchester executive of that day.

“I feel convinced in my mind that I have been flogged oftener than any human being alive. It was just possible to obtain five scourgings in one day at Winchester, and I have often boasted that I obtained them all. Looking back half a century, I am not quite sure whether the boast is true; but if I did not, nobody ever did.”

While he was at Winchester, his father’s affairs were going from bad to worse. He had given up his chamber practice in London—or rather it had given him up—and taken another farm; “the last step,” says the son, “to his final ruin.” Then his mother, an energetic jovial woman, but with a strong taste for reading, took the decided step of making a personal journey to America, in the hope of doing something there to retrieve the family fortunes. She was destined to do so, though not in the way that she proposed. Her immediate object seems to have been to set up some kind of store for small English wares, of which the second son, Henry (who, with two sisters, accompanied her), was eventually to take the management. She built a bazaar for that

purpose in the town of Cincinnati—which Anthony found yet standing when he visited the country thirty years afterwards. The father followed, but soon came back again; and the speculation, like other family ventures, seems to have failed entirely, involving a pecuniary loss which could be very ill afforded.

Mr Trollope senior, leaving his wife in America, took up his residence on his return no longer at "Orley Farm," but in "a wretched tumbledown house" on another farm which he had taken at Harrow Weald. In that house young Anthony, now fifteen years old, lived for some time alone with his father; for his brother Thomas had gone to Oxford. He himself was at once removed from Winchester, and sent a second time as a day-boy to Harrow: and it was from that house, three miles from the school, but still within the parish, that he had to trudge twice daily to and fro, wet or dry,—known to all the young aristocrats of Harrow "a hundred yards off by his boots and trousers." His home life at this time was not much better than his purgatory at school. Of the gloom of that farmhouse he protests he can give no adequate description. His father was not actually unkind; and he was honestly anxious to give his boys the best education his circumstances would allow. He had made little Anthony, when quite a child, sit beside him while he shaved at six o'clock in the morning, to repeat his Latin grammar, with his small head conveniently inclined towards the paternal hand, so that when the child made a mistake he might be able to "pull his hair without stopping his razor." And now, when the boy was fifteen, he would insist on his sitting for some time every day, when not in school, with a *Lexicon* and *Gradus* before him, to pre-

pare his lessons. The father could not now afford time to teach him personally; for all the hours he could spare from farming and gardening—in which he tried without success to get his son to help him—were devoted to a great work which he had been for some time preparing, reminding one forcibly of that "Key to all Mythologies" which poor Mr Casaubon worked at with such vague and hopeless industry. Mr Trollope called his work an 'Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica'; and in spite of agonising headaches which sometimes confined him to his bed for days, in spite of the difficulties of access to any library of reference, he laboured at it indefatigably almost to the day of his death. Three numbers were actually published—by subscription—probably with small pecuniary result.

But with the return of the mother from America in 1831 there came a gleam of prosperity. The store at Cincinnati had lamentably failed; but it had occurred to her active mind to employ the three years of her sojourn in the States in writing a book, which was to meet with a fate very different from that of the unhappy *Cyclopædia*. We can remember, though in the far-off years (for 'Maga's' memory goes back a long way), when the three volumes of 'The Domestic Manners of the Americans' flashed upon the readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and were received with a somewhat malicious amusement on the one side, and indignant protests on the other. We are not called upon here to criticise that very amusing book; but the son's estimate of it may be quoted as perfectly fair:—

"No observer was certainly ever less qualified to judge of the prospects or even of the happiness of a young people. No one could have been worse adapted by nature for the task

of learning whether a nation was in a way to thrive. Whatever she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standing-point. If a thing were ugly to her eyes, it ought to be ugly to all eyes,—and if ugly, it must be bad. What though people had plenty to eat and clothes to wear, if they put their feet upon the tables, and did not reverence their betters? The Americans were to her rough, uncouth, and vulgar—and she told them so. Her volumes were very bitter; but they were very clever, and they saved the family from ruin.”

Mrs Trollope received for these volumes, from her publishers, £800 in the course of a few months: she was now fifty years old, and had never before earned a shilling; but from this time forth, for more than twenty years, she was in the receipt of a considerable income from her writings. None of them rivalled in popularity her first American book; but her novels—notably the ‘Widow Barnaby’—if not very refined, were clever and readable. With these her first earnings she refurnished “Orley Farm,” and for the next two years the family lived there in moderate comfort.

Then came a financial crash, which must have been for some time impending, and which this new literary income was insufficient to prevent. An execution was put into the house, and the father fled to Ostend. The rest of the family were sheltered for a time by a most hospitable neighbour, Colonel Grant; and subsequently the ruined household found themselves reunited in a house—again furnished out of the brave mother’s earnings—in a suburb of Bruges. Anthony was then just nineteen, and would have left Harrow in any case. He was then seventh monitor—a position which he had reached by “gravitation upwards”; for during the twelve years of his school life he “does not remember

that he ever knew a lesson.” He had twice tried for a sizarship at Cambridge, and once for a scholarship at Oxford: it is not surprising to read that he failed. He claims as “the solitary glory of his school-days” the fact that he had on we risen against one of his schen, tyrants, and, in a great figlves thrashed him so thoroughly thne “he had to be taken home to uncured.” Perhaps in his secret heart he cherished also that other distinction—of having taken more floggings than any other known boy at Winchester.

They were six in family in their new residence at Bruges, and three of them were hopeless invalids. Henry, the second son, had been obliged to leave Cambridge, and was slowly dying of consumption: Emily, the younger daughter, soon betrayed symptoms of the same disease: the father was ill and broken-hearted, though he still worked at his Cyclopædia whenever he could sit to his writing-table. And in the midst of all this family sorrow, acting herself as head nurse (for they had only two Belgian maid-servants), the brave mother wrote on at the novels which were to supply the means of existence. Like her son in after-years, she began to write very early in the morning—sometimes as early as four o’clock—and had finished her day’s work before many people had begun theirs. “I have written many novels,” says he who now tells the tale, “under many circumstances; but I doubt whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son.” Happily, he was spared any such bitter trial; but we can see from what source he drew his own indomitable power of work, as well as his affectionate nature. Mrs Trollope was to go on writing, though latterly under happier cir-

cumstances, until her seventy-sixth year, by which time she had produced not less than 114 volumes of one kind or another, though she had begun so late in life. Whatever may be the value of her work, let it cordially endorse the testimony of her son—"An unselfish, affectionate, and most industrious woman." After the deaths of her husband and her son Henry she removed to England, and finally to Florence, where she died in her eighty-third year.

Anthony was now offered through some friend a commission in the Austrian cavalry. It was necessary that he should know something of French and German; and with this view he took an ushership in a school at Brussels, kept by William Drury, previously a master at Harrow. When he had been there six weeks, there came another offer, through a daughter-in-law of the well-known Sir Francis Freeling, of a clerkship in the Post Office, of which Sir Francis was then the head. On his way to London to undergo his preliminary examination, he passed through Bruges, and there saw his father and brother for the last time.

How young candidates for the civil service were examined in those days—or at least how he was examined—is accurately recorded, he tells us, in the examination of Charley Tudor for "The Internal Navigation Office," in the second chapter of 'The Three Clerks.' It was really no examination at all. In point of fact, he thinks there was "no subject on which he could have gone through an examination otherwise than disgracefully." There has been a great change since then, as we all know, and as Mr Trollope admits, "in some respects a great improvement." But the judgment which he records, in all the calmness of retrospective thought, on what

he calls "the dangerous optimism of competitive choice," is well worth noting, especially as coming from one whose political views were nothing if not liberal, and who would have been the last man to defend a system on the mere ground of its having suited our forefathers.

"I object to this system, that at present there exists no known mode of learning who is best, and that the method employed has no tendency to elicit the best. That method pretends only to decide who among a certain number of lads will best answer a string of questions, for the answering of which they are prepared by tutors, who have sprung up for the purpose since this fashion of election has been adopted.

"As what I now write will certainly never be read till I am dead, I may dare to say what no one now does dare to say in print,—though some of us whisper it occasionally into our friends' ears. There are places in life which can hardly be well filled except by 'Gentlemen.' The word is one the use of which almost subjects one to ignominy. If I say that a judge should be a gentleman, or a bishop, I am met with a scornful allusion to 'Nature's gentlemen.' Were I to make such an assertion with reference to the House of Commons, nothing that I ever said again would receive the slightest attention. . . . It may be that the son of the butcher of the village shall become as well fitted for employment requiring gentle culture as the son of the parson. Such is often the case. When such is the case, no one has been more prone to give the butcher's son all the welcome he has merited than I myself; but the chances are greatly in favour of the parson's son. The gates of the one class should be open to the other; but neither to the one class nor to the other can good be done by declaring that there are no gates, no barrier, no difference."

But though the young post-office clerk could at that time spell but indifferently and wrote a villainous hand, he was by no means illiterate. He could have given a

pretty fair list of the poets, and perhaps of the historians, of all countries, with their subjects and the periods at which they wrote. He had read and could talk about Shakespeare and Milton, and Byron and Scott. He had made up his mind that 'Pride and Prejudice' was the best English novel,—“a palm which he only partially withdrew after a second reading of 'Ivanhoe,' and did not completely bestow elsewhere until 'Esmond' was written.” And, if he had a thing to say, he could even then say it in writing, so that people should know what he meant. He had indulged, too, in boyish day-dreams on which he afterwards looked back with dismay, but which he is right no doubt in supposing tended to make him what he was. His boy-life was sadly isolated, as we have seen: he was compelled to be his own play-fellow, and was always building some castle in the air.

“For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on in my mind the same tale, binding myself down to certain laws, to certain proportions, and proprieties, and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced,—nor even anything which, from outward circumstances, would seem violently improbable. I myself was of course my own hero. Such is a necessity of castle-building. But I never became a king, or a duke,—much less, when my height and personal appearance were fixed, could I be an Antinoüs of six feet high. I never was a learned man, or even a philosopher. But I was a very clever person, and beautiful young women used to be fond of me. And I strove to be kind of heart, and open of hand, and noble in thought, despising mean things: and altogether I was a much better fellow than I have ever succeeded in being since.”

That verdict on himself we take leave to traverse. He was not an

Antinoüs, not a learned man, perhaps not very much of a philosopher, in real life any more than in his dreams. He was hardly that “very clever person” he delighted to picture himself in the recesses of his mental castle, nor do we know that beautiful young women, in the flesh, showed themselves indiscreetly fond of him. One “young woman down in the country” did, he tells us, in the early days of his clerkship, take it into her head she should like to marry him,—and “a very foolish young woman,” he thinks, “she must have been.” But “to be kind of heart and noble in thought, despising mean things,”—who shall deny that in this the man fully realised the boy's aspirations?

He began his work on a salary of ninety pounds a-year,—on which he did not contrive to live without getting into debt. The first seven years of his official life were, he honestly confesses, “neither creditable to himself nor useful to the public.” He very soon gained a character,—“for irregularity.” Sir Francis Freeling was very kind to him; but under Colonel Maberly, who succeeded, he was always at war with the authorities. On one occasion it had been his duty to lay an open letter, containing bank-notes, on the Colonel's table. There the Colonel had seen it, and left it: on his return after a short absence, it was gone. It so happened that young Trollope, and only he, had occasion to return to the room in the interval. He shall tell the rest of the story:—

“When the letter was missed I was sent for, and there I found the Colonel much moved about his letter, and a certain chief clerk, who, with a long face, was making suggestions as to the probable fate of the money. ‘The letter has been taken,’ said the Colonel, turning to me angrily,

'and by G—! there has been nobody in the room but you and I.' As he spoke, he thundered his fist down upon the table. 'Then,' said I, 'by G—! you have taken it!' and I also thundered my fist down,—but, accidentally, not upon the table. There was there a standing movable desk, at which, I presume, it was the Colonel's habit to write, and on this movable desk was a large bottle full of ink. My fist unfortunately came on the desk, and the ink at once flew up, covering the Colonel's face and shirt-front. Then it was a sight to see that senior clerk, as he seized a quire of blotting-paper, and rushed to the aid of his superior officer, striving to mop up the ink; and a sight also to see the Colonel, in his agony, hit right out through the blotting-paper at that senior clerk's unoffending stomach. At that moment there came in the Colonel's private secretary, with the letter and the money, and I was desirous to go back to my own room. This was an incident not much in my favour, though I do not know that it did me any special harm."

Those who knew the man will readily understand the energy with which, at any period of his life, he would have "thundered his fist down"—or possibly into his accuser's face—upon any charge of dishonesty. But he was always in trouble. Callers inquired for him at the office who did not give the authorities there a favourable impression of his visiting-list. Now it was an obliging tailor, who held his often-renewed acceptances: now it was the mother of that "young woman in the country" who had fixed her foolish affections on him, forcing her way into the room where he sat at work amongst six or seven other clerks, with the awful appeal—"Anthony Trollope, when are you going to marry my daughter?"

At the end of seven years' service his salary had only risen to £140, and he was hopelessly in debt. He "hated the office, hat-

ed his work, and more than all hated his own idleness." He had always told himself, since leaving school, that his only attainable career in life would be to write novels; but, rather strange to say, he had as yet made no attempt. He had, however, improved his acquaintance with the best English poets, had taught himself to read French and Latin, and acquired that love for Horace which was one of the delights of his later years. He also made, or attached closer to himself, some few friends whom he ranks amongst the dearest of the many who surrounded him in later life, and whose names are sufficient evidence that the young post-office clerk had some sterling good points as well as attractive social qualities. If the "Tramp Society" be a not very dignified title for a club, it had at any rate the excuse of being "a very little one" (consisting only of three members); and we find the popular member of the Athenæum, the Cosmopolitan, and the Garrick looking back to the fun of that earlier and more select comradeship with evident regret.

There came at last an opening, which did not seem to promise much, but was, in fact, the turning-point of his life. He applied for and obtained the appointment of clerk to one of the three newly created Post-Office surveyors in Ireland. The duty of these clerks was to travel about the country, checking the accounts of the local postmasters, under the surveyors' orders. The clerks in the London office fought shy of these new appointments. They were much better in point of emolument than the London clerkships; but it was fancied that there was something derogatory in the position. To young Trollope it promised at least an escape from debt outside

the office doors and discredit within. He asked his chief for the appointment, and Colonel Maberly told him that he was only too glad to get rid of him—no doubt in polite language, but still in words to very much that effect.

He went to Ireland; his best friends "shook their heads" about it; but he found that, including allowances and liberal travelling expenses, his new appointment was worth to him £400 a-year; and from that time the cloud of loneliness, of debt, and consequent dependency, cleared off from his life. He went to his new situation with a very bad character; in fact, he says candidly, the home authorities "could hardly have given him a very good one": but his new master had the sense to tell him at starting that he meant to judge him by his performances. Within a year he had acquired the character of a thoroughly good public servant, which he thenceforth maintained, though he believes he was never thoroughly liked at headquarters. It is easy enough to understand that the heads of a public department found it difficult to appreciate a subordinate who "generally had an opinion of his own." Speaking of his position in the office at a much later date, he says:—

"I have no doubt that I often made myself very disagreeable. I know that I sometimes tried to do so. But I could hold my own, because I knew my business and was useful. . . . It was my principle always to obey authority in everything instantly, but never to allow my mouth to be closed. . . . When carrying out instructions which I knew should not have been given, I never scrupled to point out the fatuity of the improper order in the strongest language that I could decently employ. I have revelled in these official correspondences, and look back to some of them as the greatest

delights of my life. But I am not sure that they were so delightful to others."

Under Sir Rowland Hill, in still later days, this state of things continued. He was always, he confesses, "an anti-Hillite."

"How I loved, when I was contradicted—as I was very often, and no doubt very properly—to do instantly as I was bid, and then to prove that what I was doing was fatuous, dishonest, expensive, and impracticable! and then there were such feuds—such delicious feuds!"

He led, he admits, "a very jolly life" in Ireland. The surveyor kept a pack of hounds, though—with a want of logical sequence which sounds thoroughly Irish—he never rode to them. But the clerk at once bought a hunter—thinking it his duty, perhaps, to represent his principal.

"I have ever since been constant to the sport, having learned to love it with an affection which I cannot myself fathom or understand. I am very heavy, very blind, have been—in reference to hunting—a poor man, and am now an old man. I have often had to travel all night outside a mail-coach, in order that I might hunt the next day. Nor have I ever been, in truth, a good horseman. . . . But it has been for more than thirty years a duty to me to ride to hounds, and I have performed that duty with a persistent energy. . . . Few have investigated more closely than I have done the depth and breadth and water-holding capacities of an Essex ditch. It will, I think, be accorded to me by Essex men generally that I have ridden hard. . . . I am too blind to see hounds turning, and cannot, therefore, tell whether the fox has gone this way or that. Indeed, all the notice I take of hounds is not to ride over them."

Mr Trollope tells, in these pages, some two or three of those characteristic stories of Irish life which flowed so charmingly from his

lips in congenial company. "The O'Connors of Castle Connor" and "Father Giles of Ballymoy" are personal adventures which took literary shape in magazine pages, and will be found in the 'Tales of All Countries,' published in 1861 and 1870.

It was in Ireland, too, that he met with his wife—an English-woman, however,—Miss Heseltine, whom he married in 1844: a date which he says he "perhaps ought to name as the commencement of his better life, rather than the day on which he first landed in Ireland." Six months before, he had begun his first novel, 'The Macdermots of Ballycloran.' The longing to be a novelist, which had so long been felt, was only now called into activity, in the course of a rural walk, by the sight of a ruined Irish mansion. It could only be the strong paternal feeling of an author for his literary first-born which persuaded him, even in this calm retrospect, to pronounce 'The Macdermots' "a good novel." Such judgment the public will but partially endorse, though the popularity of his other stories has floated it into a sixth edition. It was finished a year after his marriage, and his mother succeeded in getting it published for him on the "half-profit" system; but the book had no sale, and he never received a penny on account of it. He was to wait yet twelve years before any appreciable gain was to come to him from his literary efforts. He had set to work at once to write a second novel—'The Kellys and the O'Kellys,'—again an Irish story, published on the same terms and with even a worse result—for Messrs Colburn informed him that they had lost some £63 by the venture, and volunteered their advice that he should attempt no more novels.

Mr Trollope quotes the 'Times' notice of the book:—

"Of 'The Kellys and the O'Kellys,' we may say what the master said to his footman, when the man complained of the constant supply of legs of mutton on the kitchen table, 'Well, John, legs of mutton are good substantial food;' and we may say also what John replied, 'Substantial, sir? Yes—they are substantial—but a little coarse.'"

Even this review, he adds, did not sell the book. But his publishers (rather illogically, as he remarks), in the very same letter which warned him against novel-writing, requested that he would "favour them with a sight" of a story which they understood he had nearly finished—'La Vendée'; and for this they gave him twenty pounds down in hard cash, with an engagement to pay more under certain conditions of success. But the success never came. Indeed he thinks the publishers were rather "talked out of" the £20 by his brother Thomas, who conducted the negotiation: the two brothers, in spite of old Winchester memories, remaining fast friends through life. A series of letters contributed to the 'Examiner' brought no pay. A specimen portion of a 'Handbook for Ireland,' which Murray had promised to read on approval, was returned unopened at the end of nine months, in answer to "a very angry letter" from the author (those who knew the man will easily conceive it) insisting upon having it back. To write for the stage had also been one of his ambitions; but a comedy, with the not very taking title of 'The Noble Jilt,' encountered so unfavourable a verdict from his friend George Bartley the actor, that it never got itself either acted or printed. Its author worked up the plot afterwards in 'Can You



Forgive Her?' and expresses a doubt, in spite of his critic, whether some of the scenes in that comedy were not "amongst the brightest and best work he ever did." Some years afterwards he made another attempt, on the reverse principle, by dramatising his popular 'Last Chronicle of Barset'; but this also he failed to get accepted.

An appointment, which fully occupied his time and energies, put a stop to all attempts at authorship for two years,—though they were, he says, two of the happiest in his life. He was instructed to inquire into and reorganise the rural letter-deliveries, first in his own district in Ireland, and then through ten of the English counties, the Channel Islands, and South Wales. He did his work entirely on horseback, keeping two and sometimes three good horses, and so contriving to get his dearly-loved hunting out of his travelling allowances. In this official progress he was, he conceives, "a beneficent angel to the public,—bringing everywhere with him an earlier, cheaper, and much more regular delivery of letters." How he flashed down early on hunting mornings (an angel in a red coat and top-boots) upon rural postmasters and lone country-houses, asking questions which, while his official status was unknown, must have had a strong savour of impertinence, is very amusingly told. During these two years he and his wife were temporary residents in various English towns; but now he received the appointment of surveyor in the northern district of Ireland, and found his salary increased to about £800 a-year. In Ireland, therefore, he again settled,—finally in the classic Dublin suburb of Donnybrook.

In 1855 was published the first of that long series of works which

were gradually to make him famous. This was the short story called 'The Warden,'—first conceived in the Cathedral close of Salisbury. For this he received in two years from Messrs Longman (on the half-profit system) a little over £20—the first money he had ever *bonâ fide* earned by literary work. It was a story written with a purpose—to expose the perversion of the charitable endowments of the Church into sinecures. But he could not find the heart, as he confesses, to do the thing in the slashing style: and probably the impression left upon most readers' minds is rather that of sympathy with the good Warden than indignation at the abuses of Hiram's Hospital. The story will be remembered, not for its bearing upon Church abuses, but for the masterly delineations of character which make their first appearance there. Who did not feel at once that he knew Archdeacon Grantley as intimately as such a dignitary might be known,—who did not believe that Tom Towers of the 'Jupiter' was a veritable sketch from behind the scenes of the newspaper daily press? How the author must have chuckled when the 'Times' itself, in the course of a favourable critique on the work, gently complained of the "personality" of the portrait! The novelist had at that time never even known the name of any one connected with the "leading journal," any more than he had ever spoken to an archdeacon, or lived in a cathedral city. Both the archdeacon and Tom Towers were pure creations,—“the result of an effort of moral consciousness.”

Archdeacon Grantley, Tom Towers, Dean Arabin, the weak Bishop of Barchester, and, above all, the immortal Mrs Proudie, all reappear, as we all so well remem-

ber, in 'Barchester Towers,' 'Doctor Thorne,' 'Framley Parsonage,' and in the 'Last Chronicle of Barset,'—which closes a series of novels quite sufficient in themselves to make a great reputation for any writer, and on which the reputation of Anthony Trollope will chiefly rest. The author himself, indeed, deliberately prefers what we may call the "Palliser" series. He thinks that if his name "is to be known at all in the next century among the writers of English prose fiction, that permanence of success will rest on the characters of Plantagenet Palliser, Lady Glencora, and the Rev. Mr Crawley."

"I look upon this string of characters as the best work of my life. Taking him altogether, I think that Plantagenet Palliser stands more firmly on the ground than any other personage I have created."

But even 'Barchester Towers,' which speedily followed the publication of 'The Warden,' met at first with only moderate appreciation. The author received—"with profound delight"—£100 in advance out of the half profits; and the subsequent payment on account of that and 'The Warden' together, amounted, in the whole, to £600 more: but those receipts extended over twenty years. But he had now worked his way into a position to make terms with the publishers. For the copyright of his next work—'The Three Clerks'—he got £250 from Bentley. He considered it the best he had yet written; but few will place it on the same level with 'Barchester Towers' or its successors. The characters in this story, he confesses, were not drawn wholly from his own "moral consciousness": Sir Gregory Hardlines is Sir Charles Trevelyan, with whom, in spite of the satire, he afterwards became very intimate: and Sir Warwick Westend is a liter-

ary *alias* for Sir Stafford Northcote. For 'Doctor Thorne,' the most popular of all his novels, as he believes, which came next in succession, and for the plot of which he confesses his obligation to his brother Thomas-Adolphus, he in vain "demanded" £400 from Bentley. He was then under immediate orders to go to Egypt, to make a treaty for the conveyance of the English mails through that country by railway, and had no time to spare for making bargains. He rushed off to Chapman & Hall, and poured "a quick torrent of words" on Mr Edward Chapman.

"Looking at me as he might have done at a highway robber who had stopped him on Hounslow Heath, he said he supposed he might as well do as I desired. I considered that to be a sale, and it was a sale. I remember that he held the poker in his hand all the time that I was with him; but, in truth, even though he had declined to buy the book, there would have been no danger."

For his next novel, 'The Bertrams,'—which he "never heard well spoken of, even by his friends,"—he got the same price from the same quarter without any difficulty. But it was his book on the West Indies which he considers to have fixed his position as an author. He had been sent out to "cleanse the Augean stable" of the Post Office in those regions, and engaged with Chapman & Hall to write the volume before he sailed. He considered it the "best book that had ever come from his pen." The 'Times' reviewed it at length, in terms of high praise; and for his next novel, 'Castle Richmond,' he demanded and received from his publishers the sum of £600.

From that time he could make his own terms. Messrs Smith & Elder's new venture, the 'Cornhill

Magazine,' was coming out under the editorship of Thackeray, and was in want of a leading serial story—the editor himself having, as Mr Trollope supposes, intended to supply one, and finding himself unable to “come up to time.” The proprietors at once offered Trollope £1000 for a three-volume novel, to come out in monthly portions; and, for the first and last time in his literary career, he sold a novel which had yet to be written. As a rule, he had always one, and latterly two or three, in manuscript lying in his desk ready for publication. This Cornhill story was ‘Framley Parsonage.’ The reading public were delighted to meet there again their old friends Archdeacon Grantley and Mrs Proudie; and the character of Lucy Robarts is one of the sweetest, as the author himself felt, that he ever drew. The series of what we may call the Barchester Novels was not completed until seven years later, by the publication of ‘The Last Chronicle of Barset.’ For this he received £3000, and considers it the best of all his stories, though the public, he thinks, preferred ‘Orley Farm.’ He had grown very fond of his imaginary county and its society, and realised to himself the personages of his drama just as the true actor throws himself for the time into the character he represents.

“As I wrote ‘Framley Parsonage’ I became more closely than ever acquainted with the new shire I had added to the English counties. I had it all in my mind,—its roads and railroads, its towns and parishes, its members of Parliament, and the different hunts which rode over it. I knew all the great lords and their castles, the squires and their parks, the rectors and their churches. This was the fourth novel of which I placed the scene in Barsetshire, and as I wrote it I made a map of the dear county. Throughout these stories there has

been no name given to a fictitious site which does not represent to me a spot of which I knew all the accessories, as though I had lived and wandered there.”

And he says again:—

“I have been able to imbue myself thoroughly with the characters I have had in hand. I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with the pen in my hand, and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel.”

“It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned.”

He was very careful also to mark the “progression in character,” the changes in his men and women which would naturally take place in the course of years.

How it came to pass that, for a very different reason from the jealousy which led Addison to extinguish the life of Sir Roger de Coverley, the author determined suddenly to “kill Mrs Proudie,” is a story often told by him in his lifetime, which has been already told in the pages of ‘Maga,’ and for which we may refer the reader to the work itself. But his parting tribute to the memory of that awful lady is a good illustration of how thoroughly the characters of his creation became to his mind living realities:—

“I have sometimes regretted the deed, so great was my delight in writing about Mrs Proudie, so thorough

was my knowledge of all the little shades in her character. It was not only that she was a tyrant, a bully, a would-be priestess, a very vulgar woman, and one who would send headlong to the nethermost pit all who disagreed with her; but that at the same time she was conscientious, by no means a hypocrite, really believing in the brimstone which she threatened, and anxious to save the souls around her from its horrors. And as her tyranny increased, so did the bitterness of the moments of her repentance increase, in that she knew herself to be a tyrant,—till that bitterness killed her."

We have traced this literary career with some minuteness to its culmination, because it is a striking record not only of indomitable perseverance, arising in Trollope's case from the consciousness of strength, but of the slow and hesitating steps by which the reading public forms its tastes, and the unquestioning faith with which it abandons itself to the favourite it has once adopted. He had always "felt this to be an injustice in literary affairs," and he was induced to test this by ascertaining how far he could succeed in obtaining a second reputation for himself by publishing anonymously. He wrote for the Magazine two stories—'Nina Balatka' and 'Linda Tressel.' The secret of the authorship was well kept for some time; but the stories, though good in themselves, and fairly well received, were not appreciated by the public generally as they would have been had they been signed with his name.

It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the novelist's later successes. The highest rate of pay he ever received was, he tells us, for 'The Claverings,' which came out in the 'Cornhill' in 1866, 1867—£2800. Larger sums were realised by other stories: 'Can You Forgive Her?' brought £3525, and

others as much as £3000 each, but these were of an unusual length. As a rule, from the time that his popularity was established, he for some years maintained the price of £600 for a volume of the ordinary novel measure, though latterly he had to submit to a reduction in these terms.

It is time to say something of his private life. His residence in Ireland had given him no opportunities of mixing in literary society; but in 1859 he was appointed to the charge of the Eastern District of England, and took a lease of a pretty old-fashioned brick house at Waltham Cross, which he afterwards bought and considerably improved. It was the same year in which he became connected with the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and he found it very convenient for his frequent journeys to London. And now he began rapidly to make those literary and other friends who added so much to his keen enjoyment of life. A dinner at the publisher's was his first introduction to Thackeray, whom he regarded as "the greatest master of fiction in this age," and "one of the most tender-hearted of human beings he ever knew." Millais, G. H. Lewes, "Jacob Omnium" (Higgins), Robert Bell, Fitzjames Stephen, Dallas, Sala,—for each and all of these he has a word of hearty appreciation. Of the late Sir Charles Taylor, the "king of the Garrick Club" in his day, he speaks thus:—

"A man rough of tongue, brusque in his manners, odious to those who dislike him,—he is the prince of friends, honest as the sun, and as open-hearted as charity itself."

Had he any sort of consciousness how very nearly he was drawing a portrait of himself?

He was now in a position to satisfy that "craving for love,"

which he almost apologises for as "a weakness in his character." It was a craving never gratified, as he pathetically complains, in the early years of his life. At the Garrick Club he at once became very popular. He was soon afterwards elected to the Athenæum; and, when in town, generally made one at those midnight meetings at the Cosmopolitan, which no man more thoroughly enjoyed, and which were so enjoyable. At Waltham House, too, where he was very happy, though in different fashion from his London life, amongst his cows, and roses, and strawberries, he delighted to welcome at his quiet dinner-table some half-dozen of intimate friends. Those who were occasional guests there remember how, in the warm summer evenings, the party would adjourn after dinner to the lawn, where wines and fruit were laid out under the fine old cedar-tree, and many a good story was told while the tobacco-smoke went curling up into the soft twilight.

In 1861 he succeeded in getting from his official chief a nine-months' holiday, in order to pay a visit to America, for the avowed purpose of writing a book. It was during the Secession War, and his sympathies were strongly with the North; but the book when written, though fairly well received, was, as he here candidly admits, not a "good book." In truth, his vocation was to tell in admirable fashion a tale of modern English life; and whenever he was tempted by literary ambition to step off this familiar ground, he lost his secure foothold.

Six years afterwards he resigned his place in the Post Office, without waiting for a pension, to which a few more years' service would have entitled him. More than one motive seems to have led him

to this determination. He found the double work becoming a burden to him; he had lately applied unsuccessfully for the vacant office of under-secretary, and he had undertaken a task which he very soon relinquished—the editorship of the new 'St Paul's Magazine.'

Very early in the days of his clerkship, he had amused a cynical old uncle who once asked him what profession he would like best, by replying, that he should like to be a member of Parliament. In his maturer mind he had always retained the idea that "to sit in the British Parliament should be the highest object of ambition to every educated Englishman." He had, he confesses, "almost an insane desire to sit there." Accordingly, he was hardly freed from official trammels when he began to look out for a seat. At first his name was suggested for one of the divisions of the county of Essex; but he withdrew at once, with the unselfish chivalry of his nature, in favour of a candidate who seemed to have higher claims. Finally, he stood for Beverley. He did not get in. How should he? No one was less calculated to win the "most sweet voices" of borough electors. To him the time spent in canvassing was "the most wretched fortnight of his manhood." His account of it is a caution to candidates. He was a "Liberal," as the term is, in politics; a "Conservative-Liberal" he termed himself. On some theoretical points his Liberalism was of the most advanced type. So far as Liberalism advocated "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," free trade, purity of election, and other imposing theories, he was a very good Liberal indeed. But the man who could speak of the Beverley Liberal caucus as "a bitter tyranny from grinding vulgar tyrants," who could say of the

Ballot and the Permissive Bill, "I hated and do hate them both," and yet could insist that there should be "no bribery, no treating, not even a pot of beer," on his side at the election, was plainly not the man for Beverley. "There was something grand," he thought, "in the scorn with which a leading Liberal there turned up his nose at him," when he uttered that last astounding manifesto. And certainly Parliament was no place for him. What would have been the position of a professing Liberal in the present House of Commons who were to rise there and denounce what he calls "the damnable system of merit," and who thought (as he declares he did think, though he dare not print it while living) that the House ought to be an assembly of "gentlemen"? The truth was this, that all his instincts and feelings were Conservative—of that better type of Conservatism which is daily growing in strength—however "liberal" he might have been in theory.

In 1871 Mr and Mrs Trollope determined to pay a visit to their eldest son, who had settled on a sheep-farm in Australia. As they meant to be absent not less than a year and a half, and as the connection with the Post Office—one of the motives for his residence in the eastern district—had now ceased, and he was preparing to give up hunting altogether, it was determined to sell the house at Waltham, and migrate to London. This wrench from many pleasant old associations was not effected without "many tears." When he returned to England, after visiting New Zealand and the Australian colonies (having, of course, written a book upon Australia, and a novel on board ship on his way home), he took up his residence for some years in Montagu Square, where

he entered again with zest into London society, and amused many of his leisure hours in arranging and cataloguing with some care his not inconsiderable library of books, in which he took increasing delight. It might have been thought that the unhappy associations of his school days would have left little taste for Greek or Latin literature; but it was not so. The study of Greek he never seriously resumed; but he read through, with an amount of industry really wonderful, when we remember how very limited were his leisure hours, almost the whole of the Latin authors. One result of this was his volunteering to take in hand 'Caesar's Commentaries' for the series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," issued under the editorship of the Rev. W. Lucas Collins—one of those chance literary acquaintanceships which ripened, as he says, into a warm friendship, though made late in life. A proof of the many-sided geniality of the man was that he had friends in all professions, and moving in various spheres of life: and few who were drawn into immediate contact with him failed to prize his affection. The little volume on 'Caesar' was a labour of love in a double sense: the MS. was given as a birthday present to the late editor of this Magazine—another of those many friends first made in the way of business, but who soon became personally endeared to him in a degree which was fully reciprocated. The corrected proof was accompanied by a brief note, from which we are allowed here to quote. "I think the 1st of June is your birthday; at any rate, we will make it so for this year, and you will accept this as a little present." He was continually doing such kindly acts, often in a manner that had all the gen-

tleness of a woman ; and only those who knew him well were aware how much of this there was in his nature underlying a somewhat rough outside. One friend who, in temporary ill-health, was thrown upon the doubtful cookery of London lodgings, well remembers how he would look in continually, on his way to his club, for a few minutes' pleasant chat, carrying in his hand a pheasant, or some such little delicacy as might tempt an invalid's appetite. But such instances of thoughtful kindness live in the memories of many, and this is not the place to dwell upon them. The same love of Latin literature which produced the 'Cæsar' led him to publish, in 1880, a 'Life of Cicero,' for whom he had an enthusiastic admiration. The book is pleasantly written ; but it must be again said that when he was tempted to desert fiction for history, he did not show himself at his best.

This autobiographical record was finished (we are told in the preface) in April 1876 : but the list of his published works given by himself in the last chapter includes 'John Caldigate,' published in 1879.<sup>1</sup> The following year he gave up his London residence, and retired to a pretty house, built in somewhat rambling fashion by a French emigrant in 1760, just outside the village of Harting in Sussex. He no longer enjoyed his old robust health, and the demands of London society had become somewhat too severe for him. It had been his habit for many years to

vary his London life by a few weeks' ramble in the Black Forest, or in Switzerland ; but in the spring of 1881 he made a short tour in Italy with Mrs Trollope and some friends, paying a visit to his brother at Rome. Though at times his old buoyant spirits made a stout fight against bodily infirmity, he was then far from well, and knew and confessed it. He had also entered into business relations—not necessary here to particularise—which worried and disgusted him : for such matters he had, as he confesses, neither taste nor aptitude. Indeed it was remarkable that one who knew the world so thoroughly—who could write such a book as 'The Way we Live now,' which he admits to be over-coloured, and which is to us the least agreeable of all his novels—should have been himself the most trustful and unsuspecting of men. The fact was this,—taking the world as a whole, he knew that meanness, and baseness, and greed of all kinds were rampant in it ; but in the case of a private friend,—one might almost say in any individual case with which he had to deal,—he could not believe that the man would be guilty of such things. His loyalty to his friends was so perfect that it tended sometimes, in his energetic nature, to make him prejudiced and unjust. A slight to himself he could readily forgive ; but a slight to a relative or near friend was in his eyes the unpardonable sin.

The next year he paid two visits to Ireland, and on his return from

<sup>1</sup> A list of the novels written by him since that date may be here given. They are — 'Cousin Henry,' 'The Duke's Children,' 'Ayala's Angel,' 'Dr Wortle's School,' 'The Fixed Period,' 'Kept in the Dark,' 'Marion Fay,' 'Mr Scarborough's Family'—besides his volume on Thackeray in 'Men of Letters,' and a 'Life of Lord Palmerston.' There is also an Irish story, called 'The Landleaguers,' contributed to 'Life,'—which, contrary to his habit, was left incomplete,—and a novel, called an 'Old Man's Love,' now in the hands of Messrs Blackwood for publication.

the first of these he seemed the better for the change. He always retained a strong interest in the country, and the news of the Phoenix Park massacre affected him very strongly. It had been his constant prayer that he might not survive his powers of work, without which, he says in the closing chapter—"there can be no joy in this world." And it was at this time that he conceived the idea embodied in that curious story 'The Fixed Period,' which first saw light in the pages of 'Maga.' The law of his imaginary republic of Britannula was to provide that "men should arrange for their own departure, so as to fall into no senile weakness, no slippered selfishness, no ugly whinings of undefined want, before they shall go hence and be no more thought of." In their sixty-seventh year they were to be "deposited" in a kind of college, and after the interval of a twelvemonth be put to a painless death. When an intimate friend once ventured to refer to this Utopian euthanasia as a somewhat grim jest, he stopped suddenly in his walk, and grasping the speaker's arm in his energetic fashion, exclaimed: "It's all true—I *mean* every word of it." He was fond of quoting, in the way of preference of a speedy to a lingering death, Lady Macbeth's words—

"Stand not upon the order of your  
going,  
But go at once."

The end came to him very much in the manner he had wished and prayed for, and at an age in singular accordance with his theory. Dining in London with his brother-in-law, Sir John Tilley, he suddenly after dinner showed slight symptoms of affection of the brain. He recovered sufficiently to be driven home to his temporary lodgings, but was found there, later in the

evening, in a state of partial paralysis and almost speechless. He lingered five weeks, without much suffering, but never recovering intelligible speech or sustained consciousness, though generally able to recognise the members of his family. He died on the 6th of December 1882, in his sixty-eighth year.

His mode of working was very methodical, and such as probably would not have been adopted by any other writer of fiction. For many years of his life an old servant had strict charge to call him every morning early enough for him to get seated at his writing-table by half-past five. With the help of a cup of coffee, he would write on, with his watch before him, for some four hours or so (though he considers three hours as much as a man ought to write), until he went to dress for a late breakfast. Then his work was over for the day. He required from himself 250 words every quarter of an hour; and, in his days of full activity, he "found that the 250 words were forthcoming as regularly as his watch went." This made ten printed pages of an ordinary novel the produce of the day. The daily tale of pages was entered in a diary, ruled for the purpose for as many days as he allowed for the completion of each new novel, and any casual idleness of one day was made up by a little additional work on the others. Thus he was always free from those anxieties which beset some popular writers as to the due supply of "copy." He had even contrived a portable tablet on which during long railway journeys he could write in pencil what could be afterwards copied out by another hand. Latterly, most of his novels were dictated throughout to an amanuensis, as he found that the continual use of



his pen threatened him with palsy of the hand.

One of his shorter stories—'Dr Wortle's School'—was written in a country rectory-house, which had been lent him by a friend for three weeks of the summer holidays. He is understood to have expressed a wish, which his son has duly respected, that his correspondence should not be published. But a few characteristic lines, written by him on this occasion, may be quoted without violating the spirit of his injunction.

"That I, who have belittled so many clergymen, should ever come to live in a parsonage! There will be a heaping of hot coals! You may be sure that I will endeavour to behave myself accordingly, so that no scandal shall fall upon the parish. If the bishop should come that way, I will treat him as well as e'er a parson in the diocese. Shall I be required to preach, as belonging to the rectory? I shall be quite disposed to give every one my blessing. . . . Ought I to affect dark garments? Say the word, and I will supply myself with a high waistcoat. Will it be right to be quite genial with the curate, or ought I to patronise a little? If there be dissenters, shall I frown on them, or smile blandly? If a tithe pig be brought, shall I eat him? If they take to address me as 'the Rural Anthony,' will it be all right?"

He loved his profession. "There is perhaps no career in life," he says, "so charming as that of a man of letters." He had little patience with the eccentricities of genius, or with any pretension on the part of an author to be free from the practical obligations which bind ordinary men. "I make no claim," he says, "to any literary excellence; but I do lay claim to whatever merit should be accorded to me for persevering diligence in my profession." As a profession he regarded it; and he contends

that, like any other profession, those who enter upon it and follow it heartily, have a right to expect that success shall find its pecuniary reward. For himself he confesses that his "first object in taking to literature as a profession was to make an income on which he and those belonging to him might live in comfort." He knows well this will be counted heresy in the eyes of those who think that neither the author, nor the painter, nor the sculptor should entertain the money notion at all—that in so doing they "forget the high glories of their calling"; but he holds it to be no more disgraceful to them than to the barrister, the physician, or the clergyman,—to the actor or to the architect.

"It is a mistake to suppose that a man is a better man because he despises money. Few do so, and those few in doing so suffer a defeat. Who does not desire to be hospitable to his friends, generous to the poor, liberal to all, munificent to his children, and to be himself free from the carking fear which poverty creates? And yet authors are told that they should disregard payment for their work, and be content to devote their unbought brains to the welfare of the public. Brains that are unbought will never serve the public much. Take away from English authors their copyright, and you would very soon take away from England her authors."

But of his calling as a writer of fiction he entertained, from another point, a far higher view than is commonly taken of it. He held that a large proportion of the teaching of these days comes, to the young especially, from the pages of the novelist; that the novelist is therefore, of necessity, a preacher of ethics, and that it behoves him to look well to it that his preaching be for good and not for evil.

“Such was the operation of the novels of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Walter Scott. Coming down to my own times, I find such to have been the teaching of Thackeray, of Dickens, and of George Eliot. Speaking, as I shall speak to any who may read these words, with that absence of self-personality which the dead may claim, I will boast that such has been the result of my own writing. Can any one, by search through the works of the six great English novelists I have named, find a scene, a passage, or a word that would teach a girl to be immodest, or a man to be dishonest? . . . Let a woman be drawn clever, beautiful, attractive—so as to make men love her, and women almost envy her—and let her be made also heartless, unfeminine, and ambitious of evil grandeur, as was Beatrix,—what a danger is there not in such a character! To the novelist who shall handle it, what peril of doing harm! But if at last it have been so handled that every girl who reads of Beatrix shall say, ‘Oh, not like that! let me not be like that!’ and that every youth shall say, ‘Let me not have such a one as that to press my bosom; anything rather than that!’ then will not the novelist have preached his sermon as perhaps no clergyman can preach it?”

But the whole chapter “On Novels” is excellent, and will be read with interest even by those who may not fully accept his views.

It has been charged against his own novels that they are commonplace,—that they never rise above the prosaic level of ordinary English life. Let us hear his own defence on this point,—or, rather, his justification. His deliberate aim was that in his pages his readers “might recognise human beings

like unto themselves, and not feel themselves carried away among gods or demons.”

“If I could do this, then I thought I might succeed in impregnating the mind of the novel-reader with a feeling that honesty is the best policy; that truth prevails while falsehood fails; that a girl will be loved as she is pure, and sweet, and unselfish; that a man will be honoured as he is true, and honest, and brave of heart; that things meanly done are ugly and odious, and things nobly done beautiful and gracious. . . . Such are the lessons I have striven to teach; and I have thought it might be best done by representing to my readers characters like themselves—or to which they might liken themselves.”

No one can lay down these volumes without having been struck by their transparent honesty. If the writer tells us too little about himself, it is not because he had anything to conceal, but because he was so entirely free from that conceit of authorship which believes that the details of an author’s private life are matters of deep interest to the public. And whether young writers may be inclined or not to follow all his precepts,—to seat themselves at their work before six o’clock in the morning, and lay down rules for so many pages *per diem*,—they will do well to take him for a model of singleness of heart and manliness of purpose, and to remember how he was in all things, in thought and deed, the high-minded English gentleman he delighted to portray.

## LETTERS FROM GALILEE.—III.

ABOUT five miles from Safed, perched upon one of the flanks of Jebel Zebud, a mountain of the Jebel Jermuk range, is the celebrated shrine of Jewish pilgrimage called Meirôn,—whither I proceeded one afternoon, accompanied by a picturesque cavalcade of a dozen horsemen. There was a Sephardim Rabbi, in yellow flowing oriental robes; an Arab sheikh, in the wide-sleeved *abaya*; a couple of Britons, in the conventional pith helmet, shooting-coat, and gaiters; sundry European Jews, in gabardines and ear-curls; and a fellah or two on donkeys to wind up the procession. Our way led us down into one of the most fertile plains of northern Galilee, past the head of the gorge down which flows the brawling Leimuny into the Lake of Tiberias, and so through corn and olive groves, until we began to climb the hill on the slope of which is situated the large dome-crowned building that was to be our resting-place for the night. This consisted of an oblong enclosure entered by a gateway through the massive wall—on one side of which a flight of stone steps led to a terrace above, upon which opened a series of chambers surmounted by cupolas that marked the traditional resting-place of the various Rabbis celebrated in Jewish history who have been interred at Meirôn. It was probably this fact which contributed to invest the neighbouring town of Safed with its peculiar sanctity; and indeed this whole region is interesting to the student of Jewish history posterior to the time of Christ, as having been the birthplace, so to speak, of Talmudism, and as having been the home of the men who have

stamped with their impress the Judaism of the present day. Hence it is that each year Jews flock in thousands to their place of sepulture. As Monsieur Rénan says,—“The Judaism which one touches at this spot is the Talmudic Judaism which made the name of Tiberias so famous; and it was from the first to the third century after Christ that this part of Galilee was the centre of Judaic learning and aspiration.” It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the interest of Christians in Jewish history should cease with the death of that most remarkable of all Jews who gave His name to their religion; but the fortunes of the race after the destruction of Jerusalem have a significance which lasts to the present day, when the localities to which they are especially attracted seem likely once more to be the centres of what may ultimately prove to be a national restoration. How little we know of the details of the revolution of Barcochba, and his bold and partially successful attempt to re-establish Jewish independence; or of the history of those two Jewish communities which were organised before the close of the second century after Christ, one of which, under the Patriarch of Tiberias, comprehended all of Israelitish descent who inhabited the Roman Empire; and the other, under the Prince of the Captivity, to whom all the Eastern Jews paid their allegiance! It was in those days, so shortly following the destruction of Jerusalem, that Meirôn occupied a prominent place in Jewish history. It is noticed in the Talmud as a city of priests. The tomb of Rabbi Eleazar bar Khasma, for whose body the inhabitants of

Meirôn and Giscala—the modern El Jish—are reported to have fought, is said to have existed at Meirôn, as well as a school of Rabbi Simeon bar Jochai, in which, as he is the reputed author of that most mystical and remarkable of all the cabalistic books, the *Sohar*, we may conclude that the secrets of the cabala were taught. Both he and the Rabbi Eleazar are buried here; and when we remember that they were among those named by Judah, son of Bavah, secretly, before he was slain by the Romans, to re-establish the Sanhedrim under Simon, son of Gamaliel, we cannot wonder that in the eyes of the Jews their burial-places possess an especial interest. Besides these, there lie here the remains of the famous Rabbis Jochanan, Sandelar, and Shammai; but, more interesting than all, of the Rabbi Hillel and his thirty-six pupils. Of all Jewish reformers and moral teachers, none has left a more enduring mark than the Rabbi Hillel. Indeed it is maintained by Jews that the Christian morality, so far as the purely ethical side of it is concerned, is all to be found in the teachings of the Rabbi Hillel, which at the time of Christ had enlisted the sympathies of all the most devout and aspiring souls of the nation, and was therefore well calculated to impress itself upon his ardent and intense nature.

There is no object of greater interest at Meirôn than the cave which contains the tomb of this celebrated teacher and his thirty-six pupils. It is situated on the steep slope of a hill, at the bottom of which, fifty yards below, tumbles a mountain torrent—an uncommon sight in Palestine—with water enough to turn a flour-mill. It rises in the Ain el Jin, or fountain of spirits, who are supposed to control the irregulari-

ties of its flow, and is the principal source of the Leimuny. Here the gorge expands sufficiently to allow some orchards of figs, apricots, and pomegranates to be wedged between the steep rocky sides; and a large spreading weeping-willow close to the foaming stream, as it falls over the mill-wheel, gives a character to the scene at once novel and refreshing. All these gardens and the mill are the property of Jews, the greater portion belonging to the Rabbi who accompanied me. As we enter the first chamber of the cave, we find a recess on the right and on the left, each containing four sarcophagi in niches, with stone lids with raised corners. Passing through a doorway cut in the solid rock, we enter a cave about twenty-five feet by eighteen, with two recesses, each containing four sarcophagi on the right, and the same on the left; while facing us opposite the door is a recess about twenty feet long and eight wide at the entrance. Becoming wider at the extremity, and curved after the fashion of an apse, it contains four loculi; and on each side are other recesses with sarcophagi. All these sarcophagi are not provided with lids, and there is room for five more, there being only thirty-two; so that it would seem as if, though the loculi had been prepared for the whole of the thirty-six disciples, five had not been buried there. There were several other tombs in the neighbourhood, one of them about twenty feet square, containing ten sarcophagi, which I believe to have been the tomb of “Hillel the younger.” Indeed there are many more Rabbis and celebrated persons than those whom I have enumerated buried here; and all the rocks in the neighbourhood are much cut in places into steps and olive-presses, tombs and cisterns. Be-

sides which, to the north are three dolmens bearing no inscriptions, and probably of a much anterior date to the other remains.

Returning up the hill for fifty yards or so, we reach the domed shrine in which are situated the tombs, and which contains besides, numerous guest-chambers for pilgrims opening on to the upper terrace, while below, where donkeys and camels were tethered, was the tomb of Simeon el bar Jochai. Leading from it is a prayer-chamber, in which, when I entered, I found an old man and his son, a boy of fifteen, engaged in their devotions. For seven years had this couple inhabited the sacred chamber without leaving it, sleeping on a mat on the hard stone floor, subsisting on nothing but one meal of bread and water a-day, and engaged nearly all the rest of the time in sacred recitations, or rather "vain repetitions," swaying their bodies to and fro as they monotonously chanted their strains of prayer and praise, thereby acquiring for themselves a reputation of sanctity among the Jews, who regarded them with an awe and reverence that surprised me, as I had no idea that this ascetic tendency was a feature of their religion, or that the same spirit which animates Christian anchorites, or Moslem dervishes, or Indian fakirs, was characteristic of the Hebrew faith. The old man was too far gone to be so much the object of sympathy as the boy, who was still bright and intelligent-looking, and had hard work when we entered not to allow himself to be distracted from his devotions; but it is sad to think of the condition to which his brain will be reduced by a life of imprisonment in this gloomy chamber, and the incessant mumbling of prayers. At the corners of this courtyard are stone basins on pedestals, like fountains, and chan-

nels cut for the reception of the oil, which is poured into them on the occasion of the celebrated feast of the burning, which was to take place shortly after my visit, and which I regretted I was unable to remain and witness. From the account I received from spectators, this large gathering of two or three thousand pilgrims from all parts, especially of the East, must be a spectacle of singular and unique interest. The devotees work themselves up into states of religious excitement, which they stimulate by wine as well as by their prayers, and then sacrifices are made by the most devout of some of the most precious objects in their possession, which they have brought with them for the purpose. Costly shawls from Cashmere, rare books, scarfs, and embroideries of gold are steeped in oil, and burnt amid the plaudits of the multitude, which are enthusiastic just in the degree in which the objects sacrificed are valuable. I hope on some future occasion to be present at these ceremonies. As it was, I benefited from the fact that the place was a shrine of so much resort, for a comfortable chamber opening on the terrace was placed at my disposal, and the kind friends who had accompanied me from Safed provided me with an excellent *cuisine* and a good bed. Higher up than this building in which I lodged was the native village, and near it a remarkably picturesque overhanging rock, under the projecting crag of which still stands the façade of a ruined synagogue, dating, no doubt, from the time when the patriarchate of Tiberias was under the most celebrated of the rabbinical sovereigns—Jehuda the Holy. At this time the authority of the patriarchate was acknowledged by the Jews at Rome,

and by those scattered throughout Asia Minor, who either came to live in the district, or sent alms to their spiritual head. Jewish tradition has it that Simeon bar Jochai was the builder of this synagogue. Indeed he is credited with having been a man whose wealth was only excelled by his learning, so that he built twenty-four synagogues in this district. However this may be, Lieutenant—now Major—Kitchener, who explored this locality on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, gives it as his opinion that the few remains which exist of synagogues in Palestine—only nine or ten, and which are nearly all in this district—date from between the year 150 and 300 A.D.

“At this time,” he remarks, “the Romans recognised the Patriarch of Tiberias, and by their moderation granted him many indulgences. He was empowered to appoint his subordinate ministers and apostles, who visited all the colonies of the Jews in distant parts, and also to receive from his despised brethren an annual contribution. By this kind treatment, and by the influence of the foreign Jews who had been completely naturalised to the language and customs, and partly to the religion of the people with whom they dwelt, the Jews of Palestine became tractable to Roman rule and Roman customs, and developed their great characteristic love for commercial pursuits which has since been typical of them. Thus the colony round Tiberias became very powerful; and under Antoninus Pius—138-161 A.D.—some additional privileges were accorded to them, such as the right to perform circumcision.”

Synagogues, of which that at Meirôn was one, were erected in the villages belonging to the colony, probably in imitation of the great works of the Emperor Antoninus in Syria. At the beginning of the third century they

were in high favour with the Emperor Alexander Severus. This emperor was even called the Father of the Synagogue, perhaps from his influence over the erection and architecture of these buildings. After the death of Jehuda, the glory of the patriarchate departed.

Milman, in his history of the Jews, thus describes its fall: “The small spiritual Court fell like more splendid and worldly thrones, through the struggles of the sovereign for unlimited sway, and the unwillingness of the people to submit even to constitutional authority. The exactions of the Pontiff and of the spiritual aristocracy—the Rabbins—became more and more burdensome to the people. The people were impatient even of the customary taxation.” In view of any attempt now to establish Jewish colonies again in this country, this paragraph is one of the highest significance. The same spirit which broke the heart of Moses destroyed the prospects of the race, when a transient gleam burst through the cloud that had overshadowed the nation since the destruction of Jerusalem, and gave them once more a chance of establishing in the northern part of the country an autonomous if not an independent province. The question to be solved now is,—whether the fifteen hundred years of suffering through which the people have passed since then have sufficed to break the insubordinate spirit, to weaken the stiff-neckedness that has ever been the marked characteristic of the race; whether those internal dissensions, those rivalries and jealousies which afforded their enemies the opportunity they wanted to overcome the valiant and stubborn qualities of the nation, will again burst forth when the pressure of persecution is removed,

and they are once more called upon to act in harmony to ensure success, to submit to discipline for the common weal, and to subordinate individual ambitions to the important interests which are at stake. Of their perseverance, physical capacity, and agricultural faculty, there is no fear. The experience of existing colonies shows that the trial will come when rules and regulations have to be obeyed, and when discipline is imposed.

The synagogue at Meirôn is the largest of which any remains exist in Palestine. Those at Kefr Birim—about two hours and a half distant from it, which upon this occasion I had not an opportunity of visiting—are more perfect; but those at Meirôn convey a very fair idea of what the original structure must have been, and the architecture is of more massive proportions, the stones are larger, and the sculpture richer than can be found elsewhere.

The edifice fronted towards the south, and a large portion of the front wall, with the fine portal, and a side door of smaller dimensions, are standing; and excepting where the earthquake of 1837 partly displaced a portion of the huge stone which forms the lintel, these are perfect. The portal is ten feet high by five and a half feet wide. The jambs are monoliths, elaborately sculptured. The sculptured lintel projects somewhat above the side posts, and is without any inscription that I could see, though one is mentioned by the old Jewish writers as having existed in Hebrew. The corner is wholly gone, except a portico pedestal fitted inside for a couple of columns. Passing through this portal, we come upon an area ninety feet long by forty wide, which has been levelled out of the living rock. This same rock formed

the western wall of the building. The stones forming the front wall are some of them four feet and a half long by two feet and a half thick. On the rocky floor of the synagogue are the traces of where the pedestals stood; but most of the fragments of columns, with the pedestals and capitals, have rolled down the eastern slope, as the eastern side of the floor, being on made-up ground, has given way with all the masonry that formed the eastern wall. Purely Jewish ruins are so rare, that an exceptional interest attaches to the few specimens of their existing architecture, which, however, was doubtless largely inspired by the Roman taste of the period.

Meirôn has been variously identified. It may be the Meroth mentioned by Josephus as having been fortified by him in Upper Galilee. Dr Thomson, however, identifies it with the Meroz so bitterly cursed by Deborah, because when Barak marched from Kadesh to Tabor he must have passed this place, and would naturally have summoned the inhabitants to join the expedition. They refused, and hence the imprecation in Deborah's triumphal ode: "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." It seems the Jews have a tradition that Deborah passed Meirôn with Barak on this march, and bathed in a fountain here, which is called to this day Deborah's fountain. I asked the Jewish Rabbi who was with me whether he thus identified Meirôn; but he asserted that it was universally held to be the Shimron-Meron mentioned in the twelfth chapter of Joshua, as the territory belonging to one of the

kings that Joshua smote when he took possession of the country; and I think this identification as probable as that of Captain Conder, who identifies Shimron-Meron with Semunich, a village on the road from Haifa to Nazareth.

A little above the rock out of which this interesting synagogue had been excavated, stands the few houses which compose the modern village of Meirôn, which contains twelve Moslem and six Jewish families, all engaged in agriculture. The Jewish families were farmers from Morocco and the Barbary coast, and were working the land on shares with the Rabbi and two other non-resident Jewish families. They seemed to be on excellent terms with their Moslem neighbours, but had unfortunately lost all their cattle recently by an epidemic. When I proposed to apply some funds, with which I had been provided by some friends interested in Jewish agriculture in Palestine, to the purchase of some oxen for them, the sheikh came to me and expressed his great gratification at this gift, as he said that the recipients were most industrious and hard-working people, his son remarking at the same time that whoever was a friend of the Jews was a friend of his. I went into the houses of some of these Jewish farmers, and found that they differed in no respect from the better class of house of the native peasantry. The proprietors were still in debt for the original purchase-money. Besides the Mograbee Jewish families on the land, they employ fellahin labour, owning altogether a half share in about 2000 olive-trees, besides the gardens on the mill-stream and some corn-land. Before leaving this neighbourhood on my way further into the mountains, I may men-

tion that the Rabbi told me of another Jewish colony in the Huleh valley, which was too far off for me to visit, called Meimerom, where a property of about 650 acres had been purchased eleven years ago by seven families of Sephardim Jews of Safed desirous of taking to agriculture as a means of livelihood, where they were doing well.

Meirôn stands at an elevation of about 2500 feet above the level of the sea, and the climate is therefore cool; but there are yet higher elevations which I wished to visit, in order to examine their agricultural capacity, as it is important for European labourers that they should settle in lofty and healthy localities where such can be found, with suitable conditions so far as the land is concerned. We therefore ascended from Meirôn up the steep hillside which forms the shoulder between the Jebel Zebud and the Jebel Jermuk, and in little more than an hour had reached an elevation of nearly 4000 feet. Here, only a few hundred feet below the summit of the loftiest mountain in Palestine (west of the Jordan), we came upon the massive stone ruins of what had recently been a substantial village. A well of the coldest and sweetest water, overshadowed by trees, was surrounded by roofless walls ten or twelve feet high, and a fine tract of arable land, now covered with scrub and weeds, stretched away along the mountain-side, which was here not too steep for cultivation. This had, twenty years ago, been the highest inhabited spot in Palestine. It was then the property of fourteen Jewish families, who had settled here as agriculturists five-and-twenty years before, and had done well as farmers when the cholera of 1865 swept over the country and carried off nearly all the able-bodied



males. The calamity was so great that it led to the desertion of the village, which has since been purchased by the neighbouring Druse village of Beit Jenn, who use it only for grazing purposes, and from whom it could doubtless be purchased for a very small amount.

The view, which extended as far as the blue outline of Mount Carmel projecting into the sea, was magnificent—wild, rarely traversed mountain-sides and rocky glens surrounded us. Here, though nature looks so savage, one is safer than in many more accessible and thickly inhabited spots, for the wandering Bedouin rarely visits these remote fastnesses, and the few inhabitants dwell in peace and security. What extent of land fit for cultivation may exist in this little-known highland region has yet to be discovered; but there can be no question as to the salubrity of the district, and but little doubt that it contains agricultural resources which are still undeveloped. Descending by a somewhat precipitous path into the valley, we climbed the opposite range to the Druse village of Beit Jenn, where we were hospitably entertained by the sheikh, who expressed, as Druses invariably do, his devotion to England, and his fear lest another ambitious European power, whose love for the traditional enemies of the Druses is a matter of notoriety, should acquire a protectorate over the country. A wild mountain-path along the southern slopes of the lofty northern Galilee range, brought us in a couple of hours to the village of Bukeia, on which we dropped from a considerable elevation, and looked down upon the houses nestling in luxuriant gardens of figs, oranges, almonds, and pomegranates. I had made an express pilgrimage to this remote

and isolated village, in order to see an interesting community of Jews who maintain that they are the descendants of families who were not dispersed, and that they are the only Jews in the whole of Palestine whose direct ancestors inhabited the same spot and cultivated the same land prior to the destruction of Jerusalem. Hence they have never intermarried with any other Jews, all of whom, no matter how long their ancestors may have been in the country, they regard as foreigners. Nevertheless, they are ministered to by a Sephardim Rabbi sent to them for the purpose from Safed. I went into their synagogue, a modest and simple little building, but large enough to contain the small congregation, which does not number above a hundred. Besides the twenty Jewish families, there were forty orthodox Greek Christians and eighty Druse families composing the population of the village, and there was quite a rivalry of hospitality between the three sheikhs representing these different communities, to entertain us. We decided in favour of the Hebrew sheikh, and he soon had nearly all his co-religionists—men, women, and children—summoned for my inspection. In fact I held a sort of *levée*, the whole community filing past and making efforts to put my hand to their lips as they did so. They differed in no respect, either in clothing, cast of countenance, or manner, from the ordinary fellahin of the country, many of whom were present, so that I had a good opportunity of comparing them. They all rejoiced in the name of Cohen, and were of course all more or less nearly related; so that it was matter of astonishment, after so many centuries of intermarriage, that they should have presented so healthy an appear-

ance. Indeed I observed one remarkably pretty girl. Meantime the orthodox Greek priest, the Jewish Rabbi, and the religious head of the Druses joined the party, and I was much struck with the good-fellowship and cordiality which seemed to exist between the representative heads of such widely opposite forms of faith. Each spoke in the highest terms of the two others as individuals whom they liked and respected; and they all warmly asserted that the whole population lived on terms of the greatest harmony and good-fellowship, and were cultivating side by side the same lands which they had cultivated from time immemorial. After the Greek priest and Druse sheikh had gone, I asked my Hebrew host to tell me confidentially which he really preferred as neighbours, the Druses or the Christians. His answer was that he had no complaint to make against the Christians, but that he much preferred the Druses.

There are two splendid springs in the village: one gushing forth from a small cavern under a rock furnishes a copious supply, and accounts for the luxuriant gardens by which the village was surrounded, and which make it a spot of such beauty that some of the wealthier inhabitants of Safed sometimes come here during the summer months for a change, though it is a day's journey from that town—and I should not think furnished a cooler, though it can scarcely fail to be a much purer, atmosphere. There is a cave near the village where, during a time of Jewish persecution, a certain Rabbi Simon lived naked for twelve years, interceding for his people. Until lately the very existence of this singular group of Jews was unknown, and I think they were first visited three or four years ago by

Lieutenant Kitchener. Owing to the recent cattle epidemic, they were by no means in such prosperous circumstances as they had been.

Striking in a north-westerly direction from Bukeia, I reached in two hours the large and important village of Teirshiha, where I went and put up with the Cadi. This official lived in a charmingly situated and most comfortable mansion, commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country from the trellised terrace upon which my room opened. Teirshiha was once a place of greater importance than it is now, and was the seat of a Caimakamlik, but the population still numbers over 2000 souls, of whom about three-fourths are Moslem. These latter have the reputation of being fanatical, in consequence of the enthusiasm excited by a reformer about thirty years ago named Sheikh Ali al Mugraby, who had his residence here. But I think it proceeds from jealousy rather than fact, as he especially preached toleration towards Christians; and his followers scattered throughout the various towns in Palestine have been more than once a moderating element when an anti-Christian feeling was rife. They at one time numbered over 20,000; but the Government set its face sternly against them, and since the death of the prophet his followers have diminished. The leading feature of his teaching seems to be all omission of the name of Mohammed, suffering only the name of Allah to be used in his prayers and hymns, and inculcating charity and tolerance. In doing this, he did not reject the Koran, but sought to introduce a purer element into the practice of its morality. His enemies say that he did not succeed, and that Teirshiha, which was the headquarters

of the sect, was a notoriously ill-conducted place. As the Cadi was an orthodox Moslem, I had not much chance of learning the exact state of the case from him: indeed the sect has dwindled to a condition of such insignificance, as to be no longer a subject of much interest.

On a rocky hill which commands the village, and forms a most picturesque object from it, is a well surrounded by tombs and dedicated to the sheikh Kuweis. The principal mosque was built by the famous Abdallah Pasha when he held his semi-independent and autocratic court at Acre, and is a handsome building, far superior to the ordinary constructions of this character. The Christians occupy their own quarters; and, with the exception of a few families, they are all non-United Greeks.

I called upon the priest, who showed me over his church, and seemed a man above the average intelligence. He, too, spoke in the highest terms of mine host the Cadi—who was, in fact, an oriental gentleman in the fullest acceptance of the term. Teirshiha, which stands about 2000 feet above the sea, would be a charming summer resort were it not for the scarcity of water, which is all supplied by cisterns. The principal pool or *birket* which furnishes the cattle with water is circular in form, and depends entirely on the clouds for its supply. Nevertheless, there are fine gardens and magnificent olive-groves round the town, which is altogether one of the pleasantest I have seen in this part of the country. It seems to have no Biblical significance, and must have been a frontier town on the north-western border of Galilee.

From Teirshiha we followed a path in a south-westerly direction down one of the most beautifully

wooded *wadies* I have seen in Palestine, passing the ruins—which are in a tolerably fair state of preservation—of Kulat Jiddin, built by Daher el Amr during his insurrection against the Turkish power, about 140 years ago. Prior to this, there can be little doubt that it was a crusading fortress; and the monk Bouchard says that it formerly belonged to the Teutonic Order, but was in his time destroyed. Magazines and cisterns were hewn out of the solid rock, and vaults similar to those at Athens suggest the same style of architecture.

Altogether, these ruins would repay a thorough examination; but I had not time to linger on my way, and was glad to take refuge from the mid-day heat at a palace which was built in the beautiful El Bahjet gardens, about two miles from Acre, by Abdallah Pasha, and which has since become the property of a rich Syrian. The immense tank here—raised above the level of the surrounding garden, about eighty yards long by fifty wide, filled with the crystal water from the aqueduct which supplies Acre from the fountains of El Kabry—is the most striking feature, and illustrates the magnificent scale upon which the Pasha's ideas were proportioned. Streams gushing from this immense reservoir irrigate the garden in every direction; and a grove of huge *snoba* trees, which are visible for miles from all the country round, cast an impenetrable shade, which even in the hottest days affords a cool retreat by the side of the little purling rill which runs beneath them for the enjoyment of *kaif*. Orange, jasmine, and many other fragrant plants, impregnate the air with their delightful odours; and the enchantment of an ideal orientalism clings to a

spot which must have been, in its palmy days, a grateful resort from the confined atmosphere of Acre.

It now wears a somewhat mournful aspect of decay, as the present proprietor, who picked up the handsome palace and its gardens some years ago for a sum equal to about £700, does not seem to care to spend the large amount annually which would be necessary to keep it in repair. It has, moreover, an unenviable notoriety on the score of health, and is said to be feverish. It afforded us, nevertheless, a most agreeable rest before we pushed on for another half-hour across the sultry plain, at a small village on which, called Menshiya, I found a solitary Jewish family engaged in agriculture. The handsome aqueduct which we now follow is one of the few public works constructed under Moslem rule which really reflects credit upon it; and if the inhabitants of Acre are unfortunate in many other respects, they can at least boast an unlimited supply of this luxury,—for I know no other town in Palestine so highly characteristic and picturesque to look at, and so unpleasant to live in, as this celebrated fortress. One is jostled in its bazaars by a motley crowd of Bedouins fresh from the deserts and plains of the Hauran; of Druses, from the villages of the neighbouring northern mountains; of Metawaks, from the Belad Beschara; of Persians, attracted hither by their prophet, the present head of the Bab sect, who has made Acre his residence; of ordinary fellahin, Christian and Moslem; of Turkish soldiers, who form its garrison; and of the better class of Syrians and Levantines of mixed European blood, who come here to trade. Although it is built on a promontory which projects out into

the sea, the high walls of the fortifications impede the free circulation of air; and the absence of all drainage, the overcrowding of the population, and the marshy plains behind, all contribute to render Acre unhealthy. As it is the residence of a *mutessarif*, or governor of the province, it is, however, favoured by the government at the expense of Haifa, its rival, which possesses all the advantages of coolness, good harbour accommodation, and general salubrity, which it lacks.

From a historical point of view, Acre is excelled in interest by no other city in the world. At the lowest computation, it has stood fifteen sieges since it fell to the lot of Asher, when the Israelites took possession of the country under Joshua; and, as we read in the Bible, he failed "to drive them out." After the dismemberment of the Macedonian empire, its proximity to the frontier of Syria made it an object of frequent contention. Then it fell to the lot of Egypt, and was called Ptolemais, after Ptolemy Soter. After that it was besieged, either successfully or unsuccessfully, by Antiochus the Great, by Simon Maccabeus, by Alexander Jannaus, by Cleopatra, by Tigranes, King of Armenia, by the Arabs in 638, by Baldwin the crusader, by Saladin the Saracen, by Guy de Lusignan, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Philip of France, after a two years' siege, and a loss of 60,000 Christians; by the Sultan Bibars; by the Sultan Melek el Ashraf; by Napoleon Buonaparte; by Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt; and finally it was bombarded and taken in 1840 by the combined fleets of England, Turkey, and Austria.

Considering the present state of its fortifications and the appliances of modern warfare, it is not likely

the next time, probably not very remote, when the garrison of Acre are called upon to defend themselves, that they will offer any very formidable resistance; but it is impossible to wander over its ramparts, such as they are, and not to feel impressed by a retrospect which concentrates a series of events so stirring upon this single spot. Besides the tragedies incidental to the constant vicissitudes of warfare of which Acre has been the victim, it has upon more than one occasion been the scene of acts of atrocity almost unparalleled in the history of the race. A little more than a hundred years ago it was governed by a fiend in human shape called Jezzar Pasha, who committed many acts of atrocity—such as putting out people's eyes, cutting off their ears, and occasionally their heads, with his own hand; but he excelled himself when, upon one occasion, having cause to suspect the fidelity of one of the ladies of his harem, he had them all into his presence, and with his own hand cut off the heads of his favourite wives. When he grew tired, he called in his Mamelukes to complete the job of the slaughter of his harem. The lowest number given of women murdered in his presence on that day was fifteen, but it probably exceeded this estimate. On the occasion of the relief of Acre by Sir Sidney Smith, when Napoleon had attacked the place, this man was perforce our ally. Like many other ruffians, he has succeeded in handing his name down to posterity in connection with a pious foundation; and the great mosque of Jezzar Pasha is one of the handsomest buildings of the kind in Palestine. It stands in a large rectangular area, within which are vaulted galleries supported by ancient columns, ornamented by capitals, and brought

from the ruins of Tyre and Cæsarea. Along these galleries have been built cells destined for the people employed at the mosque, or the pilgrims who visit it. They surround a magnificent court, under which are cisterns, and upon which are palms, cypress, and other trees. Among them are white marble tombs, notably those of Jezzar and Soliman Pasha. Besides this mosque, there is a *khan* near the port also called after Jezzar Pasha, with galleries surrounding it, built on pillars in grey or red granite, covered by capitals of different orders, and brought away from the more ancient monuments. Indeed the fortifications and public buildings of Acre have much to answer for. In order to repair the damage of successive sieges, the magnificent remains of Cæsarea, Athlit, Tyre, and Sidon have been despoiled; and ruins which, had they been left intact, would have been of the highest picturesque and antiquarian interest, have even in our day been rifled of all the columns and carved work which formed their beauty. Athlit, which at the commencement of this century was one of the finest ruins in Palestine, has notably suffered in this respect,—that fortress having been a perfect specimen of crusading architecture up to the years 1836-1840, when it was almost completely demolished by Ibrahim Pasha, who rebuilt a whole line of fortification at Acre with the stone thus obtained. It was on this line of fortification that one of the shells from our fleet exploded the magazine, killing 1600 men, thirty camels, fifty asses, twelve cows and horses, and destroying a vast quantity of arms and ammunition.

The Turkish Government prohibits the extension of the town outside the walls, for fear of interfering with the fortifications, on

which are mounted some 250 old-fashioned guns. But, in spite of the labour which its successive rulers have expended upon its defence, in the event of a siege the fortress would be a mere trap for the unfortunate garrison. With a curious and characteristic inconsistency, the prosperity of Acre, which must inevitably decline before the superior advantages of Haifa, are sought to be secured by making it the terminus of the new railway, for which the firman has been granted to Damascus, and which contains a privilege to the *concessionnaires* for the reconstruction of the port,—a privilege which, in the face of the restrictions placed on the extension of the town, and the small available area for a port, will never be taken advantage of. The size of the old port, which is incapable of extension, is 350 yards by about 250, with an average depth of three feet; so that, after expensive dredging, it would be too small to be of much use: while the extreme area of the town within the boundary of the outer wall, upon which 9000 people are crowded, is only fifty acres.

Under these circumstances, there can be no doubt that the natural outlet for the trade of all this part of the country must ultimately be Haifa, to which port I now returned after a tour through the *mutessariflik*, of which Acre is the capital. I had arrived at the following results regarding the present condition of Jewish agriculture in this one province of Palestine alone, which may do something to dispel the popular impression that no Jews are engaged at present in that country in agricultural pursuits—that the local conditions are unfavourable to agricultural enterprise on account of its insecurity—and that,

even if they were not, the Jews as a race would never be induced to apply themselves to it. Of native Jews, not recent emigrants, there are at least forty families—there may be more—who live by agriculture. Besides these, there are about a hundred able-bodied men among the population of Safed who work as farm-labourers for hire. And there are over ninety families of Russian and Roumanian refugees who have established themselves in colonies within the last year, and are actively engaged in tilling the soil,—making a total of about a thousand souls who are supporting themselves by their labours on the soil, and this in spite of the most strenuous opposition on the part of the Turkish Government and its officials. This is exclusive of all the rest of Palestine.

The danger is not so much from Bedouin Arabs—who, so far as I know, have never yet disturbed any of these Jewish agriculturists—as from the native authorities, and a want, not of perseverance or agricultural aptitude, but of discipline and harmony among the Jews themselves. The colony of Summarin especially is a notable instance of an unnecessary waste of funds, all of which have been subscribed by Jews themselves, owing to mismanagement on the part of the central organising committee, and a want of harmony on the part of the colonists. Upwards of 200,000 francs have already been spent on this colony, which has in it every element of success, and upon which the colonists have been working indefatigably; but a far greater number of families have been sent out than the amount of land purchased could support, and the money has been spent so injudiciously, that the colonists must

undergo privations before they have sold their first crop, which might have been avoided; and indeed, unless some charitable persons will come forward to purchase more land for the surplus families—and a good tract may be bought in the neighbourhood—it is difficult to see how the means of subsistence are to be provided. But this fact does not prove either the insecurity of the country or the agricultural incapacity of the colonists. It only proves that ignorance and organising incapacity on the part of the committee in Europe, the opposition of the Government and officials, and the absence of any sympathising protection and support on the part of co-religionists in the West, who might have afforded it, have formed a combination of adverse circumstances against which the colonists, in the absence of any leading, directing spirit, were unable successfully to struggle. The experience of the colony near Safed tells a very different tale, and bids fair to afford an illustration of the fact, that in spite of all the difficulties with which they have had to contend, the problem of Jewish colonisation in Palestine is by no means insoluble; and that it needs only a wise and skilful direction, a firm hand, and the necessary protection against injustice and the infraction of treaty rights by the Turkish Government, to ensure success.

Meantime the experiments which have been made in this direction

have already done much to dispel the class of objections based on the insecurity of the country owing to Arab raids, its insalubrity, the impossibility of competing with the natives, and the inherent incapacity of the Jew for field labour. It may now be taken as satisfactorily demonstrated that fertile tracts are to be found in high and healthy localities, absolutely secure from Arab incursion; and that the fellahin are nowhere hostile to the colonists, but are, on the contrary, anxious and willing to co-operate with them where they see a profit in so doing, and that native competition is not therefore to be feared. Difficulties and obstacles, as I have shown, do exist, but they are not those urged by the opponents of the scheme; and they are none of them of a nature which might not easily be overcome, were an influential portion of the British public, whether Jew or Christian, interested in promoting an emigration which should meet not merely an existing social difficulty in Russia, Roumania, and the anti-Semitic countries of Europe, but be the first step towards the solution of a political problem of the highest importance, which is certain to arise so soon as the Eastern question is again reopened, and the destiny of Palestine in relation to that question comes up for consideration by the nations of Europe whose interests it most closely affects.

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## THE MILLIONAIRE.—PART VIII.

## CHAPTER XXX.—A CRISIS.

WHEN once a man has fairly started off on the downward road, the world in general may be trusted to render his course easy for him. Every one is ready to make smooth the slope, and to give him a friendly push. So it was with Captain Tiltoff. His previous experiences in making the same sort of journey were of use to him in accelerating his descent, for he would have scorned to turn them to any better account. There are moments when at least a vague desire to "turn over a new leaf," and to steer clear of some of the more dangerous pitfalls of the past, comes across the mind of nearly every man; but Tiltoff could not remember that he had ever been troubled by a visitation of this kind. Such words as "duty" and "responsibility" conveyed to his mind no sort of meaning. His prime duty was to enjoy life, and he did not see how this could be done if he were fettered by restrictions of any kind. He was heavily in debt when he came into possession of the Grange; and the reputed income which he derived from the property—he took care that it should be a good deal exaggerated—enabled him to accumulate an additional store of liabilities. He liked to be in debt as much as most people like to be out of it. If his creditors asked him for money, he did not show any resentment, or seek to avoid them,—always a fatal policy. On the contrary, he courted their friendship—if they were his friends—more than ever, and convinced them that events were pending which would place him in a posi-

tion of entire independence, and enable him to make a clean sweep of all old scores. With tradesmen, a few hints about a delay among the lawyers in the settlement of his uncle's affairs, and the transfer of the estate, were generally found sufficient,—for there is no man alive who is so little inclined to make himself disagreeable, or to deal harshly with his customers, as the London tradesman of the first rank. A plausible manner, and a liberal expenditure of promises, will induce him to wait for his money as long as there is the remotest chance of getting it, and sometimes after that. If to these can be added a little cheque now and then on account, accompanied by a new order, there is no difficulty in keeping him in good humour. He will not quarrel with an old customer if he can help it; and Tiltoff, to do him justice, was faithful to his tradespeople, and sometimes gave them a trifle when he had just met with a stroke of luck. He was always ready for a chat with them on the state of business, and would have scorned to have any dealings with the "stores." Whereas, as he well knew, some of his friends went in debt to their tradespeople, and took their ready money to the stores.

The gallant Captain owed his tailor about £2000, and the tailor would have gone to the workhouse rather than have been sharp on his customer for the money. To be sure, this debt was not all for coats and trousers. There was a little bill or two in the transaction; but even in regard to these, which had involved the transfer of some ready



money, the knight of the scissors had not been hard. Not so hard, for instance, as Moss Jacobs, who was now one of Tiltoff's largest creditors, and the most difficult of all to deal with—for he was not to be wheedled by promises, and a soft answer had no power to turn away his wrath. Polite and courteous treatment made no more impression upon him than rain-water does on a duck's back. He was never happier than when he could make his power felt by some one who, as he knew or suspected, looked upon him as a miserable, grasping, merciless, usurious old Jew. Now it happened, very unfortunately for Tiltoff, that he had once or twice provoked the resentment of Jacobs, but within the last few weeks he had filled the cup of his offence to overflowing. He committed an act which Jacobs regarded as outside the pale of forgiveness; and it all came about, as mischief generally does, in a simple and unlooked-for way. Moss Jacobs had extended to Tiltoff the same invitation to his Sunday-evening parties which he had pressed upon Creek; and the Captain, more appreciative of such opportunities than the painter, had gone specially to one of the Hampstead dinners to be made acquainted with that ornament of the lyric stage, Rose Violet. The unsuspecting Moss did not notice anything remarkable at the time; but not long afterwards he received a note from the charming Rose, bidding him farewell, but not containing—by some oversight—a single word about the diamonds which he had from time to time given to her as tokens of his respect for her vocal and histrionic gifts. The next thing that the forlorn and dejected picture-dealer discovered was, that Mademoiselle had found an asylum under the hospitable roof of his dear

friend Captain Tiltoff, in that comfortable little house near St James's Street, of which mention has already been made. After that, he did not lend any more money to Tiltoff, but waited for an opportunity to exact vengeance.

Tiltoff had always been in the habit of borrowing money from his friends with the utmost impartiality and freedom, his view being that the lender and not the borrower was the person who had been laid under obligation. There was usually some wonderful speculation or enterprise in which he was interested, quite certain to pay a hundred per cent profit, supposing that it "came off" all right, which, by an unlooked-for fatality, it never did. But if it *had*, then the friend who had advanced the capital would have received double the amount of his loan, and that consideration cancelled the debt. "I intended to have returned the money, with a handsome bonus," Tiltoff would say; and so that particular transaction was looked upon as satisfactorily settled. He literally took the intention for the deed, having first imagined that he had the intention. But Jacobs was not a creditor who could be so easily disposed of. He had waited for some time with ominous silence, for he was never in a hurry to strike when his prey was helplessly within striking distance. One afternoon, however, he chanced to be walking down Piccadilly when he saw a four-in-hand come dashing towards him, with a party of gaily dressed persons outside, on their way, no doubt, to a little dinner at Richmond. One of the grooms blew a silver horn merrily, and Moss looked up to see which of his special friends or acquaintance was driving. A glance sufficed to show him that the coach held a tolerably select representa-

tion of the *corps dramatique* of the leading theatres, with Mademoiselle Rose on the box seat. The coachman was, of course, Captain Tiltoff. Rose saw her old friend standing at the corner of Albe-marle Street, waiting for a chance to cross, and for a moment she almost fancied she was changing colour. But Moss looked at her calmly and went on his way, as one might have supposed, unconscious of the meeting. He went to his den in the city, and raged like a wild animal which is furious for its prey. And then came the visit of Dexter File, and Jacobs saw that he had everything in his own hands.

When there was a job of this sort to be done, Jacobs liked to do it himself. The next morning, therefore, by the hour of noon, he was at his much-esteemed friend's door, and was not in the least disconcerted on receiving the information that the worthy Captain had not yet made his appearance down-stairs. "It does not matter; I will wait," said Moss, and he pushed unceremoniously past the servant, and told him that he had a particular engagement with his master. The man, in fact, had seen him there on many occasions before the occurrence of the Rose Violet affair, and always his master had appeared to treat Jacobs on the footing of a friend. How should he know that anything had happened since? Moss walked in, and took the most comfortable arm-chair in the room, and pulled out a little note-book, and made himself quite easy as to the purpose of his visit. Tiltoff would neither refuse to see him, nor adopt an unpleasant tone when he came. Everything would pass off as the accomplished Moss intended it to do.

After spending half an hour or so in this peaceful manner, he heard

the Captain's footstep on the stairs, no other sound having disturbed his meditations since he had entered the house. He was aware that the valet had taken his name to his master; but the man did not come back, and Moss did not expect him. He was there to get his own, and he meant to get it. If necessary, he would have waited patiently all that week and all the next.

Tiltoff gave a nervous sort of cough as he opened the door, and walked up to his visitor with his usual urbane manner, holding out his hand. Moss shook hands without hesitation. The same civility is practised on much more serious occasions than these, and Moss was a man who never bore animosities—not when his revenge was sure.

"Glad to see you, Jacobs," said the Captain, in a tone which sounded somewhat strangely in his own ears; "quite a long time since we met. You have not breakfasted, I hope? Yes?—well, then, call it lunch, and have a mouthful with me. Will you try a curry, or a cold grouse? Or shall I send round the corner and get you some oysters?" These offers were made partly because Tiltoff really did not know what to say to his visitor, for it is difficult to begin a conversation about the weather with a man who has come to sell you up.

"I will not take anything," said Moss, standing up, and leaning upon the mantelpiece, with a manner less polished perhaps than that of the Captain, but certainly not inferior in point of self-possession. Moss, although undeniably a user, was not altogether a low or an objectionable-looking man. The Hebrew type of features was rather prominent in him; but there was a certain degree of intelligence in his face, and he had preserved a

better figure than people of his race usually do. They generally get very fat and unwieldy, or stoop a great deal. Moss was not fat, and he did not stoop, and if all the jewellery which he wore on his person had been carried off and sold, it would not have fetched a ten-pound note. There, again, he was superior to the usual Hebrew infirmities.

"You know, I daresay, why I have come," he continued, "and my visit need be but a short one. Whatever we may be now, we once were friends——"

"Are so still," interrupted Tilt-off, rapidly regaining his old assurance—"why not? As good friends as ever, so far as I am concerned."

"And with people whom I have once called my friends," continued Jacobs, as if no one but himself had spoken, "I do not like to deal ungenerously. One owes something to friendship—even to such friendships as mine and yours. Therefore, before letting any one write to you, or taking proceedings of any kind, I have come to see you myself. Perhaps we can settle all that *can* be settled here and now. If so, so much the better. I have brought with me a little memorandum, and if you will read it, you will see the amount of my claims. I will only say that it is necessary they should be met without any delay—within twenty-four hours, for instance." The picture-dealer was quite capable of behaving and speaking with dignity when he chose, and he did choose now. He was not the vulgar boor which Creek, the artist, had often found him.

Tilt-off's hand shook, in spite of his efforts to keep a mastery over himself, as he stretched it forth to receive the slip of paper. There was a little row of figures, and the

total amount had been duly reckoned up and placed at the foot. The figures were written in a fine small hand, but Tilt-off could read them plainly enough. There they were, perfectly distinct—£55,000.

"Good heavens, Moss!" said the Captain, his lips whiter than the napkin which he drew across them, "you do not mean to say that I owe you all this? I thought it was not more than half as much at the outside."

"My personal claims are not more than half; the rest of the amount is for bills which I have taken, to oblige some of my friends, and in full confidence in your honour. No doubt you will show me that I was justified in taking them."

"And what if I have not the means of meeting these claims?" said the Captain, lighting a cigarette, and endeavouring to assume a playful manner.

"It is to be hoped that you have the means," replied Jacobs, shrugging his shoulders, "or will find them; but that is entirely your affair. The money must be forthcoming somehow, for I am in urgent need of it myself."

"Oh, that of course. The old story."

"Old or new, it must serve the purpose now. I am sorry it cannot be made more to your taste. We need not, however, waste words. When will you be prepared to make a settlement with me? That is what I have come to find out." There was a calm and dogged look in Jacobs's eyes which frightened Tilt-off. He poured himself out a glass of brandy, and drank it off as if it had been water.

"Look here, Moss," he said, in a supplicating manner, "it can't do any good now to drive matters to an extremity. It is not my fault that the girl——"

"I have not come here to talk

about girls," said Moss, coolly, "but about money. I have borrowed a great part of this money myself; I must pay it back, and must have it back first. You have executed mortgages to the tune of thousands of pounds on your estate; you could not raise any more on it if you went round all England to try. Then I have a bill of sale on your pictures and furniture for five thousand. How am I to get the rest?"

"The rest? Why, you surely are not going to sell me up!" exclaimed Tiltoff, in unfeigned dismay. "You are not going to be so hard upon me as all that?"

"What else am I to do? The money must be had, and had at once. Do you mean to say that you are unprepared to meet any part of these claims?"

"I mean to say that I have not a hundred pounds by me at this moment, and that I owe at least ten thousand, besides all this you have put down here, not reckoning losses at cards. What do you think of that?"

"I think that I will bid you good morning," replied the picture-dealer, in the same smooth tones which he had used throughout the conversation.

Tiltoff stood up in despair. He knew his man: there was no hope to be looked for in Moss Jacobs when he was in this polite mood. A thousand times he cursed the day and the hour when he had first set eyes on the shallow-pated creature who had made for him this relentless enemy.

"Do not go away like this, Moss," he stammered out. "Give me reasonable time. Is that too much to ask?"

"What do you call reasonable time? You have been in my debt more or less for twenty years. Have I ever been hard with you?"

"Never—till now. I would not so much care about myself; but do not break up my home, for my wife's sake." He uttered the last words with some sense of shame. To mention his wife to Moss Jacobs, considering all the circumstances, was a shock even to the Captain's well-seasoned conscience.

"I see—it is for your wife that you care," said Jacobs, unable or unwilling to resist the temptation to strike this last blow. "And for yourself, you do not care at all?"

"That is so, Moss, I give you my word. She, poor woman, is blameless. None of this money has gone to her."

"No, I should think not," returned the dealer, with the nearest approach to a smile which he had yet displayed—and it was not by any means a pleasant smile. "It is generally at this stage in his affairs that a man like you, Captain, begins to talk about his wife. The best thing you can do now is to send for her to London. For her sake—she has always been very civil to me—I will not touch you *here*. In less than twenty-four hours, unless my money is paid, my men will be in possession at the Grange."

"You mean it?" cried Tiltoff, completely cowed and staggered.

"I do, by——!" Tiltoff sank back into his chair, pale and trembling. The dealer gave one hasty glance at him, and then he noiselessly withdrew. His victim was not actually aware that he was gone until he looked up.

Moss Jacobs never broke his word. In less than twenty-four hours the duly authorised functionaries were installed in Four Yew Grange, having seized the furniture under the bill of sale. They had seen very little of the lady of the house. She had retired to her private apartments

almost as soon as she had heard of their errand, and had called for no one but her maid. In the afternoon she had the carriage sent for, and drove to the nearest telegraph station, with a despatch which she was evidently unwilling to intrust to any messenger. But the maid had seen the name upon the telegram, and she repeated it to the Captain's servant. It was not the name of my lady's husband,—of that the maid was quite sure. The valet laughed, and went off to pack up his things and get clear of the house as soon as he could.

Then the next day came, and gloom and silence reigned throughout the mansion. In the evening there was a loud ringing at the outer gate, and soon after the noise of an arrival in the hall. Doubtless, whispered the few remaining servants to each other, the Captain himself had returned, and all would be arranged. But it was not the master. The domestics, who were peeping from behind every door, saw a face which they recognised, but which was not the one they looked for. Then their mistress came downstairs, and the doors were closed, and again there was a great silence. A pestilence might have been raging in the house.

Towards midnight there was another hurried ringing of the great bell outside, and very soon the "master" stood amid the wreck which he had created. He asked but a single question, and then ensued great bustle and confusion,—a hurried running to and fro of servants, and low murmurings one to the other. At last the tumult

ceased, and the butler, who had remained at his post—being perhaps too old to run away—knocked at the Captain's room.

"Well," cried Tiltoff, hoarsely, "— you, where is your mistress?"

"She is gone, sir; she went away three or four hours ago."

"Gone! What, alone?"

"She went with Baron Phlog," said the man in a low voice, and keeping his hand upon the door. He had seen the Captain in a fury before that night, and wished to leave the means of escape open. But there was no occasion for alarm. Some dim sense of pride still remained in the ruined and deserted gambler.

"She has gone to London, then, to meet me," said he, with a great effort to be calm. "She did not know that I was on the way. Pack up my own things to-night. To-morrow you will go with us."

"You know, sir, that there are strangers in the house?"

"Go and do as I have told you," shouted the miserable man, his momentary fortitude entirely breaking down. The door closed with a hollow reverberation throughout the house, which seemed to strike a chill to his heart. He sat down and buried his face in his hands, and all his wild blunders and follies and sins stalked in dismal procession before him. At such times as these, the fates are unsparing. That long night seemed to have no end, but at last the morning broke, and before again the night fell, the outcast was a fugitive beyond the seas. Wife, and home, and friends, were alike lost to him for ever.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE NEW PROPRIETOR.

Captain Tiltoff had decamped; — Mr Stodgers — had taken his affairs in hand, and to him Dexter

File found himself referred when he came to make inquiries about the Grange. For he had now quite made up his mind that this house would fully serve the object which he had in view ; and he caused it to be understood that he intended to spend several months in England, and gradually to retire from the control of the vast projects which he had set afloat in his native land. Those who knew him best did not believe a word of all this ; they came to the conclusion that another great plot was being hatched—that the Napoleon of the financial world was merely lying in ambush for a season, and that presently he would reappear in the midst of his startled foes, and scatter them like chaff before the wind. A few of this little band based all their movements and operations upon this theory, and they afterwards had no cause to regret it. But Wall Street generally really believed that the formidable Dexter File had at last been worried out of the field, and that he would no more be seen as an active combatant. File took great care that the news should be well spread abroad that he was on the eve of taking a large country-house in England and a villa on Lake Maggiore. If there was any other plan in his mind, no one—not even Hosea Mink—was allowed to obtain the least inkling of it. Meanwhile there was no doubt whatever that he was fully resolved to become the proprietor of the Grange.

Mr Stodgers received Dexter File as a millionaire is tolerably sure to be received, whether in gilded saloons or in a dingy lawyer's office. Pretty women and rich men were extremely interesting specimens of humanity in the eyes of Stodgers, and he would work twice as hard for them as he would have done for any other

species of client. He had even been known to manage the case of an unusually pretty woman without a fee ; but the elder Stodgers, who was stowed away in some mysterious back-room up-stairs, and was very seldom seen even by the clerks, did not approve of this class of practice. He could not see in it either profit or amusement ; for he was rich enough himself, and he no longer cared for pretty women. In that respect, therefore, he differed from his son.

The first consultation between Stodgers and File had been brief. A price was named for the property, the title was investigated, and the ordinary preliminaries were disposed of. Everything was found to be in proper order, except Tiltoff's own affairs, which were in a far more desperate plight than even his lawyer had anticipated. That, however, was no concern of File's. The main thing was that he could, if he chose, become the owner of the estate ; and it was upon that point alone that he was now closeted with the lawyer.

"A great pity for Tiltoff's wife," said Stodgers, fixing his glass in his eye—a glass almost as large as a cheese-plate. "She is a fine woman ; such a complexion, and such a figure ! What a stupid owl Tiltoff must have been to treat her as he did ! Anybody who possessed a grain of tact might easily have managed her. She was the means of getting this very property for her husband by her influence over old Margrave, and you see what he managed to do with it. He left her with scarcely what she stood upright in to call her own."

File had not come to talk ; but he listened patiently, and presently the lawyer drew out from a drawer a packet of parchment documents, and laid them by his side on the desk.

“You preferred to see me alone,” said he, “and I thought it best to have everything ready. I will send all these deeds to your lawyers, if you think of closing the transaction.”

“There is no necessity; everything has been examined. Let me see the parcel.” The lawyer handed it over, and File checked off every document by a little note-book which he took out of his pocket. Apparently it was all right, for he handed it back without saying a word.

“And the price we know,” said Stodgers, dipping his pen in the ink. “The property cannot be worth less, in favourable times, than £90,000, and you have an offer of it for eighty. We should get more if we went to auction; but time is everything. Of course, some of the purchase-money could remain, if you desired it.”

While Stodgers was speaking, File had taken a small piece of paper from his waistcoat-pocket, and was writing something upon it. “Calculating the interest he will have to pay,” thought the lawyer. But in a minute or two File handed the paper to him, and Stodgers saw that it was a draft upon his bankers, an American house, for £80,000.

“I guess I’ll take those papers with me,” said File, pointing to the packet which lay by the lawyer’s side, “and go. There is nothing more, I believe? I reckon we are through with our business?”

“Yes, I suppose it does; but of course it is not the ordinary way of doing such business,” replied Stodgers, looking at the piece of paper in his hand with some embarrassment.

“I never do business in what you call the ordinary way. You would have had this money sent through my lawyers, and kept up

a correspondence for a month: that is your way. I hand over the money on the spot and take off the papers: that is my way. I prefer my own, if you have no objection. If you like,” added File, seeing that the lawyer was still looking at his slip of paper, “I will sit down and wait till you send to the bank. It is close by.”

“There is not the least necessity,” said Stodgers, with a laugh. “I was not in any doubt about your check; but the fact is, that this short and sudden way of winding up a large transaction rather takes one aback. There are the deeds.”

File took them in his hand and marched off, but instead of depositing them with his lawyer or banker, he carried them to his hotel, and locked them up in the little yellow portmanteau which had formed the whole of his equipment for a European tour. After that, he went off to see Sally Peters, whom he had known while she was still playing with her dolls upon the sands at Newport in a short frock. In her married days she had seen a good deal of Dexter File, and no doubt was well enough disposed towards him—for women love power in any form, and what power is greater than money? More than once, in recent years, the widow had been rallied upon her partiality for the millionaire, and upon his manifest preference for her; and to say the truth, since File had been in London he had given much cause for suspicion. It has not yet been stated, but it is the fact, that once or twice a-week at least File had sought out his young friend, and dined with her, and taken her to the opera—an entertainment which bored him profoundly, but which he endured for the sake of his fair companion. The Americans who

saw them at Covent Garden together, made up their minds that at last the secret of the great financier's journey to England was explained. It was not that he had grown tired of his native land, but that one of its fair daughters had witchery enough to lure him for a time to foreign shores. Paragraphs began to appear in society "organs," and in New York there were long and rapturous descriptions of Dexter File's wealth and Mrs Peters's beauty. An illustrated journal even published a view of Four Yew Grange, where it was rumoured that the eminent capitalist was soon to spend his honeymoon. Most of these ingenious productions were sent to File, who looked at them without any interest or curiosity, and threw them down unread. The ablest of journalists could not tell him more about himself or his plans than he knew already.

"Are you very busy this afternoon, madam?" said File, after he had shaken hands with the widow. File belonged to the old school of Americans who are very particular in calling people sir and madam.

"It all depends on what you want me to do, Mr File," said Sally, demurely. "If it is to go to a nice concert, I am not at all busy."

"It is something better than that."

"Why, what can it be? Do tell, as we say at home. Is it a ball at Marlborough House? I saw that you were there last week; there is no end to your popularity. Isn't your head turned?"

"I guess not," said File, pretending to take her words literally, and putting his hand up to his head. "Appears to me to be much the same as ever. I will tell you what I have come to ask you—it is that you will go with me and buy a

houseful of furniture. But you need not be so surprised."

"But I *am* surprised," said Sally, opening her eyes, and looking upon the millionaire with some misgivings. Was there some foundation, then, after all, for the rumour that the railroad king was in love? Was it to be her miserable fate that another great capitalist should desire to throw himself at her feet? "What can you want with a houseful of furniture?" she asked, keeping her eyes fixed on his face.

"To furnish a house with," replied the millionaire, in a tone of great simplicity.

"So I suppose. But what do you want to do that for?"

"Because I cannot live in a house without furniture."

"Oh, it is for yourself, then, this house? Do you really mean to say you are going to live in England?"

"For a time. I cannot say how long, you know. If it were only for a month I should still want some furniture, I suppose. What do you think about it?"

"I suppose you would. But why should not a furnished house do for you?"

"It would; only these baronial halls of mine are not furnished. I had to take them just as they were. There was not a chair to sit down upon, and you cannot stop long in a house without a chair. Try it."

"Had everything been taken away?"

"Everything but the walls. The late tenant had all his belongings sold for debt."

"I see," said Sally slowly, and looking at Dexter with a more searching gaze than ever—"at least I *think* I see. It is Four Yew Grange you have taken."

"I believe that is the name of the place."

Sally now walked close up to



him, and looked into his eyes. Then, as if acting under the stress of an irresistible impulse, she took his hand and held it in her own, but said not a word. Her next proceeding puzzled File still more, for she went over to the other side of the room, and sat down and began to cry. The millionaire did not know what to do, and therefore he stood still and did nothing.

"I suppose she is hysterical," he thought; "all women are hysterical, more or less. Smelling-salts are good, but before I had time to go and buy a bottle she would be better. Is anything wrong, madam?" he said, aloud.

Sally looked up, smiling through her tears. "No, you deep, cunning man," said she, "there is nothing wrong. Oh, how clever you are—and how quiet! Why are there not more men like you in the world?"

"Some people say there is one too many now," replied the millionaire, grimly. "But are you quite sure that there is nothing wrong? Can I get you some iced water?"

"There is no iced water in England, don't you know that? Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, and once more gazing at the millionaire with great earnestness, "I wonder whether I am wrong or right?"

"Right, I should say, madam, if you leave me to decide—right all the time. But I really do not know what you mean just now."

"When do you want to buy this furniture?" asked Sally.

"Right away—now, this afternoon."

"Of course—with you everything must be done immediately. Well, I will go with you. And yet I do not know that I ought to go. What will the people at Flintow's say? They will know I am not your wife." She looked up in great apparent perplexity at

the millionaire, who found it hard to decide whether she was in jest or in earnest.

"Yes, I suppose they will know that," said he.

"But what *will* they think, then?"

"They will think that we are good customers before we have done, I guess."

"I am afraid I ought not to go," said Sally, with all the gravity she could muster. "They look at these matters so differently over here from what we do at home. Of course, nothing matters to you men,—but consider *me*. I shall be compromised."

"Come along," said File, enjoying the idea. "One American can go anywhere—I suppose two can do the same. We haven't got to please anybody but ourselves."

Sally shook her head, and then she disappeared from the room, and returned in a few moments as radiant as the first beams of the sun in June. Something or other had evidently put her into unusually good spirits. She tucked her little hand under the millionaire's arm, and led him off down Bond Street, and declined to let him call a cab. He was proud to be seen with one of the most beautiful women in London, and for the next two hours not a single thought in reference to stocks, bonds, or the money market crossed his mind. He could not recollect that such a thing had happened to him before in thirty years.

The people at Flintow's did not ask any questions as to Sally's relationship with the quiet, pensive gentleman by her side. Their curiosity on that and other points appeared to be set at rest by a glance at the card which the gentleman handed to them, and on which was inscribed: "Dexter File, No. 2000 Fifth Avenue."

The card was taken to some one in an inner room, and almost immediately there came forth a member of the firm—who was a man after File's own heart, for he spoke but little, and seemed to understand all that was wanted at a word. It does not take long to provide furniture for a house, however big or "baronial" it may be, when no question of cost stands in the way. It was arranged that the sedate partner should go down and see the Grange, and submit certain plans to File; and meanwhile there were certain things which Sally could choose for him at once. It was almost as much fun as buying them for herself.

Presently she sat down upon a sofa, while some Persian carpets were being unrolled before her, and said with a sigh, "I wish Kate were here—she would take so much interest in all this. The Grange, you know, was her home when she first came to England."

"Did she like it?"

"Like it! Why, who could help liking it? I lived there nearly two years, and I always think of it as the loveliest place I ever saw. Ah, Mr File, you are a lucky man, to be able to get everything you want, merely by wishing for it."

"Not quite so easily as that. And there are many things which I have never been able to get, and shall not succeed in getting now. My time has gone by."

"Sit down here by me," said Sally, softly, "and don't talk nonsense. You men are a discontented set. Here are you, the richest man in New York"—here File shook his head—"well, *one* of the richest—and yet you pretend that you are longing for something you cannot get. I should like to know what it is!"

"You would?"

"I should. You cannot tell me

one thing which is beyond your reach."

"Youth, for instance," said File. "To be young is better than to be rich. Then I should like to have a home—at present I have none."

"Why, what do you call that lovely old place the Grange?"

"I call that a *house*. It requires something more than all this furniture to make a home. There are things that one cannot buy."

"Perhaps so; but one might get them without buying them."

"I reckon not; and if they were to be purchasable, the price would be high. Depend upon it, whenever you want anything very much, out of the common way, you must pay heavily for it."

"Were you ever married, Mr File," asked Sally, after a brief pause.

"I was. But I may plead in extenuation that it was a long time ago."

"Before I knew you first?"

"Long enough: if I had known any one like you, I should not have got married as I did. It did not turn out very well with me. I was poor then; perhaps that made a difference."

"You think it is money that decides it,—that dreadful money! It is that which has parted Kate Margrave and her lover. You heard of that?"

"I have heard something about it. Is this Reginald Tresham a fortune-hunter?"

"Oh no—do not think that; you would be doing him a great injustice. It is Kate's pride that keeps them apart. He has been very faithful to her, and I am convinced she loves him. Is it not a pity to see two lives sacrificed like this?"

"They would not be sacrificed: people get over these things much

sooner than you suppose. I am real sorry for Margrave, now, because loss of fortune is a serious calamity—a sorrow that will be fresh every day.”

“And love is not like that,” said Sally, with incomparable archness.

“It all depends,” replied the millionaire. “I have had so little experience in such affairs. Tell me something about it.”

“I will not, for you are laughing at me. I believe now that what they say of you is true,—your heart is in your money-bags. Are you not ashamed of yourself?”

“I am very much ashamed of myself; but what can I do? If my heart were not in my money-bags, as you say it is, I don’t know what I should do with it. It must be somewhere. Can you suggest anything?”

“I might, perhaps,” replied Sally, with a very gentle voice, “if I knew all the circumstances. I think perhaps you should get married again.”

“What! to some one of my own age? Thank you, I prefer the money-bags.”

“How tiresome you are! Of course I meant to some one whom you would like, and who would like *you*. Some young person, of course.”

“Thank you, that *would* be better. But who would have a grizzled old campaigner such as I?”

“Old! There you are again, harping upon your age. Such stuff as it is! Some men are never old, and some are never young. I am sure you are kind-hearted, in spite of what I said just now. And as for women taking you,” added Sally, shyly, “you need not give yourself much trouble about that. If you lived in England you might marry what

a very eminent man has called a ‘dazzling duchess.’”

“What on earth should I do with a dazzling duchess?”

“I have just told you—marry her.”

“But I should not know what to do with her after that. One wouldn’t want to be always bowing and scraping to one’s wife. Besides, I do not intend to live in England—at least not for long,” added the wily capitalist quickly, perceiving that he had said enough to give the too shrewd widow a gleam of insight into his plans.

“Not long!” she repeated. “Then what do you want that beautiful old house for?”

“I have bought it because it will answer my purpose for a time. When I have done with it, perhaps I shall sell it again—who knows? It is a little freak of mine. Call it File’s Folly, instead of Four Yew Grange. I daresay it will turn out to be a folly; most things do. And now, madam, have we finished? I am hungry; one generally is hungry in England, I find. You will settle all the rest of this furnishing business for me, will you not? I had no idea it was so much trouble. Tell them I must get into the house in three weeks from to-day. And you will come down when I am settled, and see that it is all right?”

“I tell you again—it would not be proper.”

“Well, bring Kate Margrave and her father with you. I was going to ask them, but now I will leave that with you too. You will be sure to come,” said the millionaire, taking her hand.

“Mr File, you call yourself old, but I don’t see much sign of it. And remember that other people might not make the same allow-

ance for you—or for me. But I think I will come all the same, because I am nearly sure now that I am right.”

“‘Nearly’ sure—what! did you ever have any doubt about it?”

“You do not know what I mean.”

“No, but that makes no difference. As I told you before, I have no doubt you are on the true scent.”

“Well, we shall see. At any rate, you could not keep me away from File’s Folly now if you tried,” replied Sally, with a merry little laugh.

“I shall not try very hard, you

may depend upon it. Now I will take you home, unless you think it would be improper. You have made me quite nervous!”

“Poor man!” said Sally, in a purring tone, and putting her arm through his. “You shall come to dinner with me to-day, and after that you must not come again—at present. It is I who have reason to be nervous.”

“Shut her up in a church, and she would flirt with the monuments,” said the millionaire to himself, with huge enjoyment, as they walked out of Flintow’s together.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—SOME NEW VIEWS OF LIFE.

A man who has the command of unlimited means need not fear being disappointed in anything on which he has set his heart. When Dexter File arrived at Four Yew Grange, he found that the Flintow people had done their work well—the whole house had been refurnished, and everything was ready for his reception. He had judiciously kept in his service the old butler and the housekeeper, both of whom had lived in the house in the time of Margrave’s father, and consequently had passed through the short and troubled reign of the Tiltoffs. The butler himself received File at the door—a piece of attention which made a considerable impression upon the capitalist, for Jervis looked remarkably like a highly superior country parson, and File had never before seen a man of that sort acting as a servant. He felt very much inclined to address him as “Sir”; but Jervis made him a low bow, and File at once accommodated himself to the position. If Jervis had been a bishop he could not have looked more dignified; and if File had

found a bishop in his house, he would not have troubled himself to ask any questions. Jervis conducted him over a part of the establishment, and would have shown him the rest, but for his happening to notice that his new master seemed to take very little interest in the property which he had acquired. “The furniture must have cost a fortune,” Jervis told Mrs Butterby, the housekeeper, “and he never even noticed it. He seemed all the time to be thinking about something else.”

“Perhaps he is in love,” suggested Mrs Butterby.

“In love! Why, he is not a young man, and his hair is quite grey.”

“Don’t you go by that, Mr Jervis. When their hair is grey, they are often fonder of the women than ever. You may depend upon it, he is thinking about getting married.”

Jervis laughed scornfully, from the point of view of his superior knowledge of the world; but after a day or two, he was compelled to confess to himself that something

was going on which perhaps the marriage theory might be necessary to explain. File made many inquiries about the resources of the establishment for entertaining at least a score of guests, and there was evidently some scheme in his mind for launching out upon a round of festivities. What could this mean except that he intended to give the old Grange a mistress? To be sure, his hair was grey; but if it had been blue or green, Jervis well knew that he need not hesitate to go among the young and fair to seek for a bride. Who would not be willing to become mistress of such a house as that? The butler fully believed it to be the finest old mansion in the world; and Dexter File was half inclined to think so too, and was very well satisfied with the bargain he had made. For the first few days, he seemed to be buried in heaps of papers which he had brought down with him from London; and then one afternoon he had gone out, telling Jervis that he should not be home that night. Jervis, a thoroughly discreet man, would naturally have preferred to know where he was going, and what he was going for; but he had already found out that his new master never heard any questions which he did not wish to answer. A week had passed, and he had remained quite alone, and had scarcely spoken a dozen words a-day to any one in the house. What could this be but the very ecstasy of love? "There will be a wedding in this house before Christmas," said Mrs Butterby, more than ever confirmed in her original opinion. Jervis stood watching the silent American making his way across the park, and noticed that he was going in the direction of the village of Pilford, which was on the road to nowhere. No man would go to

Pilford if he could help it, and therefore it was clear that the new master was going somewhere else. That was the way in which Jervis worked it out; and meanwhile the object of his speculations was strolling on leisurely towards this same Pilford, much as he had done a few weeks before, on the day when he had made the acquaintance of the last of the strolling players.

And there, in front of the Red Lion, stood Simmons, with his fine covered waggon containing his scenery and properties, and his little house on wheels, with the stove-pipe through the centre, which had first attracted File's attention. On some of his journeys, there might have been seen, looking out over the neat white blinds of the little windows, a bright and pretty face—far too pretty, as many people thought, for an elderly man like Simmons to be taking round the country with him. But the pretty face was that of his wife; and surely a man has a right to take his wife about the country in a cart, or even in the Lord Mayor's coach, if he can get it! But on this occasion Simmons had started out on his expedition alone, for there were particular reasons, apart from his expectation of meeting his American friend, for keeping Mrs Simmons at home. A first appearance, of greater interest to Simmons than that of the accomplished Madame Ruffini, was shortly expected; and at such times a house which stands firm in one place is better than a house on wheels, no matter how excellent the springs may be. Mrs Simmons, if her own wishes had been consulted, would have braved the journey and taken her chance, for there was to be the great annual fair at Coalfield—one of the few old-fashioned fairs still left in the country; and on that occasion, with two

performances a-day, her husband would be too busy to look properly after the money. But Simmons was very careful of his wife, and she had to remain behind. And now the old rover was seated, solitary and musing, on the lower step of his cart, with his inseparable companion, a pipe, in his mouth, admiring the beauty of the evening, and wondering who the stranger was, and why he had taken so much interest in the erratic star of the drama which he expected to shine forth with redoubled lustre at Coalfield. While he was thus ruminating, Dexter File hove in sight, and marched straight up to the showman, and shook hands with him as if he had known him all his life.

"I guess you have never moved from here since I went away," said File, surveying with his sharp glance the well-tanned and honest face of the manager.

"I have been round half the county, sir, and now I am going to Coalfield, thirty miles away. I shall jog along all night, and be there in the morning. The fair will open early, and I hope to do a good business. All my people will meet me at Coalfield, and among them there will, I hope, be Madame Ruffini."

The millionaire was silent for a minute or two, while he inspected the caravan, and looked round at the old houses with their stone-covered roofs and weather-beaten appearance. Nothing seemed to have been changed for centuries.

"If you will take me, I guess I will go with you," said he, when he had sufficiently dwelt upon this picture. "It will not be the first time I have sat up all night."

"If you really mean it, sir, there will be no necessity for you to sit up. There are two beds in there, clean though small. I have had

gentlemen travel with me before now, especially a tall gentleman who used to write books. He was young when I first saw him, but his hair was quite white. Everybody on the road used to know him at one time, but it is many a year since I saw him last. He was a real gentleman, although at first you might have taken him for a sort of half gipsy. You never met him, sir? But how should you, seeing that you have never been in England before! Everything has changed, sir, since the tramping days of the white-haired gentleman. Perhaps you may meet with one or two caravans like mine on the road, but they belong to pedlars and cheap-Jacks, and that is a sort of people I never have much to do with. You will find no pots or kettles in my house, except what we shall want for tomorrow morning's breakfast. Will you step inside, sir?"

The millionaire mounted the steps, and saw a neat little room, with a table in the centre, and two or three chairs round it; and beyond that a couple of little "bunks" had been fitted up, very much like the berths in a ship's cabin. They were opposite to each other, one on each side of the cart, and they looked as clean and as neat as a new pin. On a shelf in the window there stood a little nosegay of wild flowers, and there were a few books on a small table—an odd volume or two of Cumberland's 'British Drama,' and a well-thumbed 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Dexter File made up his mind in a moment that he would go.

"I reckon," said he, "that I will ship for this voyage. You and I will get on very well together here. When do you start?"

"The sooner the better, sir."

"Then weigh the anchor and make sail. I declare it's better

than a yacht, and ever so much steadier." File sat himself down with an air of great satisfaction. He looked out of the little window, and saw Simmons call his men to put the horse in, and presently the cavalcade started, the manager's house first, and then the covered waggon containing the stock-in-trade. Simmons walked for a long distance by the side of the driver, for he was shy of intruding upon his guest. And gradually the shades of the autumn evening drew in, and File became tired of watching the trees by the roadside, and the motion of the cart made him drowsy. He slipped off his coat and boots, and threw himself upon the little bed, and before he could realise where he was he fell asleep.

It seemed to him but a few minutes before he woke again; in reality, five hours had passed. "Pete," he called out, "I guess you have let the fire go out. Put on some wood." In his half-dreamy state, he thought that he was in a sleeping-car on the Pacific railroad, and that the negro who attended to the fire had gone to sleep over its remains. Then he pulled the clothes over his head, and was very soon lost to consciousness once more. Suddenly the sharp report of firearms startled him from his slumbers, and this time he felt tolerably certain that he was out on the plains. "There are them Indians at their old tricks again," he muttered; "if they board these cars, I reckon they'll find they've made a trifle of a mistake." He chuckled to himself, for whenever he was accustomed to travel on this line, a special staff of men mounted guard. Bang, bang, again went the firearms, and then there was a sudden jolt, and all was still. Clearly something had gone very wrong,

for the train had stopped. This time the millionaire sat up in the bed and listened. It was quite dark, and he could see nothing; but presently a door opened, and a figure entered the cabin and advanced towards File. He was not yet quite sure where he was, but he remained perfectly silent and unmoved, and then he saw a man pull aside the green blinds which had kept out the early rays of light, and recognised Simmons.

"It's nothing, sir," said the old manager; "only some poachers in the wood. All colliers are poachers when they can get a chance, and now we are coming into a great colliery district. The gamekeepers have no chance about here. Have you slept well, sir?"

"Why, we haven't long started, have we?"

"We started at seven last night, sir, and now it is five in the morning. We have pulled up for a little rest. But don't you move, sir. Billy will soon light the fire, and we will have a cup of tea, and a rasher and an egg. It is all I can offer you for breakfast; but we shall be at Coalfield by eight, and then you can get a good breakfast at the Saracen's Head."

File was as hungry as a hunter, and as light-hearted as a lad of sixteen. For the first time in many a year, he had actually slept all night. It was decidedly a very pleasant experience. There was a jug of cool water in the corner, and a basin; and in a few minutes he had "swept himself up," as he called it, and was ready for anything that might come next. When he opened the door and descended the steps, the breezes from some land of sweet perfumes seemed to be playing gently about him. Even now he was not quite sure that it was not all a dream; but there was the grey horse tethered up a hun-

dred yards away, and his friend Simmons was smoking his eternal pipe, and not far off there was a canvas spread upon some poles, and half-a-dozen strange figures were hovering about a fire. It was all very pretty and strange; and as File gradually took in the scene, and rejoiced in the wondrous freshness of the air, and the emerald green of the fields and woods over which the sun was just breaking, causing the dewdrops on the leaves and grass to sparkle like myriads of diamonds—as he gazed upon all this, a pleasant smile diffused itself gradually over his careworn face, and he owned that all his money had never brought him so much enjoyment before.

Meanwhile Simmons was very busy over the breakfast, and presently the fragrant smell of the tea and the “rasher” mingled with the thousand sweet scents which Nature had already prepared for all who were wise enough to get up early and enjoy them. The people under the canvas tent close by were also preparing their morning meal, and among them File noticed several women, with gaily coloured handkerchiefs tied over their shoulders, and red skirts dangling about their bare ankles. One particularly well-rounded in-step attracted File’s special attention. If it did not belong to a pretty girl, he “allowed” that he must be a very poor judge. As he cracked his egg and sipped his tea, and noticed occasionally a gentlemanly-looking pheasant darting in and out of the wood, he could not help wishing to have a somewhat nearer view of the owner of that in-step. For men are but men, and such objects as those on which Dexter File had fixed his eyes are quite as interesting in their way as shares and bonds. Presently the great capitalist strolled over to the

gipsies’ camp, and made his morning salutation to the pretty girl.

“So you are travelling with Simmons,” she said, with a smile which disclosed a set of teeth that might have been the envy of any beauty in May Fair, unless she happened to have a similar set of her own. “What line are you in? the comic business or the tragic—light or heavy?”

“Well,” replied File, slowly, “sometimes one and sometimes the other, and sometimes a little of both.”

“A utility man?”

“That’s about it, I guess. I take it just as it comes—tragedy or comedy.”

“You have got a first-rate comic face,” said the girl, looking at his long and solemn visage.

“Pretty well for that, I believe,” said File, rubbing his chin and looking up at the sky; “I reckon it is the comic line I shine in most, although people do not give me credit for it.”

“Can you dance the hornpipe?” asked the dark-eyed girl; “that’s the thing that goes down best at Coalfield. Most of the people have never seen the sea in all their lives; that’s why they like to have a man come on dressed as a sailor and dance a hornpipe. Can you do it?”

“Well,” replied the millionaire, reflectively, “I guess I could dance most things if I tried, but I don’t know so much about the hornpipe as I should like. Would you show me how it’s done?”

“I should like to see you act—that’s a fact. Shall you begin to-morrow?”

“Oh yes—I act to-morrow; I do most days. But at present, you see, I am on a sort of holiday.”

“What! hasn’t Simmons engaged you?”

“Not yet; he hasn’t opened the



subject, and I don't like to force him. But tell me, is it always like this in England?"

"Always like what?" said the gipsy, beginning to feel that she did not quite know what to make of the stranger.

"Always so bright and fresh, with pretty dark-eyed girls running about among the grass and flowers. If it is, I should like to pitch my tent where I am for the rest of my days."

The girl came close to him, and looked him hard in the face. "I see how it is now," said she, with a strangely altered manner; "you have come from across the sea, and are going to meet some one who used to know you many years ago. Let me look at your hand." The gipsy had assumed a rapt and mysterious look; her dark eyes flashed fire; some weird, unaccountable influence stole over Dexter File, and for a minute or two he stood looking at the girl like a man bewitched.

He held out his hand, and the gipsy examined it with as much attention as if she had found something there which was well worth looking at. File thought it rather pleasant; the gipsy might have gone on holding his hand for an hour, and he would have made no complaint.

"Yes," said the girl, "you have come a long way to see a dark woman. She is a relation, I think—perhaps your wife?"

"I should have no objection to have a dark woman for a wife, if she was young and pretty, and"—here he looked more attentively than before at the dark-eyed lass—"and had a shape like yours."

"A dark woman," continued the gipsy, taking no notice of File's remarks, "and she has given you a great deal of trouble. She will travel a long way yet before she

dies, and so will you—together. She is not far from here now."

"I hope she will not see us together in this wood," said File, with pretended alarm. "She mightn't like it as much as I do."

"I see who she is now," said the girl in a low murmur, and with a piercing glance at File, "she is your—"

"What does it matter?" interrupted File, unable altogether to repress a half-superstitious feeling which came over him; "what do you want to bother your head about such things for? Now, if you said that the tragedian out of Simmons's van there had fallen in love with a gipsy girl, and meant to give her a present to spend at the fair at Coalfield, you would about have hit the mark. Look at this!" He held up two half-crowns between his fingers, and took the girl's hand, and placed them gently within it—so gently, that it took him a minute or two to complete the transfer. Then he made a bow to her, and turned to go.

"*Kushto bak!*" cried the gipsy after him, and tossing the money over in her hand. "Why, the swell must be Irving himself."

"We must be going, sir," said the showman, as the millionaire made his appearance again; "we have still ten miles before us. Nancy Cooper there is a queer lass; *dukkerin pen* is not all imposition with her, for I have known her tell people many things that came true. But she is not so clever as her mother, who could tell you pretty nearly everything you wanted to know."

"Then I wish she would come back and tell me one thing," said File, half involuntarily, and with a sigh.

"And what is that, sir?"

"It is," replied File, resuming

his old caution the moment a question was put to him—"it is, whether it will be a fine day to-morrow." Then he went into the cart, and very soon the little procession was again in motion, and Simmons and he sat together looking out at the window in the door. To File it was all as if the finest panorama he had ever seen or heard of was being unrolled before his eyes, and the window made a sort of frame for the picture. He was sorry when the pure and genuine country began to degenerate into little meadows and gardens, and when they in their turn gave place to a few grimy cottages here and there, and some brick-fields, and gas-works—the advanced-guard of the town. In half an hour more the cart was drawn up in a large square, paved with stone, and already half filled with swings and targets, and other preparations for the evening's amusements. File watched all the preparations with interest, and while he was doing so, Simmons said to him, "I shall be all right to-night, sir. I've just had a message; Madame Ruffini is here."

"What! in your little house?"

"No; she could not very well have got in there without your seeing her. She is lodging at a very decent woman's, just across the market-place. You can see it from here." Simmons pointed to the house, which could easily be distinguished by reason of its being much smaller than the others near to it. Dexter File silently took note of the place to which Simmons was pointing. The manager was called away, and in the midst of the excitement of getting ready for the night's work, he did not notice the disappearance of his travelling companion until long after he had gone.

File walked about the town a

little, and noticed that all the "side-walks" and "stores" were of stone, and not of wood, as they would have been in a rural town of this size in his own country. Occasionally he stopped to look in at the shop-windows, and in them he remarked a good supply of articles more or less familiar to him. American canned fruits and provisions, American hams, American cheese, American cloth, American hair-pins. Everything seemed to be American, and it gave the financier a little thrill of patriotic pride to find how large a part his country was playing in the domestic economy of England.

Several times File passed by the house which had been pointed out to him as the dwelling-place of the great actress who was expected to take Coalfield by storm, but he hesitated to go in; and yet, having once made up his mind to do a thing, it was not his custom to hesitate. But in this instance he seemed to be undecided, and at length he came to the conclusion that he might better have remained in New York, and attended to the affairs of the present instead of meddling with the past; and then he walked straight up to the door of the little house, and placed his hand upon the knocker of the door—a knocker shaped like an old man's head, which appeared to be grinning at him in derision. He was shown into a room, damp and cold; and in a few minutes he was roused from his reverie by the entrance of a woman. It was the Star of the West.

Years had passed since he had seen her last, and she had changed in much: the mind ill at ease, the heavy heart, perhaps the troubled conscience, all had marked deep lines in her face. She looked at him with a curious and an eager gaze, and Dexter File could see

that her hand trembled, and that the pallor of her face increased. A word—that word which is seldom uttered by man or woman without emotion when the storms of life have passed over them—was on her lips; but ere she could pronounce it, Dexter File had said, in his short, hard way—

“I see that you remember me. So much the better. It will save a world of explanation.”

“Have you brought *him* here too?” asked the woman, still standing by the table.

“Whom? Ah, I suppose I know whom you mean. It is scarcely likely that he would be here, I think. You seem to forget!”

“I forget nothing! If I have been to blame, it is not from you that reproaches should proceed. Had you done your duty, all might have been far different to-day. Is it to make atonement that you have come?”

“Atonement is a strange word for *you* to use.”

“It is the only word. I know not why you have sought me out after all these years, but there is much for you to learn! Two years after my marriage—when husband and home had long been severed from me—a packet of letters fell into my hands. They were in the handwriting of my mother. The friends with whom I had been living when a child had not known of their existence; the lawyer to whom they were confided had neglected his trust, and they were forgotten. But one day—far too late!—they were discovered among that man’s papers after his death, and means were found of conveying them to me. From them I learned for the first time what were my claims upon *you*—what your duty had been to *me*. The last of these letters was written on my mother’s deathbed, and it was addressed to you.”

“Your mother deceived you. Upon me you had no claims—you have none now. I befriended you for the sake of your husband. I need not remind you how you repaid us both.”

“As for him, my wrong-doing has been punished—heaven knows how bitterly! Look at me to-day, a homeless, childless wretch, clinging to a life which I long ago would fain have cast off, but dared not. I wander about the world an out-cast—friends, family, kindred, all are separated from me by an impassable gulf.”

She pressed her hand to her brow, and seemed to be attacked with a sudden faintness. The millionaire rose to search for the bell; but she waved him back, and said in a voice which still trembled with emotion, “From you, at least, I might ask for pity, for I have received, and not done, the injury! You left me to strangers, and they did their office, as strangers always do. If I have wronged others, so have you,—wronged those whom you were bound to protect. You must share with me the responsibility for the evil which has fallen upon innocent heads.”

“These are but idle words,” said Dexter File, in a calm impassive voice, and with a face of stone. “I tell you again that you are the victim of a delusion—as I was for a time. Your mother deceived you.”

“You will not say so when you have read her letters. Will you believe the testimony of a dying woman on her deathbed? I have not sought you out—what could your wealth have done for *me*, all wretched and hopeless as I am? What could your money do to obliterate the past? The love which I should have had years ago, I should not value now; and I would have died rather than have

asked you for money. I did not seek *you*; but now that you have come here, you shall be made to see the truth."

"Where is the testimony you speak of?"

"Ah, then, you will believe it?" cried the woman eagerly. "You are not so heartless as I have been taught to believe. For myself, I ask nothing—you can do nothing! But there is one thing you can do," she said in solemn tones, "and unless you do it, a heavy curse will rest upon you. You can render justice to the dead!"

"Give me the letters," said File, in an altered voice. It was not only the woman's words which startled him—there was something in her face which seemed to touch his heart; it might have been a likeness to some other face which

came back to him through the vanished years, hallowed by the two dread powers,—Time and Death.

"They are not here—I will bring them to you."

"Let it be so. You know where I am living?"

The woman nodded. "You will read what she has written, and you will do *her* justice? After that I shall die in peace. It is *her* wrongs that grieve me, not my own! She at least was innocent—poor, wretched, forsaken mother!" She drew near to him, and clasped her hands, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Come to me," he said, "with the letters—and soon. Choose your own time, but recollect that it is better that we should meet alone!" The woman bowed her head, and he was gone.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE OLD HOME AGAIN.

There was to be a large party at the Grange—that much was certain. Mrs Butterby was more than ever of opinion that it was the precursor of a wedding; but after all, it might only be a house-warming celebration. Dexter File said nothing to support or discourage either theory. He was willing to allow the widest possible margin for conjecture. The old house-keeper's experiences of mankind afforded her no hint as to the best way of dealing with a person as taciturn as her master. What was the good of having a tongue if the owner did not use it, and use it freely, as she did? But the fact was, that although Mr File said so little about this forthcoming party at the Grange, it had caused him no little perplexity, for he was unusually anxious that his plans on this occasion should turn out precisely as he wished. He had

counted much upon the help of Sally Peters; and that shrewd young woman, confident that she had fathomed his ultimate designs, had enrolled herself upon his side with her customary energy. File had made her understand that the Margraves were indispensable, and she brought all her powers of persuasion to bear upon them. Margrave was at first not altogether willing to return to his old house as the guest of another, but his daughter took a different view. She had very kindly recollections of the millionaire; and for many reasons she was eager to accept his invitation. Then there was Reginald Tresham, with whom Dexter File had established an excellent understanding. He had asked the young baronet as soon as he had made certain that the property was to come into his hands, and he had also secured the

promises of Mr Chirp and Mr Delvar. The Cabinet Minister was, in fact, one of the very earliest arrivals. He looked fagged and anxious, as a man might well do who had so many different forces to control, and all of them vital to the wellbeing of the State. The editor came immediately after him—it almost always so fell out that the editor was on the heels of Mr Chirp. To rise to favour, it is well to lay fast hold of the skirts of the coming man. Moreover, Delvar, like Sally Peters, had a strong idea that this party at the Grange was destined to end in something important and unexpected, though he could not guess what. On this occasion the editorial intellect did not reach quite so far as feminine wit.

“You seem to be under the weather,” said File to Mr Chirp; for an American generally ascribes all his complaints, by a figure of speech, to the weather.

“It is not the weather,” said the Minister, taking him literally, “it is the work. Public life is worse than slavery.”

“Why did you go into it?” asked File. “You are rich enough, are you not?”

“Pretty well for that—and if I were not, we do not go into public life in England to make money, Mr File. You may remember that we talked that over once before.” Chirp was irritated at the obstinacy with which the American persisted in quietly regarding politics from his own peculiar point of view. “You can understand a man giving up his own interests for the sake of his country, I suppose?”

“Oh, of course I can understand it; the only thing is, I don’t seem to see them doing it. It appears to me that they all have an axe to grind. Of course I speak only of

my own country; no doubt it is different here.”

“I am glad you think well enough of us to come and live among us, at any rate. That is something in our favour.”

“Yes,” said File, tearing up a little slip of paper into pieces, as usual; “I reckon I shall stay around here till I have arranged some business which has been neglected. This is a good sort of place to fetch up one’s arrears in. And I have some that I allowed to run on too long. No scores are so hard to settle as old scores.”

“Some New York business?” inquired the editor, who was standing by, and whose curiosity was aroused.

“A little that way,” replied File; “it has something to do with New York, no doubt, and with other places as well.”

“These Stock Exchange matters must be very difficult to arrange.”

“Some people find them so. Anyhow, I wish I could turn this particular matter over to somebody else to straighten out for me.”

“Try Mrs Peters,” said Delvar with a laugh, but also with a searching glance at the millionaire, who seemed to be more than usually absorbed with his own reflections. “There is nothing which she cannot manage. Why not put yourself in her hands?”

“Well, now, that’s a real good notion,” replied File; “when she comes down this afternoon, we will hear what she says to your proposal.”

“Or rather let us say, to *yours*,” said the editor, in whose mind there was a suspicion wandering up and down not wholly dissimilar from that which Mrs Butterby had from the first entertained.

“Yours or mine—have it which

way you like," replied File, apparently unconscious of the hint which Delvar had thrown out.

"He means to marry her, that's certain," said the editor to himself; "and a lucky fellow to get her—as women go. Young, rich, and beautiful—I don't see what the man could ask for more. I only wish I were in his shoes."

Whatever might be the lot which destiny had in store for her, Sally came down that day either unaware of it, or entirely reconciled to it. Never had she been so full of animation, and never were her undeniable attractions so plainly manifest to Delvar, who was one of the first to greet her. The greatest of editors have not been entirely beyond the reach of the tender passion, and it has already been said that Delvar was rather sentimentally inclined. He paid homage to woman's power by falling in love with a different person once or twice in the course of every week; but if the fit was sudden, it fortunately passed quickly over. But with the young widow his case seemed rather more serious. When Sally appeared at dinner that first evening of her arrival, Delvar thought he had never seen a human being so pleasant to look upon. There was a witchery about her which he fancied that his own countrywomen did not possess. It was lucky they did not, or the editor would perhaps have given up seeking to reform empires, and contented himself with piping a gentler and more seductive lay.

As for Kate Margrave, she felt herself once more truly at home, and ran from room to room with childlike joy and curiosity, noticing every change that had been made, and dwelling with delight on each glimpse of the well-remembered landscape which flashed upon her from the windows as she passed.

Since she had last seen this old house, she had made her first acquaintance with care and anxiety, and now it seemed that these unwelcome visitors had at length been cast off. Under this roof, where she had been so happy, they had no power to follow her. There was nothing here, at least, which was not associated with pleasant recollections. File watched her with amused interest; and undoubtedly there was in his mind now, if there had not been before, some such feeling as that of which he had made a confession in his talk with Chirp and Delvar. He wished that the long-neglected business to which he had referred could be taken up by some more skilful hand. A heavy doubt hung over his mind as to his own ability to put it all in order at this late day. He often looked from father to daughter, with his thoughts all perplexed about them; but the more he looked, the less clear and simple did his course appear. It seemed plain enough when he had contemplated it from a distance, but now all of a sudden it assumed a very different shape. And he knew in his own heart that the advice which Delvar had half jestingly given him, to fly for help to Mrs Peters, was impracticable. The work which remained to be done could be finished by no one but himself.

Thus it happened that during the first day or two the millionaire was not so good a host as he ought to have been. He was frequently abstracted, and sometimes invisible altogether,—buried in the solitude of his own room. But everybody seemed to get on very well without him. Mr Chirp went to town, and returned the next day,—his duties gave him no peace. Delvar wrote immense quantities of something or other with great rapidity. When

it appeared in print everybody said it was very "thoughtful," but few understood what it meant. As a general rule, people take a great deal of enjoyment in reading things which they do not understand. Dexter File, among other matters, was very much immersed in the affairs of the Tuscarora railroad, and had held several interviews with Mr Bounce, who took a great fancy to him; but somehow or other the great settlement was not arrived at. Then it was observed that the financier and Margrave were much together; and their frequent and earnest consultations did not pass unmarked by Sally Peters, who noticed that Margrave was more than usually impressed by something which File had said to him on the first day of his arrival. But the person to whom Dexter chiefly devoted himself was Kate. He made her tell him all about her efforts to gain a livelihood in the great world of London; and from her he learnt more of the difficulties through which she had passed than Mink could have given him any idea of, for Kate had never unburdened her mind so freely before. There was something in the grave and quiet air of the American which pleased her; and his quick sympathy, which made itself felt in a hundred ways, won her confidence.

"The hardest blow of all," she said, one afternoon when they were in the park, "was to leave this house; and now you have made it look more delightful than ever. What taste you must have, Mr File! and what trouble all this furnishing must have given you! It is a great thing to be rich."

"Everybody thinks so who is not rich. The principal thing I notice about it is, that it makes me heaps of enemies. When I was poor, I had none. As for my taste,

the less we say about it the better. I went to the people who have taste, and they did everything for me. And I went to them because I heard they employed *you*."

"But why did you take so much interest in me?" asked Kate, turning her large eyes full upon him.

"Well, Miss Margrave, you know I am an old friend of your father's,—that was one reason. And then I like to see any one make a plucky fight, and woman most of all,—that was another reason. Is that enough?"

"I suppose it is," said Kate, "if that was all."

"But it was not all," answered File, in a half-perplexed way. "There was still another reason, which you shall know soon—a very strong reason it is too. I only wish I had made it known to you long ago."

"Does it concern my father?"

"It concerns both of you more than you imagine."

"And does my father know of it?"

"Not yet, but in a few days he shall do so. Do not be alarmed," added Dexter, seeing a look of uneasiness upon her gentle face, "I have nothing to tell him which will add to his anxieties. I am afraid he has too many now. He is not the man he was when I first knew him."

"He has suffered so much, Mr File, and all for my sake! You do not know how he loves me. Since my mother's death, I have been his only companion; and once, when he thought he was to lose me, it caused him terrible distress."

"Were you ill, then?"

"Oh no, it was not anything of that kind; it was——"

"Ah, yes, I know," said File quickly, seeing that the young girl hesitated; "your friend Mrs Peters told me all about it. We must re-

concile him to *that*, and then all will be well."

"But it is all over, Mr File," said Kate, with what the great capitalist thought a very sad smile upon her lips. "It happened ever so long ago—at least it appears so to me sometimes. Now that I am back in this dear old place, it seems but the other day. And then, you know, there was our poverty—for we have been very poor. I earn much more money now, and we need not fear, but often and often have I been afraid that we could not pay our rent at the end of the week. Then my father fell ill, and I thought my heart would break. But God was good to us: ah, Mr File, it is better to have faith in Him than to be ever so rich!"

The millionaire's face was very grave, and his lips trembled. Some spring had been touched, which may have lain disused for years, but it responded now. "I believe it—from my soul!" he said, in a troubled voice. And then they walked side by side together in silence, until they came in sight of the Grange, when Kate looked long and wistfully at the house, while her companion watched her keenly.

"It is there we had hoped to

make our home," she said, "and a few hours changed everything. There are great disappointments in the world, Mr File, but I have found out that we can get used to them. Nothing is so bad as it seems at first."

"Yes, we can get used to them, and sometimes they pass away altogether. It is a great thing to be patient—and to have that sort of belief you have just told me of. I hope you will always keep to that; it is, as you say, better than riches, because it enables people to bear even poverty without repining. Somehow or other, things come right in the end to people who think as you do, I have noticed that. You will never have to do anything so hard as that which troubles me to-day; but I suppose I shall get through it."

"What is it, Mr File?"

"It is the most difficult thing a man can undertake, and most of us put it off till it is too late. I am glad that in my case it is not quite too late."

"And this difficult thing, Mr File, is——"

"It is," he said, as the word flung at him by the woman at Coalfield flashed across his mind—"it is to make ATONEMENT."



## ANCRUM MOOR:

## A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

THE sojourner on the classic banks of the Tweed who may have some floating memories of the confused doings in Scotland about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the tragic history of the unfortunate Queen Mary was being foreshadowed by the state of Scotland at her birth, will probably have the curiosity to visit the ridge of Ancrum Moor, a few miles from St Boswells, on the Jedburgh Road, a little to the north of the river Teviot, which rolls here through the beautiful domain of the Marquess of Lothian, towards its junction with the Tweed at Kelso. The high ground is well marked to the eye by a row of pine-trees running from west to east, about half a mile long: along this breezy ridge a well-trodden path leads, marking the march of many a patriotic pilgrim on a summer's holiday; and at the east end of the path the pedestrian comes suddenly on a plain stone enclosure, made of the red sandstone of the district, and within the enclosure an erect slab or memorial stone, bearing an inscription easily read as follows:—

*“Fair Maiden Lilliard lies beneath this stane;  
Small was her stature, but mickle was her fame;  
Upon the English loons she laid full many thumps,  
And when her legs were cuttit off she fought upon her stumps.”*

The affair in which this Border Amazon played such a stout part, took place in the year 1544, and was one of the bloody sequels of the insolent course of dictation to Scotland which Henry VIII. commenced immediately after the decease of James V., the father of Queen Mary. This imperious Tudor, accustomed, with the help of the strong-willed Machiavelian Cromwell, to bear down everything before him at home, and looking eagerly about him for some field in which he might find compensation to England for her reluctantly abandoned dream of a French inheritance, found nothing to his imagination more plausible than the offer of the hand of his young son Edward to the infant queen of Scotland; and this project he could the more hopefully cherish, as he happened at that time to hold a large number of notable Scottish prisoners in his keep from the recent battle of Solway Moss. The union of the kingdoms, which this project might have secured more than a century and a half before it actually took place, was a matter which many of the most far-sighted and best-disposed statesmen in Scotland were not unwilling to entertain, especially as at that moment an alliance with Henry, the prominent champion of Protestantism, might serve to secure the nation against the machinations of the still powerful Catholic party in the country. But the insolent manner in which the self-willed despot made his matrimonial proposals effectually prevented their acceptance: his demands, in which he assumed the tone of Edward Longshanks, roused the pride of the people, whom he ought rather to have conciliated; and the consequence was, that after a series of hasty plunges into war to enforce his unreasonable claims, he made foes of his best friends, and ultimately threw the

nation back into its old French alliance, and a French matrimonial connection to boot. In the year 1544, two rapacious assaults were made by this bloody suitor on the country of his son's spear-purchased bride: the one by sea upon Edinburgh, under the conduct of the Earl of Hertford; the other on the Border counties, led by Sir Ralph Eure and Sir Bryan Layton. It is this invasion which, after ravaging the country as far as Melrose, with a series of horrors only too common in those days, ended in the repulse of the invaders and the death of the two wardens at the battle of Ancrum Moor.

In the ballad, I have followed closely the historical account as given by Tytler in his 'History of Scotland,' except that I have omitted the previous affair at Melrose altogether, and brought the invaders directly down upon Ancrum. Any minute details of strategical movements—if the military movements of those times might merit the name—previous to the victorious result, would have been not less foreign to the genius of the Border ballad than destitute of all historical value.

I ought to add, that the tradition of the heroine of the fray continuing the fight on her stumps after her legs were cut off, and which no doubt has its humorous aspect, is founded on the acknowledged historical fact that a body of women did join in the battle: as little can there be any doubt that the stout little maid of Maxton was the first in the fray, and distinguished herself in a fashion that naturally led to the humorous exaggeration contained in the memorial verses. Such exaggerations belong to the very essence of the popular ballad, and must be taken kindly, like not a few things in Homer that mar the sublime in some of his most effective passages.—J. S. B.]

KING HENRY was a rampant loon,  
No Turk more bold than he  
To tread the land with iron shoon  
And tramp with royal glee.

God made him king of England; there  
His royal lust had scope  
Tightly to hold beneath his thumb  
People and peer and Pope.

And bishops' craft and lawyers' craft  
Were cobwebs light to him,  
And law and right were blown like chaff  
Before his lordly whim.

And many a head of saint and sage  
In ghastly death lay low,  
That never a man on English ground  
Might say King Henry no.

Now he would swallow Scotland too  
To glut his royal maw,  
And sent his ships, two hundred sail,  
Bewest North Berwick Law.

And he hath sworn by force to weld  
 Two kingdoms into one,  
 When Scotland's queen with Scotland's rights  
 Is wed to England's son.

And he hath heaped the quay of Leith  
 With devastation dire,  
 And swept fair Embro's stately town  
 Three days with raging fire.

And he hath hired two red-cross loons,<sup>1</sup>  
 False Lennox and Glencairn,  
 From royal Henry's graceless grace  
 A traitor's wage to earn.

And he hath said to the warders twain—  
 Sir Ralph and stout Sir Bryan—  
 "Ride north, and closely pare the claws  
 Of that rude Scottish lion.

"And all the land benorth Carlisle  
 That your good sword secures—  
 Teviotdale and Lauderdale,  
 And the Merse with all its moors,  
 Land of the Douglas, Ker, and Scott,—  
 My seal hath made it yours."

And they have crossed from Carter Fell,  
 And laid the fields all bare ;  
 And they have harried Jeddart town,  
 And spoiled the abbey there.

And they have ravaged hearth and hall,  
 With steel untaught to spare  
 Or tottering eld, or screaming babe,  
 Or tearful lady fair.

And they have come with snorting speed,  
 Plashing through mire and mud,  
 And plunged with hot and haughty hoof  
 Through Teviot's silver flood.

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<sup>1</sup> The Border clans who had been induced to side with Henry wore the red cross of St George as a badge to distinguish them from the patriotic party. The defection of some prominent members of the Scottish nobility from the national cause on this occasion was not, I am afraid, a solitary instance of baseness, which never bears a fouler front than when found in their class.

And past the stronghold of the Ker<sup>1</sup>  
 Like rattling hail they pour,  
 Right in the face of Penilheugh,  
 And up to Ancrum Moor.

“Where be these caitiff Scots?” outcries  
 Layton, with hasty fume.  
 “There!” cries Sir Eure; “the cowards crouch  
 Behind the waving broom.

“Have at them, boys! they may not stand  
 Before our strong-hoofed mass;  
 Like clouds they come, and like the drift  
 Of rainless clouds they pass!”

“Not so, Sir Eure! ye do not well  
 Thus with light word to scorn  
 The Douglas blood, the strong right arm  
 Of Bruce at Bannockburn.

“Lo! where they rise behind the broom  
 And stand in bristling pride,  
 Sharp as the jag of a grey sea-crag  
 That flouts the billowy tide.

“With six-foot lances sharply set  
 They stand in serried lines,  
 Like Macedonian phalanx old,  
 Or rows of horrid pines.”

Sir Eure was hot: he might not hear,  
 Nor pause to weigh the chances,  
 But spurred his steed in mid career  
 Upon the frieze of lances.

Madly they plunge with foaming speed  
 On that sharp fence of steel,  
 And on the ground with bleeding flanks  
 They tumble, toss, and reel.

Charge upon charge; but all in vain  
 The red-cross troop advances—  
 Rider and horse, high heaped in death,  
 Lay sprawling 'neath the lances.

But what is this that now I see?  
 In battailous array  
 Matrons and maids from Ancrum town  
 Are mingled in the fray.

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<sup>1</sup> Ancrum House, now the residence of Sir William Scott of Ancrum, but at the date of the ballad possessed by a branch of the noble race of the Kers.

A goodly band; not Sparta bred  
 More valiant-hearted maids  
 Than these that front the fight to-day  
 With pitchforks and with spades.

And as they come, "Broomhouse!" they cry;  
 These butcher loons shall rue  
 Their dammed force on that fair dame  
 Whom at Broomhouse they slew.<sup>1</sup>

And there stands one, and leads the van,—  
 A Maxton<sup>2</sup> maid, not tall,  
 But with heroic soul supreme  
 She soars above them all.

With giant stroke she flails about,  
 And heaps a score of dead,  
 That bring—oh woe! a vengeful troop  
 Upon her single head.

With swoop of trenchant blades they come,  
 And cut her legs away,  
 And look that she shall straightway fall  
 On ground and bite the clay.

Say, is it by St Bothan's power,  
 Or by St Boswell's grace,  
 That still she fights, and swings her arms,  
 And stoutly holds her place?

I know not; but true men were there,  
 And saw her stand a while  
 Fighting, till streams of her brave blood  
 Gave rivers to the soil;

And then she fell; and true men there,  
 Upon the blood-stained moor,  
 Upraised a stone to tell her fame,  
 That ever shall endure.

All praise to Humes, and Kers, and Scotts!  
 But fair Maid Lilliard's deed  
 Shall in green honour keep this spot,  
 While Teviot runs to Tweed!

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<sup>1</sup> In one of their savage raids, the troops of the warder had burnt the tower of Broomhouse, and in it its lady, a noble and aged matron, with her whole family.—TYTLER.

<sup>2</sup> A village on the Tweed, about two miles north of Ancrum Moor, once very populous, and still marked by an old cross.

## THE DOUBLE GHOST WE SAW IN GALICIA.

It was in the depth of winter when I, then residing in the north-east of Hungary, received a letter of invitation from an old friend of mine, asking me to pay him a visit in Galicia, with the view of helping him in some matters of business.

We were Englishmen, both of us—had been schoolfellows together at Westminster; but in direct opposition to the classical teaching of our school, Walters and I had developed a strong taste for physical science. Finally, after wasting much valuable time, Greek and Latin gave us up, and we were allowed to devote ourselves seriously to chemistry. In furtherance of these studies, my friend and I were together again at the German University of Marburg; so the boyish friendship of early years was yet more closely cemented by later intimacy.

Unfortunately, our studies at Marburg were interrupted—in fact, as far as we were concerned, put an end to—by the breaking out of the Franco-German war. In the separation which ensued, Walters and I had kept up a very intermittent and fitful correspondence; still we never lost sight of each other entirely, and had often made plans for meeting—all of which, hitherto, had fallen to the ground.

Walters, I am afraid, had been casting about rather aimlessly—sometimes in Bohemia, sometimes in Russia, or elsewhere. He had abandoned the pursuit of analytical chemistry, and adopted the profession of a mining engineer. By the death of his father a year ago, he had come into a few thousand pounds (this he had told me by letter); and I, in return, had cautioned him against speculating with

the backbone of his capital. To this sage advice he made rejoinder that he was about to make a colossal fortune. He was engaged in sinking petroleum-wells in Galicia, where extensive deposits of this mineral oil had recently been discovered. But this was not all; his last idea was to erect a refinery, with all the newest improvements, for reducing the crude petroleum. There were some points on which he thought my technical knowledge on certain matters would assist him—"Would I not act the part of a friend and go to him, as the distance was not more than a day's journey?"

It happened that, owing to the severe weather, my own work was at a stand-still; so I wrote at once to say he might expect me at C—, his nearest station, on the Wednesday following. I had a drive of ten miles in my sledge to the railway on as cold an evening as I ever remember. My journey was by night, for the corresponding trains served better, and I had to change *en route*.

I was not sorry when at last the night wore away, and daylight appeared through the frosty window-panes. At length our station was reached; and letting down the glass, I thrust my head out, looking about eagerly for Walters. He was there all told, but so encased in furs that I should not have been able to pick him out if he had not recognised me (I believe I was the only first-class traveller), and rushed up at once to welcome me in his old hearty manner.

After a cup of hot coffee, we set off in his sledge, drawn by a couple of small Hungarian horses—perfect little beauties—which took

us like the wind across the plain, over frozen ditches, snow-wreathed hedges, and gullies levelled up with snowdrifts.

"This is our finest time for travelling," said Walters, recovering himself, after the nearest shave of an upset. "Driving is delightful under these circumstances," he continued. "You should see what our roads are when they are three feet deep in mud or dust; but I forget you know something about that sort of thing in Hungary."

In somewhat less than an hour we arrived at our destination—a long, low building with overhanging roof, and a few wooden shanties in the rear. Neighbours there seemed to be none, nor had we seen a human being in all our drive. The dogs gave notice of our approach; and at the instant we drew up, a rough-looking servant opened the door, seized on my portmanteau, flung it into the hall, stripped us of our rugs, jumped into Walters's vacated seat, and before I had time to look round he was driving off to the stables.

The front door opened into a hall, the size of an ordinary room, but so encumbered with miscellaneous articles that one had to navigate through the lumber. The kitchen was to the right. I had a glimpse of its smoky interior, and a consummately ugly old hag presiding over the fire and stewpans.

"Follow me this way," said Walters, pushing open a door on the other side, which gave us admittance to a living-room of cosmopolitan character; odds and ends from everywhere, with "heaven's first law" conspicuous from its absence. "There's your bedroom beyond," he added, pointing to a farther apartment. I found out later that this was my friend's own room, which he made over to me for the

time being—sleeping himself in an odd corner under the roof.

A table spread for breakfast in the sitting-room was a welcome sight, for I was as ravenous as a wolf; and we shortly sat down to a very decently cooked meal.

"You see I am roughing it here at present; but the next time you come and see me, I expect to be able to offer you very different accommodation. I tell you what it is, Henderson, I have hit on a good thing at last—sure to make a fortune; indeed I do not see why it should not be a gigantic fortune."

"Glad to hear that you think so well of the affair; but explain your project more fully, will you, old fellow?"

He then proceeded to tell me that vast deposits of earth-wax existed in Galicia, equal in quality to similar deposits in Pennsylvania. The fact had been known some time—indeed the peasants had long used the ozokerite for greasing their cart-wheels; but its commercial importance had only lately been realised. Crowds were flocking to the district from all parts, mostly poor ignorant people, who were utterly without adequate knowledge. But even in this haphazard sort of way, the wells that had been sunk gave enormous yields of petroleum. Walters proposed setting up a refinery for treating the crude petroleum in a practically scientific manner, and it was about this business generally that he wanted my advice. The notion was a good one, I would not deny it; but with my less sanguine temperament I saw certain difficulties in the way—or, as Walters put it, I made lions in the path.

We spent the best part of the morning looking over plans and discussing the general bearings of the question. Walters promised he would drive me over some day

to see the district where the greatest number of pits had been sunk. "The place is called Na Przedzie, or the 'New World'; and," said he, "I do not think in the habitable globe there is a place that can compete with it for dirt and disorder. The very scum of creation are gathered here, all trying to make money as fast as they can. An ethnologist would have a good opportunity of taking notes. There are Semitic and Slavonic types by the score, to say nothing of Magyars, Armenians, Turks, Greeks, and gipsies,—all cursing, swearing, bargaining, and screaming, every one in their own lingo. The smell of petroleum and garlic will fix that place in your memory, I guess."

At this moment a letter was brought to Walters. I thought when he saw the handwriting he looked surprised; and as soon as he had read the few words it contained, he said, "I find I have to drive about six miles to meet some one on business—now, directly. Are you too tired to go with me? Do what you like."

"Oh, I'm up for going; give me five minutes, and I'm your man,"—and so saying, I went off to my bedroom.

I do not think the five minutes could have elapsed before Walters was knocking at the door to ask if I was not ready. He always was the most impatient animal in creation.

In our drive we passed several groups of modern shanties, erected near petroleum-pits, where there was also evidence of working machinery of a rough-and-ready sort. Finally, we came to a hamlet, or straggling village, evidently of pre-ozokerite times; the last house was an inn—a building of considerable size, with several workshops under the same roof, as I discovered later. We drove through an arched en-

trance into an interior court, round three sides of which ran a rather picturesque raised gallery with open balustrades.

There were several nondescript vehicles about, but amongst them I observed a well-appointed sledge and nice little pair of grey horses.

"Henderson, do you mind waiting a few minutes while I speak to some one in here?" He threw me the reins, jumped out, and running up the few steps to the raised gallery, disappeared in a doorway, over which was the sign of a bear. These sort of signboards indicate a druggist's shop generally in Eastern Europe; a lion or a bear is usually the animal selected as the presiding genius.

I got tired of sitting in the sledge; so, beckoning some one to hold the horses, I amused myself with peering about the quaint old place. Nobody took any notice of me, though there were lots of people about. A woman carried a screaming turkey, head downwards, across the yard, in the brutal fashion of these parts; and a man took the reeking carcass of a newly killed calf also into the kitchen. A couple of fellows were sawing up wood, and then chopping it into small billets; they stopped their work to drive away the dogs from a gipsy woman who had just entered the court. The dogs always bark furiously at gipsies, no matter how often they see the same individual frequent the place. The gipsies are really the parcel-carriers of the country, but the canine guardians of the house can never tolerate them. Under the archway a group of wild-looking Russniacks had squatted on the ground: they wore sheep-skin cloaks, leather thongs on their feet in the place of shoes, and each man had his formidable axe-headed staff. One of their number, doffing his large



slouch-hat, had entered the kitchen to buy some bread and a bottle of *slivovitz*. These people are on the lowest rung of the social scale, and would not think of seating themselves in the common room of the inn. While I was drinking my glass of coffee and cognac, a couple of red-haired, florid-complexioned Jews entered asking for dinner, which was served them at a small table apart. These red Jews are a very peculiar type, and are not unfrequent both in Galicia and Hungary: they are unmistakably Semitic, not for a moment to be confounded with the fair-haired Slavonic people.

It was all very well studying varieties of the human race in a stifling atmosphere of smoke and garlic, amidst abominations of dirt and disorder; but I began to wonder what had become of Walters. His few minutes meant more than half an hour. I paid my reckoning, and went off to look for him at the sign of the bear. The outer door of the shop stood half open, and entering, I found an old man behind the counter, spectacles on nose, red cap on head, weighing out drugs for a small fairy-looking child, whose wondering eyes were fixed on the operations of the old alchemist. It was not till my sight became accustomed to the ill-lighted place that I saw two people at the farther end of the long, low room, seated at the table, on which were some papers and writing materials.

"Oh, there you are! I was just coming to fetch you," cried Walters, jumping up from his seat and advancing towards me. At the same time, the female figure opposite to him rose from her chair and turned my way. Owing to the darkness, I could only make out the fact that Walters's companion was certainly not one of the sterner sex.

"A nice little game you have been playing me," I returned, speaking in English, which I concluded would be unintelligible to the young woman—"a nice little game truly, keeping your friend waiting in the cold, while you were amusing yourself with one of the damsels of the country."

"Henderson, you don't understand," said Walters, speaking very quickly and in some confusion. "The Countess Kubinsky desires me to present you to her. Madam," he added, turning to the lady and bowing ceremoniously, "allow me to introduce the English friend of whom I was just speaking—Mr Henderson."

He spoke in English; and the lady, who also greeted me in my own tongue, came forward, looking not a little amused at my discomfiture. She was quite young, and exceedingly handsome—it was light enough for me now; and she spoke in a sweet musical voice that would have knocked one over in the dark.

"You must not judge our poor country in this severe time of winter, but you must see how well the landscape can smile in summer," she said, in reference to my being a stranger to this part of the world.

We talked a little about ordinary subjects; and then the Countess collected together the papers which lay scattered on the table, and turning to Walters, she said, "If it can be possible, the Count shall be made to see the good chances of this affair; I will write to you of my efforts. Now, gentlemen, I must go,—be so kind as to order my sledge."

Walters departed to obey her request; and I was left alone for a few minutes with this very charming lady. I wished heartily that the business could have detained

her half an hour. I would have discussed anything under the sun to elicit replies from that soft musical voice, with its lisping words of broken English.

Walters was back again to announce that the coachman was ready, before I had had any time at all with the pretty Countess.

"Mr Henderson, I hope you shall pay us a visit at our castle before you leave this country," she said, looking up in my face, while Walters was placing her fur cloak round her shoulders.

Of course I made all proper and civil speeches in answer to her hospitable wish. The next moment she was seated in the open sledge, —and waving her hand in adieu, as the impatient horses dashed through the archway, we saw no more.

"Now we must be off, Henderson; I have some people to see before nightfall," said Walters, speaking as if I had been keeping him, forsooth!

When we emerged through the archway, we could only see the Countess's sledge appearing like a dark speck on the white snow-track. We turned the other way, and were soon going across country at our usual dashing speed.

"Now tell me all about your lovely and mysterious Countess." I had hardly addressed these words to my friend, when over went the sledge, tumbling us down into a ditch eight or ten feet deep. The horses had only stumbled in a soft snowdrift, and were all right, and stood perfectly still, while we picked ourselves up and righted the sledge.

"These sort of mishaps are all in the day's work," said Walters, as soon as we were comfortably seated again.

"But you were just going to tell me something about the mys-

terious Countess, when we had the upset,—tell me now."

"There is no mystery," replied Walters, rather drily. "Her husband is a landowner in the neighbourhood. He is in money difficulties, like most of the nobles of this country. He might improve matters if he put his shoulder to the wheel; but he is proud, profligate, and obstinate. The Countess, poor woman, would gladly see their affairs improved. The petroleum find gives him a chance—if he has still any control over his property. But, from what I have learnt today, I strongly suspect he is completely in the hands of his mortgagees; and his obstinacy is perhaps only a cloak to disguise the real state of his affairs. Like many Polish ladies, the Countess is the better man of business; it is a pity she has not more under her control. Chance circumstances made us acquainted, and I have it in my power to offer her useful advice and some assistance."

"Very kind of you, Walters, seeing what sort of man the Count is; but virtue is its own reward."

"I have the greatest respect for the Countess," he replied, curtly.

"I wish I had the opportunity of greatly respecting such a lovely Countess," said I, laughing.

"Do you see that ridge yonder, crowned with fir-trees?" said Walters, pointing with his whip. "Well, I am going over there to look up an exploring-party, who have chanced upon some old pits, perhaps the earliest that were struck in this part of the world. I may perhaps join them in buying up the patch of ground, which I hear is going cheap. I have had my eye on the place for some time. I like the neighbourhood of the pine-trees. It has come to be remarked that where the

hills are covered with pine-forests, the subsoil is impregnated with earth-oil."

"That is an interesting fact, if true. Has your experience led you to endorse it?"

"Yes, certainly; and I fancy the Jews, than whom no people are more keen-sighted, regard the fir-forests as indicative of petroleum. There is a Jewish company who have bought up a whole tract of land, of little value, except what it may produce in ozokerite. You remember that Maria Theresa is said to have wept when she signed the secret treaty that gave her the Polish province of Galicia, saying, 'She had prostituted her honour and her reputation for a miserable morsel of earth.' Not so miserable, after all."

"Yes, I remember; and I think the circumstance gave occasion to the *mot* of Frederick, when he said, 'Elle prenait toujours en pleurant toujours.'"

By this time we were approaching some wooden shanties that marked the close neighbourhood of the pits. As we came nearer we saw an unusual number of people about, all seemingly in great excitement. We stopped the sledge, when up rushed half-a-dozen fellows, screaming out that the devil had been seen down in one of the old pits, and that he was coming up feet foremost. On inquiry, it appeared that two workmen had given the alarm. It seems that they had been lowered into one of these disused pits, with the view of repairing the timber-work; but no sooner had they reached the bottom than they signalled to be pulled up again. On reaching the surface they were pale as death, shaking all over, and declared they had never been so frightened in their lives, for they had seen the devil

coming out of the ground with his feet foremost.

"I'll go and have a look at the devil," said Walters. "One of you lend me your canvas suit. And who will volunteer to go with me? Here's a florin for the first man who offers himself."

There was a dead silence; no one came forward. Meanwhile Walters threw off his coat and put himself into the canvas bags, looking as queer an object as one could possibly see. I had at first proposed going down with him; but he absolutely declined my services, observing that I should probably be of no use at all, for strangers are often affected in a most peculiar manner by the fumes of the petroleum, and become excited and pugnacious, losing all rational control over themselves. It would be all very well, as Walters said, laughing, if the devil was really there for me to pitch into; but supposing he was not, my superfluous energy might be exercised against Walters himself.

I scouted the notion as simply absurd; but Walters, for this or some other reason not avowed, would not have me, and going up to a young gipsy lad who was standing at the outskirts of the crowd, he held up the florin to him, and asked if he would accompany him.

The gipsy said at once that he was very ready to go. He dispensed with the usual canvas suit; merely casting aside a torn jacket, he stood almost nude—and what a model he would have been, with his shapely limbs!

"The gipsies are dreadful people—they do not believe in the devil," said a bystander to me. "Of course he's not afraid;" and the speaker crossed himself, with a look of great disgust at the unbeliever.

The kibble was by this time duly

fixed; Walters and the gipsy took their places, and were slowly lowered into the dark, oozy depths, amid the breathless excitement of the crowd, which by this time had considerably augmented.

The men at the pit's mouth were ready to haul up at the first signal; but no signal came. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed—no sign from below. I confess I got anxious, fearing the effect of noxious gases.

"You see the devil has got them—they'll never come to the surface again," observed a woman near me.

"I hear sounds from below quite distinctly," said a man, who had thrown himself down, and was applying his ear to the ground; then he added, "There's the signal to pull up—haul away!"

The signal was an immense relief to me, for during the last five minutes I was tortured with self-reproach at having let my friend encounter danger without my help.

The men at the ropes declared that the kibble was unusually heavy, and they swore the devil was pulling against them.

At length the heads of the explorers appeared at the surface—another turn of the windlass brought the basket to land. There were Walters and the gipsy—all right, apparently, though dirty and besmeared; between them they held—a ghastly freight—the dead body of a man.

The corpse had been so well preserved in the oleaginous earth, that death might have been quite recent; but the finding of the body proved the contrary.

Walters now explained that when they reached the bottom of the pit, and groped about with their safety-lanterns, they found, sure enough, two legs sticking out of the earth in a lateral gallery. Of course, they saw at once that it was the body of a human being;

and they set to work to disinter it, for a lot of *débris* had fallen or had been thrown over the body. This work had caused the delay which surprised and alarmed us.

When the corpse came to be examined, it was made evident that the unfortunate man had been the victim of foul play. The excitement at the pit's mouth was most intense; each one had something to say, some conjecture to make.

"There has clearly been a murder," said Walters, "and the affair must be made known to the authorities." Then turning to me, he said, "Get into the sledge, and go off immediately to fetch the mayor of the village. The overseer will go with you; he speaks both Polish and German. Some arrangements must be made at once with the mayor about disposing of the body, and a description will have to be taken by the authorities before a change ensues, which may soon result from exposure to the air. I must get rid of all this filth before I can stir," added Walters, dripping oil like a sardine out of a box.

We had to drive only about three-quarters of a mile to the village, and were soon there. The overseer directed me to draw up at the third house in the street, on the left-hand side, which he said was the inn, though it bore no sign. The landlord was the mayor of the village, it seemed. There was no one about, and my companion called out lustily that the master was wanted.

A boy, a miserable cripple, came out from the interior to answer us, and replying in Polish, hobbled off painfully, to call the master.

After a delay of two or three minutes, the landlord made his appearance. He had been down in the wine-cellar, and came up, just as he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with-

out a coat; he held in one hand a siphon for drawing off wine, in the other a large wooden mallet. He stood at the threshold of the door, open-mouthed and evidently surprised to see us. The aspect of the man is stamped on my recollection. The overseer spoke to him; I did not, for I thought he would only understand Polish. However, the overseer addressed him in German; and of course I knew what he said, which was briefly that a horrible murder had been discovered—the body of the victim having been raised from the bottom of an old petroleum-pit—and that he, the mayor of the village, must come directly to take down the evidence of the crime.

While the overseer was thus speaking, the man he addressed grew white as a sheet; his eyes were fixed, staring into vacuity; his lower jaw dropped; he turned positively livid; the things he held in his hands fell to the ground with a clatter. I saw him stagger. I was in the act of jumping out of the sledge to run to his aid, when he threw his arms up, and reeling backwards, fell, shrieking out the words—“Found! found!” We both rushed forward, and quickly raised him, thinking he had swooned. It was not so—he was dead!

It was not till the following day that we learnt the full particulars of this village tragedy. There remained no sort of doubt in the mind of any one that the mayor himself had committed the murder. The clue once obtained, a mass of circumstantial evidence went to prove it.

For some days nothing else was talked about in the whole neighbourhood. Walters was being perpetually interviewed by persons, with and without business, anxious to learn his account of the

affair. At length we got quite impatient of the interruptions to our work, caused by this love of exciting gossip. My time was not unlimited; and as Walters was extremely anxious to get forward with certain portions of the business while we were together, we gave ourselves up to plans, surveyings, and estimates, for three days persistently.

On the morning of the third day the post brought a letter from Countess Kubinsky, inviting us, in the Count's name and her own, to go over and dine at the castle—staying the night as a matter of course. The invitation was for the day on which the letter was received.

“Well, I think we may give ourselves a holiday,” said Walters; “what do you say?”

“By all means let us go,” I replied. “I should like to see something more of the lovely Countess. You have been to their castle, I suppose?”

“Yes, once. You must not expect much,—it is a tumble-down place, with none of the comforts of an English country-house. But all the same, the Kubinskys are a family of great antiquity, and the Count is proud as Lucifer.”

The afternoon found us on our way. We were to dine at five o'clock, so we had set off in good time. As we approached our destination, the red gleams of sunset shone through the dark branches of a fir-wood extending along the crest of rising ground immediately in front of us. Skirting this wood, the road, indicated by “snow-trees,” led us round in sight of the castle—a grim-looking fortalice of the middle ages. The building at first seemed of no great extent—only, in fact, a square tower, with no architectural beauty. We passed through the open gates; but we

might have passed through a wide gap in the wall, the masonry of which was broken down in more places than one. The bare branches of some fine oak-trees met over our heads,—a pretty bit of avenue in summer; but now all was leafless, and the details of the landscape far and near alike obliterated by the snow. An arched opening at the base of the tower admitted carriages into an inner court. As we drove through, I noticed a door with open gratings, and an unglazed window: this was the castle prison, I learnt,—useful enough in the old days of serfdom. In the courtyard an arched opening led to a flight of wide stone steps. Giving the reins to the servants who stood waiting for us, we ascended into the interior of the edifice. I now found that the castle was larger than it at first appeared—its gable-end merely was visible in the front; the building extended considerably in the rear. Half-way up the steps a strong iron gate of ancient workmanship gave the building almost the air of a prison. It stood wide open, and we passed on, after ascending again a few steps to a corridor, lighted by extremely narrow windows. The floor was of oak, but the walls and ceiling were whitewashed. The servant who preceded us opened a ponderous door, which admitted us to a long, low apartment, with a large mulioned window at either end.

The short winter day was already waning; and but for the light of a single lamp placed on a work-table near an enormous porcelain stove, we should hardly have discovered the presence of our hostess. The Countess immediately rose and welcomed us with the utmost cordiality. If I had thought the lady charming before in her fur wraps, she looked still prettier in her soft, flowing grey costume, with its

most artistic dash of red. The room, though sparsely furnished, was picturesque in the extreme. Our modern fashions are ruled by the upholsterer, not the architect, and luxury often crowds good taste out of the field. While the Countess and Walters were talking together of some mutual friends, I looked about me. A few high-backed chairs stood against the walls, which to the height of six or seven feet were covered with a dado of stamped leather. The ceiling was vaulted, and simply whitewashed. The crudeness was toned down by time, a nicer word than dirt or dust. At the upper edge of the dado a wooden shelf, slightly ornamented with carving, ran the whole length of the room. It was some six or seven inches wide, and conveniently held all manner of things for use and ornament,—books, swords, vases, and curiosities. The glass of the windows was like the small panes of our own medieval houses, with heraldic devices in stained glass in the upper part. The window-seat looked inviting when I saw the room again by daylight. A handsomely carved sarcophagus-chest, and two or three ponderous oak-tables, with a Turkey rug and a few bear-skins on the floor, comprised the furniture. It was all simple, and of old-world aspect, yet harmonious and dignified. The only evidences of modern life were the books and newspapers on the table, and always, of course, the fair *châtelaine* herself in Parisian toilet.

The Count came in just as we had risen to seek our rooms and prepare for dinner. He was extremely polite, and led the way to our apartments.

At dinner we were joined by another guest who was also staying in the house—Major Dalcovich, a cavalry officer from the neighbouring garrison town. The *cui-*

*sine* was good, and the viands abundant; the game especially was excellent. But there were several marked incongruities in the *ménage* which struck me: the livery worn by the servants was shabby, not to say dirty; and I observed there was hardly any plate on the table; and the china was ill-matching, and some of it broken.

Our hostess, near whom I was seated, appeared to know intuitively what was passing through my mind, for she said to me, "We nobles of Galicia are all poor people: you, who come from wealthy England, must be surprised at much you see."

I made some polite rejoinder to this remark, adding something about Galicia having passed through a period of political and commercial depression, but that I hoped better times were in store for the province, and that the material resources of the soil would now be properly developed. "Monsieur le Comte has land in the petroleum district, I think; perhaps when I come again you will all be millionaires."

"Ah me! there are men who throw to the four winds all the good that comes home to them," replied the Countess, with undisguised bitterness. "You practical English gentlemen do not know our nobles; they do their best to go to the devil with two horses. Make them rich, and they will just go faster to the same devil with four horses."

To this very awkward speech I was fortunately not obliged to make any rejoinder, for dinner was ended; and according to the etiquette of the country, I bowed, shook hands with my hostess, and then offered her my arm to escort her back to the drawing-room, where we all assembled, and the gentlemen lit their cigars.

Following the Count and Major Daleovich to the other end of the room to look at some old Turkish firearms, we left the Countess and Walters *tête-à-tête*. They seemed to have a good deal to say to each other, and I thought the Count took note of the fact; but what his feelings were, I failed to find out,—his cold blue eyes were not expressive. He was a handsome man of about five or six and thirty, with a manner of constrained courtesy. I could not imagine his ever warming up with real sympathy for man, woman, or child. *Apropos* of the latter, they had no family.

After a while the conversation became general—at least the Major held forth in his loud Austrian voice on military matters, and we listened. The Count looked inexpressibly bored; he threw himself back in a low wicker-chair, of which there were some half-dozen in the room, and lit a fresh cigar.

"What say you, gentlemen? shall we have a game of whist?" said the Count, breaking in at last upon the Major's interminable flow of talk. The Count, I may observe, spoke in French with us; he did not understand English, and I fancy was annoyed when his wife addressed either of us in our own language. The Major, who was not fluent in French, laid down the law in the broadest South German.

"Will madam play?" I asked, turning to the Countess.

"Oh no, I am not wanted," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. She rose, gathered her work together, and bowing to us, said, "Good night, gentlemen. I leave you to your game, hoping fortune may divide her favours equally between you."

The Count became quite animated at the prospect of play, and busied himself giving directions to

the servants, who brought in a card-table, and a tray with bottles and glasses placed near at hand. The fire in the stove was made up, and a fresh basketful of wood brought in, all indicating that our host intended we should make a night of it.

We played rubber after rubber, changing partners several times. The stakes were not high, but I got up a loser to the amount of 250 florins. Walters had lost rather more. I noticed that he was singularly taciturn all the evening, and played with a keenness that surprised me, in a man so little addicted to cards.

It was after midnight when we went to our rooms. The household were evidently all gone to bed; for our host made no sign of calling up the servants, and conducted us himself to our respective rooms, at the end of a long corridor.

"Gentlemen, you must take your revenge to-morrow evening. Good night—sleep well," said the Count, bowing to us both.

Walters disappeared into his own room, and I closed my door, while the retreating steps of our host were still audible. My room was rather large, of the same character as the rest of the castle,—dark oak floor, and wainscot reaching about four feet high, the walls and vaulted ceiling of bare whitewash. I opened the door of the stove, and a warm ruddy light cast its beam across the room. The window—there was only one—showed by its depth the extreme thickness of the walls; a piece of green cloth, much weather-stained, was hooked up over the window-panes. I unhitched this curtain, throwing it down, and looked out on the pale moonlit world. Directly in front and beneath me was a wall, which threw its battlemented shadow on the

snow-fields; to the right the ground rose abruptly, and the hanging fir-wood stood clearly defined in the soft luminous atmosphere. Stars shone out between the dark branches, which were swaying gently to and fro. I could hear the sighing of the wind in the forest; all other sounds were mute. Away down in the vale, on my left, the distance was lost in hazy vapour, indistinct and shadowy. The stillness and beauty of the scene had a wonderfully soothing effect on my heated brain; our host's imperial Tokay was more potent than I had judged it. I was altogether more excited than sleepy, and it was some time before I put out the candle and laid myself down in bed. My impression was, at the time, that I had not slept; but the truth is, I must have slept nearly an hour. My eyes were open; and with the firm conviction that I had never lost consciousness, I turned slightly on my left side—that is, towards the window. In doing so I caught sight of an object on the floor; it startled me, and I raised myself up on my elbow to see more distinctly. I then made out, by the light of the window, that the object was in fact a human figure, lying on the floor, with the face upwards. I had instantly the impression that it was a dead man; and, very illogically, I said to myself in my half-sleeping state, "It is the body of the innkeeper, the man I saw fall dead when he heard that his victim was found in the petroleum-pit." Why I should have been satisfied with this conclusion I do not know. Then it seemed to dawn upon me that I must do something, that I could not leave the man's body there; and pulling myself together, I sat bolt-upright in the bed, and then I saw the object more clearly.



“By Jove! it is not the innkeeper—it is Count Kubinsky; he lies there dead or dying from a wound in his breast.” I saw that his white shirt was deluged in blood. I sprang out of bed, to go to his aid. I had my handkerchief in my hand, and was in the act of kneeling down to stanch his wound, when a grating noise behind made me turn. I saw the door open, and I instantly rose to my feet to confront the intruder. “Walters, is that you? What the devil do you want?” said I, excessively irritated at the funk his sudden appearance had caused me.

“Have you got any brandy in your flask, Henderson? I feel awfully bad.” He staggered towards a chair, and sinking into it, almost fainted.

I dived into my bag for the brandy-flask, quickly administered some of its contents, and happily my friend showed signs of reviving. Standing by his side, and supporting his head, I looked round for the prostrate form of the Count, which I had surely seen lying there a moment before. The light of Walters’s candle fell full on that part of the room, and I saw nothing but the bare boards. The appearance of the dying man had been a hallucination of my brain!

Walters, wrapt in his fur *bunda*, his neck open, and his face ghastly pale, was a startling object, but a very substantial one. There was no doubt of *his* visible presence. He began to look a good bit better; he drew himself up, and passing his hand across his brow, he said, “I’ve been a d—d stupid fool; never felt so queer before in my life. Of course you will laugh at me; but do you know, I have seen a ghost.”

“A ghost!” said I, with rather a forced laugh.

“Yes; and I will tell you all about it. I got into bed quickly, and fell asleep, for I was very tired. I see by the clock that I had not slept much more than an hour, when I woke in some agitation, and my gaze was suddenly attracted by a luminous appearance on the floor. I looked fixedly, and then saw, to my horror, that it was the dead body of our host himself: he was without his coat, in his shirt-sleeves, and the white linen was deluged in blood. The sight of this spectre filled me with indescribable horror; a sickening sense that I was in some way responsible for the life of this man quite overpowered me. I lay there without nerve or power of motion; it seemed an eternity of time before I could rouse myself to shake off this horrid nightmare. Feeling faint, I got out of bed to take some brandy, but I then remembered that you had the flask.”

“What a strange coincidence!” I said, intending to give my experience of the ghostly visitation; but seeing how thoroughly ill and upset Walters looked, I thought it better to reserve my part of the story for another time.

“What were you doing on the floor when I came in just now?” asked Walters, sharply.

“The fact is, I felt unwell; and wanting a light, I had dropped the match, which I was looking for.”

“How very odd that you should have felt ill at the same time!”

“The effects are due to the same cause, I fancy. I think you and I, Walters, both drank more of our host’s Tokay than was good for us.”

“I’m all right now,” he replied. “I’ll turn in to bed, and I advise you to do the same. Sorry to have disturbed you, old fellow.”

The next morning, when dressed, I went to look up Walters, curious

to know his impression of the spectre, and to compare notes thereon; but, rather to my surprise, he had already left his room, without making any sign at my door.

The light of common day, and the ordinary surroundings of life, made me feel somehow that the experiences of the night were very vapoury, after all; and I shrewdly suspected that my friend, who had certainly not posed in a heroic attitude in presence of the ghost, would perhaps rather not hear any more about it. After Walters had left me, I had slept profoundly, waking up free of headache, with a brain quite cleared of cobwebs; in short, my losses at cards were a deuced deal more tangible than the ghost, and I marvelled over and over again at my persistent bad luck.

After finally concluding the arrangement of my toilet, I left my room to seek the rest of the party, thinking that by this time they must be assembling for breakfast.

I looked in at the dining-room; there was no one there except a servant filling the stove with billets of wood. He was without shoes or stockings, but I knew by his peculiar features that he was the same man who wore livery and waited at dinner the day before. The absence of foot-gear is no uncommon occurrence with domestics in this part of the world, including Hungary.

I now made my way towards the drawing-room; and pushing open the door, which was not shut, entered, to find the Countess and Walters the only occupants of the room. They evidently did not hear me come in, for they continued speaking together earnestly. I saw the Countess put her handkerchief to her eyes; she ap-

peared deeply moved. Walters was standing on the other side of the table at which she sat, and I thought I heard him say, "Whatever may come out, depend on me as your friend."

"Good morning, Madame la Contesse," said I, in a voice as loud as the Major's, for I was dreadfully embarrassed at my position. Walters, on seeing me, coloured slightly, and the lady rose from her chair quickly, but perceiving me, seemed reassured; she came forward with infinite grace, but with the tears still in her eyes, saying, "Excuse me, monsieur, that I am so poor a hostess, and give you so sad a greeting, but I have many troubles."

The ingenuous appeal for sympathy in the sweet glance she gave me would have melted the veriest iron-plated heart; I do not know what folly I might not have been capable of committing had she given me her confidence.

Fortunately, an end was put to the sentimental awkwardness of the situation by the audible clink of the Major's spurs, and directly that warlike individual entered. He had just had an "official despatch" from headquarters, and was bristling with self-importance.

Breakfast was announced, and we went to the dining-room, to find a substantial repast, something in the style of an early dinner or luncheon. There was a *samarvar* on the table for tea-making; but with the exception of the Countess and myself, the rest drank light wine. The Count did not make his appearance directly. When he came he apologised for being late, saying that he had been detained by his chief *Jäger*, who had come to report a herd of wild boar in the neighbourhood; they had come down from the higher Carpathians. It was proposed to

organise a hunt, and our host said he hoped we would all stay and join in the sport.

The Major's "despatch from headquarters" of course obliged him to return instantly to his garrison duties; and Walters declined on the score of pressing business.

I was half sorry he spoke so decidedly, for the prospect of some good sport was a sore temptation to me; but breakfast was barely over, when our sledge was announced to be ready and waiting. Our adieux were soon made, and we departed under a grey sky and thick atmosphere, that looked like the promise of more snow.

It was not till late in the evening, after the conclusion of dinner, or rather supper, that my friend and I had time or opportunity for any confidential talk.

Directly on his return, Walters had found a host of matters waiting his attention. His "house-Jew" was there already, with a pocketful of papers and proposals for the sale and purchase of divers things.

A "house-Jew" is a person of Hebrew race, who establishes himself, with or without your leave, as your agent in the general business of life. With some taint perhaps of *Judenhass* in your blood, you may at first have looked askance at your Semitic friend; but in the end he is too many for you—you cannot, in short, get on without him. If you want to hear of a cask of "really good wine," or you would gladly sell a pair of excellent horses that "don't quite suit you," or you would make a contract for building a house, or raise a mortgage on your land, the Jew is ready to find all you want. You may desire to throw off the incubus, resolve on doing your own work

first-hand, and you scout your helper, forbidding him your presence; but, sure as fate, necessity and the hour bring back your "house-Jew."

This central region of Europe is *par excellence* the country of the Jews. "C'est le milieu de la toile dont l'araignée a tendu le fin réseau sur tout le continent," says M. Reclus. In many of the towns of Galicia, the Jews form a third of the population.

The supper had been some time on the table before Walters's long confabulation with his Jew came to an end, and even after we were seated at table he came in again for his employer's last instructions. A strange figure he cut, with his greasy brown overcoat down to his heels, and a large flap-hat covering an abundant growth of grizzly black hair, hanging in ringlets on either side of an elderly face of the most pronounced Jewish type.

When at length we were left at peace, and when our meal was over, we drew our chairs close to the open hearth, where a bright wood-fire was burning,—a capital addenda to the stove, which, placed between the two rooms, warmed the sitting-room and my bedroom in a half-and-half way. The wind whistled round the house in dismal gusts; but Walters had hitched up a thick Austrian blanket over the entire window, and he had stuck a gimlet into the door leading to the passage to stop the rattling. Our pipes, and a good supply of whisky from old Scotland, had been placed on the table; a kettle, suspended from a gipsy tripod, hung murmuring over the blazing logs. Our sense of comfort was "utterly consummate," as one would say in these days; but we belonged to the "awfully jolly" period, and expressed ourselves after the manner of our ignorance of better things.

There is always a crumpled rose-leaf, however; and in my case it was the builder's estimate, which Walters would keep looking at. He is the best fellow in the world, — generous-hearted, a stanch friend, true as tried steel; but he cannot have done with business when he has got it on the brain. He would go over the figures of one estimate, comparing them with another, balancing the advantages of each, with a steady persistence that was aggravating, because I knew that his mind was made up as to which plan he meant to select.

We had talked petroleum matters for a good half-hour, when I said, "By the way, is Count Kubinsky likely to join you in any of your undertakings? I suppose he would be glad to mend his fortunes."

"I should avoid having anything to do with him in matters of business; the Count's ideas and mine are east and west," replied Walters, drily.

"I thought you hoped to benefit them in regard to their affairs."

"I have relinquished that hope, which I never entertained but for the sake of the Countess. I know now that they are at the brink of ruin. I pity that poor woman from my heart. The Count is a selfish brute, not to say worse things of him. Nothing would induce me to cross his threshold again."

"What persistently bad luck you and I had last night at cards!" I remarked, in a tone meant to elicit some rejoinder.

"My advice would be not to play cards again with the Count. He understands his game better than either you or I."

"You mean——"

"Don't ask me what I mean," my friend interrupted, in a decided tone.

"Ah, well, I see; the same idea occurred to us both. But now, Walters, I have a curious thing to tell you. When you came to my room last night asking for some brandy from my flask, you said you had seen a ghost."

"Well, I had nightmare, or something of the kind; the fact is, I felt confoundedly ill. It is a large order to say one has *seen* a ghost."

"Now comes the curious part of the story. I *did* see a ghost, and it was identically the same appearance that had disturbed you. I had even jumped out of bed to help a wounded man who I believed was there bodily, lying on the floor of my room, when you came in, and then the apparition utterly vanished."

"This is really very singular. Were the features of the wounded man—or, I should say, his spectre—known to you?"

"Yes; it was Count Kubinsky whom I saw *in extremis*."

"Why did you not tell me of this strange coincidence last night?"

"Because — pardon me — you were very much agitated, — unnerved, in fact—to a degree I could not have supposed possible."

"I was ill at the moment," replied Walters, putting down his pipe; and with folded arms and compressed lips he gazed abstractedly into the fire.

"If you come to reflect, the whole affair," said I, "curious as it is as a mental phenomenon, is capable of explanation as the coincident result of previous impressions on the brain. The circumstance of finding the murdered man in the petroleum-pit, and the subsequent death of the conscience-stricken innkeeper—these events supplied a spectral presentment; then the episode of the card-playing, and our mutual suspicions excited against the Count, trans-

ferred his personality, or brought it, so to speak, within the focus of the mind's imagery."

"You have said all this before," said Walters, looking straight at me.

"No, I have not."

"Well, then, the same notion had passed through my mind: that again is odd. Of course these things are capable of explanation. The brain and the stomach can concoct a ghost between them—that goes without saying; but the coincidence is curious that both of us should have been subject to the same impression, at the self-same time."

We talked on for some while, always beating about the bush, starting fresh theories of ghosts generally, and telling old stories of them long relegated to the lumber-room of memory, till the witching hour of midnight. Then, laughing at the fancies we had conjured up, we went to bed.

During the next few days the weather proved boisterous in the extreme. Snow fell at intervals, and a keen north wind made things generally unpleasant. The renewed snowfall was a hindrance to our work, for the ground could not be cleared and measured for the foundations of the building that Walters proposed to erect. Under these circumstances we utilised the time by going over to Breslau for a couple of days, about some parts of the machinery required for the refinery. But there was a great worry over this matter, and in the end we had to order some of the iron-work from Germany.

The morning after our return, my friend received amongst his other letters one which he tossed over to me. It proved to be an invitation to be present at a concert given at a village a few miles off, when it was expected there

would be a gathering of the local society.

"They get up things in this rough-and-ready sort of way," said Walters. "A gipsy band and a full moon are excuse enough for bringing people together in these wilds. The place where the concert is to be held is only fifteen miles off. If the night is as fine as it promises to be, shall we go?"

"Nothing I should like better," I replied. "I am glad it comes off this evening, for at the end of the week I must be leaving you."

"It has been awfully good of you to stay so long—you have helped me immensely; and I shall feel it my duty to send you my finest petroleum, carriage paid, for the rest of your natural life."

"Do you wish me, then, to make light of your promise?"

"Your advice is better than your jokes, my dear Henderson. Now to business, if we are to give up the evening to pleasure;" and so saying, Walters kept me at work, dinner-time excepted, till it was pretty well time for us to depart for our entertainment.

The weather was perfect—not a breath of wind stirring, and though the thermometer was below zero, it did not seem so very cold. As the gipsies say, there is no cold, but wind. We started soon after six o'clock. The moon had not risen yet, but "the stars' multitudinous splendour" and the refraction of light from the snow were enough to guide us on our way. After passing for a couple of miles along the highroad, marked out by the "snow-trees," we turned into the open country. The snow was in splendid state for sledging, and our horses, like ourselves, seemed to enjoy the run. We were skirting the confines of an extensive forest, when all at once a black object darted across the road about

five yards in front of us. It was unmistakably a wolf, and the horses knew it was, for they shied tremendously, and all but upset us. They would have turned, but Walters managed to keep their heads forward; and, by Jove, they went off like the wind! The wolf-scare gave us an exhilarating run of three miles; indeed it was not till we came within sight of the village that the frightened horses really slackened speed.

Here again we were on the highroad, and soon overtook other sledges, and the "tintinnabulation of the bells, bells, bells," made merry music. Meanwhile the moon had risen, lighting up the whole scene with cold, blue lustre, and casting most delicate tracery of shadow from the naked branches of the sentinel trees.

Houses by the roadside became more frequent, and at length we saw a building larger than the rest, from whose wide-open door a stream of red light issued. Within this triangle of rays a crowd of sledges and people were visible. Every moment, it seemed, a sledge drew up, and muffled figures alighted, passing quickly beneath the welcome porch. Cheery voices of friendly greeting, rough words of rival coachmen, the champing of horses and the jingling of their bells, made hubbub enough; but the fiddles were screaming Strauss's waltzes above the general din.

"This is a lively beginning," said I, following Walters into the house, "and promises some fun."

We passed into a large room, at the end of which were piled a number of empty casks and other lumber; but an attempt had been made to make the place look a little furnished by setting up some tables and a few chairs. A double lamp suspended from the centre lit up the place fairly well, showing

that here the gentlemen were to put off their heavy furs and wraps: already several men were uncloaking, and each moment fresh people entered.

"Ah, Herr von Steinberg, is that you? Let me introduce my friend;" and so saying, Walters presented me to the gentleman, who was, in fact, the promoter of the party.

"Our *soi-disant* concert is really a dance," said the German. "Our friends like the excuse of meeting together, and a concert sounds less formal. You will know many of the people here, I am sure. I believe we are going to have a very successful evening, so many of our neighbours have already put in an appearance, and we have a capital Hungarian band. I must go, for I see Count——. It is a great compliment his coming, poor gentleman."

I noticed the name directly, and asked Walters if it was the Polish nobleman of that name who had taken part in the last revolution. He nodded assent, adding, in a whisper, "A noble old patriot, worthy of something better than a lost cause. You see how terribly he had been cut to pieces in the war."

We now followed the stream of people who were making for a room in the rear of the house. The sound of music guided us through a long passage dimly lighted; but at the end we found ourselves in a bright spacious apartment, which turned out to be nothing less than a glorified barn. The rafters were hung with flags; branches of fir-trees were nailed up round the walls, forming an effective dado of greenery; and numerous lamps, with reflectors, made a respectable illumination. At the farther end of the room were the gipsy band, already pouring forth their irresistible music.

The toilet of the ladies was simply morning dress, with a tasteful addition of festive garniture: I do not know how to express the subtle difference in other words. There were several very handsome and extremely highbred-looking women amongst the crowd, and two or three of the younger ladies were charmingly pretty.

Herr von Steinberg kindly introduced me to some partners, and I was soon trying vainly to catch the foreign step in the waltz. I was so engrossed with this little difficulty and the lively conversation of my very pretty partner, that I did not notice the entrance of any new arrivals; but the lady said, "Look at Countess Kubinsky; she is bowing to you. How lovely she is to-night!"

I was quite surprised at seeing the Kubinskys, for I had asked Walters if they were likely to be at the concert; and he had said, certainly not, for the village of D— was so far from their castle, lying quite in another direction.

I continued to amuse myself so extremely well through the evening, that I did not take much notice of my friend's proceedings. Once I saw him waltzing with the Countess Kubinsky, but she danced several times with other men. In the latter part of the evening the Count was not present with the dancers. I heard that a card-table had been set up in another room, for I was asked if I would play, but I declined: the probabilities are he was there.

The final dance of the evening was to be the Hungarian Czardas. I was almost surprised to find that it was in fashion in Galicia; but it seems it had been very much danced in Vienna the previous winter, and the provinces followed suit. When the gipsy band struck

up the first strains of the Czardas, fresh animation pervaded the whole room. The music and the dance are alike peculiar, and could only find favour with the passionate people of the South; it must also be danced to the wild, intoxicating gipsy music—anything else would be tame and impossible. At first the measure is slow and decorous, not unlike the step of the minuet. To this follows the intimacy of a waltz. Then comes a misunderstanding between the partners: the lady goes off in anger, and dances coquettishly alone; the gentleman pursues her, and manifests his despair by the most characteristic figure of the whole dance—he raises both hands to his head, which is swayed from side to side; at the same time he stamps his heel on the ground, striking his spurs sharply together. After this comes the pantomime of reconciliation; the music breaks forth afresh in its wildest strains of passionate delight, and the dancers whirl off in the mad excitement of the moment, every pulse beating to the wild measure of that strange, almost demoniac, music!

My partner was the belle of the evening,—one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen: when my arm passed round her slight waist for the final waltz, I believe I could have danced with her to the water's depths, like the victim of another Lurlei. Just as the quick measure commenced, we passed my friend and the Countess; they were partners,—I had noticed that before, for her graceful dancing was remarkable in the minuet figure. As we approached, they were near the door. I was hardly conscious of the fact at the moment, but I remembered afterwards seeing Herr von Steinberg enter the door, and laying his hand on Walters's shoulder, he said, in an audible and agi-

tated whisper, "Come out with me directly."

I was so entirely carried away by the excitement of the dance, that the words fell unheeded on my ear. The waltzers sped madly on—the music was at its loudest—when again I was conscious of Herr von Steinberg's presence. He dashed past me in a state of great excitement. I then saw him jump up on a table at the side of the room. Turning towards the orchestra, and raising his hands, he shouted out, "Silence, musicians!—stop the dance!" and then the hoarse whisper went round, "There is death in the house!"

All was confusion and dismay. The shuffling of feet, the cries of mingled voices, and the faces of the anxious crowd who gathered round Von Steinberg, made the strangest impression on my still reeling brain. A sudden thought possessed me that something had gone wrong with my friend; a confused recollection of the mysterious summons came over me. I was not long in pushing my way through the door, and ran along the passage, where many others were also hurrying.

"He lies in that room," said a man near me to his neighbour, adding, "Would to heaven they could find a doctor! they say he is not dead."

I pushed my way to the threshold of the room; it was already full of people. At that moment the doctor arrived, the crowd separated to let him pass, and I followed close, getting thereby within the ring formed round the sick man.

The prostrate figure was in shadow, and at the first glance I did not make out who it was, till a bystander, reaching a lamp from a bracket on the wall, held it close down for the aid of the doctor, who was kneeling on the

floor beside the extended form. The light at once revealed to me the features of Count Kubinsky: it was he who lay there, dead or dying; his white shirt was red from blood pouring from a wound in the left breast. As I gazed, horror-stricken, the grey hues of death crept over the upturned face, and then I knew that I had seen it all before!

My first impulse was to rush away from the ghastly scene; a feeling of intolerable distress overpowered me, and I longed for a breath of fresh air—the room was stifling. While struggling through the crowd, I heard many comments on the event, whispered from one to another. I had heard them tell the doctor that the wound was self-inflicted. "The Count shot himself, I hear, in consequence of something that took place at the card-table," said one.

"My belief is, he did it from jealousy of his wife," added a second speaker in a low voice.

"I doubt that," said the other. "His affairs were known to be in a desperate condition, and I suspect he could not face the ruin that threatened him. He was said to be mortgaged up to the hilt, and I fancy the Jews were about to be down upon him."

"Those cursed Jews again; they will soon absorb all the land in the country," rejoined the friend. "I wish we were back in the days before '48: the laws were all for the nobles then; whereas now, this pestilent race fattens on our ruin."

Nearly three years after my visit to Galicia, I went to Ostend for my health. During the Russo-Turkish war, I had been knocking about in the East; and in the end I suffered so severely from Danubian fever, that I was obliged to give up all work for a time. My



last doctor in his wisdom had sent me to Ostend, where I was ineffably bored by everything and everybody—myself included. The monotonous stare of the ocean from that wearisome Digue, the vaunt and glory of Ostend, was becoming every day more and more intolerable to me. Enforced idleness is crucifixion of the spirit; and what with having nothing to do, and knowing nobody in the place, I began to think I would prefer all risks elsewhere, to the slow process of getting well at Ostend.

Unable to walk much, I was sitting one afternoon in a seat on the Digue, looking seaward. I don't know why, but all at once I began thinking of my friend Walters, and wondering how he was getting on with his petroleum refinery in Galicia. I had not heard from him for a long time—indeed I had not written, owing to my own unsettled life; but I made a resolution that I would write to him that very evening.

The events of that strange visit to Galicia came so vividly and persistently into my mind, that somehow I could think of nothing else. I closed the yellow-backed novel, and allowed my thoughts to wander over all the circumstances of that mysterious night at the Kubinskys' castle, when Walters and I had seen the double ghost,—the portent, as it proved, of the Count's suicide—for such, indeed, it seemed!

While speculating on the singular coincidence of our impressions on that particular night, and the subsequent fulfilment of the mental

illusion, I had in a half-conscious sort of way remarked the face of a lady who was being drawn backwards and forwards in a wheelchair. I had a sensation that the face was known to me. She was still young, and there were traces of great beauty, somewhat, though not altogether, marred by an appearance of much suffering.

She appeared to be waiting for some one, for she never went far from the spot; and at length the chair came to a standstill a few yards from where I was seated.

I was moodily lost in thought, with my hand over my brow, when the slight grating of the chair-wheels on the gravel made me look up. A gentleman was now walking by the lady's side; our eyes met; it was Walters—my friend Walters!

"My dear old fellow," he exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you, though you do look seedy, by Jove! I found out just an hour ago, through the visitors' book, that you were here; and ever since I have been running about to the different hotels trying to find you. It seems you left the one where you first put up."

"By the strangest coincidence, Walters, I was thinking of you at the very time you were looking for me."

"My wife is no stranger to you," said Walters, leading me up to the invalid's chair.

Now I knew the face, pale and worn though it was; it was the face of the lovely Countess Kubinsky of former days.

## THE FRENCH IN TONQUIN AND ANAM.

EVENTS of portentous significance are again transpiring in Eastern Asia, where the barriers of an exclusive nation are being assailed by one of the foremost Powers in spreading Western civilisation over the far East. It is now between twenty and twenty-three years since the British forces in Japan, and the allied English and French in China, succeeded in opening up these empires to the comity of civilised nations. The result has been the establishment of representative relations between their governments and those of Europe and America, that promise henceforward to settle national disputes by diplomacy instead of the arbitrament by arms. This latter phase of hostile relations is being enacted between the French and the rulers of the ancient kingdom of Tonquin on the southern frontiers of China. As doubts have been entertained regarding the suzerainty of the Chinese emperor over that dominion, a brief review of its early history, showing the origin of his claims to that tributary power, will be instructive at the present time when his naval or military forces may come into hostile collision with those of France.

Those who are conversant with the annals of China and Tonquin, recorded by native historiographers and translated by learned philologists, furnish us with abundant evidence that not only is the lesser state a vassal of the greater, but that it formed for many centuries an integral part of the Chinese empire. This was first exhibited in the third century before the Christian era, when the victorious army of the emperor subdued the aboriginal inhabitants, sent a colony of

migratory Mongols across the frontier of the province of Quang See, or the "Wide West," annexed its territory to his vast dominions, and fixed the headquarters of the provincial government at the principal town or centre of population, giving it the appellation of *Thunh Kinh*, or Toong King, signifying "Eastern Capital and Court," as Nan King means "Southern Court," and Pe King "Northern Court." Hence foreigners have varied in their orthography for the native pronunciation, the French calling the country Tonquin and the English Tong King, which is used on most of our maps and charts. At that period the inhabitants had no written language, so the conquerors introduced their semi-hieroglyphic characters, which have formed the medium of writing and printing to the present day.

From that epoch Tonquin has always been more or less a dependency of China—sometimes as a province of the empire, ruled by a viceroy or governor appointed under the imperial vermilion sign-manual, and again as a tributary ex-territorial kingdom, sending annually, or every two years, tribute to Peking; while the sovereigns, on accession to the throne, were required to receive investiture from the emperor before exercising legitimate power. The annals of the kingdom recording the chronology of these kings contain many narratives of a fabulous character, nevertheless there is no reason to call in question their authenticity, especially since the tenth century of our era. Tonquin at that period, from being merely a province of China, began to have its own monarchs, whose succession suffered only a few interruptions

of short duration up to the commencement of the present century. Since then it has become annexed or united with the more modern kingdom of *An Nam*, signifying "Peace of the South," a more extensive region than Tonquin, on the western shores of the China Sea, which the early Portuguese navigators somewhat arbitrarily termed Cochin China, so as not to be confounded with a place called Cochin on the Malabar coast.

At that period in the tenth century the population was estimated to exceed six millions in Tonquin, over whom King Thanh Tong ruled with justice, protecting the weak from the exactions of the strong, and left a great name behind him after a reign of thirty-eight years. His successors were less able to wield the sceptre with a just and firm hand, so that dissensions arose among the claimants to the throne, which culminated in a revolution about the year 1523. Previous to that, a great-grandson of Thanh Tong was disturbed in the fifth year of his reign by a rebel named Le Du, who headed all the discontented ruffians in the kingdom. In the army there was an officer named Mac Dang-duong, who undertook to suppress the rebellion, wherein he succeeded and slew the leader. For these services the King Chieu Tong, notwithstanding that this officer had left the station of a fisherman to enter the army, conferred upon him the rank of generalissimo of all his forces, naval as well as military. In that capacity he acted with great energy; so much so, indeed, that he took upon himself more of the executive than legitimately belonged to his post, while he assumed an overbearing line of conduct towards the king. Having gained great control over the officers in the army and navy, he

formed a party to oblige the king to abdicate the throne in favour of his younger brother Kung Hoang. But this ambitious soldier secretly conspired to seize the throne for himself. Accordingly, when he saw affairs ripe for his purpose in the fifth year of the young king's reign, he deposed him, and assumed legal power. The old cunning usurper, however, found he had overreached himself, and deemed it politic to resign in favour of his son Mac Dang-duanh, with a view to form a family dynasty. In this attempt he was successfully frustrated by the legitimate sovereigns of the Ly dynasty, who in their turn, after ruling the country satisfactorily, succumbed to the course of events in the past century, when the last of the line, named Chieu Tong, retired to Peking in 1788, and there ended his days.

Meanwhile the neighbouring kingdom of Anam, which for upwards of two centuries had been ruled by separate sovereigns, was lapsing into decay and rebellion, mainly through their incapacity and the intrigues of the mandarins. As already mentioned, the famous king of Tonquin, Thanh Tong, of the Ly dynasty, took possession of two southern provinces on the frontier and subject to Chiampa, a neighbouring state to Cambodia. Over these he granted the hereditary governorship to his favourite minister, Ngu Yen, who had rendered great service, to be continued by his sons and their posterity. These viceroys remained loyal for several generations, until the family acquired more than legitimate power towards the latter decades of the sixteenth century, when they threw off their allegiance to the kings of Tonquin, and raised an independent standard as sovereigns of Anam. In ancient times this state was among the

least powerful of the various semi-barbarous nations occupying that extensive region that lies between India and China. From time to time, however, its dominion was extended by conquest and annexation, until it had become the ruler over several of these subsidiary states by the middle of the past century, and in wealth and power took precedence of them all. When formerly it was subject, more or less, to Chinese rule, they named it Keaou Chee, which by a little corruption was pronounced Cochi. This name appeared to the early Portuguese navigators almost identical with Cachchi, now called Cochin, a principality on the Malabar coast; and hence they named it Cochin China, for which there is no geographical precedent for the nomenclature. Chiampa to the south, and Camboja, or Cambodia, to the south-west, were at the time when this name was given in the sixteenth century, independent states of considerable importance. These are now included with Tonquin in what constitutes the Anamese empire.

Regarding the origin of the people inhabiting these four states, it would appear, from the accounts given in the annals of the Chinese invaders, that they are descended from one aboriginal race, but intermixed on the south-west with the tribes in the Shan states, tributary to Siam—and perhaps, also, immigrants from Hindostan have mingled amongst them. On the northern and eastern provinces, where the territory is geographically separated by the great river Mekhong or Camboja, the Chinese element mingles largely with the native race. This has greatly modified their language and character, and introduced writing and learning; but in the mountain regions to the westward there still

exist various tribes, who speak a different dialect from the inhabitants of the plains, which probably has been preserved from the time of their early ancestors. What the nature of that original tongue was, there are no records to show. The infusion of the Chinese language and literature into the education of the upper classes of Tonquin and Anam spread gradually among the lower sections of the people, though the dialect became largely mixed with words and phrases which, not being traceable to a Chinese origin, were no doubt remains of the aboriginal language. In the written characters adopted there are also numerous modifications, and even new formations, to adapt them to native words. Among the highly educated classical Chinese is understood, and printed in books and official documents.

While the people of the four states were thus amalgamating to form a united empire, the governing classes were contending for supremacy. After the formation of the monarchy in Anam by the family of Ngu Yen in the sixteenth century, nine sovereigns of that dynasty ruled the kingdom up to 1777, when a rebellion broke out that completely revolutionised the government. There arose a powerful band of rebels in the province of Qui Nor, who had been driven to follow a lawless life by the oppression of corrupt officials, and who soon became ripe for revolt at the call of their leaders. Among these were three bold brothers who assumed the name of Tay Son, or Western Mountaineers, and who refused to acknowledge any authority among the rulers of Anam or Tonquin. When they hoisted the standard of rebellion, a host of adherents rallied round it from the military part of the population, as well as the discontented populace.

The rapidity of their movements surprised the regular forces dispatched to quell them, against whom they fought with courage in several engagements, and ultimately defeated the army defending the royal residence. Immediately that was accomplished, the leaders of the rebellion dethroned the last of the kings; while the eldest of the three Tay Son brothers usurped his seat and assumed the title of Quang Trung, he and his son holding power for thirteen years. During that time a combination of the legitimate party was formed, and putting aside all their rivalries, resolved to place a capable sovereign on the throne to assume the administration of affairs, which had increased greatly by the union of the kingdoms. Among the descendants of the brave generalissimo Ngu Yen-do, who successfully opposed the Mac Duong pretensions, and restored the dynasty of Ly, one of them, named Ngu Yen-anh, had ruled as viceroy the southern provinces of Anam for twenty-two years. Seeing the perturbed condition of the country, and holding communication with the legitimists, he assembled the whole of the national forces and marched into Tonquin, subdued that kingdom, and returned to Anam, where he completely defeated the forces of the usurpers in the year 1802. He then adopted the name of Gia Long, and assumed the title of Hoang De, or emperor, over the combined states of Tonquin, Anam, Chiampo, and Cambodia. He received investiture from the renowned Chinese emperor, Kang He, engaging to send an embassy to Peking once in three years. For eighteen years the empire flourished under his reign, and also that of his son Ming Mang, who was succeeded by the late emperor Tu Duk, receiving his investiture from the

suzerain in 1849, and sending triennial tribute to Peking.

A notable incident occurred on the occasion of the legitimate forces conquering those of the rebels, as recorded by the Rev. Dr Le Fevre, head of the French missionaries residing at Saigon, in the following passage in his interesting 'Details respecting Cochin China':—

"Some rebels called Say Ton, after an interregnum of two years from the death of Hien Vuong in 1777, occupied the throne up to 1801. In that year the legitimate king Gia Long, after having gained many advantages over the rebels, being assisted by the counsels of a French bishop, M<sup>onsieur</sup> Pigneaux, and by many able French officers, recovered his kingdom, and in the following year conquered that of Tonquin, and assumed the title of emperor."

If the above statement be correct—which there is no reason to dispute—this was the first friendly footing the French obtained in Anam. Previously their relations with the rulers were at no time of an amicable character. On the contrary, the greatest hostility was shown towards French war-vessels appearing in the harbours; and the French missionaries who penetrated inland to make converts to the Catholic faith, were persecuted and punished with sanguinary severity. Their missions date back to 1666, when they succeeded to the propaganda of the Jesuits, who had been expelled by the king four years previously. These ecclesiastical pioneers being few, invited some of the Spanish Dominicans at Manilla to come to their assistance, which was acceded to, and this encouraged the Jesuit mission to join them. As usual, this extensive territory, voluntarily taken under their ecclesiastical charge, was divided into two apos-

tological vicarships — the western division extending through Cambodia to Laos, and the eastern through Anam and Tonquin to the Chinese frontier. The latter division was placed under the care of the Spaniards, where they had numerous European and native priests; the former was occupied by the French; while the Jesuits continued to labour in the districts which they had already formed, the whole numbering not more than fifteen foreigners.

With enthusiastic zeal this small band of missionaries entered upon their formidable task of converting a nation of pagans to Christianity. To their great satisfaction they found amongst the people many possessed of an admirable disposition to embrace its doctrines, according to their manner of propagating the faith. On this head Dr Le Fevre remarks:—

“Through the good sense by which they are generally gifted, these people easily understood the vanity of idols, and the solid proofs upon which our holy religion is established. Thus the first missionaries baptised many neophytes and founded numerous churches. But soon it was seen that something was wanting to their rising church. There were neither pastor at the head of the flock, nor native clergy to fill the room of the European missionaries when these were taken off by death or condemned to silence by persecution. It was then that *Les Missions Etrangères* was, under the auspices of the Church, formed to supply bishops or vicars-apostolic to govern these new churches, and provide them with evangelical labourers. Having reached Anam and Tonquin, our first bishops formed establishments to teach and exercise in the functions of the sacred ministry a few students whom they judged sufficiently able to convert their countrymen.”

In the course of time these seeds of the Catholic faith grew to a great extent and flourished, notwith-

standing the persecutions of the rulers. Three vicarships were formed out of the first two, and named respectively, in 1830, Eastern Tonquin, under five Spanish Dominicans; Western Tonquin, under seven French missionaries and bishops; and Anam or Cochin China, seven Frenchmen, and one Italian Franciscan. Each of the three missions had two bishops, a principal and an assistant; and these twenty Europeans had under their superintendence a considerable number of native priests and catechists, with two Latin schools, and three other seminaries, where they were taught in their own tongue. At that time it was estimated that the number of converts throughout the united realm of Tonquin and Anam was not less than four hundred thousand.

During the reign of the first emperor, Gia Long, the movements of this perfect ecclesiastical system were partially tolerated, in gratitude probably for the judicious counsels and important services rendered to him by the Bishop of Adran, and a few Frenchmen with other foreigners, whom he had engaged to assist him in disciplining his army and erecting fortifications. Two Frenchmen, not priests, named M. Chaigneux and M. Vanier, were raised to the rank of mandarins, the latter espousing a native lady at Court, where they remained until 1825, when they took their departure for France. Having thus obtained a footing in the country through the operations of the Church militant, the French endeavoured to follow it up by establishing diplomatic relations with the government, and if possible to negotiate a treaty of amity and trade. The exclusive policy of the administration, however, frustrated all their attempts to open up friendly intercourse, or to conclude

any convention with France, notwithstanding what has been asserted in favour of this point by the Parisian press.

In its principles the government of the Anamese empire is based upon a pure despotism, the power of the emperor being absolute. He is the sole administrative and legislative authority, with power to make new laws; but he cannot entirely abrogate any of the ancient laws, because they have acquired a sacred character, according to the opinion generally supported by the nation, against which the most absolute power could not struggle. For the detailed administration of affairs there are six departments, in imitation of the executive boards in China—namely, *Bo Lai*, charged with nominating high officials to vacant posts; *Bo Ho*, in charge of the treasury, and collection of imposts and taxes; *Bo Hee*, directs all state ceremonies, according to ancient customs; *Bo Binh*, regulates all military affairs; *Bo Hinh*, takes cognisance of capital crimes and punishes the criminal; and *Bo Long*, the department of public works. For the marine there is only a superintendent, and there is no minister for foreign affairs. The mandarins who preside over these different departments have not the same power as ministers in European governments. They are obliged to report all matters, even the most minute, that transpire in their offices, to the emperor, and must conform strictly to his instructions.

It is generally supposed by misinformed writers that the Anamese soldiers are inferior to those of the Chinese army; and hence they conclude that any successful engagement between them and foreign invaders has been gained through an infusion of reinforcements from that source. On the contrary,

competent authorities assert they understand military tactics better than the Chinese, whose troops they have beaten in battle often—so much so, indeed, that this bravery with a warlike spirit has been one of the main causes of the national independence. At the same time they exercise more stratagem than strength, by pouncing upon their enemy unawares. The horses of the country being diminutive and of an inferior breed, the army has no regiments of cavalry; but there are plenty of elephants trained for a similar purpose, and placed under the command of a high mandarin, having a strong military force armed with lances and muskets. This force also forms the artillery corps, which is well appointed, with a large arsenal of ordnance manufactured at the capital in brass and iron, of large and small calibre, the heaviest being drawn into the field by the elephants, and the lighter sorts fired from howdahs on their backs. The army doctor, Surgeon Finlayson, who accompanied the Anglo-Indian mission to Hué, furnishes us with the following account of his visit to the arsenal:—

“The commander of artillery wished to show us his department, which was indeed well worth seeing. We had not seen one gun on the walls of the fort, but here was a display calculated to surprise us. It were an endless task to enumerate all the different sorts of iron and brass guns, their sizes, and other circumstances connected with them. Four very large buildings, or sheds, were entirely filled with guns, mounted and dismounted, of every description. There were also a considerable number of mortars, and an ample supply of shot and shell. A great number of very fine brass guns were pointed out to us that had been cast in the time of the late emperor Gia Long, and among them nine of immense size. The commandant of

artillery observed that the latter were too large to be serviceable in war, but that the emperor had intended them as a memorial both of himself and of the works executed during his reign. They were mounted on carriages finished with as much care as the guns themselves. The gun-carriages in general were uncommonly well made, and constructed of a hard and durable wood procured chiefly from the province of Dong-nai, or Saigon."

However, the chief strength of the Anamese army consists in the infantry. Compared with the Chinese troops or the soldiers of Siam, they present a very respectable military appearance. Though rather short in stature, averaging about five feet in height, and rarely exceeding five feet three inches, they are well-proportioned, of a robust form, and calculated to act as efficient light troops. Their uniform is both convenient and showy. It would be difficult to devise one better adapted to the intensely tropical nature of the climate, the comfort of the soldier, and at the same time uniting that smartness of appearance so constantly aimed at in military costume. The uniform and equipment are described by Surgeon Finlayson in the following passage:—

"The principal part of the uniform is a conical helmet, without peak, made of basket-work, lacquered, and in general gilt. It is strong but light, and perfectly waterproof. On the top of it some soldiers wear a plume of red horse-hair with feathers, in others the plume is wanting. This helmet is worn over the common turban head-dress of the country, and bound by straps under the chin. In dry weather, and when the men are off duty, the helmet is thrown over the shoulder.

"The body is covered with a loose jacket of red serge, or coarse red cloth, with a short close collar. This habit is wide, with long sleeves, is fastened in front by loops and small buttons; it reaches down to the knees, and is

slit on each side, turned up with blue or yellow. Over all they wear one or two habits, according to the state of the weather. These are of yellow serge, the borders of various strongly contrasted colours. In shape these exactly resemble the under habit, except that they have no sleeves. A pair of wide trousers, scarce descending below the knee, and made of coarse red or white silk, complete the uniform.

"The arms are either a musket or spear. The greater number of the former appear to be of French manufacture, furnished with a bayonet like ours, but they are much lighter. Evidently the Anamese soldiers take better care of their firearms than even European troops do. They always carry a cover for the lock, and, on the approach of rain, they carefully wrap up their muskets in a cloth cover. The accoutrements are similar to those of our own infantry, but the leather of which they are made is ornamented with gilded figures. The cartouche-box is smaller than an English soldier's, but it contains a bundle of small hollow bamboos, each filled with a charge of gunpowder, and a small horn for priming, with a picker. To the outside of the cartridge-box is attached a bucket of basket-work, for the purpose of containing a couple of sticks about six inches long and an inch broad, which are considered part of every soldier's equipment. A similar bucket is attached to the lance-shaft. It is by striking these sticks against each other that the sentinels give note of their watchfulness, and not by passing the word as with us. The noise is sufficiently loud and shrill. They beat three strokes every hour, and it passes thus through the sentries. Their lances are about twelve feet long, the shaft being made of bamboo, admirably adapted for the purpose, with a metal point about eight inches in length, ornamented with tufts of red horse-hair.

"At the capital, Hué, the troops are quartered in handsome-built rows of barracks. These were uncommonly clean, and very complete in their structure. The arm-racks, the arms of the soldiers, the platforms on which they sleep, and the apartments for officers, were all disposed with great neatness and regularity. Of some



regiments the uniform is blue, with red sleeves; of others white and red, and so forth. The officers are distinguished by a circular patch of embroidery in front of each shoulder. Altogether, these barracks will compare favourably with the best we have in England."

From all accounts the Anamese capital is capable of a determined defence, not merely by the number of troops quartered within its walls, but by the strength and extent of the fortifications that surround it. These were commenced by the first emperor Gia Long, as already stated, with the assistance of some French and other European officers, who aided him in subduing the rebellion. After his death their construction was continued by his son and successor, Ming Mang, who was skilled in these warlike works; and not being satisfied with the embrasures spreading outside the parapet, he reversed the plan against the advice of the officers, who followed the principles of Vauban, which have been since adopted in Europe. The same authority we have quoted regarding the army gives his impressions of the fortifications:—

"We were now more struck than ever with the great beauty, magnitude, regularity, and strength of these extraordinary works—for such they are, in every point of view. Nothing can be more neat and regular than all of them,—the glacis, the covered-way, the ditch, the walls, and the ramparts. The glacis is covered with short grass, and about 200 yards in breadth; the wet ditch is 30 feet wide, supported on each side by masonry, and, being on a level with the river, it always contains water. The wall cannot, I think, be less than 25 feet high, surrounding the city in a quadrangular form. The French gentleman told us that the length of each side was equivalent to 3000 yards, making a circuit of seven miles, and that the walls would contain 800 pieces of cannon. Some of the bridges are built of stone and

mortar, others of wood, supported on blocks of masonry, and all of them remarkably neat. When we had passed nearly midway along the front, we entered this fortified city by the principal gate, neatly and strongly built in the European style. Turning to right, we passed along the rampart, and saw that as much care had been bestowed on the construction of the interior as of the exterior. The spacious area is laid out in squares or quadrangles, the roads are wide and convenient, and a navigable canal, which leads to the granaries and magazines, passes through the place. After walking for more than a mile along the rampart, we were conducted to them; the former consisting of a vast number of well-built, substantial storehouses, and the powder-magazines erected in the midst of tanks, the greatest attention having been bestowed upon everything. Altogether, there was a style of neatness, magnitude, and perfection, compared to which similar undertakings by other Asiatics were like the works of children. These wear the semblance of a bold, enterprising, and warlike people. Such were the sentiments which a view of these objects were calculated to produce."

What may be the strength of the Anamese army there are no recent data to show; but it has been estimated by the French to muster between 50,000 and 60,000 men of all arms, including those in the marine service. There is the nucleus of a navy, consisting of armed junks ranging from 100 to 200 tons burden; but now vessels are being built upon European models. One of these visited Macao in China, of about 400 tons measurement, being 90 feet in length, with 20 feet beam. Her crew was composed of 50 marines and 63 sailors, most of them stout-limbed, well-proportioned, though short in stature, and active in their movements. The marines were clad in uniforms of red camlet, with black turbans on their heads, and loose jackets, on the breasts of

which were painted in Chinese characters their designation of "Treasure Guard."

From the great extent of coast-line, and the numerous harbours in Tonquin and Anam on the Chinese Sea, the inhabitants eastward of the dividing range of mountains are essentially a maritime people, and have always been skilled in building trading-junks and fishing-boats. The former are made in a masterly manner, with the planks joined together by wooden pegs, and united by bamboo hoops bent by exposure to fire. As on the same craft in China, two large eyes are painted on the bows, to denote the vigilance of the steersman. They are remarkable for their sailing qualities, both for speed and tacking close to the wind, in which the Chinese boats are deficient. The small craft are made of split rattans, ingeniously twisted into a kind of close basket-work, which forms the bottom and great part of the sides; and being stretched upon a tight frame, the whole is plastered with a mixture of mud and shells, which hardens like pitch. The upper part, however, is formed of planks, between which a half-deck strengthens the boat. In the centre an open space lies, lined with matting and covered, for the accommodation of the boatmen and their families. The masts are made of bamboo, with the stringy bark of trees twisted into ropes for tacking, and a few light mats are sewn together for sails, all of which, as well as fishing-nets and lines, are made by every fisherman for his own use. Thus equipped, they launch their boats into the prolific piscatorial waters, carrying with them their wives, children, and all they possess, sailing from bay to bay in quest of fish for sale and sustenance. Though for the most part near refuge-harbours on a bold

and rocky coast, these venturesome fishermen, in their frail boats, are found frequently far out at sea. The facility by which the means of subsistence are to be procured in this occupation accounts for the great numbers engaged in fishing. It requires only a little industry to get afloat; and hence every boat for the most part is the floating home of a single family, where they live and die.

Commencing at the head of Tonquin Gulf, in 25° north latitude, to the small island of Pulo Ubi, at the entrance to the Gulf of Siam, in latitude 8° 25', over which the empire of Anam extends, the direct distance is, approximately, 1200 miles; but taking the curvature of the coast into consideration, it is not less than 1500 miles. Between these extreme north and south points there are as many as fifty-seven excellent harbours in the river estuaries and inlets from the sea, which have been resorted to from time immemorial by native and Chinese traders, but chiefly by the fishing population. The most northern harbour is in the estuary of the Anam Kiang, bordering on the province of Quang Tung. The Gulf of Tonquin averages about 150 geographical miles in width, having Lien-chow promontory and Hainan island on the eastern shores, and on the west the coast of Tonquin, while the south-east entrance is open to the sea. Shoals, rocks, and reefs project to considerable distances from the mainland, which renders the navigation dangerous in stormy weather, especially when typhoons or cyclones sweep with tempestuous violence over the narrow channels. Hence European merchant-ships, which traded in the gulf from the days of the early Portuguese navigators to the first part of the past century, when the English and French had an *entre-*

*pôt* at the capital of Tonquin, abandoned the traffic as dangerous and not worth the risk.

That ancient seat of commerce is situated on the inland southern bank of the Song Koi, or Great Red River, where the French recently commenced hostile operations at its *embouchure*, forming the harbour of Kua dai Binh. This river receives on its course many tributary streams, such as the Song Chay in the province of Tueyen Quang, Song Ngue, and Song Diem, in the province of Hung Hoa. The sediment brought down *in situ* by these affluents from the Laos mountains, has formed a large delta at the mouth, dividing the main channel, but forming a fertile tract of land. About a hundred miles from this delta, up the sinuities of the river, is situated the city of Kachao or Kesho, the old capital, but now almost deserted by the Government, who found it an inconvenient port so far from the sea, and on the union of the two kingdoms transferred the administration to Hué, where it has since remained. However, the native traffic has continued to be carried on at Nam Dinh, a town of the second order on the right bank of the river some fifty or sixty miles below Kesho, and Hean or Hanoi, twenty miles lower, on the left bank. On the delta, a third town of similar size named Haiphong is situated, which commands the traffic between the river and the coast along its double outlet. These three points have formed the bases of the French strategical operations in attempting to conquer Tonquin.

Kua Thuan is the name of the seaport leading to the capital, Hué. From that of Kesho, the abandoned court of Tonquin, it lies about three hundred and fifty miles south of the outlet to the Song Koi

or Red River. Nearly midway between these lies the port of Kua Gianh, at the mouth of a large river that formed the topographical boundary of the two kingdoms. The region north of the former frontier is level, and subject to inundations from the overflow of the streams. South of that the country gradually rises, until it becomes of a mountainous character. This is visible from the sea, where the low coast-line rises into rugged, high, and picturesque rocks, with a chain of mountains in the distance trending to the south. In the foreground, at the approach to the estuary of the river Hué, the rocky hills increase in altitude, and the peaks become more acuminated. Notwithstanding the grandeur of the scenery, the prospect of the country lacks the verdure visible along the shores of the level lands. It presents at first a sterile aspect, with numerous villages built upon bare and sandy beaches, or surrounded with barren plantations. It is evident that the inhabitants do not depend upon the land for their subsistence, where there are no vestiges in their vicinity of cultivation. Their harvest comes from the prolific sea; they depend solely upon their fishery, where industry labours at the oar, or hoists the sail, which is shown by the multitude of fishing-boats sailing about, giving life and animation to the scene.

On the left bank, at the entrance to the river, a small but remarkably neat fort is built, constructed after a European design, with a rampart surrounded by a stone wall, and the guns mounted *en barbette*. This redoubt commands the approach to the river most completely, but could not resist the fire of heavy guns. Inside it is well kept, with good barrack accommodation for the artillerymen and soldiers

armed with muskets and lances. The mouth of the river is rather narrow, considering the volume of water discharged from it. On one side it is confined by an extensive sandbank stretching towards the west along the shore, and forming the boundary to an extensive reach of the river. On the opposite side a less elevated sandbank, on which the fort alluded to is erected, forms a deep and straight channel about three hundred yards in length. A ship drawing from sixteen to eighteen feet of water may safely cross the bar at high water, and after passing through, enters a spacious fresh-water lake, seemingly completely secluded from the sea. Several smaller streams besides the Hué river flow into this vast basin, and numerous islands are visible above the surface of the water, verdant with vegetation, in great contrast with the barrenness below. Thousands of boats may be seen on the watery expanse, returning from or proceeding to sea, forming a charming picture of maritime life.

So far this is a pleasant and picturesque port; but foreign navigators do not deem it a safe harbour to enter, on account of the shoals outside, that require skilful and experienced pilots to steer clear of them; and natives are not to be hired for the purpose, in consequence of the precautions taken by the Government at the capital to exclude all communication with foreign ships of large tonnage. Hué is situated ten miles above the anchorage, and the river, though broad, becomes shallow, only navigable by small craft; and hence it is beyond any attack from a naval force in vessels of deep draught. When any foreigners have been privileged to communicate personally with the officials at the imperial court, their ships have anchored in the Bay of

Turon, where the harbour is commodious, and native junks are sent from the Hué river estuary to convey them to the capital. It was in this manner that Mr Crawford and Dr Finlayson, with attendants, belonging to the mission sent by the Governor-General of Bengal to the Courts of Siam and Anam, having for its object the opening of a friendly intercourse between these two countries and the British possessions in India, reached the capital. Though the members of the mission were courteously received by the mandarins, but vigilantly guarded, yet they did not succeed in securing any mercantile advantage. At the same time, it afforded an opportunity of obtaining information respecting the fortified capital, government, and people of Anam, to which we have been greatly indebted.

Turon Bay is situated upwards of fifty miles to the south of Hué harbour. Though the intervening coast continues bold and rocky, there are numerous excellent boat harbours, into which fishermen and open junks can find refuge in tempestuous weather. Hence there is a considerable traffic between the two ports. Dr Finlayson describes as follows the junks in which they were conveyed:—

“The two barges from the capital came alongside the ship. The mandarin who commanded them was the finest figure of a man we had yet seen since we entered the country. He was advanced in years, yet hale, and even athletic. He was, in fact, a perfect figure of an old soldier, inured to toil and accustomed to hardships. . . . When we came to examine the boats, we found the accommodation they afforded more wretched than we had anticipated. They made up in length what they wanted in breadth, and were fashioned like canoes, very narrow, but extremely long. Each contained forty rowers, and was pro-

vided with a few small brass swivel-guns. The only accommodation left for us was a narrow, close cabin, covered with matting, of a rounded form, and one end left open to creep in at. Inside it was not sufficiently high to allow even of our sitting erect, and barely sufficient for two persons to squeeze into side by side in a recumbent posture."

There are two entrances to Turon Bay, divided by a long rocky island, which forms a natural breakwater to the land-locked anchorage inside, which is widest at the north entrance, and narrows towards the south channel. Through these, at the flood and ebb, the tides rush with great velocity, rendering the navigation dangerous for vessels of deep draught. Otherwise, in calm weather, it is safe from the outside to sail or steam up the north channel for men-of-war, and arriving at the inner waters, they cast anchor in what may be termed a spacious tranquil lake, surrounded almost on every hand by bold and lofty hills, covered with wood to the summit. Though the vegetation on these mountains is favourable to the production and development of what is rich and beautiful in natural scenery, the aspect of the country below is even more sterile than that at the estuary of Hué river. The soil is more barren, and supports more stunted forms of arborescent vegetation. Extensive sandy beaches for the most part surround the shores, except where they are rendered more bold and barren by the projection of granitic rocks. The great extent of the bay, indeed, forming a basin of an oval form, the serrated pinnacles of the mountain-ridges, and the fantastic forms of some rocks, confer upon this harbour a peculiar interest. These rocks rise at once out of the sandy flat between the river and the

sea, and are covered in most part with trees, peopled by numerous monkeys, which abound in the forests of the southern provinces. The principal masses are five in number, of which the one nearest the sea contains some spacious caverns and galleries, which have been improved by art and converted into temples of Buddha, that being the religion of the Anamese, on the Chinese model. The largest of these caverns is quite a natural Pantheon, forming a floor of a hundred and forty feet, radiating for seventy feet in all directions, and artificially paved, above which rises a natural dome eighty feet high, and lighted from the top by not one but three openings. Several gigantic idols and shrines of Buddha and his disciples adorn the lower walls of the interior, and the whole is approached by an arched entrance, with descending steps at intervals; while the entire rock is laid out in a corresponding manner, with small dwellings and gardens in the level and open spaces, covered with soil brought from a distance.

Notwithstanding these temples and the bronzes occupying them, together with the numerous fishing-boats and trading-junks passing inwards and outwards, the district surrounding the noble bay has never become populous, in consequence of the sterility of the ground; and what stands for a seaport town is little more than a village of three thousand inhabitants. As already stated, there are few large centres of population either in Tonquin or Anam which would rank with towns of the first order in China. It may be said that there were only five *tinh*, or towns of that rank, in the whole Anamese empire—namely, Kesho and Vi Huang in Tonquin, Hué and Saigon in Anam, and Colom-

pee in Cambodia; and these are now reduced to four, since the French conquered Saigon and turned it into a European colony. At each of the *tinhs*, there reside the governor of the province, a judge, and the collector-general or provincial treasurer. There are also towns ranked in the second class, named *phu*, and others termed *huyen* forming a third order, governed by inferior mandarins, acting as sub-prefects and heads of districts. At the same time, however large or small the collection of habitations, they are designated *thanh*, which means nothing more than a "walled circuit." This arises from the circumstance that the houses occupied by the authorities are surrounded by solid walls. But the appellation should never be understood in the sense we give to the term "town," with its closely built houses and inhabitants of all classes. Each province or prefecture is generally divided into five or six *phu* or sub-prefectures, and eight or ten *huyen* or districts.

Turon village lies three miles inland from the usual place of anchorage, on the banks of a small river, where the ground is capable of cultivation, and feeding fowls, swine, and bullocks. The approach to the place is through an extensive low embankment at the mouth of the stream, where there is a small, nearly quadrangular fort, surrounded by walls of sand and a ditch, while on the opposite bank, at a considerable distance, there are several redoubts. The village is disposed in a straggling form along the bank of the river, to the distance of a mile or more. The houses are neatly built of compost, and thatched, with wooden palings surrounding them, or hedges of creeping plants, but little or no cultivated gardens. Inside they

are divided into comfortable and airy apartments, and kept scrupulously clean. The chief in charge of this village is a mandarin of letters, and is appointed to receive the officers of ships visiting the port, holding the rank of prefect.

It was here and in the Bay of Turon that misunderstandings between this functionary and other mandarins led to hostilities on the part of some French naval officers, which culminated in the capture of Saigon. The circumstances attending the quarrel are as follow: In 1845, the Rev. Dr Le Fevre was imprisoned in Saigon at the instance of the imperial prosecutor in the department of punishments. Rear-Admiral Cecille, commanding the *Victorieuse* and *La Gloire*, at that time on the China station, demanded his release from the emperor; and at the same time exhorted him to grant freedom of conscience to those of his subjects who had embraced the Christian faith. The despatch containing these demands was delivered over by the captain of the corvette *L'Alcmene* to the prefect of the province of Quan Nam, in which Turon is situated. No answer was returned after its delivery, but Dr Le Fevre was released from prison.

Being unwilling to remain any longer in Turon Bay, the commodore ordered a defiant reply to be written on a piece of paper by the interpreter; but as the latter observed that it would be better to write on a piece of cloth, and hang it up in a public place, M. La Pierre tore a bit of linen from the breast of his shirt, desiring him to inscribe on it in Chinese characters: "The Commander of the French men-of-war to the Envoy of the Emperor of Anam. This is a remembrance of the respect and submission of the barbarians, whom

thou wantedst to exterminate! If this be not sufficient, I am quite ready to give thee a better one." As it was unsafe to send a messenger on the mainland with the defiant document, it was hung up in a Buddhist temple on one of the small islets in the bay; after which the two French ships left Turon. As soon as they were gone, the military mandarins, with their corps of engineers, set zealously to work in erecting stronger defences than before, and fixing signal-posts at the salient points in the harbour. When it was visited by H.M.S. Ringdove and Vulture, six months after, four new batteries were being constructed on the north-east side of the anchorage, and a small island, called by the French L'Isle de l'Observatoire, was also being fortified. Ordnance and ammunition were despatched in abundance from the arsenal at Hué, and the large brass guns, too unwieldy for field warfare, were mounted on the batteries, to crush the French ships should they anchor again in the bay.

Such an anticipation, however, was indefinitely postponed, in consequence of changes and revolutions in the government and destinies of France, which it is unnecessary here to relate. At the same time, whatever party was in power, the nation never lost sight of again engaging the Anamese in warfare, not only to punish the recalcitrant ruler and his mandarins, but to secure some substantial advantage in the shape of territory. Regarding the commodious harbours of Hué and Turon, they were no doubt desirable havens, but the surrounding regions were sterile, and would prove unprofitable for colonies. Those naval officers who had visited the more southern ports were all in favour of making a conquest of

Saigon, and establishing there a great station for the rendezvous of the French fleet in Chinese waters, on a scale equal to that of the British maritime colony of Hong Kong. This subject being entertained favourably by successive administrations, it acquired its strongest practical fulfilment during the second empire of Napoleon III., who had judiciously joined his forces with those of the British in punishing the refractory powers in China. At the termination of the war in 1860 the allied forces separated, and the occasion was deemed opportune to revive the hostile relations with the Emperor of Anam. Accordingly, the greatest part of the fleet rendezvoused at the port of Shanghai, laid in supplies for the large number of troops and seamen on board, and sailed for Saigon in January next year.

This formidable expedition comprised 68 men-of-war, including one vessel of the line, and flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Charner, 8 frigates, 5 corvettes, 8 avisos, 6 tenders, 25 gunboats, and 16 transports. Their armament consisted of 474 guns, on board 13 sailing-vessels, and 55 steamships, with engines of 7866 horse-power. They were commanded by 4 general officers, 35 captains, 95 lieutenants, 385 junior officers and doctors, with 8000 marines, besides the navigators and seamen. The military contingent consisted of infantry, artillery, engineers, and *intendance*, numbering 85 officers, 1303 men, with 272 horses and mules. On arriving at Hong Kong the *personnel* of the expedition was increased by a contingent of Spanish soldiers, sent by the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, comprising 400 foot-soldiers, 300 marines, and 150 mounted cavalry from Manilla.

These Spaniards were ordered to join the expedition, in token of the *entente cordiale* subsisting between France and Spain since the period of their ecclesiastical missions, worked together in Tonquin and Anam. Without any notable event the fleet arrived off the Anamese coast, near Turon Bay, about the 5th of February 1861.

From the northern entrance of that spacious harbour to the mouth of the river Dong-nai, leading to the city of Saigon, the distance by the coast-line is fully 500 miles, without taking into consideration the sinuosities formed by several bays and wide estuaries. A continuous and lofty chain of mountains trends throughout the whole of this distance from north-west, round by east, to south-west, parallel with the coast, and sloping down to the shore. However, there rarely intervenes any considerable distance between the lower flank of the range and the sea, where it is either abrupt, bold, rocky, and precipitous, or begirt with a narrow sandy beach. The ranges of hills are numerous, and for the most part are seen to rise above each other in gradual succession as they recede from the sea. Their ridgy and acuminated forms, their steep flanks and sterile summits, as seen from the ocean, leave little room to doubt that the greater part of the eastern slopes, and probably the whole of the western, of these mountains are granitic. Near to the middle of the chain they become less bold and less elevated, while their summits are more rounded, and in many places covered with arborescent vegetation. With this change, increased fertility of soil occurs, and a country well adapted for agriculture comes into view, and numerous fields are observed to occupy the wide valleys and slopes of the

mountains, indicating the existence of a dense industrious population. These districts are the more fertile on account of the numerous rivers that intersect them between their sources high up in the western mountains, and spreading in all directions through the level lands to the sea. The fields produce two crops of rice in the year, abundance of Indian corn, of the smaller kinds of grain, some species of pulse, capsicums, yams, sweet-potatoes, and vegetables of various kinds. Hence the meridional provinces in which this fertile region is situated form what the inhabitants call the "Garden and Granary of Anam." Throughout its length from Hué to Saigon, the Government constructed long ago a great highway, the only one in the country, for the others are little better than foot-paths and animal tracks, where wheeled vehicles are almost unknown.

Along this picturesque panorama of the coveted country, the expedition sailed slowly to steer clear of the numerous islands in their course, some of which are capable of cultivation like the farms on the mainland. At length the frigate *L'Impératrice Eugénie* passed the promontory of Mia Vang-tao, now designated Cap St Jacques by the French, and, with the foremost squadron, came to an anchor in the estuary of the Dong-nai on the 16th of February. Then a council of war was held to discuss and complete the plan of the intended campaign. The first point to settle was the terms of a proclamation to be issued by Admiral Charner to the Government and people of Anam. Its terms were principally addressed to the latter, and only indirectly to the former. These appealed to the population in and around Saigon to aid the forces of the Empire of France and the



realm of Spain in demanding satisfaction from the Anamite Government for all their overt acts of forgetfulness and ingratitude towards the representatives of these great nations. Whether the mandarins or the people understood the meaning of these vague demands, at all events when they beheld the overwhelming force come to back up the proclamation, a complete panic prevailed in Saigon and its environs; nevertheless the governor and his military mandarins were determined to defend the city and its citadel from the forces of the foreign invaders.

The river Dong-nai, on which these are situated, is not a branch, as some suppose, of the Mekhong or great river of Cambodia, but it has communication with one of its ana-branches to the north by means of a canal. It rises in the southern extremity of the main mountain-chain already mentioned, about one hundred miles in a direct line from the coast, and carrying along a greater volume of water than usual for its length. The channel is deep, so that ships of the largest tonnage can navigate the stream from the outlet up to the town, about a hundred miles by the windings of the reaches, while it is less turbid than the neighbouring channels of the Mekhong. The banks are mostly covered with mangrove, and beyond them a dense jungle of tropical trees and underwood, comprising palms, screw-pines, zamias, date-trees, fig-trees, and others bearing fruit. Among the upper branches monkeys of different species are seen leaping from bough to bough eating the juicy fruits, and chattering to each other like lively arboreal denizens. In this respect they compare favourably with the Anamese boatmen on the river, picking a precarious existence in fishing, or carrying wood

from the jungle to the town, toiling with rueful countenances under the tyranny of their taskmasters. Occasionally an official barge with mandarin occupants may be seen on the silent highway, like a long canoe, the rowers dipping their paddles into the water, under the direction of the master, who cheers them on by singing a few wild notes, and beats the time by striking two pieces of hard wood together, which produces a clear clinking sound.

At its *embouchure* the Dong-nai is between two and three miles wide, and in ten miles further, decreases to about three hundred yards, which it averages up to Saigon. In twenty-five miles a coral-reef occurs: the channel, however, is broad enough, with sufficient depth of water to float a frigate, but requiring careful navigation to steer round the sharp turnings of the reaches, one of which forms almost a circle above the town. From the outer anchorage in the estuary where the French fleet lay, to that reach, is nearly a hundred miles, the distance being cautiously navigated by experienced pilots well acquainted with the windings of the river. The smaller vessels, Echo, Jura, and Loire formed the van, with seven gun-boats behind, and then came the Impératrice Eugénie, Garonne, Meurthe, Entreprenante, Rhone, and Formosa. As they arrived at their destination, each vessel took its place and anchored in order of battle with their port broadsides covering the town.

Saigon at this time was the most flourishing centre of population in South Anam, and said by the natives to comprise 300,000 inhabitants within the town and environs. A governor-general was resident here, with jurisdiction over the province of Gia Ding, in

which it is situated, and the adjoining provinces of Bien Hoa, Dinh Tuong, Vinh Song, Angiang, and Hatien. Formerly an extensive citadel protected the place, but it had fallen into a ruinous condition, which necessitated the construction of new forts and defensive fortifications facing the river and the western suburbs, which were garrisoned and fully armed when the French expedition arrived. Between these the town was laid out on an excellent plan, having wide well-aired streets and roads, equal to any in European cities, with canals leading into the country districts, thronged by boats bringing produce and passengers. Scenes of busy industry were at all times seen in the thoroughfares, lined with large comfortable houses, having tiled roofs, supported on handsome pillars of heavy black wood, and boarded floors. Altogether, before its demolition after the French invasion, it was one of the best-built native towns in Eastern Asia.

The translation of an important despatch from the Emperor of Anam to the Chinese Government has appeared in a London journal from its Paris correspondent, which throws some interesting light on the subsequent proceedings of the French in Anam. It states that—"In 1868, a French naval force made its appearance before Doh Nang, in the province of Gon Nam, and created a disturbance there. We resisted with a large army, and compelled them to retire." That town is situated on the right bank of the river Song Gianh, which divides Tonquin and Anam topographically. It is a considerable stream rising in the dividing range of mountains, and flowing into the sea about the same parallel as the south coast of Hainan island.

After this repulse, "the French then invaded the southern provinces of Jah Dang, Bin Hoai, and Dung Chang, and captured them. We were unable to arrive there in time to prevent their capture, and had therefore to come to terms with the invaders to restore peace to the country. A few years later, they, however, made another invasion of the south, and seized the three provinces of An Giang, Hoa Sien, and Nu Song, and tried to force me to sign a treaty ceding these provinces to them. This I refused to do, and appointed an envoy to treat with them."

These three provinces extend to the north-east of the six provinces captured with Saigon in 1861; being about half their superficies, so that the French endeavoured to acquire a fresh concession of five hundred square miles without offering any equivalent advantage. Finding that this was not to be accomplished, the emperor proceeds to say: "To my surprise they continued their invasion northward, and took possession of the four provinces of Ha Noi, Nanh Ping, Hoi Yong, and Dung Chang, and demanded a treaty to open up these places to trade. We were weak and helpless. We had lost territory in the south, and had we prosecuted the war any longer, the north would have been invaded. We were therefore compelled to accept the terms of peace dictated to us. The treaty we now hold, and which we are prepared to carry out, returned us the last-named four provinces, and stipulated that the French should be allowed to trade in Hary Nong, Ha Noi, and Chi Nai. Notwithstanding the clear manner in which the terms of the treaty were defined, the French naval forces unexpectedly made their appearance in the waters of Ha Noi in the month of March 1882; and

in reply to our inquiries concerning the object of their presence there, we were officially informed in writing, which we have still in our possession, that the naval force was to get rid of Laon's Volunteers (the Black Flag), and not to disturb the peace of the country. To our astonishment, however, hostilities again commenced on the 25th of April. The French attacked and captured many of our cities, and slaughtered a great number of our armed men. They seized our customs and levied duties on our goods. They insisted that I should cede to them the capital of Tonquin, and wanted to have the treaty amended, without even informing me previously of the nature of such amendments they wished to make."

It has transpired that these were to include a French protectorate over the whole empire of Anam; to have the sole management of the emperor's foreign political relations; and also the collection of all taxes and customs duties. In return for such concessions, the French would guarantee to protect his dominions against all Powers, and assign one-third of the national revenue to his treasury. There are no vouchers extant to confirm these financial demands, but the emperor in his despatches alludes pointedly to the political bearing of the question, as shown in the following extracts:—

"The words 'entire independence of all foreign Powers,' in our treaty with France, were inserted by the French Government themselves, such expressions never having been intended by us. Such language was a mistake; and we therefore, at a subsequent date, qualified it by the stipulation that we should be free to continue sending envoys to every country to which we have hitherto sent. You

thus see that the vassalage of my country to the Celestial Empire has been admitted. . . . We hope that, favoured by your protection, we shall not have to make further sacrifices, or be exposed to more embarrassments. We shall then be bound to perpetual gratitude for the graciousness of the Celestial Court, and the important aid of your Excellency and brother officials."

The document is dated the 8th day of the 12th moon in the 8th year Kwangsu—that is, the reign of the Chinese emperor—and equivalent to the 16th January 1883. The signature is Ngu-yen, Emperor of Anam, being the name of the dynasty of which he is a descendant, and instituted by his renowned ancestor, Gia Long, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Tu Duk, by which he is best known to foreigners, is the title of his reign, copied after the style of his suzerain.

Since the publication of that manifesto, information has been telegraphed from Saigon that the unhappy monarch died on the 19th of July. It is also stated that among the aspirants to fill the vacant throne, he nominated one of three nephews to be his successor, named Trieu, seventeen years of age. It is also reported that the young sovereign entertains hostility towards the French equal to that of his deceased uncle; so that there will be no change in the Anamese policy of resistance, when he receives investiture from the Emperor of China.

Meanwhile hostilities have progressed on the banks of the Red River, with more or less doubtful success to the French expeditionary force, where the troops have been repulsed, in some respects, when attacking the intrenchments of the Anamese army. Moreover,

the engagements have been fought in a level marshy region, where the ground is annually inundated by the overflowing of the streams, and which has been unusually flooded this season, so that the troops had to march through water and mud waist-deep, where it was difficult to drag their artillery. By last accounts, neither of the belligerents seemed to have gained a decisive advantage, and the cry of the French commanders is for reinforcements. Regarding the relations with China, these are also in a doubtful position, between peace and war, and the French Government is not able to dictate or enforce unacceptable terms of a protectorate over Tonquin and Anam. They report that an amicable treaty has been negotiated with the young Emperor of Anam; but this can be of no effect until it is sanctioned by the Chinese suzerain.

Reviewing what has been recorded of the excellent equipment and war material possessed by the Anamese army, together with the natural intelligence of the soldiers, notwithstanding former success in the south of Anam, the French have a still

more formidable task before their forces, in attempting to conquer the northern provinces of the late Emperor Tu Duk's dominion in Tonquin. During the campaign at Saigon, the expeditionary force consisted of a fleet just returned from a successful engagement in China, consisting of sixty-eight war-vessels of various grades, with an army of 15,000 troops and 6000 seamen. It is not illogical to infer, that without a corresponding strength of sea and land forces, they cannot expect to secure similar victories on the Song Koi to what was obtained on the Dong Nai. Moreover, the seat of war there was the farthest removed in Anam from the dominions of the imperial suzerain in China; whilst at the time of the invasion, he himself was paralysed by the foreigner from rendering assistance. Twenty-two eventful years in the history of that empire have altered wonderfully its warlike and diplomatic power; and unless the latter fails to preserve their status, there is every probability of war being proclaimed between it and the French Republic.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXVIII.

DECEMBER 1883.

VOL. CXXXIV.

THE MILLIONAIRE.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A NIGHT VISITOR.

EVERYBODY in the house but Dexter File was asleep. His usual habits were opposed to night vigils: from early life he had been accustomed to face the world betimes in the morning, and thus it had often come to pass that he was enabled to steal a march on many of his opponents, who waited in bed till the day was "well aired." The start of a couple of hours had more than once been of incalculable advantage to him. Even on this occasion he would have preferred the morning if he could have managed things in his own way, but the time had to some extent been chosen for him. A brief note the day before had warned him to expect a visitor, and for this visitor he was still patiently waiting.

But for once time seemed to be labouring on with leaden feet. The financier did not feel inclined to read, although occasionally he took up a book and turned over a few pages. He had never been accustomed to make reading a source of

amusement; and when he sought refuge in it now, he found it rather a wearisome occupation. Some one had brought down a novel, and File tried manfully to get through it, but a very few chapters were enough. How much more exciting and wonderful were the scenes in which he had himself been engaged, than those which the commonplace writer of fiction had drawn from his imagination! As he sat there recalling some of those scenes, it seemed to him that either he had passed through some very uncommon experiences, or that professional novelists were remarkably dull persons. The great game of life itself, with all its unexpected turns and complications, and the vast issues depending upon it—how much more absorbing it was to follow *this*, than to watch the movements of the wooden puppets which formed the stock-in-trade of the ordinary novelist! But this was only File's idea, and it must be said again that his reading had

been limited; while there could be no doubt that life is not usually so fraught with surprises and startling occurrences as it had been to him.

As the night advanced, there were several things which attracted File's attention. One was the unaccountable noises which went on around him. The old oak panelings which lined the room and the passages outside, seemed at fitful intervals to be carrying on some kind of communication; a crack in the room where the millionaire was sitting was, after a decorous interval, duly responded to by the staircase, and the signal then ran along the corridors, and after a time started on a fresh journey, and finished with a sharp report from somewhere just behind File's chair. At first he fancied that the sideboard was the real leader of the disturbance, but he soon found that the line of fire began in a different place each time. He was not a superstitious man, but there was a certain degree of readiness on his part to see or hear anything which might present itself to his notice. These noises reminded him of some others of a similar character which he had once heard upon the occasion of a visit to a famous spiritualist who lived in New York. Then, as he remembered, crackings and tappings went on briskly all round him, and the spiritualist announced that they were messages; but when they were interpreted, it seemed pretty clear to the railroad king that the range of information possessed by the spirits was much narrower than his own. He did not become a convert to spiritualism.

Presently a different sound fell upon File's ears—a wild and moaning sound among the hills, rising high at times, and then dying away in melancholy murmurings. People

who live in hilly districts are accustomed to these tricks of the wind, and know that they generally indicate an approaching storm; for the wind speaks in many voices, and all of them are intelligible to those who have learnt to understand them. But to Dexter File's ears there seemed something weird and unearthly about this wailing sound, born among the hollows of the hills, and wandering fitfully over the park and round the old gables of the house. It filled him with a sense of melancholy, and sent through his mind an indefinable foreboding of evil. He rose to his feet, and went towards the window and looked out into the night. Dark clouds were flying rapidly across the face of the moon—a ghastly moon in the last quarter, hanging in the heavens like the wreck of a world. File opened the windows softly, and stepped out upon the terrace. What people call "presentiments" were never likely to gain an ascendancy over his mind; he had seen many troubles and difficulties, and they had not conquered him. If more were to come, he would meet them with as much resolution as he could command, and then calmly take whatever Fate might send. Men never succeed in anything without courage, and in Dexter File's heart there was the courage which enables a soldier to lead a forlorn-hope. Nevertheless he could not altogether control a feeling of nervousness as he heard a step upon the gravel path far away, and listened to it gradually drawing nearer and nearer, until at last—guided, perhaps, by the lights in his room—it advanced towards him. But it was no visitor from the unknown world that he feared; he knew that the woman whose fate was in some way linked with his own was now at hand, and that the

hour had come when the curtain must be lifted between them.

She stood before him in that half darkness like a shadow, the shadow—so for a moment it seemed to him—of his past life. In that moment a great many years were suddenly rolled back; once more in imagination he was a poor man, with his pockets empty and his brain full of daring projects. Then a brief and troubled vision passed before him, in which some one figured who became his wife, and that scene likewise vanished. Then came dim and rapid glimpses of many a hard struggle against legions of foes, and pursuit after desperate enterprises, and failures which threatened to engulf him in a hopeless abyss, and successes which, although they brought wealth and power, seemed of little value, and yet were better than failures. Men say their lives are short; to this man it seemed that already he had lived a century. How long was the interval which separated him from those early days, of which there was now little left to remind him except the recollections which started up from the recesses of his mind, and stalked before him like ghosts—except these and the woman who stood before him!

She was pale and weary-looking, as Dexter File had seen her on the day of the fair at Coalfield—a woman old before her time. As she sat down, the light of a lamp fell full upon her face; and if a third person had chanced to be present, there was one thing before all others which would have impressed itself upon him, and that was the strange resemblance that revealed itself between the man and the woman. It was not only that in their countenances the likeness of one to the other was visible; but in their movements, their gestures, in every action which they

used, the same resemblance was manifest. But the woman seemed far more broken and worn than the man; there was less elasticity in her form, less force and vigour in her face and bearing. The one had fought and conquered; the other had lost hope, strength, and willingness to struggle any further. It was the man who might almost have been taken for the younger of the two.

“You have walked far,” he said, scrutinising her attentively, “and you seem to be far from strong. You had better rest yourself before saying anything to me.”

“I am not tired,” said the woman, in a tone whose accents belied her words; “not tired as *you* mean it, but tired in all other ways—tired of my life. Do you know what it is to feel like that?”

“Yes; but I just go on with it all the same. We have to see it out, and may as well pretend we like it. You have found it a hard road—that is plain enough.”

“For many years I have never known what it is to have either home or friends. As for friends, the poor and helpless have no right to expect them! It is only people like you who can boast of friends.”

“Yes, I can boast of them if I like,” said File with a hard laugh; “that is about all that there would be of it. I reckon that friends were not standing round very thick where I have been, any more than you have found them.”

“I could not hope to find them,” said the woman heavily: “with a woman, one false step is fatal; no chance is given her to retrace it.”

“Some of them seem to find chances enough—even in this country. But I am afraid you went the wrong road altogether. I never could understand how it all happened.”

“It happened because I was mad. Did you never hear of people who seemed to have lost all control over their own judgment and reason? It was so with me. I was seized with a love of the stage which nothing could extinguish. Every night, if I could have done it, I would have spent all my time in the theatre. My husband was often absent for long periods together—his business called him to the west. Once he had brought home with him an actor who was, like himself, an Englishman. Everybody ran to see him, and no one admired him so much as I did. Judge, then, the effect which was likely to be made upon my mind, when his visits to our house became more and more frequent—visits which at last were scarcely interrupted, even by my husband’s absence. My one ambition was to go upon the stage, and this was encouraged—I did not then see how adroitly—by my husband’s friend. I need not tell you what the end of it all was. My brain was turned—I fled from my home—ay, even from my young child. It was a great crime, but of other crimes I was guiltless. Yet you, like others, have doubtless laid still heavier things to my charge!”

The woman paused, and drew a long breath. The millionaire was listening eagerly to every word which fell from her lips; and as she proceeded, the look of pity for her which had been on his face from the first, gradually assumed a gentler expression still.

“You know what was said of me? The man who had led me to forget the sacred ties of motherhood died suddenly a few months after my flight. There were people, worse even than I, who declared that I had poisoned him. So hard and bitter is the world towards

the woman who has erred! The man had cruelly wronged me; but rather than have committed the deed which they imputed to me, I would have borne a hundred times such wrong. Many sins lie heavily upon my conscience to-day, but not that one, thank God! He knows me to be a guilty creature, but innocent of that—innocent of that!”

Her voice faltered, and the listener gave a deep sigh of relief. The meaning of the sigh did not escape the woman.

“You, then, heard that story also—and believed it?”

“I heard it, but only lately. It was said that this actor died in a mysterious way, and by some you were suspected of poisoning him. Why did you run away? What was this man’s death to you?”

“The suspicion itself terrified me—against such a charge as that, I *might* fail to prove my innocence; and there were circumstances which I knew would deepen the prejudice against me. I dared not face the peril. I had no money; friends, I have told you, I never had from the day I left my husband’s roof. Then I became reckless, and lived the life of a wanderer—but not of the wicked woman I was accused of being. The wrong I had done was in my first wild and fatal plunge into the darkness—it ended there. I went to South America, to Mexico, to places where I was little likely to meet with any one whom I had known before. In Mexico, the tragedy of my life nearly came to an end. A fever attacked me, and for days I was at the point of death. I survived, only to find myself broken in health, as I had long been in spirits. The sisters of charity had nursed me—far more merciful would it have been had they let me gone to my rest even there!



“Then I determined to go to England, thinking that perhaps I might at least be able to earn my bread, and live in peace—forgotten, and happy only in being forgotten. The stage had not dealt unkindly with me. There were times when, if hope had cheered me on, I felt that I might perhaps have gained fame as fair as that which others had gained before me. But the feeling that it was all too late was ever present! I assumed another name, so that my husband and child might never trace me. To be forgotten—that, perhaps, was easy; but to *forget*, how impossible was *that*!

“From the theatre to the provincial concert-hall, from the concert-hall to the barn with any chance company that found itself at liberty during the summer months—such were the steps which marked my downward course. To remain long in one place seemed to me impossible. A restless spirit ever seemed to urge me on—I knew not and cared not whither. But one thing gave me any relief from the heavy burden of my cares, and the keen thrusts of remorse—*drink!* That enabled me sometimes to forget; and for such as I, what is there to hope for but oblivion, no matter at what price? When I could get drink, I would not perform; when I had no more money, I resorted to the stage again. It was thus that years went by, almost without my knowing how many had passed over my head, or how they had flown.

“One night, in a country booth, the whole of the life which I had left so long ago, and which had become a faded recollection in my mind, flashed across me. The night was cold and wintry, and the audience was small; but if it had been larger, I should have found *his* face in a moment, and recognised

it. His eyes were bent steadily upon me, and I saw, or thought I saw, a look of recognition. But I was greatly altered, while he was not, and the stage disguise helped me. He could only have had a suspicion of the truth, but it was enough to induce him to make inquiries about me. The moment I heard of that, I fled once more. From him, doubtless, I could—even after all that had happened—have obtained the means of livelihood. But I would have starved rather than have asked or received such help. Then there was another upon whom I had still better claims. I had not deserted *him* or done him injury: to him, then, I might have gone for shelter, and that much he could not have refused to give; for if there had been wrongdoing between us, it was done on his side, not on mine.”

The millionaire looked up for a single moment as if startled, but immediately he dropped his eyes again, and the woman resumed, keeping her gaze fixed upon him.

“I have told you before that I did not know all the circumstances of my parentage till long after my marriage, when the packet left for me by my mother came into my hands. By what fatality was it that my life had been blighted, as *hers* had been—that she, too, should have known bitter sorrows, happier than I only in dying young? Her husband had never loved her—he could not have done so, or he would not have allowed an unjust suspicion to destroy her, and lead him to disown his own child, and cast it forth among strangers! She, poor mother, had suffered innocently. I, too, had suffered, but I had deserved my fate. I do not ask you to pity *me!*”—the woman approached the millionaire slowly as she spoke, with lips and cheeks all blanched, and eyes flashing as

with the lustre of fever,—“I never sought your pity or your aid; but had you no pity upon her? Had you no compassion, man of steel that you are, on the unhappy child whose infant lips, if they could have uttered anything, would have rendered it impossible for you to have committed this unjust and cruel act by breathing the word—FATHER! Tell me this: has remorse dogged my wretched footsteps so long, and taken up its abode with me by day and night, driving me to what I am now—and has it spared you?”

“The child was not my daughter,” answered Dexter File, with scarcely any trace of emotion in tone or look.

“It is false: you were the dupe of your own jealousy and suspicion, and of the whispers of a poisonous tongue. You would not believe the living! Will you listen to the testimony of the dead?”

She thrust her hand into her dress, and brought forth a letter, on which the superscription was nearly faded by time. It was closed with a small black seal, and as File opened it something fell out at his feet. It was a lock of hair. In spite of an immense effort, his hand trembled, and a mist came before his eyes as he read the few lines contained within the paper—lines which had been traced by a hand long since gone to dust:—

*“On the bed from which I shall never rise again, I bequeath to you all that I have in the world—our child. Sorely have I been punished for the foolish and harmless levity of a young girl; and had the penalty fallen on my head only, I would have suffered it without a murmur. But it cannot be so. The child must not be sacrificed for her mother’s fault—all innocent as that*

*fault was—nor from the injustice of her father. She is now with the friends who have sheltered me; they will protect her till she is able to give you this. By that time gentler thoughts may have come into your heart about your wife, who dies in loneliness and in sorrow. THEN, you will not turn your child away from your door, as you will do now, for you will believe the truth of what I here declare, in the knowledge that I am soon to meet my Maker, and as I hope for mercy from Him—that in all things I have been a true wife to you, and that this poor child, soon to be left defenceless in the world, is your daughter. You will forgive me then—as I forgive you now. Farewell.”*

The millionaire replaced the lock of hair within the letter, and went gently round to the woman and took her hand within his own.

“And this letter was among the papers which you received long after your marriage?” he said, with an agitated voice.

“It was; and I have told you why I took no care that it should reach you. For myself, I had nothing to ask; and for others, any kindness from you would have come too late.”

“No, not too late. If there is not time to undo the mischief that has been done, there is time to prevent more. Your own future need not be altogether dark, although it cannot be made bright. There may even come a day when your child may know you for her mother—when a veil may hide the past, from her eyes at least. But to accomplish that, you must be guided by me. Will you promise that you will do that?”

“I will promise anything,” cried the woman with a burst of passion,

“to get even an atom of my child’s respect and love!”

“It is well. You must leave this country for a time—your father’s house must be your home. Bid farewell to your present life, at once and for ever. In a few

days I will make known to you my plans—the hour is now late, and we must part. Once more, I bid you hope!”

A softer light shone in the woman’s eyes, as she withdrew into the darkness of the night.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—A RECONCILIATION.

All the pleasantest associations of Kate Margrave’s life were revived by her sojourn at the Grange. It was there that she had seen her father happier than he had been before or since; it was there that the events occurred which she well knew would leave an enduring mark upon her own character and destiny. First love is, after all—with those who have experienced it—one of the really memorable epochs in existence. It may be but a memory, and the form which is conjured up when the mind dwells upon it may long since have passed beyond “the shadow of our night”; but it never loses its power of touching the heart and softening the spirit.

But with Kate Margrave this influence was something more than a gentle recollection. There had been a time when it seemed to her that her intercourse with Reginald Tresham could never be revived; but gradually it had revived itself, almost without her knowing how it had happened. In London she had, as it has been said, seen Reginald frequently after Sally Peters had brought about their first meeting; but it was in the country that a thousand silent influences were at work in favour of the lover. The very trees and flowers had voices which seemed to speak for him. Amid the scenes where Kate had first acknowledged to herself that her affection for her father was no longer undivided, she now

felt that she might have acted too hastily and judged too harshly. That Reginald had kept his faith with her could not be doubted. And now he came to the Grange almost as frequently as he had done in the old days, and it was evident that no other visitor was more welcome to the new proprietor. The millionaire talked to him a good deal about his prospects, and even endeavoured to persuade him to give up all thoughts of politics as a “career.” His advice was founded upon experience, but it was quite possible that his experience had not been acquired in the best of schools.

“I reckon it’s a mighty mean kind of business anyhow you fix it,” said he, “and it won’t improve as time goes on. A man finds that the cargo of opinions he started with gets out of fashion prettysoon, or that they are not so popular as they ought to be if he means to push ahead of his competitors; and what does he do? Throws the lot overboard, as a matter of course. He ‘renounces his errors,’ as he says; and so long as he takes good care to keep in with the majority, he need not mind who objects. The oftener he changes his stock-in-trade, the louder he talks about his conscience. He serves it like some men do their wives—the more he ill-treats it in private, the more polite he is to it in public. Let him once get the credit of being sincere, and he may do any-

thing he likes. Have you any politician of that kind in this country?"

"I cannot say," said the judicious under-secretary, upon whom the queer look in Dexter File's eye was by no means lost. It was not, however, to listen to the capitalist's observations on the dark side of politics that young Tresham went so frequently to the Grange at this period. He understood now, far better than he had done at first, the motives which led Kate to break off their engagement. No doubt she was poor, but the richest heiress in the kingdom would have had no charms for him in comparison with her. His mother, having seen that in this matter there was no probability of any change in his conclusions, wisely fell in with them, and was as ready to welcome her son's wife as though the choice in the first instance had been her own. She had long ago given up all hope of bringing about the alliance with the great house of Rathskinnan: mothers have to make these sacrifices continually, and Lady Tresham determined to make hers with a good grace. But Reginald was not sanguine of ultimate success. Somehow or other, the occasion did not seem to present itself when he might seek once more to reverse the decision which Kate had announced to him in her letter. It was not because he had no opportunity of seeing her alone; Sally Peters was a clever general, and managed all that as well as it could be managed. She took care that they should be thrown a good deal together; and she succeeded in something more than that—she overcame even Margrave's dread of parting with the inseparable companion of so many years. Events had shown him that a father's love cannot suffice to ward

off all the ills of life, and that it cannot always even fill up the measure of a daughter's happiness.

"She will never be absent from you very long," said Sally to Margrave; "and there is nothing in Reginald Tresham to which you can object. You have no money to give her; but does he ask for any? Depend upon it, they will do well enough. Money does not always bring happiness, or else, I suppose, I should have been the happiest woman alive. Let these young people settle their affairs in their own way, and then all will come right. Do you know that Mr File has set his heart very much upon this marriage?"

"I do not understand why he should take any particular interest in it."

"Oh, there are many things about him which none of us ever could understand. But on this matter I am not mistaken, for he has often talked to me about it. I sometimes think that waiting for the marriage is all that prolongs his stay in England. He never says anything about it; but I can see that he is dying to get back to matters which he understands far better than matchmaking. You and I must bring this to an end, and let us do it soon."

"But how?" asked Margrave, amused at Sally's way of taking the upper hand.

"First of all, I think you must go abroad for a time—it is what I should have recommended you to do in the first instance, if you had condescended to ask me my advice—instead of burying yourself in London. I am going to Italy, and this time I cannot go without Kate; and no doubt she will say she cannot go without you,—and so *that* matter is settled. The change will do Kate a great deal of good, and need not interrupt

her pursuits—quite the contrary. It will materially help her in them. Now we understand all about that; the only thing I ask is, that you will not contradict me. Is that agreed?"

"I am not sure that I have courage enough to contradict you—you were always a desperate tyrant. But I don't see how you are to manage——"

"Of course you do not—men never do see. Therefore you must stand aside, and let one who can see act for you."

That very evening it came to Reginald's knowledge that another parting hung over him. There had, in fact, been no difficulty in inducing Kate to fall in with her friend's plans for a visit to Italy. She accepted the proposal so quickly and so gladly, that Sally Peters was at first half inclined to be sorry she had ever made it. It might produce a result altogether different from that which she desired. The truth is, that Kate was quite willing to leave England for a time, and all her life she had dreamt of making a pilgrimage to the land of art. Now she had a greater object than ever in journeying to the shrine; for had she not aspired to have her name also enrolled on the honoured scroll of artists, albeit, it might be, low down in the record? Thanks to the fruits of her own labours, she could well afford to take this holiday, and her father's health would be re-established. With a young girl's enthusiasm, she was all eagerness for the plan to be carried out at once—so eager, that Sally was more and more distrustful that she had by misadventure overshot the mark. Of Reginald she felt sure; but Kate was hard to read, and she did not feel quite so sure of her. It was possible, she could not deny—nay, perhaps it was a little

more than possible—that Reginald might prove to be right in his belief that all was over between Kate and himself for ever. In the shrewd widow's eyes, this sudden willingness to leave England was a very bad symptom. But in the course of a few hours she was to learn the truth. Kate had wandered into the gardens, where her greatest pleasure had been found in former days. She was to leave them again soon, but she was no longer without a purpose in life. A new future had been opened before her, and she was resolved to pursue it with a stout heart. She had no longer to dread failure—such success as had come to her made her confident of increasing it. In Italy she could fit herself for a career which it was now her highest ambition to pursue, and prove once more that woman's will is not less potent in conquering difficulties than man's.

Full of her projects, she had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps; but all at once a voice which she recognised pronounced her own name, and she trembled. She struggled against this weakness: where had all her fortitude fled that she should now lose her self-command at the mere tone of a voice?

"Kate, I must speak to you—you cannot refuse to hear me this once. No; do not return to the house yet—at least, not until you have heard me. Then, if you will, I will promise never to return to it again—for bitter, indeed, will be the recollection of it in my mind. Sit down—will you not?—and listen to me."

Kate, after a single moment of hesitation, sat down; and Reginald could see that her face was very pale. But she was once more calm and self-possessed.

"I need not tell you," he said,

“how dear you have been to me since the day when first we met out yonder in the West—how doubly dear, since we plighted our faith beneath these old trees! Much has changed since then; but in me there has been no change. In all my plans, in all my hopes, one figure has been ever present—without it I should have lost interest in them all. What have I done,” he pleaded, in a low but impassioned voice, “that you should be so willing to cast so great a cloud over my life? How have I forfeited that love which once you did not bid me despair of winning? Have I not been punished enough already?”

“I had no wish to punish you, Reginald,” she said, softly. It was the first time she had called him “Reginald” since the estrangement between them.

“You did not understand how much I loved you—I want you to understand it now. You have talked, I have heard, of marring my career; and it is in your power to do it. But not in the way you think—not by giving me your priceless companionship as my wife! It is by cutting the tie between us that irreparable harm is to be done. I entreat you to believe me now—for if this appeal should fail, I should know that my fate is sealed! To lose you is to lose all I value in this world. Without you, I have no longer the wish or the heart to pursue the path which you were the first to mark out for me. It is you who inspired me with ambition, and it is you who can extinguish it. Till I knew you, I was a mere dreamer upon the scene—without an aim, without an object. If all became different, it was you who made it so. You alone made me see something worthier in life than I had been able to find; and then in a moment

your hand was withdrawn from me, and I found that—how, I knew not—I had forfeited your respect.”

“No, not my respect, Reginald,” said Kate, looking up at him frankly, with the dawns of her old sweet smile upon her face; “my respect you have never lost.”

“But I had lost your love—and the one could not have been sacrificed without the other.”

“What I did,” replied Kate, in gentle tones, “was done for your sake more than for my own.”

“Then for my sake let it be undone,” said the lover, with an ardour which he strove in vain to subdue; “there is no happiness for me without you! Think of all that we have said to each other in this very spot—of all that we have promised and hoped. Must it all be forgotten now, without fault on my part, without good reason—forgive my saying so!—on yours? You do not doubt my fidelity, and yet you would compel me to leave your side for ever. Is *that* to be the end of it all?”

“I do not know,” murmured the young girl, her eyes resting upon her lover’s face with the same divine expression which he had so often seen in them before the dark shadows crossed their paths.

The hour was late when the two wanderers returned to the house, but it was a lovely autumnal evening, and the harvest moon was shedding its glorious light on meadow and stream as they turned to say adieu; and there was no longer any sadness in the word, for the dread of parting was over, and happiness had returned to the hearts of both.

Dexter File was alone in the library, deeply engrossed with some letters from home which had reached him that day, when he heard a

knock at the door, and the moment afterwards when he looked up he found Sally Peters standing before him, with a triumphant look irradiating her face.

"Why, what has happened?" said he in amazement. "I thought everybody was in bed long ago."

"I have some news for you," replied Sally, quickly, "and I could not wait till to-morrow to tell it you."

"Not bad news?"

"Quite the contrary. Young Tresham and Kate are to be married."

"Is that all?" said File with an air of indifference, though for once he felt strangely inclined to dance about the room.

"All! Well, what more would you have? What a deceitful man you are! Have you not been hoping for this quite as much as I have done?"

"How do I know how much *you* have hoped for it? But I am glad—that's a fact. And it was very wise of you not to keep the secret from me till to-morrow; you would not have slept a wink all night with a secret of that sort locked up in the room with you. Now we must try to get the marriage over soon. Long engagements are always dangerous—you women change your minds so plaguey fast."

"And you men never do!"

"Not that I ever heard of," said File, coolly. "Anyhow, we must see this affair settled without delay, if we can manage it. I have been looking so long after other people's business that my own is going all adrift. I wish you could get this marriage over next week.

Why not? It's been long enough on hand, I guess?"

Sally looked at him with inimitable archness, and came very close to him with a menacing finger outstretched.

"I was sure I was right," said she, in a tone of peculiar meaning.

"Yes; that's the way you ladies generally feel about everything."

"And you are going," continued Sally in the same tone, "to do the wisest thing you have ever done. Never will you regret it."

"Why, you are like the gipsy girl I met in the fair. She told me that something very interesting was going to happen with a lady—I could not exactly make out what. I wonder whether you are the lady she meant?"

Sally approached still nearer, and kept her eyes fixed upon him in a way which struck him as being very odd. Had anything happened to her? Was she going to have a fit? File's belief in woman's liability to fits was unlimited. Keeping her gaze steadily riveted upon him, she completed his astonishment—and it was the first time in Dexter File's life that he had been much astonished at anything—by kissing him quickly on each cheek.

"You are a dear, good man," she said, as she turned and fled, with a merry laugh, "and I'm half in love with you. I will always be your friend—if you do what I think you have come here for."

File looked after her retreating form with mingled surprise and bewilderment. "Well," he said slowly, as he put his hand up to the cheek which had last been kissed, "I guess I can stand as much of that as she can!"

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE LAST FAREWELL.

There was but one thing more to be done, according to Dexter File's way of reckoning, although most people who could have looked carefully over the position would have wondered on what principle he measured his difficulties. When the millionaire came to England, he had marked out a certain plan of operations; and, as was usual with him, he followed it out with very little change. But some unexpected circumstances had happened, and there were a few difficulties, great and small, which had thus far been left to a considerable extent to settle themselves. Among these was one which obstinately refused to settle itself, and which therefore had caused File a good deal of perplexity—a circumstance which perhaps accounted for his having postponed dealing with it till almost the last moment. Explanations he thoroughly disliked, and yet it was becoming clear to him that he would have to make an explanation. He was afraid of scenes with women, and yet he did not see how he was to avoid at least one such scene. Consequently he could not quite share the exuberance of spirits which Sally Peters exhibited on the morning which followed her interview with him. She was not at all embarrassed by the recollection of her farewell the night before; if anybody was embarrassed, it was Dexter File. Women have always much more presence of mind in such delicate affairs than men.

"I hope you did not see any ghosts last night," she said, with a wicked look.

"Well, I scarcely know," replied File, stroking his chin, and apparently trying hard to recollect something; "there was a little bit

of a mystery here last night, but it wasn't of a kind to frighten anybody. It didn't scare me worth a cent." The recollection of the two chaste salutes which he had received brought an unwonted smile to his lips.

"You must have had strange dreams," returned Sally, shaking her head.

"Then it must have been *before* I went to bed instead of afterwards, and I should not much care if they were to begin all over again. I rather like that kind of dream."

"You are a bad man, Mr File."

"Well, that is not quite the same story as you told me last night, is it? I like the evening song the best. Could we not manage to repeat some part of it—say the last part?"

Sally laughed, and retreated without waiting to hear the rest; but she watched File's movements with considerable curiosity and interest, and he felt that she was watching him, and knew perfectly well, from the few words which had fallen from her when she had embraced him, that his projects were more or less anticipated by this indomitable little woman.

"She's just as smart as a steel trap," he said to himself, "and if I do not get all this business done with and out of the way, she will be beforehand with me. Poor old Skinner! A fine chance he must have had with this little witch! I wonder, now, how *she* would get out of this mess?" And then he sat down and studied a question which was more to the purpose—namely, how *he* should get out of it? It was not easy to decide. A word too much in one direction, a word too little in another, might



mar all his plans. He was afraid of Margrave; he was afraid of Reginald Tresham. If the marriage should even now be broken off! That was a thought which sent a cold chill through his frame; for he understood well by this time that Kate's affections were fixed once for all, and his own heart, too, had become completely set upon the marriage. No wonder that he owned to himself a hundred times a-day that he was but just beginning to understand what anxiety meant; the loss of an ordinary fortune would not have disturbed his rest half so much. But the work must be done; he had tried to do it by the hand of another, and had failed. This time there must be no failure, for never could it be taken up again. "I have never broken down yet," he thought, "and I cannot afford to do it now. But I would give a great deal to have it all over." The days seemed to have no end. He wandered about ill at ease, and could settle himself to nothing. Once Kate went up to him, and put her hand gently upon his. "Are you ill, Mr File?" she asked. Perhaps she could not have explained why, but she liked this grave, self-contained, strong man better than all her friends—save one.

"No, my dear child," he said, with unusual tenderness, "I am not ill, but I am not particularly well. I think I must be home-sick."

"Home-sick in this beautiful place? For shame, Mr File!"

"Well, if a man is home-sick, he feels it as much in a beautiful place as in an ugly one. It is inside him, you see; what is outside makes no difference."

"For my part, I should be content to live here for ever."

"For ever is a long time, but you shall live here as long as you

like. Nothing would please me so much. You have come to do that, I hope—have you not?"

"And leave my father?"

"I reckon the house is big enough for you both. I have taken only one room for myself, and I will clear out of that if you say but a word."

"Do not let us talk nonsense," said Kate, laughing. "You have been very kind to us, and I can never thank you enough. But we shall soon have to say good-bye to you—that cannot be helped. Some day we shall come back to see you—you will let us do that, will you not? Remember, it was my home before it was yours, and it will be impossible for you ever to love it so much as I do."

"I *do* remember that," replied File. "I don't feel that I have any business here when you are by. But you are not going just yet, if I can fix things as I am trying to do. And then, remember, I have a little secret to reveal to you—I told you that once before."

"You did. When are you going to begin?"

"I *have* begun," said File, with a droll look; "it is the ending that kinder bothers me. But I daresay it will come right presently—most things do, if you wait long enough."

"You are a strange man, Mr File."

"I suppose it must be so; everybody says it is. Call me what you please, but let me beg one thing of you: it is that your marriage shall take place from this house. If you knew how much I desire that! It is your old home, and it will delight me beyond measure if you yield to this request. You will not refuse me?"

"I must, of course, speak to my father about it," said Kate, rather

puzzled, but also rather pleased "You are a very old friend of ours, and I *should* like it—I will not deny that."

"That is right; you are a sensible young lady, and always take the right view of everything. That is one reason why I like you. The other reason is that—but I declare, here comes Mrs Peters again. I am a little afraid of her to-day. She has scarcely let me out of her sight ten minutes. Go, like a good child—consider that arrangement about the marriage settled—and take Mrs Peters out for a long walk. It will do her good. She needs exercise—look how pale she is!"

Kate was not sure that she fully understood him, but she did as she was bidden. It was true enough that the indefatigable Sally had kept a careful eye on the millionaire that day, but she found some little difficulty in tracking his movements. By dint of great vigilance, she discovered that a messenger had been sent with a letter addressed to some woman whose name she had never heard before. And then the mystery deepened, for in the afternoon File and Margrave drove off together to the nearest railroad station, and even Kate could tell her no more than that her father had gone to Sheffield. Having followed up a track so long, and, as she thought, so successfully, it was hard to run all at once into a *cul de sac*; but there was no help for it. Why Margrave and Dexter File went to Sheffield, it was destined that Sally Peters was never to find out.

Had she been able to keep them in sight, she would have found that they made their way through the black and muddy streets to one of the hotels, where they were shown up into a dingy room by a

waiter whose mournful appearance bore witness to the fact that the surroundings of the place had told heavily upon his spirits. It was raining when they got out of the train; it is always raining at Sheffield. File was a man who never took note of the weather, and he was now too deeply immersed in his own thoughts to observe that there was a wet misty fog all over the city, and that it was difficult to see even to the end of the long narrow passages of the hotel. But he shivered in spite of himself as he sat down in an uncomfortable arm-chair, covered with horse-hair; and once more he secretly wished that he could suddenly transport himself to his own snug den in Fifth Avenue. Margrave glanced at him occasionally in silence; and as soon as the waiter had disappeared, File looked up and said to him—

"I have brought her here for the present. No one knows her,—no one knows either of us. As Madame Ruffini, they might have recollected her as the poor actress; therefore she has resumed the name she bore when first you knew her, the name of Rachel Vance. After to-day she will go to Liverpool, and you need not see her again."

"Was it necessary that I should see her now? Why have you been so anxious to bring about a meeting which must be painful to both of us?"

"I have promised you that you shall know all, and what there is to be told, you had better hear in her presence." He rose up, and walked impatiently about the room. Margrave's eyes wandered restlessly to the door, which presently opened. The dismal waiter appeared for a moment on the threshold, and there entered the woman whom Margrave had first seen in England in the player's

booth. She, too, was pale and nervous, but her appearance had changed for the better. She was now neatly dressed, and there was that in her manner which showed that she had been accustomed to gentler society than that of strolling actors. She did not offer to shake hands with either of her visitors, but sat down near the table, and placed upon it a little bundle of letters, tied round with a faded ribbon.

"They are my mother's letters," she said to File,—“all that I have belonging to her, except the one you have already seen. You had better keep them now.”

File took them in his hand, and seemed for a moment to be about to untie the ribbon which held them together. After a little hesitation, he turned away towards the window, and put the packet in his pocket.

“Do these letters concern me?” said Margrave, who had watched him closely.

“That is impossible,” replied File, in a low voice. “They were written long before you knew Rachel. Her mother died when she was still a child.”

“And her father deserted her,” added the woman quickly.

“For reasons which seemed good then,” said the millionaire, “whatever he may think of them now. The story is a long one; let us recall as little of it as possible. When your mother died, I at least assumed the office of a guardian, and did the best I could for you. You were placed in the charge of the Vance family, and they were your mother's relations. There you were better off than you would have been with me. All that I could do was done. I cared for your education. For years there were no demands made upon me—and these Vances made many—

which I did not comply with ungrudgingly. You were happy with them, and I considered that I had no right to disturb you, even if I had the will. Then came your marriage. I intended still to have watched over your interests, if there had been any necessity for my help or interference. There was none. Your husband held a good position, and I knew him to be an honourable man. A future such as most women desire seemed to lie before you. With the belief I had at that time; I held that I had done my duty, and that, had I desired to assume a different position towards you, it would have done harm rather than good. Your life, after all, was thenceforth in your own hands.”

For a moment he ceased to speak, and there was a dead silence in the room. Margrave looked from one to the other, as if only half understanding what he heard.

“But you were born under an unlucky star,” resumed File, moodily. “Your flight from your home baffled all my calculations. In vain I tried to find you out, and to undo the harm which had been done, if that were possible. I could not suppose that beneath the disguise of Madame Romani, who had made a stir in the West as the new and beautiful actress, and of Madame Ruffini, whose success in Mexico was the theme of talk even in New York, there was the girl whom I had seen happily married little more than a short year before. My inquiries were all made in the wrong direction; and it could not be otherwise, for you had left no trace behind you. At last I suspected the truth. An agent of mine, whom I employed, tracked you from place to place; and although he did not know why I had sought for you so long, I was sure there could be no doubt as to your

identity—for he, too, was aware that you were Margrave's wife!"

"Why inflict all this humiliation upon me?" broke in Margrave impatiently. "Who and what are you? What part are you playing in all this?"

Then for the second time the woman spoke, and her voice filled Margrave with a strange sadness. "Has he not told you?" she said.

"He has told me nothing!"

"Because it could have done no good," replied File, still speaking in slow and measured tones, though somewhat wearily. "But you will know presently why I was so anxious to come to your assistance when you were deprived of your property. I had some claim to help you, and I am here to explain it to you. I could not tell you before; there were circumstances which made it impossible. And now it would be useless to go into them; let them pass. What remains to be done is to see that the mother's fault is not once more visited upon the daughter's head. It is of your child that we must think to-day."

"Am I not to see her again?" said the woman in an anxious voice.

"Better for all of us that you should not," answered File. "She believes you dead. For a time, at any rate, let her think so still. If she is told a part, she must be told all—would you wish that?"

The woman put her face between her hands, but said not a word.

"Some day," continued File, "the wretchedness of the last few years may be forgotten, and then you may meet without pain on either side. Her marriage is approaching; we must spare her and her husband the knowledge of circumstances which would only bring grief to them both. Let there be a portion of your life never to be

recalled after to-day: when you return to your father's house, we must treat it as if it had never happened."

"Her father's house!" Margrave repeated the words like a man in a dream.

"She goes back to America with me," said File, gravely; "it is the best thing that can be done."

"But why with you?"

"Because," said File, making an effort to clear his throat, "because she is—MY DAUGHTER. And now you know why I claimed the right to befriend you in your adversity. It is because in your wife there you behold my only child,—I acknowledge her to-day, although an unhappy series of events has long parted us. We have suffered for the faults of others, but I, too, have erred; and some of the retribution has fallen upon me. As for Rachel, judge her not harshly now! Recollect what she has suffered—what she has still to suffer; for whatever may be her faults, she has a mother's heart. Do you suppose that when she leaves these shores, as she will do soon, she will feel no sorrow at the thought that she may have looked upon her husband and child for the last time?"

"For the last time?" repeated the woman in sorrowful accents. The father was silent; the husband averted his head. Rachel Margrave sighed heavily, and clasped her hands, and stood facing her husband. "I have not been so bad," she said, "as you have thought. Scarcely had I left your house than I would have given the world to return; but one false step led to another, and I felt that the path to home and peace was forever barred to me. I dared not come to you to sue for forgiveness. Every day made it more and more impossible to retrieve my error, and I wandered on from place to

place solitary and friendless. And now it is all too late to undo the past. When I recognised you in that player's booth I avoided you, but an uncontrollable desire seized me to see my child once more. I found out your home, and one night I came unobserved to your window, and for a few moments my eyes rested on the face of that sweet child. To have received one embrace from her, one kind word from you, and then to have died—that would have been my utmost desire. But I knew that it could not be. Suddenly you advanced to the window and came out, and I dreaded lest my retreating footsteps should be heard by you, and that I should be discovered."

"It was you, then, that I heard that night?" said Margrave. "I know not why, but I felt that you were there. You saw your daughter in peace and happiness—think you that you would have left her so had you entered the room, and had all been revealed to her?"

"No, no," said the woman with a shudder.

"We are in the same position to-day. For her sake, as your father tells you, we must be silent. He is right. It is best that we should say farewell, here and now!" Tears fell from the woman's eyes, but she made no protest. "Be it so," she said. "My father has pre-

pared me for this. At least I shall know that no harm can come to her through me!" She held out her hand to her husband. "You will shake hands with me once again. For the penitent there is forgiveness above—you will not refuse me yours!"

"I have forgiven you long ago, Rachel," replied the husband, deeply moved.

"Come what may," she said, "we, at least, shall meet no more. Farewell!"

In silence he took her hand, and held it for an instant in his own; and during that instant she seemed to stand before him once more in all the freshness of youth and innocence, as he had known her long ago, and his heart melted within him. Suddenly a cry of alarm broke from his lips. The strain upon the strength of the unhappy woman had been too great; she fell pale and lifeless at his feet.

"She has fainted," said File, running up to her, and raising her head. "In a few minutes she will recover, but it will be better that she should not see you here again. Return to your daughter, Margrave—leave me with mine. To yours the happiness, to mine the sorrow. It is just! Now go!"

The door closed behind the husband, and the millionaire and his daughter were once more alone.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—GOOD-BYE TO ENGLAND.

The prophecy of the old house-keeper, Mrs Butterby, was about to be fulfilled. There was, after all, to be a wedding-party at the Grange, and Dexter File was to figure in it, though not in the part originally assigned to him. He had succeeded in everything according to his desires, except in getting the marriage over quite

as soon as he wished, for his impatience was great—almost as great as that of Reginald Tresham himself. More than once he went to Liverpool, and Margrave knew why he went there, though no word passed between them on the subject. The great point which File had carried was that the bride should go to church from his house,

and that the wedding-feast should also take place there when the party returned. It was curious to see how careful he was in fixing the time for everything long beforehand. At half-past eleven the marriage ceremony was to be performed; an hour or so afterwards, the young couple and the guests were all to be assembled at the Grange, and Margrave was to preside over the festivities. For it was quite understood that the house had been lent to him for the occasion, and that for that day he was to be the master of it. "Soon after twelve," File kept repeating to himself; and then he pored over railroad timetables, and ascertained that a certain train left for Liverpool a little before that hour. Jervis wondered why he made so many inquiries about trains on that particular day. Did he expect the bride and bridegroom to go up to London, on their way to the Continent? That was Mrs Butterby's idea. She had settled everything for everybody, feeling that the fates which had given her foreknowledge of this great event had to some extent placed in her hands the final disposition of it.

"Newly married people," she said to Jervis, "go to the Continent whenever they can, because it helps to take off the nervousness. There is something new to talk about, don't you see? and then they're among strangers, and nobody can understand a word they say. The first few weeks of married life is a awkward time, Mr Jervis."

"Is it really, ma'am?"

"A very awkward time indeed for both parties. They have so much to learn about each other, and I've noticed that the poor gentleman is generally very nervous. He is only just a-beginning to feel what a nice heavy load he has taken upon his back. Before,

it was all play; now, he sees that it is anything but play to have another life tacked on to his own. By-and-by it all comes right—at least it does *sometimes*," added Mrs Butterby with caution, for she was a woman who loved the truth; "but what they call the honeymoon is not the best part of it, Mr Jervis; and it would be more comfortable, as a rule, for both parties, if the marriage began *a month afterwards!*"

"I don't see how that could be," said Jervis, after deep reflection.

"No, nor I—but it would be best; that's all I say. Are there many people in the house now, Mr Jervis?"

"So, so, Mrs Butterby. We're going to have Lord Splint to-morrow, and Lord Rathskinnan, but at present it is not a great show up-stairs. No one much except Mr Chirp—him as belongs to the Government. I do not like that man, Mrs Butterby. He is too fond of hearing hisself talk."

"Everybody belonging to Government always is," replied the housekeeper; "that's why they are put there. It's talking that gets a man in, and talking that keeps him in. You must talk your way to the top of the tree now, or you will never get there. I recollect when my poor old master, Sir Benjamin——"

"Jest so, Mrs Butterby," said Jervis, who knew the story about Sir Benjamin almost as well as Mrs Butterby herself. "You have hit it off exactly, ma'am. Then there is that pale-faced Mr Delvar, who always wears a frock-coat, like an undertaker. Oh what a lot he thinks of hisself, Mrs Butterby! He sticks his nose up just like a hemperor! Go where you may now, you are sure to come across some heditor or other. When I was young, these littery pussons were quite looked down upon; but

now they go everywhere, and are the cocks of the walk. It's a sign of the times, ma'am."

"The 'Times'?" repeated Mrs Butterby, slightly misunderstanding Mr Jervis,—"the 'Times'? Ay, and the 'Talegraft' too, and every other paper you have ever heard of, besides those you haven't. But it's not to be all editors and suchlike people, is it?"

"I have told you, ma'am, that Lord Rathskinnan and Lord Splint are to be here."

"What! the Lord Splint who married all that money? Well, come, that will be more pleasant for our young lady than having no one but a parcel of Government people, and editors, and non-descripts, round her. She deserves to be happy, Mr Jervis,—for a more amiable disposition I never *did* see. How glad I was to have her back here again! the place was not like the same without her."

No doubt Jervis thought so too, for no one had been so miserable after Kate's departure as the old butler; but he was not a man to expatiate lightly on his own feelings. He left the women, and people in the Government, to do that. Moreover, Mr Jervis had insensibly begun to model his conduct on that of his new master; and thus of late he had become unusually silent and reserved. He began to dislike to hear people talk overmuch, especially about themselves—a wonderful instance of elevation of mind by force of example. This was the origin of the contempt with which the old major-domo regarded certain officials and "littery pussons."

Lord Rathskinnan came down the day before the marriage, at the request of his friend Mr File—not influenced thereby by the fact that File had a hundred millions of dollars, but because he admired the

excellent attributes of the distinguished capitalist's mind and heart. A thousand good or brilliant qualities were constantly being discovered in File, of the existence of which he was entirely ignorant. But then, as he reflected, a man does not always know himself properly; the judgment of others concerning him is apt to be more correct than his own. But poor Lord Rathskinnan was perfectly honest in his admiration for File, whom he regarded as one of the cleverest men he had ever seen. He thought pretty much the same of every American with whom he was brought into contact.

"Quite an interesting event," he remarked to Mr Chirp, when they met for the first time; "not but what all marriages are interesting more or less—at the time. They don't always turn out quite so interesting afterwards, eh? But this marriage promises very well, I think; a good girl, dutiful and affectionate to her father—a great point. A good daughter makes a good wife—that is my experience. A child who does not care for her own parents is not likely to care for anybody. But how did you leave our dear Mr Spinner—tired and harassed, no doubt? Great anxieties, Mr Chirp; enough to break down any man with less belief and confidence in himself than our friend has. They never fail him."

"Never," said Mr Chirp, with vicious emphasis.

"Quite so, quite so," replied the peer briskly, and rubbing his hands together. "Confidence in one's self is the secret of success. It will pull you through anything and everything. Like Napoleon, you must believe in your star, and get the multitude to believe in it too. Then, though you may be running straight on to the rocks, they will

fancy you are leading them pleasantly into the harbour. Does it ever appear to you in that light, Mr Chirp?"

"Well, sometimes—perhaps." Chirp did not feel that it would be quite prudent to express all he thought upon this subject, and therefore he changed it. "What about this wonderful millionaire?" he asked. "Is he going to live in England, or is he going back? These are the questions in everybody's mouth. Do you know?"

"I do not. I have asked him; but I tell you frankly that I never could quite understand his answer. I could have wished that he meant to remain here. He is a great favourite in my house—Lady Selina has a very thorough appreciation of him. (Mr Chirp smiled, but the old lord fortunately did not notice it.) It is long since I have seen her so much interested in any one—he is so odd, so original; he cannot fail to be liked wherever he goes. Isn't it so, Lord Splint?" that fortunate young man having joined them a few minutes before.

There was a twinkle in Lord Splint's eye as he looked at Chirp. "He is quite the rage everywhere, there is no doubt of it. A man with all that pile of money does not come into the market every day."

"Nor a woman either," muttered the old lord half to himself as he moved away.

Meanwhile Dexter File himself was waiting eagerly for the morning; and for him, as for all other impatient watchers, it came in due time, dawning with all the promise which an unclouded sky and a bright sun can bring with them. Such days are not too common anywhere; and File was secretly of opinion that they were seldom seen in his own country, where it

is generally too hot or too cold—too much sun or too much snow. But however that may be, he felt sure that so faultless a day could not have presented itself on a more appropriate occasion. It is as well to start out on the voyage of matrimony under a blue sky and in the sunshine, for such things do not last for ever.

Everything was ready. Some people thought it odd that the millionaire did not go to the church to see the wedding; but the fact is, that he had some very important matters to attend to at home, and he was anxious that nothing should go wrong. He was at the door when the bride went away; and just before he handed her into the carriage, she kissed him, and then she was gone, and for a minute or two the whole scene around him became very indistinct. He looked long and wistfully after the carriage; and as he turned back into the house, he passed his hand once or twice across his eyes, and felt a strange choking sensation in his throat. He wandered in and out of the room where the wedding-breakfast was to be given, and saw that everything was in order. He went into his own room, where there was a great litter—a much larger quantity than usual of torn paper strewing the floor, and all sorts of odds and ends lying here and there. It might have been supposed that some one was going away; and, indeed, Jervis had a very strong suspicion to that effect, based chiefly upon the fact that his master had ordered a carriage to be at the smaller gates of the park at a certain hour, and a man sent forward to it with a portmanteau which he pointed out. It all seemed rather mysterious to Jervis, but he did as he was told, and said nothing.



After a last look round, File went up-stairs to his granddaughter's room, carrying in his hand a letter, and a bundle of papers tied round with a red tape. These he laid upon her dressing-table; and then, seeing a photograph of Kate, he took it up and put it in his pocket. "A fair exchange is no robbery," said he, half aloud; "she will not, I hope, begrudge me this." He glanced round the room rather sorrowfully, for if there had been one being in the world who had found the way to his heart it was Kate. What his thoughts were it would have been hard to say; but as he came out of the room, heaviness of spirit had fallen upon him, and all the sunshine seemed to have gone out of the world.

When the party returned to the house, Dexter File was supposed to have strolled into the garden; but no one could find any trace of him. Jervis could only say that he had gone out, and that he walked with his head bent down, and had left no word when he would return. Kate ran to her room, and there the first things which met her eyes upon the table were the letter, and the bundle of papers tied round with red tape. She tore open the letter, and this is what she read:—

"MY DEAR KATE,—I do not like to say good-bye to my friends, for at my age every good-bye may perhaps be said for the last time. I could not bear to think that it might be so with you. That is why I go away now before you return.

"Soon after you read this note I shall be on my way to New York. Should there ever a day arrive when you feel that you would like to give great happiness to a man who has had his full share

of sorrows, although the world knows nothing of them—in that case, you will come to see me. It is not far from England to New York for one so young as you; it is a long way from New York to England for me. So that the next time, I hope it is you who will come to see me.

"I like your house, this Four Yew Grange, very much, and thank you for allowing me the use of it so many weeks. Mr William Morgan, my lawyer, tells me that it was bought and settled upon you several weeks ago. So, you see, I have been no more than a sort of lodger in it after all. You will find, close by this note on your table, all the necessary documents to prove your title to house and lands. And there is a white book inside the parcel, which has very little in it at present to read, but which, I daresay, you will look into now and then. It may sometimes serve to remind you of one who will always love you, even though he may never see you again. And if it should indeed so fall out that I am no more to look upon your face, I now bid you farewell—a sorrowful and last farewell. I could not have held your hand and said that word;—the young do not know how the old feel when partings like this have to be made. You will understand why I went away so suddenly—and you will forgive. God bless you, sweet child! To you and to England—good-bye!

"DEXTER FILE."

The "white book" was encased in parchment, and it contained two lines only, but they were of considerable importance. They set forth that an account had been opened with Messrs Coutts & Co., of London, in Kate's new name, and for her benefit, and that the

sum of £200,000 stood to her credit in that establishment.

"Look at all this," said Kate to her friend Sally Peters, who stood by her side. "Am I in a dream? What does it mean?"

"It means, my dear," said the faithful Sally, "that Mr Dexter File is the sort of grandfather that every grandchild like you ought to have. Poor man! How sad and lonely he must feel to-day!"

"And *this* was the secret he was always promising to tell me."

"This was evidently part of it, and I should think the best part. But to think of his running away without even bidding me good-bye! That I never will forgive. Now come quickly down-stairs—everybody is waiting for you. Some day you must go and see Mr File—and I think I will go with you, just to tell him that I never mean to forgive him!"

In the evening of the next day a large steamer was passing Holyhead, and on the deck there were many passengers, taking a silent and final leave of their native land. Among them were a man and woman whom no one remarked, for they stood apart, engaged in earnest conversation,

appearing to take no notice of anything that was going on. The woman's countenance was pale and worn, but not unhappy. She had said something to her companion which for a moment had deepened the natural gravity of his aspect, but presently a gentler look came into his face.

"For every wrong," he said, "there must be expiation. For a time we escape it, but it is forced upon us at last, unless we advance half-way to meet it. You have made yours, and *she* is happy. And some day you will meet her again, and she will love you as her mother."

"Yes," replied the woman in a low, soft voice, "I shall meet her *there!*"

Her eyes were resting with a deep and earnest gaze upon wild masses of clouds in the west, far out at sea, over which the setting sun was throwing lurid and menacing gleams. The father thought her mind was dwelling upon her new home, and he was glad; but in reality it had passed even beyond the far-off west, to the brighter and more distant home, where the storms no longer lay waste, and where the suffering heart finds peace.

## THE VALLONS OF NICE.

THE inland horizon of Nice is bounded by long ridges and conical summits, the rugged spurs and offshoots of the Maritime Alps, composed for the most part of the geological formation called the coral-rag or coralline oolite. No barer rocks can be seen anywhere. They are utterly destitute of vegetation, except a crustaceous lichen, that gives them a pearly grey bloom; but the glowing sunshine lights them up with the rich warmth of colouring peculiar to southern climates. Within this crescent of hills, and sloping down to the Mediterranean shore, is a vast amphitheatre, whose richness and variety of verdure contrasts in the most striking manner with the sterility of the mountains. It is dotted with villas gleaming white amid garden foliage; while olive-woods cover all the blank spaces, showing dimly grey or darkly green as cloud or sunshine rests upon their leaves. This lovely landscape, with its rich cultivation, which intervenes between Nice and the hills, belongs to an entirely different geological horizon. The Jurassic limestones of the mountains give place to conglomerate strata, which are referred to the pleiocene period. They contain rounded water-worn stones of different sizes and varied mineral character. This peculiar pudding-stone is widely distributed along the Riviera, between the Estrelles and San Rémo. The whole region of the Var and the Paglione is composed of it; the romantic town of Roccabruna is built on masses of it that have slid down from the heights; and above Bordighera it attains an elevation of about 5000 feet.

The conglomerate is of a very solid description, the pebbles being held together by a calcareous cement so firmly that it is with the utmost difficulty they can be extracted. The formation has a special geological interest, as it represents a series of sea-beaches, and consequently indicates the former existence of coast-lines hundreds of feet higher than the present level of the Mediterranean. The pebbles were derived from the older rocks of the Alpine ranges, and were either carried down by ancient rivers, or deposited on the margin of the sea, which then came up to the foot of the Jurassic cliffs. In many places, particularly in the dry beds of streams, this conglomerate is quarried, and the dolomitic matter with which the pebbles are cemented separated by riddling and used for building purposes. The conglomerate not unfrequently rests upon or alternates with beds of fine pleiocene clays; and the thickness of the whole deposit is immense.

This peculiar tertiary stratification occupies all the low hilly region between the Paglione and the Var, and slopes up from the shore to Mont Chauve. Its vast extent, however, is not fully realised until one has thoroughly explored it. To the west of Nice it is seamed by long clefts and narrow dividing valleys, the beds of torrents which, during the rainy season, contain a large body of water, but for most of the year are dry, fringed with vivid green moss, or clothed with tangled vegetation. The chief valley is the Magnan, which extends from the sea to beyond the village of Aspremont, on the shoulders of Mont Chauve, and

is of considerable width, its sides sloping upwards to the high ridges, and leaving a wide space open to the heavens. It is a lovely valley, richly wooded and cultivated, producing on its sunny slopes some of the finest wines of Provence. A stream flows through it, which, though often diverted for purposes of irrigation, still contains an unusual quantity of water, whose bright sparkle and musical murmur are exceedingly refreshing in this parched land. To the west of this valley there are several narrow ravines, such as the Val Mapurga and the Val de Barta; and to the east there are the Val de St Philippe and the Val de la Mantega. Between these ravines there is a strong family resemblance. They are uniformly wide at their mouths where they open upon the shore, but they narrow at the top into mere fissures or clefts, with lofty perpendicular walls fringed with shrubs and boughs in wild confusion. In the language of the country they are called *vallons*, this being an old Provençal word for *torrents*; so that the name does not, strictly speaking, signify the valley through which a streamlet flows, but the streamlet itself. It is a peculiar word, and it expresses a remarkable natural phenomenon.

The most characteristic example of a Nizzard vallon is that which is well known to every visitor as the Vallon Obscur. Murray calls it a Via Mala in miniature; but this comparison is apt to mislead. It has in reality no features of resemblance to the savage Swiss gorge. But in its own way it is sufficiently remarkable. It is a narrow fissure between perpendicular walls of rock, from one to two hundred feet high. It winds for more than a quarter of a mile through this formation, and in some places the walls approach so

closely that there seems little more than room to pass—although there is a tradition that a mad Englishman on one occasion drove a carriage-and-four through it. The succession of views looking back is exceedingly weird, the vista being closed up at every bend by the interlacing of the opposite walls of rock. At the bottom, the flicker of sunlight and shadow playing upon the walls is often very beautiful; while the narrow space of blue sky that roofs the gorge is of the deepest violet, seen filtered through the mass of varied foliage fringing the edge of the rocks. A little pellucid stream meanders through it, which in dry weather offers no obstruction to the visitor, though it spreads itself over the whole channel; but after heavy rain it is apt to become troublesome. The children of the neighbouring farmhouses are always on the alert to act as guides to the visitor, provided with boards, by means of which the deeper parts may be crossed. If not employed, they are occasionally mischievous, instances being known of their having hurled down stones into the gorge for the purpose of annoying and even endangering the safety of those who refused to take advantage of their services.

The walls are tapestried with the delicate fronds of the maiden-hair fern; and on the moist nooks the liverwort spreads in great dark-green patches, and cushions of moss gleam in the glints of sunshine that seek them out in their hiding-places and illumine them with a laugh of triumph. Precautions must be taken before entering the defile, as the contrast between the hot sunshine without and the damp cold air of the interior is somewhat trying; and the narrow cleft acts as a funnel through which even a moderate breeze acquires a

degree of penetrating force very uncomfortable. The walls on either side as you pass along present a curious study, looking as if they had been built by a race of pigmies, able only to handle small stones and pebbles, and setting them above each other in little tiers and courses with the utmost regularity and neatness. The most careless mind is led to ask, How were these masses of conglomerate formed? Each of the stones in the wall represents an antiquity inconceivable. During the last two or three thousand years the waves have been constantly abrading the sea-coast, and the rivers bearing unceasingly their burdens of stones and sediment to the ocean, the currents of which have been incessantly engaged in its transportation and deposition; and yet how insignificant is the amount of sensible change that has been produced! The contours of Egypt and Palestine, Italy and Greece, are almost the same now as they were in the earliest periods of recorded history, and witness to the exceedingly small progress of waves and rivers in their insatiable task of destruction during thousands of years. How long, then, would the same agencies require to break off from their native rocks, carry into the sea, and round by the friction of the waves and by their abrading action against each other, the stones which form this huge mass of conglomerate, more than two hundred feet above ground, and how deep under ground no one can tell? How long would the successive layers of this pebbly sea-beach take in being deposited and consolidated by means of a calcareous cement—at first depressed beneath the level of the sea by an exceedingly slow and continuous action, and subsequently elevated to their present height in

a manner equally slow and continuous? These are idle questions to ask; for we have no geological chronometer by which to measure the vast ages that must have been consumed in the process. This rift in the rock seems like a catacomb of inanimate creation, in which, instead of the remains of organic life, we have the relics of extinct mountains and seas, and the records of mechanical laws and natural operations overwhelming in their grandeur and importance.

The way to the Vallon Obscur from Nice is one of the most delightful excursions in the neighbourhood of the city. It takes you past the romantic monastery of St Barthélemy, and the foot of the cypress-shaded hill on which the Villa Arson is situated, where Talleyrand resided for some time, and where Lord Lytton wrote one of his novels. Beyond this the valley contracts, and the path passes along the dry bed of a stream between two walls. The dale in which you now find yourself has a quiet English beauty about it very rare in this southern clime. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Nice, although grand and beautiful superficially, loses much of its charm on closer inspection. The dryness of the climate prevents the growth of grass, moss, lichen, and all those lowly plants which clothe the nakedness and soften down the asperities of the soil and rock. And hence, underneath the luxuriant foliage of olive, carouba, and orange, you see the brown baked earth; and the features of the scene have a hard, dry, artificial look which repulses instead of winning you. You long for the far more beautiful woodlands of the north, where the outlines of nature are filled in, and all her roughnesses toned down by those minute existences which love the

dew and the shade, and make such exquisite fairy carpets and draperies for the tender play of light and shade. Here the Creator in the noonday heat has, as it were, hastily sketched His glorious work in passing by; in our northern wooded dells, on the other hand, He has rested in the cool of the evening, and leisurely filled in the picture with loving hand, covering each stone with a cushion of moss, making each tree-trunk venerable with the hoar-frost of lichen, planting flowers whose beauty is more in their foliage than in their blossoms in each cleft and corner, and giving to every nook its tuneful mavis and its playful rabbit and squirrel. Like this after-work of the Creator under the weeping skies of Britain, is the gracious loveliness of the dell out of which the Vallon Obscur leads. The lofty banks come near enough to afford a grateful coolness, but not too near to obscure the bright sky, or prevent the sunshine from illumining the whole place with its mellow light. The scars in the banks are healed by soft touches of ivy, and honeysuckle, and aristolochia; and where they are exposed, give a wild picturesqueness to the scene. Olives, with their grey silvery leaves and black boles illumined by large primrose-coloured rosettes of goat-lichen, hushed and fearful as if dreaming over the midnight scene in Gethsemane, clothe all the terraces. Fields of greenest grass shine in the soft light, and all the air is sweet with the delicate breath of myriads of wild flowers and wafts of perfume from hidden bean-blossoms, and thrilled with the glad songs of birds and the drowsy hum of bees. And sweetest joy of all, there is a brook full to the brim with clear cold water, flowing through the grass and under the trees on its way to awaken to a

surprise of fertility gardens and fields that are dry and leafless under the hot stagnant sunshine nearer the town. Its channel is artificial, and it indicates clearly the use to which it is to be put; but here it dances with the free laugh of childhood, and sings its merry song among the flowers that hang fondly over it, whose life it quickens, and whose loveliness it doubles by reflection. Is there in all nature a fairer sight?—especially fair in this land of drought, where the streams are silent, and the hillsides bare and white, and the fields wasting under a remorseless sun. An inspiration of the old Provençal feeling that sparkled in the poetry of the troubadours, gave to these waters the appropriate name of Vargorbella, or Beautiful Wave. The whole nook is one of nature's choicest cloisters, where the shade has no chill, and the sunbeams are filtered through green leaves, and the peace is idyllic.

In the valley of the Magnan there are several vallons formed in the steep banks on either side. One especially interesting is on the western side, a short distance from the entrance of the valley. You cross the stream dryshod opposite a little cluster of houses, where women are washing clothes in the scanty pools, and you find yourself at the mouth of a yawning cleft in the precipitous face of the hill. The soft clayey banks are here covered with a luxuriant vegetation of rosemary, lavender, and other aromatic flowering plants and shrubs. At the end of March large bushes of coronilla and prickly broom display their golden wealth of blossoms; and high overhead are groups of Maritime pines, which well merit the name which the old Greeks gave them, — "wind-haunted," — for, as the sea-shell holds for ever the murmur of the waves, so these

pinces, on the calmest day and in the most sheltered spots, retain the sound of every breeze that has passed through them. You would think, listening to their sigh, they were tuning their lyre for rehearsing a storm. But the most interesting sight is that of large bushes of heather—the handsome pink *Erica multiflora*, more than two feet high, and densely branched—covering the whole hillside. It flowers in autumn, and remains in blossom during most of the winter; and even in spring, when I saw it, its masses of withered blossoms, of a rusty red, shine with the most brilliant effect in the sunshine, which transfigures the dullest faded leaf into a glowing ruby, so that it is difficult to say when it is most beautiful—in the season of fresh bloom, or when its flowering is past. Although the withered blossoms easily fall off when a branch is cut and dried, they remain on the growing bush persistently until pushed off by the new ones. This species of heather is very rare in the Riviera, being only found on the slopes of the Magnan valley, and in the pine-woods of St Jean, at the end of the promontory of St Hospice at Villefranche. Its companion species—the Mediterranean heath, *Erica arborea*, remarkable for its large size and its very handsome spike of white blossoms—grows abundantly on the heights to the west, and flowers in February and March; but unfortunately it is being rapidly extirpated, owing to the large demand for its roots, of which the so-called brier-root pipes are made,—“brier” being a corruption of the French word *bruyère*, for heath.

More narrower and higher than the Vallon Obscur is the ravine into which we now enter. It is considered rather a feat to go to the end,—for in some places the

walls approach so closely that a stout man would have some difficulty in squeezing himself through; and the chill air and damp shade give one a feeling as of being at the bottom of a deep mine. No adventurous ray of sunlight penetrates the gloom, and the diffused daylight at the brink, by the time it reaches the bottom, has become a dreary twilight. The damp and shade are eminently favourable to the growth of those humble flowerless plants that are associated with the fairy scenery of the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream.’ The maiden-hair fern grows here in greater luxuriance and beauty than in the Vallon Obscur. The walls of the very narrow fissure afford a most interesting study to the naturalist,—not only on account of the varied mineralogical character of the pebbles of which they are composed, but also from the fact that on the exposed surface of each of these pebbles there are minute crustaceous lichens, which give them a singular appearance when closely examined. Sometimes three or four species grow together on the prominent round tip of a stone, of different colours, from deep black to a smoky brown, pale pink, or pure chalky white, so closely pressed to the surface that they seem a part of the stone. Each is surrounded with a border-line, which separates it from its neighbour and marks out its size with the utmost distinctness; and these boundary-lines, along with the little black dots of the fructification spread over the crustaceous spaces enclosed, give the surface of the pebble a tessellated appearance, like that of a map. One species of *Opegrapha* more abundant than all others is covered with these black lines, of different shapes, like the letters of an Eastern alphabet. It is curious to see these autographs of Nature in

such a dreary place, as if she wished to record her name and make the place of her feet everywhere glorious. One is overwhelmed with the overflowing fulness of life, when even the pebbles in this dark rift of rock are not left unadorned with it. Crowds of fancies come into one's mind, inspired by these runes of nature. Could we interpret the mysteries which even one of these pebbles contains, what a wonderful history we should have unfolded to us! What forces unknown rounded its shape, and bore it hither, and built it so compactly into the wall that I cannot extract it without help of chisel and hammer? And what is the secret of the strange life that has fastened to its surface, which seems to partake of its own passivity and changelessness, and in summer's heat and winter's cold remains for years, and perhaps centuries, the same? Who shall read the "Mene, mene," written by the fingers of a Hand that is viewless on these walls?

About a quarter of a mile from the entrance, the vallon terminates in a *cul de sac*. Here there is a large, comparatively open space, with the walls upwards of 200 feet perpendicular, forming a complete circle, covered with green moss throughout; and hanging out here and there from every fissure or projection, with charming effect, are great glossy leaves of the hart's-tongue, and fretted fronds of the lady-fern. It seems like a hall of Eblis. On the farther side, the circular wall is fluted with a deeper semicircle, having a hollowed curved lip at the top, lined with a longer and still greener moss pressed and matted together in a downward direction, and still wet with the vanished waters of the torrent that has scooped out the fluting. After a flood, this spot must present a magnificent appearance, although

it would be quite inaccessible from below at such a time. Down the green wall of rock would tumble a snowy waterfall, 200 feet high, with a deafening roar, filling all the air with its blinding spray, and making a perfect witches' caldron of the place. We see here how the vallon was formed. The drainage of the heights collected into a channel, which it cut out for itself with augmented force according to its restricted area. The waters would dig, in some softer part of their course, a hole in the conglomerate, and from this vantage-point would work their way backward into the side of the hill. The stones detached from the matrix and wielded with the force of the stream, would greatly help the erosive action, until at length this deep cutting would be produced. Such vallons could be formed only in a region where the erosion of the stream itself is at work—where there is little or no action of rain, springs, or frosts perpetually loosening the sides of the water-course, and filling up its channel with their *débris*. In this dry land, where frosts hardly ever occur and rain is very infrequent, a stream is not interfered with by these sub-aerial agents, and therefore in time digs out for itself a gorge with more or less precipitous sides. Where, on the other hand, there is interference by these agencies, the vallon or ravine is changed into a wider valley with sloping sides. The unusually large number of vallons around Nice is owing to the erosion of streams, unmodified by any other form of atmospheric denudation. It is because the rainfall is so small as to reduce pluvial action to a minimum; and frosts are almost unknown, or at least so slight and transient as to be unimportant. Precisely the same cause, on a more gigantic



scale, and working for longer periods, as Dr Geikie has clearly shown, has produced the tremendous gorges or cañons of the Colorado, which are from 3000 to 6000 feet perpendicular—a wall of precipice or natural section unparalleled in any other part of the globe.

During the three months that I spent at Nice, there were only three days of rain; and the quantity that fell on these occasions was comparatively small. It was indeed an exceptionally dry season. Usually, however, the average number of rainy days is between sixty and seventy. The principal rain-falls occur generally at the end of September and beginning of October, and at the end of March and beginning of April, during the autumnal and vernal equinoxes. After the autumn equinox, there is a lengthened period of dry weather; and when the spring equinox is ended, hardly any rain falls for five or six months. This great summer drought is due to the fact that the Riviera is on the northern limit of the rainless tract which comprises the sandy desert of Sahara. When rain comes with a southerly wind, it often descends with tropical violence, suddenly filling the dry stony beds of the streams and rivers with large volumes of water, rushing impetuously along, and carrying with them great quantities of earth and stones. Very rapidly, however, the spate subsides, and the streams and rivers dry up or shrink to their ordinary insignificant proportions. The quantity of sediment brought down to the sea by these floods, however, must be enormous; and diffused through the water, and kept there perpetually in a state of suspense, has given rise to the beautiful blue colour of the Mediterranean. The exquisite azure of

the Lake of Geneva is produced by the same cause. The colour in both cases is that of a turbid medium, marvellously clear and transparent although the water seems to be. The finest particles of the sediment remain suspended in the Mediterranean Sea throughout its entire length, and those of larger size are deposited near the shore—the beach at Nice being composed of the pebbles that formed the conglomerate of the vallons. So enormously deep is the Mediterranean, even quite close in to the shore, that the vast quantity of matter brought down from the vallons by the torrents in flood has added very little to the shoreline; and even the larger rivers have no delta, but fall from their channels sheer into the sea. How long the process of excavating the vallons may have taken, we have no means of computing. The process was not continuous, but spasmodic and intermittent. Long periods of rest intervened between periods of violent action. For the greater part of the year the beds of the vallons are perfectly dry; and the floods that occasionally come are of variable duration and volume, and produce results of corresponding variability. Working upon a material so easily disintegrated as a calcareous conglomerate, the process of excavation may not have taken very long, reckoning by geological ideas of time. Perhaps man was in existence when the drainage was on the surface, before the deep rifts in the rock were scooped out. Human remains have been found in the neighbourhood, and especially near Mentone, in conjunction with those of animals, and in circumstances which would seem to indicate that they belonged to this formation. It is possible, then, that human eyes may have seen the commence-

ment of those processes of denudation which have made the scenery in the neighbourhood of Nice so beautiful and varied.

Numerous vallons of the same kind occur on both sides of the Magnan valley. The hillsides are seamed with them, and each in the rainy season sends the tribute of its waters into the main stream. Every 200 or 300 yards you come to an opening which is usually half concealed by a wild tangle of thorny smilax, myrtle, and arbutus. The bramble, which is ubiquitous—as common on the Mediterranean shores as in our own woods—disputes your passage with its long clinging arms; and you wish, when almost hopelessly caught by its formidable prickles, that instead of the brier the myrtle-tree should come up more abundantly in these places. I penetrated to the end of a large number of the vallons here with some degree of difficulty; and with some variations of length, breadth, and height, I found that the same general descriptions applied to them all. The geological phenomena were very much the same. Some of the vallons had walls of a fine white clay, which lent itself temptingly to the scribbling propensities of visitors. The mosses and ferns that tapestried the walls were also very much the same. I observed in most of the vallons numerous convoluted worm-castings, tower-like in shape, constructed of the whitish calcareous soil. They are from two to three inches in height, and about one in diameter. A small cylindrical passage runs up the centre of each tower, through which the worm ascends to eject the earth which it has swallowed, and thus add to the height of the casting. I often found the thin red worm in this passage when I broke the tower. Darwin has noticed these curious produc-

tions in his interesting work on vegetable mould and earth-worms. They are numerous in the olive-yards and waste grounds about Nice, and are caused by several species of perichæta, which, strange to say, are not endemic, but are natives of Cochin-China, the Philippine Islands, and India. The tower-like castings of Nice are almost identical with those which occur in great abundance about Calcutta. It is a curious question how these worms got to Nice, and became naturalised there as well as at Montpellier and Algiers. Earth-worms, it is well known, inhabit isolated islands, such as Kerguelen's Land, St Helena, Madagascar, and the Falkland group; and as they are easily killed by salt water, their germs must have been transported by migratory birds in soil clinging to their feet. This must have been the agency that brought the worms of the distant East to the shores of the Mediterranean.

One of the Magnan vallons struck me as specially remarkable. It was even longer and deeper than the one I have described; and its sides towards the end were tapestried with the largest and loveliest fronds of the maiden-hair fern I had ever seen—more than half a foot in breadth and two feet long. Nothing could exceed their luxuriance, and the tenderness and delicacy of the pinnae, as they hung from their slender black wire-like stems, without a stain on their vivid greenness or a disfiguration in their perfect grace. Not an inch of the walls of the vallon was left naked; it was, from top to bottom, one unbroken mass of the most exquisite verdure. It was a sight which no fernery or greenhouse ever exhibited, and which it was worth while going to the antipodes to see. Here, too,

in the mossy clefts of the walls, nearer the entrance, linger large tufts of the sweet-scented violet late into April—long after they have entirely disappeared in the open grounds. The coolness and shade are like a winter climate which retards their flowering and darkens their hue. Nowhere else do they have such a delicious fragrance as in these prisons of nature unvisited by the sun. The whole suggestiveness and sweetness of spring seem in that narrow spot concentrated in their perfume and hue.

On the eastern side, between the Magnan valley and the long sloping ridge of Cimiez, there are several very interesting vallons, which it would take weeks to explore, so intricate and extensive are they. They open up on the upper side of the Rue de France, behind the suburban shops and *cabarets*, and the detached villas with their gardens at the foot of the slope. And there cannot be a greater contrast than between the din and dazzling glare of the white street and the quiet loneliness and dewy freshness of the lanes into which you get almost immediately, becoming narrower and higher as you advance farther into the heart of the hills. Each large vallon has tributary vallons: these again have often also their tributaries. In some places the lateral gorges crowd so closely together that they are divided by perpendicular walls of clay or pudding-stone, which are so narrow at the top as hardly to furnish footing for a man. Along the intervening ridges there is either a footpath or a well-made road, which unfolds a succession of views dear to the artist's heart. Here the ridge contracts, and you stand upon the edge of a tremendous escarpment which falls sheer down to a depth of 300 or 400

feet. It requires a very steady head to follow the path in such a place, its terrors being fully equal to its beauties. There the ridge widens, and slopes down more gradually to the bottom of the vallon—a line of stiff zigzag tracks up the olive-covered slope marking its steepness. The ridge that overlooks the convent of St Barthélemy and the Villa Arson is the finest. As you follow the winding road along the height, you pass successively rudely constructed cottages and farmsteads, surrounded by olive-yards and patches of vivid green wheat and beans in full flower, and country villas nestling snugly among orange-trees and flower-laden acacias—their trellised arcades covered with vines in their first tender leaf, or with showers of yellow and white Banksia roses, which have bloomed with unfailing beauty all winter and spring. In the clayey banks on either side, you often see half projecting the curiously tapering white snail-shell, with a flat head like a truncated cone, called the *Bulimus decollatus*; and you are led to reflect not only upon the problems connected with its survival through such vast periods of time down to our own days, but also upon the reason why it should, in common with the root of the devil's bit, scabious, the crisped edges of the hawthorn-blossom, and numbers of other similar objects, have such an unfinished look about it, like the easy carelessness of execution which delights us in a sketch by the hand of some great master. You meet at rare intervals a solitary peasant walking beside a rough ungainly mule carrying some heavy burden; or you see some comely matron standing beside her cottage door. And with kindly courtesy they salute the passer-by, making you feel, in spite of

your English reserve, a warm interest in your fellow-creatures. Stay and talk with them if you understand their rude Provençal dialect, so beautiful and refined in the love-songs of the celebrated troubadours Arnaut Daniel and Peire Vidal; and you will find that, lonely and uneventful as their lives may seem, they have had their own share of the pathos and romance of humanity. They seem native to the soil, like the olives around them. They have not the fire and fickleness of the Italians. The calmness of nature seems to have infused itself into their blood; and the hardness of their lot has given them a soberness which, like the olive-tree itself, only turns up its silvery smiling side when a rare breeze of joy passes over them. Farther on you come upon a group of agricultural labourers sitting down under a clump of umbrella-pines enjoying their noonday meal; and near at hand you see men up in the olive-trees, shaking down into great sheets spread upon the ground the glistening black berries, and women and children beating the laden branches with long sticks. You mount up higher and higher, leaving the figs and the orange-trees behind, and come to the pines, whose pleasant resinous odour fills all the warm air, and which seem as if still dreaming of the winds that have lulled them to sleep. And instead of thickets of lentiscus, myrtle, and butcher's-broom, the bare stony soil is covered with wide patches of home-like heather and juniper-bushes. The air feels deliciously cool on the heights of the Col de Serena, at the far end of the ridge; and near at hand the shadows deepen in the valleys, and a warmer glow of colour marks all the long-extending plateaus, with their glimpses of distant

hamlets and church campaniles. And, closing the northern horizon, the Maritime Alps lift up their calm white brows to heaven, subduing the soul to their own sublime patience, and filling the heart with thoughts and yearnings too sacred for utterance.

The grandest of all the vallons are those which branch off from the eastern side of the valley of the Var, which, in spite of Louis Napolcon's annexation, is the natural boundary between France and Italy. Very picturesque is the Vallon of St Isidore, but its sides are not at all precipitous and narrow. A more characteristic example is the Vallon des Étoiles, about four miles farther up the valley. This wonderful cleft in the hills opens off the Vallon de Lingostiera, a very lonely and dreary-looking place, completely shut out from the world, with a few houses and a church at the entrance. You diverge from the main road at the hamlet, and, passing a villa with very exclusive walls surrounding it, you traverse the dry bed of a torrent, and then skirt the edge of an olive-wood, brilliant in early spring with scarlet anemones, that glow in the sunshine like flames in the heart of a furnace; and at a solitary house, that looks as if it might have been the scene of some tragedy—so lonely, so forsaken does it seem—you turn to the left. The walls of rock rise higher and approach nearer each other, covered with a profuse vegetation, and crowned with beautiful full-foliaged trees. You come to a place where two vallons break off. You enter the one to the right, and speedily come to the end of it. The one on the left leads you farther and farther into the heart of the hills. The rift is not more than four feet wide, and the walls ascend to a great height,

quite perpendicular. In some places you have to squeeze yourself between them. Here there is almost the perpetual twilight of a dungeon; and as the name of the vallon implies, you sometimes see the stars shining faintly in the narrow streak of sky above, that looks like a zigzag belt of blue studded with diamonds. The sun shines into the gorge for a short time at mid-day, and illumines it with the most extraordinary chiaro-scuro effects. The walls of the vallon in some places are bare glacial clay; in other places they are formed of pudding-stone; and in others still, they are composed of petrifications formed by calcareous springs that ooze down their surface from above. Nearly everywhere they are draped with curtains of the most luxuriant transparent moss—*Bryum ligulatum* and other species, such as “steal the noises from our feet” in our own northern woods; and the maiden-hair fern mingles its long pendent fronds with the delicate drapery. One fern is a special object of interest—the Cretan brake (*Pteris Cretica*), so familiar to us in our conservatories. It used to be abundant in this and other vallons of the Var, but it is now nearly extirpated. It is easily known by its naked, slender stem, bearing at the top a knot of long, narrow, green ribbons. A few tufts of it may still be found upon the moist ledges within reach; but it fringes the edge of the ravine far up near the top, utterly inaccessible to the most adventurous fern-collector: and in such situations it attains its full size and most perfect form. The specimens within reach are miserably dwarfed, broken, and soiled. Indeed they owe their preservation to their worthlessness. The occurrence of this rare and

peculiar fern, which is found nowhere else about Nice except in the vallons of the Var, is a suggestive circumstance. It has a wide geographical distribution over the area of the Mediterranean, abounding in the south of Italy and in the islands of the Levant. It also occurs in the Himalayas. Like the dwarf palm, the *Chamæropshumilis*, which once grew wild near Villefranche, but has been extirpated by the avidity of collectors—and the common myrtle, everywhere forming a large part of the under-wood—the Cretan brake is one of the survivors of the miocene and pleiocene epochs. It has lived through the glacial period, although now it exists only in localities very much sheltered and protected from the cold. But this fact does not indicate that at one time it was endowed with a degree of hardiness which it does not now possess; for a severe universal cold is not a necessary consequence of glaciers, and during the glacial period the climate in some places may have been quite as mild as that of the localities which it now frequents. It is an interesting thought that we behold in this tender and delicate fern a representative of the vegetable life that was in existence before the formation of the enormous conglomerate strata of the Riviera—the old sea-beaches of the Mediterranean—and that has survived all the marvellous cosmical changes connected with the upheaval of these strata, and the excavation by the slow process of torrential denudation of the vallons in them, in whose deepest recesses the fern now delights to hide itself.

How long the Vallon des Étoiles is I do not know. I penetrated more than a quarter of a mile into it, but saw no indication of an end.

The vista that stretched beyond the point where I stopped was another quarter of a mile in length, and the walls seemed to meet in the distance. The cylindrical basin which forms the usual *cul de sac* of a blind vallon must have been farther away still. But whether the vallon terminates in that way, or opens up at the other end into a wider valley, I have never met any one who could inform me. I think I went as far as any explorer; and certainly it was a curious sensation to push through this narrow rift, over masses of conglomerate that had fallen from the top, and wading through the pools of water and soft mud left by the last flood. The silence was broken only by the sound of the petrifying drops of water along the sides, or of a small avalanche of stones loosened from the top by the foot of some stray goat or sheep,—suggesting that the adventure was a kind of running the gauntlet. And the loneliness down at this depth in the bowels of the earth, isolated from one's fellow-creatures, and shut out from the upper world of light and life, was oppressive as that of a catacomb.

Over the high ridge of the Genestiera hills called Serre Long, beyond this vallon, is an exquisite road which commands splendid views of the valley of the Var, with its bare, strange-looking river-channel, half a mile broad, and the towering crag of St Jeannet beyond, and the snowy peaks of the nearer Alps. At the village of Colomas the road descends by the magnificent bastion of the rock "Garbière" to the Vallon de Roghe, which is entered through two natural rock-tunnels, exceedingly curious and picturesque, where, after a storm, there is often a considerable quantity of water. Here there are

several small waterfalls, which are almost unknown in the neighbourhood of Nice; and all the vegetation, through the scent of perpetual moisture, exhibits a wonderful luxuriance and beauty—primroses and irises reminding the visitor of the sweet woodland nooks around his own northern home.

In the immediate vicinity of Nice there are some very interesting vallons, which are not characterised by the savage wildness of those already mentioned, but are rather quiet dells, which have a grace and beauty all their own. Among these may be mentioned the charming ravine commonly known among the English as the Moss Valley, from the quantity and variety of mosses found therein; and another opening off it, which has received the name of Lycopod Valley, owing to the banks being covered with the long creeping sprays of the lovely *Lycopodium denticulatum*, whose colour varies according to the exposure and age of the plant, from the most delicate green to the most vivid scarlet. Returning homeward from the vallons, you pass down the bed of the Mantega torrent, which in dry weather is used as a country road. On your right is a curious cavern in the rock, which in winter is the resort of multitudes of bats, and from which issues a pure pellucid stream, whose temperature increases the farther you penetrate into the cave. The warmth of these vallons is such as to nourish a rich undergrowth of evergreen oaks, laurustinus, ivy, cistus, coronilla, and myrtle, which gives them, even in the depth of January, the appearance of summer. From the Mantega valley you come out upon the Russian Memorial Chapel, standing in a beautiful orange-grove, and built upon the site of the Villa

Bermond, where the late Czaro-witch of Russia died in the year 1865. Close at hand is the house where Alphonse Karr lived and established his model farm, for the purpose of teaching the Niçois the art of cultivating vegetables and flowers for the home and foreign market—an art which has since grown to gigantic proportions, constituting the principal trade of Nice. Farther to the north, there is the pleasant valley, below St Salvador, in which the large and beautifully clear stream of the Fontaine du Temple gushes forth from an old Roman-arched reservoir. It has romantic associations connected with the days of the Saracens and the Knights of St John, and the other older times when the Romans inhabited the neighbouring city of Cemenelum, and introduced into these quiet shades the sports of the amphitheatre and the gaities of the civilised world. But its waters are now converted to very prosaic uses, being conducted along a canal to irrigate the fields and to work several olive-mills. Not far off is another spring—the Fontaine Mouraille—picturesquely situated at the head of one of the vallons leading down from Mont Chauve. It is called the Wishing-Well, because it is said that if a young lady drinks the water handed to her by a young gentleman three times, forming in her own mind a wish between each draught, her wishes will be realised. Probably this superstition is a survival of the primitive worship that was paid at this well, in common with other wells, by the aboriginal inhabitants, long before the Romans came and swept away all traces of their life.

Nearer the town is the low-lying Vallon des Fleurs, a quiet dell hemmed in by the hills near Cimiez; and leading off it, the

Vallon des Hepaticas, which is a narrow channel between low banks—like a Devonshire lane—covered with ilex and elm-trees, and made almost impenetrable by a luxuriant growth of brambles. These vallons have received their names from the abundance of wild flowers, hepaticas, anemones, narcissuses, and tulips, that once grew in them. Murray long ago called the neighbourhood of Nice the “land of wild flowers.” But this description hardly applies to it now. The extension of the town, the cutting down of the olive-woods, the construction of new roads, and the more improved cultivation, and consequent increased value of the soil, have led to the extermination of many species. Other causes are also at work, such as the wholesale way in which the flowers are gathered and sold in the market and in the streets of Nice, rendering their seeding impossible, many of them being dug up by the roots; the exportation of the finer kinds to this and other countries during winter and spring in boxes, for which the postal arrangements afford special facilities; and, perhaps more than all, the practice, at the *bataille des fleurs* during the Carnival, of throwing bouquets of flowers at one another by the upper classes, from a long double line of carriages moving slowly along the Promenade des Anglais and the Quai des Ponchettes—a practice necessitating a prodigious supply of flowers each year, and therefore, although eminently romantic and delightful in itself, to be condemned on account of the fatal floral waste which it involves. The scarlet anemone is now not often met with; the dwarf blue iris is very scarce; and the beautiful hay-scented cheilanthes fern has almost entirely disappeared, although it

too, like the Cretan brake, survived the glacial period. One sees only an occasional specimen of sweet-scented narcissus in spring; and the sight of the elegant lady-tulip, with its broad pink band running down the outside of its elegant creamy cup, and shining through, filling the interior with a rich soft glow, is enough to give one a thrill of delight. Even the common gladiolus, which used to be conspicuous in every field by its tall spike of magenta blossoms, has to a large extent been weeded out. So also has the Neapolitan garlic, which grew in such profusion at one time that its blossoms whitened the ground. It has not the usual rank smell of the tribe to which it belongs—indeed its pure white blossoms are absolutely scentless; but its broken stem emits a peculiarly disagreeable odour of another kind, which, however, can be removed by plunging it into boiling water. And freed from this one drawback, the blossoms, from their exquisite beauty and their abun-

dance, were much used in bouquets and in Easter church-decorations. It lingers now in comparatively small quantities on the upland farms. And of all the old floral wealth, the blue hepaticas, purple anemones, and sweet-scented violets are almost the only flowers that adorn the vallons with anything like their former abundance.

Few towns have such lovely environs as Nice; and nothing can be more refreshing than to get away from the thronged hot public promenades into the quiet shady nooks within easy reach, where, soothed by the tiny tinkle of a rill, and fanned by the dusky foliage of the olive or the ilex, you grow into a placid musing state, in which the gay world, so near and yet so far, is forgotten, and all sorts of dreams regarding fairy realms and old poetic haunts of pastoral Pan flit across the mind. These nooks, to my thinking, constitute the real charm of Nice, and are themselves worthy of a pilgrimage to the sunny South.

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## A MATRIMONIAL FRAUD.

ADAPTED FROM A CHAPTER OF A CHINESE NOVEL.

ONE hot August afternoon the Prefect of Ping-chow might have been seen sitting in the verandah of his private apartments smoking his post-prandial pipe and admiring his flowers, which threw a fragrance and beauty over the courtyard which stretched before him. The official work of the morning had fatigued him. Litigants had been troublesome, and witnesses having refused to give the evidence expected of them, he had been obliged to resort to the application of thumb-screws and ankle-squeezers. Having a natural repugnance to torture, its use always disturbed him; and after such occasions as the present, he exchanged his seat in the judgment-hall for his easy-chair and pipe with a redoubled sense of enjoyment. On this particular afternoon his wife, Mrs Le, was seated by him, and was recounting, among other events of the morning, the particulars of a visit she had received from a certain Mrs Wang.

"From the moment she entered the room I took a dislike to her," she said. "She had a fawning, catlike manner, with her 'May it please you, madam,' or 'May I be permitted to say Your Excellency;' and all the while that she was thus fawning on me and praising *your* learning and wisdom, I felt sure she had some object in coming besides the desire to pay her respects. Then she went on to say how rich her husband was, and how willing he would be at any time to advance you money in case you should need it. At last out came the canker-worm from this rosebud of flattery. Her son, it

seems, is very anxious to marry a Miss Chang, the daughter of a rich President of the Board of War, who is at present engaged on service on the Annamese frontier. His suit is countenanced by the young lady's uncle, but is rejected by herself."

"And why?"

"Well, according to Mrs Wang, —but then I should not believe anything because she said it,—there is some clandestine love-affair which disinclines her to the proposed match. As her father is away, it was necessary that she should be consulted, although, of course, her uncle would be justified, as Mrs Wang hinted, in arranging matters in his absence."

At this moment a servant entered the courtyard and presented to the Prefect a red visiting-card, on which was inscribed the name of Mr Wang, the father of the would-be bridegroom.

"Why, this is the husband of your visitor of this morning," said he, as he glanced at the card. "They are evidently determined to push on the affair. If they are as keen in the pursuit of virtue as they are of this marriage, they will soon out-virtue Confucius."

"My belief is," said his wife sententiously, "that they might dine off their virtue without breaking their fast."

"Well, at all events, I will go to hear what this man has to say; but having fortunately seen his hook, I shall refuse the bait, however skilfully he may throw the line."

The host and his guest were as unlike as it was possible for two men to be. The Prefect moved

into the room with the manner of a polished gentleman,—one who, being well assured of his relative position, knew perfectly what was expected of him, and what he had a right to expect from others. He was tall, too, and his refined features expressed a composure which was engendered by power and assured by habit. Wang, on the other hand, was his antipodes. He was short, stout, broad-featured, and altogether vulgar-looking. His eyes were small and ferret-like in their restlessness, while his natural awkwardness of manner was aggravated by a consciousness that he had come on a dishonest mission. As the two men met and bowed, the Prefect surveyed his guest with curiosity not unmixed with loathing, much as a young lady might regard a strange kind of toad. To his repeated requests that Wang would seat himself, that worthy feigned a constant refusal, until at last, in despair, the Prefect was fain to sit down, when his guest, with bated breath, followed his example. The progress of the interview was not more propitious than its opening. Wang attempted some classical allusions, but having but a vague knowledge of history, succeeded only in likening his host to the reprobate Chow-sin, which would be much as if a visitor were to attempt to ingratiate himself with the Lord Chief-Justice, by attributing to him the characteristics of a Caligula. Being a stupid man also, he was quite unaware of the contempt, which was sufficiently obvious in the Prefect's manner, and he opened the real object of his visit with assurance.

“The presence of your Excellency in our district has shed a ray of golden light among us. But a lamp, as I well know, cannot give light unless it is supplied with oil. Now Mencius said—I think it was

Mencius, was it not, your Excellency?—that out of their superfluity people ought to satisfy the wants of those not so bountifully provided for. If, then, your Excellency should at any time require that which it is within the power of your servant to supply, I beseech you, give him the gratification of knowing that he can be of service to you.”

“As your classical knowledge is so profound,” answered the Prefect, “you doubtless remember the passage in which an ancient sage declares that an official who receives anything, except in return for service performed, is a ‘fellow.’ Now it happens that I am not inclined to play the part of a ‘fellow.’”

“Ha, ha, ha!” chuckled Wang, who thought this was a hint for him to state his business in full, “your Excellency, I see, likes to come to the point. The fact is, then, that my son is deeply enamoured of a Miss Chang, whom he once saw from a window in her uncle's house, as she walked in her garden. Her beauty has completely ravished him. He can neither eat nor sleep from the intensity of his passion, and his very life depends upon his marrying her. Besides, I don't mind saying to your Excellency that the connection,—her father is a President of the Board of War,—would be both agreeable and useful to me.”

“I am sure I wish your son every success,” said the Prefect; “but I cannot see how otherwise the affair concerns me in the least.”

“Why, is not your Excellency the ‘father and mother’ of your people?” and in the absence, therefore, of the President, it is on you that the duty falls of arranging a marriage for this young lady. As was said by Confucius, ‘Every girl on arriving at a marriageable age should be betrothed;’ and it is plain, therefore, that Miss Chang's bridal presents should be prepared.

If your Excellency would deign to direct the betrothal of this young lady and my unworthy son, my joy would be endless, and my gratitude without bounds. I may mention, also, that Mr Chang, the young lady's uncle, who is in every way a most estimable man, cordially supports my son's suit."

"But why," asked the Prefect, "does the young lady decline the proposal which I understand you have already made her?"

"Well, the fact is," said Wang, "that she has formed a foolish attachment for a young man who some months ago met with a bad accident outside her door, and who was carried into her house to die, as every one thought. But, marvellous to say, by the doctor's care and the watchful attention of the lady's servants, he recovered. Unfortunately, however, his cure took some time; and during his convalescence, it seems that the two young people held several conversations together, always, I am bound to say, through an impenetrable screen, and in the presence of attendants; and she was so struck with his sentiments and appearance—for I am told that she managed to see him, though he never caught a glimpse of her—that she vowed a vow never to marry any one but him."

"And who was the young man?"

"His name was Tieh (iron); and he must have been as hard as iron not to have been killed by his fall, for he fell on his head and was kicked by his horse. He doubtless has a certain kind of ability, as he had just taken the third degree, or that of 'entered scholar,' and was on his way home from his examination at Peking when he met with his accident."

"A certain amount of ability, indeed!" ejaculated the Prefect; "why, the whole capital rang with

praises of his scholarship; and in his native town a tablet has already been raised, as a memorial of his conspicuous success. However, as you have appealed to me officially on behalf of your son, I will cause inquiries to be made, and will let you know my determination."

The Prefect was as good as his word, and the reports he received, both of the Wang family and of the young lady's uncle, were so eminently unsatisfactory, that he directed his secretary to write a short letter to Mr Wang, stating that he must decline to interfere in the matter.

On receipt of this note, the look of cunning which usually rested on the coarse and blurred features of the elder Wang, changed into one of furious hate. Never having been accustomed to exercise self-restraint in anything, his anger, like the many other passions which alternately possessed him, raged with unchecked fury, and he broke out with a volley of imprecations, calling down endless maledictions on the Prefect personally, and casting frightful imputations on the honour of his ancestors both male and female. Hearing his curses—for, like all Chinamen, Wang found shouting a relief to his feelings—Mrs Wang rushed in to know their cause.

"Nicely you managed matters with the Prefect's wife, you hideous deformity!" screamed her infuriated husband, as she entered. "The hypocritical prig now refuses to have anything to do with the marriage, and has actually returned, without a word, the bill of exchange for a thousand taels which I enclosed him."

"And you don't seem to have done much better with the 'hypocritical prig' yourself," replied his wife; "but don't be a fool; cursing people's grandmothers won't do

you any good, and certainly won't do them any harm. So just sit down and let us see what we had better do in the circumstances."

These words fell like a cold shower-bath on Wang. In his heart he was afraid of his wife, who was both cleverer and more unscrupulous than he was, and who, having been the instigator of most of his unrighteous deeds, was in possession of secrets which left his peace of mind, and even his liberty, very much in her power. In all such matters as were at present in dispute, therefore, she took the lead, and on this occasion, sat herself down opposite her disturbed lord, and began—

"Well now, since we cannot expect any help from this pattern of assumed virtue, I think we had better try what the girl's uncle will be able to effect by cajolery. You must go to him at once, before the idea gets abroad that the Prefect is against us, and persuade him by promises of money to represent to his niece that he now stands in the place of a father to her, and that as such he strongly urges her to agree to the match. Let him dangle every bait likely to catch our fish that he can think of. He should enlarge on our wealth, on our influence with the official classes, and on the good looks and engaging qualities of our son. Living so completely secluded as she does, she is not likely to have heard of his escapades, and Chang can at times lay the paint on thick, I know. But before you start, take a few pipes of opium to steady your nerves. Your hand shakes as though you had the ague, and you look like a man on the verge of the Yellow Springs."<sup>1</sup>

This last advice was so thoroughly congenial that Wang at once re-

tired to follow it. His wife, having compassion on his quivering fingers, accompanied him to his study, and having arranged his pillow, proceeded to fill his pipe. With practised skill, she mixed the paste with a long needle, and gathering on the point a piece about the size of a pea, laid it neatly in the small orifice in the centre of the surface of the flat-topped wooden receptacle which protruded from the side of the long stem. When thus prepared, she handed the pipe to her recumbent husband, who eagerly clutched it, and applied the pellet of opium to the lamp which stood ready lighted on the divan. The effect of the first few whiffs was magical. His face, which a few moments before had been haggard with excitement, and twitching with nervous irritability, now softened down into a calm and placid expression; his eyes lost their restless, anxious look; and his limbs, which had been drawn up with muscular rigidity, relaxed their tension. Once, twice, and thrice, did Mrs Wang refill his pipe; and then, fearing lest a prolonged indulgence should disincline him to move, she urged him to rise and to pay his visit.

Refreshed and calmed, Wang arose. All his excitement had disappeared; and a sensation of pleasurable enjoyment, which threw a rose-tinted hue even on the present state of affairs, had succeeded to it. A very few minutes sufficed for the arrangement of his toilet. The application of a damp towel to his face and hands, a few passes of a wooden comb to smooth backwards the stray locks which had escaped from his queue, and a readjustment of his cap and robe, were all that were needed to fit him for his interview with Chang. As

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, Hades.

he was borne swiftly through the streets he leaned back in his sedan, lost in a reverie, in which he saw, as in a dream, his son married to the object of his admiration, himself decorated by the Emperor with a blue button in exchange for a few thousand taels; and the Prefect, bound hand and foot, being carried off to prison. Whether this last vision was suggested or not by an official procession which he encountered on the way, will never be known; for so lost was he in dreamy indifference to external objects, that he was quite unconscious of the presence of his arch-enemy in the same street, although his chair coolies had, as in duty bound, stood at the side of the road while "the great man" passed on his way.

Having been warned by a fore-runner of the approaching arrival of Wang, Chang was waiting ready to receive him. Profoundly the two friends bowed to one another as they seated themselves on the divan; and after a remark or two on general topics, Wang went straight to the point. He related the Prefect's refusal to interfere, and then enlarged on the proposal indicated by his wife, and ended up by making Chang the offer of a round sum of money in case he succeeded in arranging matters with his niece. Chang listened patiently, feeling confident, from his knowledge of his guest, that a bribe would be offered him, and being well assured that it would be the inducement held out last, though in reality first, in importance. The sum named settled the question as far as Chang was concerned. He was a needy man, being considerably in debt; and besides, he foresaw that if he could once induce his niece to regard him *in loco parentis*, he would be able to get into his hands, for a

time at least, the management of his brother's property. This trust, he knew well, might be turned to profitable account, and his eyes sparkled at the prospect that loomed large before him. When, therefore, Wang ceased to speak, he said, with effusion—

"I have listened to your commands, and have been overcome with admiration at the lucidity of your expression, the knowledge you possess of the rites of antiquity, and the general wisdom of your views. It remains only for me to say that I will obey your orders to the best of my mean ability, and that I regard with infinite gratitude your munificent intentions towards your 'younger brother.' Let me now offer for your refreshment a pipe of 'foreign dirt.'"

Without waiting for assent Chang nodded to a servant, who, being evidently "to the manner born," left the room and speedily returned bearing two small lacquer-trays, each of which contained an opium-pipe and the necessary adjuncts. By the side of both his master and Wang, who were now recumbent, he placed a tray, and then withdrew, leaving the two friends to the enjoyments of intoxication. Pipe after pipe they smoked, until at last the pipe dropped from their mouths, and they passed into the opium-smoker's paradise—a state of dreamy unconsciousness, in which strangely fanciful visions passed before their otherwise sightless eyes, and strains of sweetest music charmed and delighted their ears. It was late the next morning before they awoke, and it was then plain, from the expression of their faces, that the pleasurable sensations of the early part of the night had long since passed away. Their eyes, which were surrounded by broad black rims, bore a haggard and painful look. Their lips were blue and

parched, and their complexions wore a mahogany hue, as though saturated with their favourite narcotic. Many "hairs of the dog that had bitten him" and some hours' quiet rest were necessary before Chang was in a fit condition to pay his visit of persuasion to his niece. When at last he walked across to her house, he was shown, by right of his relationship, into her private apartment,—which even he could not fail to observe was prettily furnished and tastefully adorned. Flowers of every hue and shape—azaleas, hydrangeas, and roses—were arranged about it on stands in symmetrical confusion; while on the tables and sideboard was displayed a wealth of ancient bronzes, cracked china, and old enamel vases, which would have driven Messrs Christie and Manson wild with excitement. The walls were hung with scrolls, on some of which celebrated calligraphists had inscribed sentences from the classics, which Chang did not very well understand; and on others, distant hills, dotted with temples and enlivened by waterfalls, were depicted by old masters. One cool and shady scene, representing two old men playing at chess on a mountain-top beneath a wide-spreading pine-tree, and attended by boys bearing pipes and flasks, which might possibly be supposed to contain tea, especially attracted his attention; and so absorbed was he in the contemplation of it, that he was quite unaware that an even more attractive object had entered the room. Plum-blossom, for so the new arrival was named, seemed at first indisposed to interrupt her uncle's meditation, and stood watching him, holding the door in her hand. She had evidently attired herself with some care. Her hair was trimly arranged in a bunch on each side, after the manner

of maidens; while a short fringe drooped over her forehead, which was both high and broad. Her silken robe hung in graceful folds over her plaited satin petticoat, from beneath which her small embroidered shoes obtruded their toes. In figure she was tall; and her features, which were fine and sharply marked, told a tale of high breeding and intelligence. Her eyes were large and well opened, and paid their tribute to her race by being slightly drawn up towards the outside corner. Her complexion needed neither powder nor rouge to add to its beauty; and the expression of her countenance generally was bright and mobile. Even Chang, when she advanced to meet him, rose to greet her with admiring cordiality.

After the first compliments were over, Chang proceeded to open the object of his visit. "You are aware, my niece," said he, "how much your future has been in my mind since your father has been engaged in his present distant and doubtful service. I need not remind you of the saying of Mencius, that 'when a boy is born, the desire of his parents is that he may found a household; and from the time a girl appears in the world, the main object of her parents is to see her married;' nor need I go on to quote to you the sage's disapproval of all such who so far forsake the right path as to bore holes in partition walls and peep behind screens to catch glimpses of persons of the other sex" (this was a stab at Mr Iron). "Now, as I cannot but regard myself in the light of your father, I feel it incumbent on me to urge you to give your consent to be betrothed. I have made inquiries as to the young men of equal rank with yourself in the district, and with one consent my informants join in extolling the

young Mr Wang, of whom I have before spoken to you, as being in every way a carp among minnows, and a phoenix among magpies."

"If the minnows are drunkards and magpies *roués*, that is true enough," muttered Violet, Plum-blossom's attendant maiden, who, standing behind her mistress's chair, had listened with ill-concealed disgust to Chang's address. Fortunately Chang's senses were not very acute, and the interpolation was unnoticed by him.

"But, uncle," answered Plum-blossom, "though it is true that my father is engaged on a distant mission, and that I have not heard from him for a long time, yet I have no right to assume either that he is dead—which may the Fates forbid—or that he may not at any moment return; and according to the 'Book of Rites,' it is the father who should betroth his daughter. My obvious duty is therefore to wait until I hear something definite either from him or of him."

"What you say is perfectly true in a general way," said Chang; "but even the sages acknowledged that, under certain circumstances, it was allowable, and sometimes even necessary, to depart from the common usage. Now yours is a case where such a departure is plainly called for. I have talked over the matter with the Prefect," added Chang, with some slight embarrassment, "and he is entirely of my opinion."

"That certainly adds weight to your arguments," answered Plum-blossom, demurely; "for though I have no personal knowledge of the Prefect, I have repeatedly heard of his fame as a man of wisdom and uprightness. So I will go as far as to say, uncle, that if you choose to act in all respects a father's part in this matter, I will give my consent. But, tell me, have you

spoken on the subject to the young gentleman himself? I hope you have not been paying me compliments behind my back."

"I have spoken to him several times about the match," replied Chang; "but I should no more think of attempting to compliment you, as you say, than I should try to whiten a cloth washed in the waters of the Han or Keang and bleached in the sun. And, let me tell you, your good sense was never more apparent than at this moment. I felt convinced that a girl of your perception and wisdom would fall into the proposal which I, wholly and entirely in your interest, have so repeatedly made you. And now you know there will be a number of arrangements to be made," said Chang, determined to strike while the iron was hot; "and first of all, you must send to your future husband the eight characters representing the year, month, day, and hour of your birth, that they may be submitted to the fortune-teller."

"But already, uncle," said Plum-blossom, "you are breaking your agreement; and remember, if you break yours I may break mine. You undertook to act the part of a father to me, and it is therefore for you to send the *Pǎ-tsze*" (eight characters).

"You may be quite sure that I shall not retreat from my engagement," replied Chang; "but that there may not be any mistake, I should like you to write me a draft of the characters, that I may send them to be copied in gold, and that," he added aside, "I may hold your own handwriting as evidence against you, if, by any chance, you should turn fickle and change your mind."

"Certainly;" and calling for paper and pencil, Plum-blossom wrote down eight cyclical charac-

ters, and presented them to her uncle.

"Oh, lady, what have you done?" exclaimed Violet, wringing her hands as the door closed on Chang; "if you only knew as much about that young Wang as I do, you would die sooner than marry him. He is a brawler, a drunkard, an opium-smoker, a——"

"Hush!" said her mistress; "perhaps I know more than you think I do. And now listen to what I say. Don't feel or express surprise at anything I say or do in this matter; and as to the outside world, keep your eyes and ears open, and your mouth shut."

The look of despair which had taken possession of Violet's quaint-looking features gradually gave way under the influence of these words to one of surprised bewilderment. Her narrow slits of eyes opened their widest as she gazed with a searching look on the features of her mistress. By degrees she appeared to gather comfort from her inspection, and she promised implicit obedience to the instructions given her.

In the house of Chang there was wild rejoicing over the event. Only Mrs Chang seemed to have any misgiving. "I cannot make the girl out," she said. "It was but the other day that she vowed and declared she would not listen to the match, and now, with scarcely a show of resistance, she gives way. I hope she won't change her mind again as suddenly."

"There is no danger of her doing that," replied her husband, "for I persuaded her to write out her natal characters with her own hand, and here is the paper;" and so saying, he drew from his sleeve the paper given him by Plum-blossom. "But," he added, "she insists that as I am acting in the place of her father in this matter,

I must have the characters cut out in gold-leaf, and the cards prepared to send to the bridegroom. I should be quite willing to do this, but, as a matter of fact, I have not got the money, by me to pay for them."

"Oh, Wang will find the money readily enough. Go round to him at once and ask for it, and a little more in addition; and when the cards are ready, our eldest son shall act as emissary to take them to the bridegroom. It was a clever thought to get her to put pen to paper."

Mrs Chang was right. Wang produced the money almost with eagerness, and signalled the subsequent appearance of young Chang with the card by a sumptuous feast. In due course, also, the bridegroom, having prepared numerous and costly wedding-gifts, sent word to Chang that on a given day he would "humbly venture to send his paltry offering" to the young lady's "princely mansion." On receipt of this gratifying intimation, Chang went in high spirits to warn his niece of the intended ceremony.

"My dear uncle," said the young lady, "in the absence of my father, and in this empty and dismantled house, I could not possibly receive the presents. It would be neither proper to do so, nor would it be respectful to young Mr Wang. As you were kind enough to send the wedding-card for me, the return presents should, as a matter of course, be carried to your house; and besides, I cannot help feeling that as you have undertaken so much expense on my behalf, it is only fair that the presents, whatever they may be worth, should belong to you."

"Your wisdom and discretion really astonish me," said Chang, who could scarcely conceal his de-



light at the prospect of turning the presents into gold; "but while assenting, on the ground of propriety, to the arrangement you propose, I think the card of thanks had better be in your handwriting."

"Certainly," said Plum-blossom; "but it must of course run in your name, as it would have done in my father's name had he been here."

So saying, she sat down and inscribed a card of thanks. "There, I think that will do. Listen to what I have written: 'Chang Teming bows his head in acknowledgment of the wedding-presents sent to his daughter.'"

"Why put 'his daughter'?" objected Chang, doubtingly. "Young Wang is not going to marry my poor, ugly daughter,—I wish he were; it is you, my niece."

"But as you have, with so much kindness and disinterestedness, taken upon yourself the part of a father towards me, it follows that I must be your daughter. To call yourself 'my father,' and me 'your niece,' would make people laugh and wonder."

"Very well, be it as you will," rejoined Chang, overcome by Plum-blossom's logic.

The new view proposed by his niece as to the ownership of the presents gave Chang an additionally keen interest in their arrival and value; and certainly nothing on the score of costliness could have been more gratifying to him than they were. As soon as he had carefully arranged them with his own hands in the family hall, he invited Plum-blossom over to inspect them. She expressed admiration at the taste shown in their choice, and at their great intrinsic value, and congratulated her uncle on their acquisition, adding, at the same time, that as she had no brother, the bulk of the

family property would, she supposed, like these presents, pass into his possession.

"But whatever happens," said Chang, with a wave of his hand as though all such sordid ideas were abhorrent to him, "remember I shall always consider you as a daughter, and hope that you will in the same way look upon me in the light of a father."

If Chang had observed closely his niece's face as he spoke, he would have seen an expression of suppressed amusement, which might either have suggested to him the possibility that she had doubts on the subject of his disinterestedness, or given him reason to suspect that some scheme lurked beneath her seemingly extremely yielding demeanour. But his mind was just then so full of the prospect of freedom from debt, and of large perquisites, that such a trivial matter as his niece's face was obviously beneath his notice.

To young Wang the favourable turn which affairs had taken was an unfailing source of delight, and was marred only by the enforced exercise of patience required by the astrologer, who, after comparing the ticket of nativity sent by Chang with that of the intending bridegroom, had pronounced that the 15th of the next month was the date prescribed by fortune for the nuptials. At last the fateful day arrived, as all days will, however long waited for; and at early morn the impatient bridegroom sent his best-man to Chang to announce that on that same evening he should come to claim his bride. Chang could scarcely restrain his impatience sufficiently to perform properly the duties of a host to the welcome emissary; and no sooner had that young gentleman executed his last bow outside the front door, than

his entertainer hurried over to Plum-blossom to warn her of the bridegroom's intended arrival. Demurely the young lady listened to her uncle's excited congratulations, and with an expression of assumed unconsciousness on her uplifted face, replied—

"But, my dear uncle, although I am profoundly interested in the future welfare of my cousin, Autumn-leaf, yet you can hardly expect me, I am sure, in my present condition of doubt as to my father's whereabouts, and even his life, to appear at the wedding; and I am at a loss, therefore, to understand why you, who must have so much to do, should have thought it necessary to inform me in such haste of the coming event."

Surprise, doubt, fear, and anger coursed in turn across Chang's features as these words fell upon his confused ears; and when his niece ceased to speak, all four sensations found full expression both in his countenance and voice.

"What do you mean," he hissed out, "of speaking of my daughter's marriage? Are you joking, or are you trying to play me false? It is you that young Wang is coming to marry, and it is you he shall marry this very night."

"My dear uncle, you are strangely inconsistent in this matter. If you will take the trouble to think, you will recollect that the wedding-cards were made out in the name of 'your daughter,' and that when the presents arrived at your house—not at mine, remember, uncle—you returned thanks for 'your daughter.' It is plain, then, that my cousin was the intended bride; for had you meant me, you would have spoken of me as your 'youngest daughter,' or 'adopted daughter'; but there was no such qualification, was there, uncle? I can assure you, also, that I have no pres-

ent intention of marrying, and least of all marrying such a man as Wang, who, though he enjoys the benefit of your friendship, would hardly, I fear, prove a congenial companion to me." Plum-blossom could not deny herself this Parthian shot.

Chang listened like one thunder-struck; then springing from his chair, he paced up and down the room with long strides, giving vent to his passion in violent and most unoriental gesticulations.

"You deceitful wretch!" he cried, "do you suppose that I am going to be cheated and outraged by an ignorant young girl like you? I'll *make* you marry Wang; and," he added, as a sudden thought struck him, "though you may think yourself very clever, you have forgotten that you have left an evidence in my hand of your consent to the match. A murderer, you know, ought to destroy his weapon, and a thief should hide his crowbar; but you have given me, in your own handwriting, the evidence against you. I have only to produce your autograph-ticket of nativity before the Prefect, and he would order you to fulfil the contract."

This last retort Chang expected would have silenced Plum-blossom, or at least disconcerted her, but her outward calm was unruffled.

"Your answer would be complete, uncle," she replied, with almost a smile, "but for one small circumstance, which, strangely enough, you appear to have overlooked. The cyclical characters on the ticket represented the year, month, day, and hour of my cousin's birth, not mine."

The sound of a chuckle of suppressed laughter from behind the door where Violet was hidden, was interrupted by a vehement outburst from Chang.

"You lie!" he shouted; "and I will prove it." So saying, he burst out of the room so suddenly that he nearly knocked down Violet, who was in the act of peeping round the corner to watch the effect of her mistress's words.

"Oh, my lady!" she exclaimed, as Chang's retreating figure disappeared, "how could you be so calm and quiet when he was raging so?"

"Because," replied Plum-blossom, "I had him in the palm of my hand, being conscious of my own integrity and of his evil intentions. Don't you remember how Confucius played a tune on his lyre when he and his disciples were attacked by banditti? And if he could show such indifference to danger in circumstances of so great peril, should not I be able to preserve a calm demeanour in the presence of this storming bully?"

The sound of Chang's returning footsteps drove Violet again into her place of concealment. "There," he said as he entered the room, "is the paper you gave me; and now deny your own handwriting if you dare."

"Please sit down, uncle, and let me ask you one or two questions. What was the date of my birth?"

"You were born on the 15th of the 8th month, in the second watch. I and your father were, as it happened, drinking to the full moon when the news was brought us."

"And when did your daughter, Autumn-leaf, first see the light?"

"On the 6th of the 6th month, as I well remember; for the weather was so intensely hot that her mother's life was in danger."

"And now, uncle, will you read the date represented by the cyclical characters on the paper which you hold in your hand?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about cyclical characters," replied

Chang. "Such knowledge," he added in a vain attempt to conceal his ignorance, "is only fit for astrologers and women."

"Is it possible," said Plum-blossom, in a tone of revengeful mockery, "that, with your wide circle of knowledge, you don't understand these simple characters? Well, then, let me, 'ignorant young girl' as I am, explain them to you. These first characters, *Ke wei*, stand for the month which is vulgarly known as the Serpent month, which, as perhaps you know, is the sixth month."

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, these next characters, *Keä yin*, represent the sixth day of the month, and this is, therefore, the date of my cousin's birth, and not of mine—the year of our births being the same."

"You have attempted to ruin me," he said, "by an abominable fraud; but I will be even with you. I will impeach you before the Prefect, and then see whether you will be able to escape from the clutches of the law as easily as you think you have from mine."

"You had better not be in too great a hurry, uncle. From things I have lately heard, the Prefect has not been altogether acting with you in this matter; and if I were to charge you with attempting to decoy me into a marriage in the absence of father and against my consent, it might go hardly with you."

"What does it matter?" groaned the wretched man, as he threw himself back in his chair; "I am ruined, whatever happens. So what can I do better than either throw myself into the well or take a dose of gold-leaf, and so end my miseries?"

"I have a better plan than either of those you suggest," said Plum-blossom; "and if you will

listen to my advice, I think I can get you out of your difficulty. You would like to have your daughter married, I suppose?"

"Does not a weary man long to throw his burden off his back?"

"Very well, then, why should you not throw this burden into the lap of young Wang? He has throughout the business negotiated for 'your daughter'; then let him take your daughter."

"But he will discover the fraud."

"Not until it is too late. He won't see her face until she is his wife, and then he will be ashamed to confess that he has been hoodwinked."

"Well," said Chang, after a few minutes' reflection, "as it is the only way out of the difficulty, I will risk it. But there is no time to be lost; and the least you can do, after the way you have behaved, is to come over and help us with the arrangements, for young Wang is to be here this evening."

Peace being thus restored, the unnatural allies went to propose their scheme to Autumn-leaf. That young lady, who was as free from any bashfulness or refined feeling as her worthy parent, was delighted at the idea. Being very plain in appearance and ungainly in figure, she had entertained but faint hopes of matrimony, and the prospect, therefore, of gaining a husband so rich as young Wang was charming beyond measure to her. She at once consented to play the part required, and, without a moment's loss of time, prepared to bedeck herself for the occasion. Anticipating a marriage, though not having been certain of the exact day, Chang had arranged everything in readiness except the bride. The decorations and scarlet hangings were all at hand, and a very few hours' work sufficed to

adorn the family hall and altar with the splendours usual on such occasions. But the bride was not so easily beautified. However, after all the resources of Plum-blossom's wardrobe, as well as her own, had been exhausted in choosing dresses and petticoats which became her best, she was pronounced presentable. Much the confederates trusted to the long red veil which was to cover her face and person until her arrival at her new home; and minute were the directions which Plum-blossom gave her for concealing her features until the next morning.

"Assume a modesty, even if you don't feel bashful. Shrink within the curtains when your husband approaches you, and protest against his keeping the lamp alight. If in the morning there should be an outbreak of anger on his part, try to soften him with tears; and if that should prove unavailing, pretend to be in despair and threaten suicide. No man likes a fuss and a scandal; and after a time, you may be quite sure he will settle down quietly."

Primed with this excellent advice, Autumn-leaf went through the ceremonies of the day without betraying herself. The awkwardness with which she entered the audience-hall and bowed to the bridegroom was put down by himself and his friends to natural timidity. The remaining rites she executed faultlessly. She did reverence to heaven and earth and to her ancestors, and finally entered the bridal sedan-chair which was to carry her to her new home with complete composure, much to the relief of her father, who all day long was so tremulous with nervous excitement, that, from time to time, he was compelled to seek courage from his opium-pipe. When at last the doors were shut on the

bridal pair his gratification was great, although, at the same time, it was painfully mingled with a sense of the possible evil consequences which might very likely ensue on the course he had taken. However, for the present there was freedom from anxiety, and he wisely determined to let the future take care of itself.

"I should like to see Mr Wang's face when he wakes to-morrow morning," said Violet, laughing, as she followed her mistress back to her apartments. "But," she added, as the sound of loud raps were heard at the front door, "who can that be knocking at the street gate so violently? He cannot, surely, have found out the trick already? If he has, what *will* you do?"

The first question was soon answered, for just as she finished speaking, a servant announced that the Prefect had sent his secretary to inquire whether Plum-blossom's marriage, which he had only just heard was in course of performance, was taking place with her full consent or not, as he was prepared to interfere in case she was being coerced; and at the same time to hand her a letter from her father

which had been forwarded with the usual official despatches from Peking.

"Beg the secretary to assure the Prefect," replied Plum-blossom, "that his infinite kindness towards me is deeply engraven on my heart; and to inform him that, happily for me, it was not I who was married this evening but my cousin."

With impatience and deep emotion Plum-blossom now turned to open her father's letter, the contents of which brought tears of delight to her eyes, and caused Violet to perform a dance as nearly resembling a fandango as is possible, with feet just two inches and a half long. That the President should have returned from the frontier covered with honours was only what Plum-blossom felt might have been looked for; but that he expected to arrive at Ping-chow on the very next day, was a cause of unspeakable joy and relief to her. This, however, was not quite all the news the letter contained. "I am bringing with me," wrote her father, "a young Mr Tieh, to whose foresight and courage I mainly attribute the successful issue of my mission."

## THE CORRUPT PRACTICES BILL.

WHAT is truth? asked questioning Pilate. What is purity of election? we may ask. After the number of Acts of Parliament which have been passed, each giving various definitions of corrupt practices,—at one time simply prohibiting gifts of money, as in the Act of William III.; at another making no difference between bribery and treating; and then, in George II.'s reign, drawing a fine distinction between procuring a vote and corrupting a voter,—all the legislation on the subject implies a laxity of public morality from the earliest days of the existence of a House of Commons. And now, after the Acts of 1852 and 1863, which were intended to consolidate all preceding Acts, and to give the *coup de grâce* to illegal practices, here in 1883 is the Legislature passing a Bill which proves either that the electoral body is almost hopelessly corrupt, or that our ideas of public morality have suddenly become very sensitive. After the experience of the last elections, it is hard to believe the latter to be the case; for let the question be fairly asked, Have candidates felt that they were guilty of a moral wrong, in the exercise of what is called "undue influence"? Did any constituent think the worse of himself, or was he ill considered by his neighbours, for receiving a *quid pro quo* for his vote? Nay, more; let us examine ourselves whether our own votes in Parliament have always been given on the merits of the question pure and simple, without any bias from hidden motives. Has the love of party triumph never overruled a conscientious conviction? The note-books of the late lamented Colonel Taylor and

the recollections of Lord Wolverton might enlighten us a little on this point. The fact is, the difficulty hitherto of preventing corrupt practices, and carrying out the provisions of the Bills which have been already passed, has arisen from the circumstance that these Acts have been opposed to the feelings both of candidate and elector. The voice in Parliament is not the voice out of doors. Since this recent Act has become law, it would be curious to know how many political societies have discussed the question in what way its provisions can be evaded with safety, and how undue influence may still be used without subjecting the offender to those grievous pains and penalties provided in the Bill for all offenders.

It cannot be without a sentiment akin to awe that the candidate of the future for a seat in Parliament will study the clauses of the new Illegal Practices Bill, one of the few fulfilled promises of the Government which has become law—not, indeed, without a great deal of discussion on its merits, and many alterations in its details, but unmodified in all its most important clauses. Now that it is a *fait accompli*, the young generation of M.P.'s *in posse* may well ask the question, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" Who can hope to be returned safe and scathless in face of this Draconian code, when the young rising Pitt or Fox reaches the seventh section of the 33d clause, and finds that the slightest deviation from the compulsory declaration to be made after the election, "I solemnly and sincerely declare I have not, and to the best of my knowledge and

belief, and to the best of my knowledge no person, or any club, society, or association, has by my authority, or with my knowledge and consent, made any payment, or given, promised, or offered any reward, office, employment, or valuable consideration, or incurred any liability on account of or in respect of the conduct or management of the said election"? Then he turns to the seventh section of the 32d clause, "If any candidate or election agent knowingly makes the declaration required by this section falsely, he shall be guilty of an offence, and on conviction thereof, on indictment, shall be liable to the punishment for wilful and corrupt perjury." He may well tremble. This is enough to make any man pause; for who can be secure against false accusations or erroneous judgments? and what is the punishment for "wilful and corrupt perjury"?—cropped hair, prison dress, oakum-picking, or even the Bill of Portland for a couple of years. The bravest young politician will hesitate, as he stands on the shore, before he launches his bark

"on those stormy seas,  
Bankrupt of life, and prodigal of ease."

As he continues his study of the Bill he will find a pitfall in every clause.

"Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ  
Tractas et incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso."

It was greatly hoped, and indeed anticipated, that the ballot would have effectually put a stop to all corrupt practices, whereas it has only had the effect of diverting them into another channel. The ballot did away with the chance of electors selling their cabbages at £10 apiece, or a plate of gooseberries for £25, as at Sudbury; or on the

other hand, as at Marlow, where the elector was able to buy a sow and nine young pigs for 2d. The poor voters no longer get their £5 for single votes, and £10 for plumpers. The tide of expense has in no degree ebbed; but a set of Quirks, Gammons, and Snaps now pocket the money for whatever influence they may have, or pretend to have, with the constituency,—such influence generally arising from buying up certain houses, and granting all the occupiers a reduction of rent, in the event of the return of the candidate they support. It is now all pay and no work. Formerly the agents had to give in a list each evening of the voters they had canvassed; they may now rest, and certainly be thankful, as they need never leave their fire-sides unless when the candidate pays for their social festivities. At the last election the voter was painfully affected by this unexpected result of the ballot. The "free and independent" no longer met "the man in the moon" in a dark alley, and found, when he left, his pockets a little heavier than when he entered it. The small tradesman heard no response to his ditty—

"I am a little tailor who has great pain  
My wife and family to maintain."

"I scorn a bribe, Mr Promise, but those 'ere lines represent my position and my principles." The ballot put an end to the elector borrowing sums of money from the candidate, for which he gave a promissory-note; or going up to the poll with a warm supporter of either party standing on each side of him, and, after giving his vote, receiving a most affectionate and prolonged squeeze of the hand from the representative of the party for whom he had tendered his vote. It was remarked that the voter's

hand, after this kind recognition, was invariably plunged into the recesses of his pocket. All this at the last election was a thing of the past. The old five-pounder could see Quirk and Snap buttoning up their pockets after having received as a retainer the value of a club of voters. It must have seemed to him a just retribution when he read that some of these bribers *en gros* were, at the last election trials, sentenced to two years' imprisonment, affording them the opportunity of studying in all its aspects the blessings of the British constitution.

If it be that the age of election purity is dawning upon us, it is sad to think, from the safeguards which have now become law, how bad we must have been in former years,—how demoralised the constituencies, to require such rude discipline as is provided by the new Bill. Is it a proof that we are so much wiser and better than our fathers? is our sense of purity clearer? do we so entirely sympathise with the spirit of the poet's lines—

“Cursed is the man who's bought and sold,  
And barter liberty for gold;  
For if election is not free,  
In vain we seek for liberty,  
And he who would sell his single right  
Would sell his country if he might?”

If Tacitus is correct—“*In corruptissima Republicâ plurimæ leges*”—we must be worse off now than at any former date, for every session is esteemed in proportion to the number of Bills that are passed. Is it again, let it be asked, true, that we look on our past parliamentary history with feelings of shame? Is all this anxiety for purity of election an honest expression of our sentiments? or is it not the case that this new Act, while it is re-

garded with something like alarm by the novices, gives rise to feelings akin to regret on the part of the old stagers who have lived through what literally may be called the “golden” age of elections, and is viewed with intense dislike by all the lower classes, who looked forward to a general election as to a Bacchic revel, and regarded it as a part of our English constitution?

If this is the case—and the Bill is not the expression of a general feeling of disgust and disapproval of the past, and only the declaration of those principles which no one, whatever his inner feelings, would care openly to disavow—it is very doubtful whether it will produce all the good effects expected from it. Dr Johnson says, “You must not have laws too strong for humanity.” And, indeed, a Bill so stringent, which requires from a candidate solemn declarations on matters which it is almost impossible for him to have cognisance of, implies little confidence that such an Act is in harmony with public opinion; and if it is not, it is to be feared that all the declarations in the world will not prevent some candidates running all risks, and glorying in the dangers which they will set at defiance. They will say with Tartuffe—

“Le mal n'est jamais que dans l'éclat  
qu'on fait,  
Le scandale du monde et ce qui fait  
l'offense,  
Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en  
silence.”

Truly this Corrupt Practices Bill is a new dispensation for those who have passed through the storms and tempests of past elections. What would Lord Milton, Mr Lascelles, and Mr William Wilberforce, whose joint expenses for Yorkshire in 1807 amounted to



little under half a million, say to a Bill which enacts that the legal expenditure for each candidate must now not exceed £950 for 5000, and £60 for every additional 1000 electors, and this to include agencies and every possible item of expenditure, with the exception of the candidate's hotel bill, which, under no circumstances, must exceed £100? And then as to treating: in a small borough not many years ago, on the election morning there was consumed at a breakfast, besides veal, mutton, poultry, and pastry, 980 stone of beef, 315 dozen of wine, 72 pipes of ale, and 865 gallons of spirits; what will these gentlemen think of this clause, that for the future "any person, either before, during, or after the election, provides or pays, wholly or in part, the expense of giving or providing any meat, drink, entertainment, or provision for any person, . . . shall be guilty of treating;" and "any elector who corruptly accepts or takes any such meat, drink, entertainment, or provision, shall also be guilty of treating"?

The leaders of the various political clubs have not yet had time to realise the new condition of things. Will the confidential managers now look at each other, like the augurs of old, from their secret consulting-chambers where electoral contests are arranged, at the Reform and Carlton, and smile in irony at the slight effect which will be produced by this virtuous legislation, well aware that political consciences are very elastic, and even the most scrupulous at election time lose their sensitiveness? or will they recite their litanies for past offences, and no longer invite the wealthy, like the spider the fly, into the little parlour, and rely on the ardour of irresponsible friends to supplement

the deficiencies of their candidates?

Since the Ballot Act, general elections have lost much of their excitement,—the ten days' saturnalia of freedom and equality, of licence and lawyers, when the tenant and the landlord met on equal terms, and the small tradesman could shake his finger at Mr Magnum. The ballot went far to damp the effervescence of party spirit. There was no longer a candidate to heckle and occasionally pelt on the hustings. No more polling amid showers of cabbage-stalks and rotten eggs; but the bands, ribbons, and banners with "Hopkins and the Queen and Constitution," or "Jenkins and the People's Charter," might still be seen; the rising generation had not entirely forgotten their squibs and crackers; the echoes of "He's a jolly good fellow" occasionally resounded at the "True Blue" or "Pink" clubs on election eve, while patriotic throats indulged in their "XXX" and "double stout." Now, what a change will come over the scene! for by the new Act even the knell of the lawyers has sounded. The blow struck at them is indeed a heavy one,—the spots that knew them once shall know them not again. From many constituencies the agents will depart, their occupation gone for ever.

"Electioneers soon will flee the place,  
And vile Attorneys now a useless race."

Mention has been made of the confidential parlours of the political clubs. The secret councils held there in the future will be very different from those of the past. We, too, well knew what these were in the days of our parliamentary youth. Then, when a general election was within a measurable distance, the committee of elections

was summoned to each political centre. There were generally present the Whips, the confidential firm of "Do'em and Fleecem," with their partner "Spotem." Then there was old Moneybags, the treasurer of the subscription fund; and half hid in the corner, scarcely venturing into the light of his own friends even in his own den, the indefatigable little ferret Snug, *alias* the "Man in the Moon." "Bless me!" suddenly exclaims the senior Whip, the Right Honourable Henry Placer, on looking through the list of seats and candidates, "I see there is no one for Bribe-forit. Why, it is a certain seat for any man who will pay. Don't you know of a good man, Fleecem? You know what I mean—a fellow who won't starve an election, or stick at a few hundreds. Snug, you have generally a list of stout men. What do you think of young Bonum? I know he wants a seat, and I hear he is worth looking after."

"Oh, he will never do for Bribe-forit," replies Snug; "his brother stood for Begborough last election, if you remember, and made a regular *fiasco*. I can tell you all about it, for I went down to square some of the voters. I soon saw it would be a close run,—a question of ten or twelve votes. Well, there were just a dozen voters locked up by the other side, as they were not to be trusted. I managed to get at them, and found that for fifty pounds a-head the election was safe. Well, Bonum would not book up, talked some stuff about conscientious scruples, so they stayed away, still in hopes of the fifty pounds, until the last moment, and the others got them for twenty pounds a-head. And we lost the election exactly by twelve. No, no! Mr Bonum, the brother of such a man, would be

no good at Bribe-forit. I don't like a fellow with scruples. We want an out-and-outer there, not a man who talks of his principles. That don't go down anywhere, much less at Bribe-forit."

"You have had a long experience in these matters, Snug?"

"Yes, Mr Placer, I think I know a trick or two—how, for instance, to carry an election by hopes and no pay. I was a little chap, at school near Honiton, when Lord Cochrane stood against Mr Bradshaw. He stood two elections. At the first he was told that the principle of all Honiton voters was to support 'Mr Most.' Now as Mr Bradshaw represented 'Mr Most,' Lord Cochrane was defeated. After his defeat his lordship practised a clever dodge. He was sure that there would soon be another election, so he sends a bellman round to say that all who voted for him were to go to his agent and receive ten pounds, to console them for their disappointment. Never before was such a generous act,—the more remarkable that Mr Bradshaw, confident in his large majority, failed to satisfy what they considered their just claims. As Lord Cochrane foresaw, there was soon another election,—I think it was in 1808; when, meanwhile, he had taken several Spanish galleons laden with treasure, and the Pallas sailed into Plymouth Sound with marine gold candlesticks five feet high at each of her mastheads. All this was known at Honiton, and he soon let them understand what it meant; for he entered the town in a carriage-and-six, followed by many other carriages-and-four, containing the officers and crew of the Pallas. And last of all there was a boat on wheels, full of sailors tossing gold doubloons and Spanish dollars about with silver shovels.

Why, Mr Bradshaw was nowhere at the poll! Well, after the election there was a triumphal chairing, and the enthusiastic supporters escorted his lordship to the hotel, when he called for silence, and made them a speech which has never been forgotten. "At the last election, when we were all disappointed," said he, "I made you a present to console you; but now that we are all so happy and successful, you will not, I am sure, expect any acknowledgment for your generous services. Bless me! it was a sight to see how they looked at each other at this clever way of winning an election on purity principles.

"But I am up to all kind of dodges. I was sent down to a borough in Cornwall for a bye election. I hired a shop in the High Street, not to sell antiquities, but to buy them. The Conservatives had most old things to dispose of. I bought them all up. Such a collection of rusty old keys, books, pots and pans, were never before collected in one room. Why, the last day I paid twenty pounds for an old saucepan. My man came in by a thundering majority. And I was off by cock-crow the next morning, and left my antiquities to the Museum, in a very civil note to the Radical Mayor.

"Again, at Berwick I hired a large unfurnished house, and went there, turning out spick and span, no longer Snug, but Mr Wyndham. This was a month before the general election. I fitted up two rooms, and gave out I should wait a couple of months before furnishing, to see if the air suited me. They well understood that I wished to inhale Conservative atmosphere. Meanwhile there was not a shop which did not receive some orders for furniture. Bless me! how keen they were! We won in a canter.

I got a furnished house; but the best part of it was, that the member made a good thing of it afterwards, for the house, which was in an excellent situation, sold for more than it cost. These were glorious days," added Snug.

Are all these club coteries to be broken up in the future? Will there be no more mysterious meetings in little back parlours? Is the occupation of the "Man in the Moon" gone for ever? Certainly it would appear as though the old elections, already so much modified, will become a thing of the past,—that no longer shall we appreciate Crabbe's admirable description of a borough election—

"Inns, horses, chaises, dinners, balls,  
and notes,  
What filled their purses, and what  
drenched their throats,  
The private pension, and indulgent  
lease,  
Have all been granted to those friends  
who fleece—  
Friends who will hang like burrs upon  
his coat,  
And boundless judge the value of a  
vote."

Will there be no more abduction of voters, and locking them up until after the election? no more carriages dashing through the street, covered with the placards of the rival candidates? What will become of the committee-men who canvassed at so much a-day, and passed the evening in copious libations? and the hard-fisted supporters of the constitution, who could knock down their political opponents in a struggle, when they failed to knock down their arguments? How often in the tranquil peaceful hours of election time will the octogenarian voter tell the tales of his youth—when he was invited with a party of his friends to lunch and sail in a clipper on the nomination day, and how, towards evening, they found

themselves well out at sea forty miles to leeward of the harbour, and struggled vainly against wind and tide to return in time to vote; or how a voter, concealed in a hotel, was, after being well plied with liquor, put into a hearse, and in a funeral procession carried through an excited mob of watchers, taken to the cemetery, and left there in an unconscious state to get back at his leisure! We are far separated from the days when the electors of Stratford proposed to their member to introduce a Bill "for the better payment of voters,"—from the times when an estate was put up for sale, and the auctioneer scarcely noticed the value; the rental, the mansion, the woods, and waters, were nothing compared to what he called the "elegant contingency," the right of nominating two members to Parliament. "Need I tell you," said he, in a burst of enthusiasm, "that this elegant contingency is the only infallible source of fortune, titles, and honours in this happy country—that it leads to the highest situations in the State?" All this is at an end—"our revels now are ended." The "free and independent" must no longer expect to be rattled up to poll in all the dignity of post-chaises; the voter may stroll about at night without any fear of being robbed of his five- or ten-pound vote—

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator."

Still there is balm in Gilead for the disheartened attorneys. There are such blessings as "candid friends," and "disinterested supporters." It has in the past been rare to find benevolent outsiders willing from purely patriotic motives to expend their money to promote a friend's return without any prospect of repayment. But new positions develop new ideas, and

those who cling to the past may find crumbs of comfort in the 21st clause of the new Act, which

"exonerates candidates and agents from all pains and penalties if the candidate has proved in court—

"1. That no corrupt or illegal practice was committed at such election by or with the knowledge and consent of such candidate and his election agent.

"2. That such candidate and election agent took all reasonable means for preventing the commission of corrupt and illegal practices at such election."

There is no doubt but that this clause opens up a great many questions which the election judges will have to settle. If a candidate may not, as was formerly done, lodge some thousands with a local banker on the eve of an election, to encourage his party, is a sympathising friend precluded from doing so? While the candidate is taking his solitary cup of tea at the hotel, what if an energetic partisan with *trop de zèle*, a lover of the olden time, gives a magnificent breakfast at the Blue Posts?—for the "free and independent" are always hungry and thirsty on election mornings. Will this invalidate the election? Or suppose that a still more ardent politician, a true lover of sport, bets his couple of thousands on the result of the election, will this affect a candidate who signs the know-nothing declaration? In fact, when this Act is closely examined, it is full of snares for the unwary.

For never was there a Bill in which so many clauses are susceptible of different interpretations, and consequently may be perhaps evaded by the reckless, or endanger the return of the prudent. For instance, by the 14th clause, "A person shall not let, rent, or employ, for the purpose of the conveyance of voters to or from the poll, any public stage or hackney carriage,

or any horse or other animal kept or used for drawing the same, or any carriage-horse or other animal which he keeps or uses for the purpose of *letting out for hire*." But by section 3 of this clause, "Nothing in this Act shall prevent a carriage-horse, or other animal, being let to, or hired, employed, or used by any elector, or several electors, at their joint cost, for the purpose of being conveyed to or from the poll." It would seem, therefore, that the question will arise whether the conveyance is a "*public*" one. To hire a public conveyance will be illegal treating; but to hire a private conveyance will be a legal proceeding. It is not said how an unfortunate lame voter is to know whether it is a public conveyance that he engages. So an energetic politician may be able to drive a roaring trade by borrowing any number of butchers' and bakers' carts, spring vans, and old lady's pony-carriages, and letting them to those who will only poll if carried to the booth. But his drive will prove an expensive one if it should so happen that the conveyance has ever once been let for hire, for he will then be subjected to a penalty not exceeding £100.

It may be desirable now to enumerate concisely the principal clauses of this most stringent Act, that candidates may see with what extreme caution they will have to conduct their elections:—

1. All contracts and all payments are to be made through the election agent; and no advance may be made by or on behalf of a candidate, except through the agent.

2. All accounts are to be paid within four weeks from the election; payment of any claim after that period will constitute an illegal practice.

3. The personal expenses of a

candidate may be paid by himself to the extent of £100.

4. In the form of return of election expenses, every item to be stated separately—for instance:

"The election agent for C. D. must make the following return:—

a. Received by me for my services as election agent, . . .	£
b. Paid to A. B. as sub-agent, . . .	
c. Paid for printing, . . .	
d. Paid for advertising, . . .	
e. Paid for stationery, . . .	
f. Paid for postage, . . .	
g. Paid for telegrams, . . .	
h. For the hire of rooms for public meetings or for committee-rooms, . . .	

And, hardest of all, in addition to the above, he must add, "I am aware as election agent of the following disputed and unpaid claims."

5. This return must be made within thirty-five days after the election, and is to be accompanied by a declaration by the agent verifying the statement. A similar declaration must be made by the candidate within a week after; and if in the case of an election for any county or borough, the return and declarations are not transmitted before the expiration of the fixed time, the candidate shall not, after the expiration of such time, sit or vote in the House of Commons until the return and declarations have been transmitted, under a penalty of £100 a-day, which may be sued for by any one.

6. To neglect to send in these declarations will constitute an illegal practice; and a false statement will be considered perjury and a corrupt practice.

7. In boroughs there may be one clerk and one messenger for every 500 electors. One clerk and one messenger may be appointed for

every 5000 voters for the central committee-room in a county; and one clerk and one messenger for every 500 electors in a polling district.

8. The number of committee-rooms is limited to one for every 5000 electors, whether in a borough or a county.

And now comes the crucial part of the Bill:—

9. The total sum which may be expended, not including personal expenses and returning-officers' charges, is fixed at £350 in boroughs, if the number of electors on the register does not exceed 2000, and at £380 if the number of electors is more than 2000—an additional £30 being allowed for every additional 2000 names on the register above 1000. In counties the amount is fixed at £680 in England and Scotland, and £500 in Ireland, if the number of electors does not exceed 2000. If the number exceeds 2000, £710 may be expended in England and Scotland, and £540 in Ireland—an additional £60 being allowed in England and Scotland, and £40 in Ireland, for every 1000 electors above 2000. Where there are two joint candidates, the amounts are to be reduced by one-fourth; and if there are more than two joint candidates, the maximum is to be reduced by one-third.

These are the chief provisions of this remarkable Act, passed with the clear determination of Parliament to put an end, if it is possible, to the many abuses, or at any rate practices, which have until now attended most elections of members of the House of Commons. The question now arises, What will be its practical effect in the first place on the voters? and still more important is the consideration, What will be its effect on the position of parties?

As to the voters, as has already been suggested, the absence of all pecuniary inducements and excitement, and especially of conveyances, will be to deter many from going to the poll. If the Ballot Act was a blessing to aged and infirm persons, enabling them to vote in peace and without fear of personal injury, this new Bill will have an entirely opposite tendency. The athletic, muscular elector will have a great advantage over the feeble and dyspeptic. The former will be able to brave the elements, when the latter will be loath to make the attempt. However, it will now be seen what is the amount of patriotic spirit in the matter, when it fails to be developed by spirit of another description. It is more than probable that the next general election will prove how indifferent the nation as a body is to political questions; and how willing they are, unless aroused by some unusual excitement, to let well, or, if the Radicals prefer it, to let bad alone.

Many of the speeches made during the passing of the Bill through the Commons indicated the conviction of the Liberal party that it would greatly aid their fortunes. Will these predictions prove to be correct? or shall we see the engineer "hoist with his own petard"? If the last election is to guide our judgment, there can be little doubt that the result will prove unfavourable to the present Government. It has never been denied that the largest amounts at the election of 1880 were spent by the Liberals. The nobility and squirearchy were not in a position to fight expensive contests; but it is notorious that very large sums were subscribed by the Liberal party in the manufacturing districts towards the General Election Fund; while, strange to say,

the Conservative party were taken by surprise by their own leaders, and proved to be entirely unprepared for the dissolution which was so suddenly announced. When Lord Beaconsfield's Government—for we do not speak of Lord Beaconsfield's own views—did not dissolve after the Berlin Treaty, at the time the whole country was with them, it was naturally supposed that the Parliament would survive for its full term of existence, and that abundant notice would have been given of its dissolution. The gain of a few seats changed all this, and in an unfortunate moment the fatal mandate was sent forth which was attended with such disastrous consequences to the Conservative party. Now, however, under the new dispensation, and as the era of cheap elections is commencing, one thing is certain, that wealth will no longer have the same influence, or overthrow, as it so greatly did at the last election, family and local interests. It will now be seen whether the optimists are right in the opinion that the love of tradition, and of old associations, is not extinguished in the English character. Two certain results of the great change in the electoral system may be foretold: The youth of the country will be largely represented in the next Parliament; the sons of the territorial class, who were prevented by the *res angusta domi* from coming forward when the expense of elections was so formidable, will now appear on the scene. Indeed already this effect has been produced; and there is every prospect of the next being as young a Parliament as that of 1841, when the Young England party awakened the country to their deep sympathy with the working classes, and laid the foundation of Lord Beaconsfield's

illustrious career. 'Assuming that so many young men start in this noble pursuit, and that their energy can no longer be counterbalanced by the weight of the purse, will not the constituents prefer the enthusiasm of youth to the dull pedant, or commercial or legal candidate? the scion of the old family to the upstart *parvenu*? If one thing is still rooted in the heart of every Briton, from the highest to the lowest, it is the love of rank and social position. This may not be strong enough to overcome an immediate pecuniary advantage; but this being no longer forthcoming, it will assert itself in a conspicuous manner. Another almost certain consequence will be, that the ultra-Liberals, the Democrats, will start their own candidate, who will take so many votes from the Liberal candidate. This will now be done at a very slight expense; and although they well know that success is out of the question, it will afford a party, who are never in want of orators, to denounce from a constitutional platform all constitutional privileges and rights of property; in fact, it will give them an admirable opportunity to play at democracy,—for, as Prince Bismarck says, all democracy in England is child's-play.

If this prove to be the case, and Radical candidates abound at the general election, will it greatly affect the result? We may assume the affirmative; for it must be remembered that the majorities in 1880 were in most cases very small, and any secession from the Liberal ranks will place them at a great disadvantage. And again, there will be a great disposition on the part of the elector who sympathises neither with the enthusiasm of youth nor with that of the root-and-branch Radical, to sit at home

at ease, in what Carlyle calls the circle of indifference. The value with which he regarded the British constitution was estimated very much by the value of his vote. The poll will no longer have the same attraction to men who have their daily work to do, and who do not care to shout either for "Queen and Constitution," or "Liberty and Equality," with throats no longer moistened with unlimited libations of Allsopp's ale or Meux' Entire.

In the most interesting and admirable Autobiography of Anthony Trollope he remarks: "To sit in the British Parliament should be the highest object of ambition to every educated Englishman. I do not mean to suggest that every educated Englishman should set before himself a seat in Parliament as a probable or even a possible career, only that the man in Parliament occupies a higher position than the man who is not." This is so true, that no changes in election law will ever result in a failure of candidates. This new Act, as has been just observed, will tend to their increase. But Mr Trollope continues: "Political cleanliness,"—he is speaking of the election of 1868, when he stood for Beverley,—*"was odious to the people. There was something grand in the manner a leading Liberal turned up his nose at me when I told him there would be no bribery, no treating, not even a pint of beer on our side. A Liberal, to do any good at Beverley, must be able to swallow such gnats as these."* Yes, truly so; and the same may be said of many a place besides Beverley. But when we find that this opinion of electoral morality is based on the personal experience of so clear-sighted a man as Mr Anthony Trollope, we may well express a doubt whether the new Corrupt Practices Bill, or any Bill,

will eradicate the inveterate habits of many generations. It is certainly very difficult to see how this most stringent and comprehensive Act can be evaded, at the same time, when it is remembered how much public attention has been called to this evil; and it must be supposed that there has been the honest desire of the Legislature to find a remedy: and yet how hopelessly it has failed up to the present time to do so! We may well doubt the result. It is hard to realise the great change which this Act is intended to make in the conduct of elections. The term "convenient hypocrisy" has been applied to the decisions not only of the old House of Commons' Committees, but also to those of the judges and Election Commissioners, which have always supposed a candidate to be ignorant of what was universally known. If the feelings and morality of the country have not undergone a great change, it is possible that the ingenuity of agents may still find some means to escape from the meshes of this Act. Electors will not see why all the advantages of success should be on the side of the representative when he has been returned by their suffrages. As Mr Trollope says, "There is a great difference between the man who is out and the man who is in." The elected, if he possess average ability, is at the fountain of place and power; and even if he does not possess the qualities which lead to a distinguished career, there are still great social advantages which attach to a member of Parliament. Constituencies are conscious of this; and indeed any man who has attained to objects of noble ambition through a parliamentary career, must feel a deep debt of gratitude to those who first gave him his start in political life. But "gratitude,"



as Rochefoucauld says, "is a keen sense of future favours;" and a member will have to consider how these future favours are to be secured. It is scarcely probable that his supporters will remain satisfied with mere thanks, however eloquently they may be expressed. Meanwhile all that can be said is, that if this Corrupt Practices Act should fail, if the good intentions of its promoters are doomed to be disappointed, then we may give up all expectations of successful legislation in the future. It will be quite evident that the *quid pro quo* sentiment is rooted in the minds and customs of the constituencies, or that they will lose all interest in public affairs, as Juvenal says was the case in Rome when bribery was condemned:—

"Ex quo suffragia nulli

Vendimus effredit curas. Nam qui  
dabit olim

Imperium, fasces, legiones omnia, nunc se  
Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius  
optat

Panem et circenses."

Yes; to the last they clung to the circus and the dole, or refrained from going to the poll. But there

are fears that this Bill will give a great advantage to the bold and audacious over the conscientious and scrupulous; that the former will rush in where the latter fear to tread; and that the same evil practices will be carried on, on the chance that the defeated candidate, if there is a large majority, will not incur the expense of a petition,—no light matter when counsel, as on a recent occasion, ask 600 guineas for a retainer. As Lord Salisbury remarked: "Elections would be contested before the judges and commissioners instead of at the hustings;" and in petitions, long purses possess a great advantage, for there can be no fixed limit to the expenditure. Before this time next year, it is more than probable that all these speculations and doubts as to the working of the Act will be set at rest. The Bill will in the meanwhile provide an interesting study to all prospective candidates, to managers of parties, and election agents; for they will find it no easy matter, with the best intentions, to steer clear of all the shoals, rocks, and quicksands which are laid down in the new electoral chart of parliamentary purity.

## A SKETCH FROM BOURNEMOUTH.

IF we look at some comparatively recent editions of our best atlases, Bournemouth is not to be found on the map of England. No wonder. About the time that the Crown Princess of Germany was born, except for a mansion built by a certain Mr Tregonwell and now turned into the Exeter Hotel, the only residences on the site were a coastguard-station with a little cluster of fishermen's cottages. Since then the fishing industry seems to have dwindled and disappeared; at all events, the fashionable watering-place sends to London for the soles and turbot that too often are decidedly stale; and devout Roman Catholics would have harder times of it in Lent, were it not for the salmon caught at Christchurch. But fortunately man, even when most fastidious as to his fare, does not live by fish alone. The cattle bred in the Dorsetshire grazing grounds are superb; dairy produce pours in from the surrounding districts; and, above all, the climate is strongly to be recommended to all individuals with delicate chests. The average temperature is said to be wonderfully equable, considering the eccentricities of our English climate. We believe it ranges from about 45° in January to some 71° in the hottest of the dog-days; while the rainfall likewise is reasonably moderate, and the place is sheltered by heights and bold headlands against the prevailing gales from most possible quarters. Maladies, as we know, have sadly multiplied under the inventive diagnosis of modern science: railways have opened up all corners of the kingdom, though the line to Bournemouth, by the

way, is still but a single one. And so it has come about that the rising watering-place of Bournemouth is one of the most fashionable and well-frequented of the southern health resorts.

As to its sanitary claims to its position, we have little to say. We are writing neither in the interests of speculative landowners and builders, nor in those of the shareholders of the South-Western Railway on the one side, nor yet of such rivals as St Leonards or Torquay on the other. We can say little of the climate from personal experience, except that it must inevitably be somewhat enervating. But Bournemouth is undoubtedly one of those places where, unless we indulged in frequent excursions, we should sooner pass a week than a month. The house-owners and lodging-house keepers may consider themselves fortunate; for at Bournemouth, as at Torquay and most resorts of the consumptive, the season lasts pretty nearly all the year round. Regular patients patronise it through the winter and the spring. During the holiday months of August and September, it is filled by the ordinary rush of sea-going vagrants migrating from manufacturing towns; and business only appears to slacken through the last of the spring and the beginning of the summer. And yet the place, with all its undeniable advantages, has drawbacks that must be patent to the most careless observer. Of the surrounding scenery and excursions, we shall have much to say presently. The sea-views are often superb, from the bold hills in the Isle of Purbeck on the right hand, to the cliffs of the Isle of Wight

on the left. But like Torquay, setting considerations of climate aside, Bournemouth is one of the last spots in the world which we should be inclined to recommend to a sufferer touched in the lungs or the wind. Like the Eternal City, it is built upon seven hills, more or less, only the hills of Bournemouth are far steeper than the hills of Rome. The walking, when you get off the asphalt or the macadamised roads, will strain the powers of the most stalwart pedestrian. The stiff gradients of the streets and roads are almost as impracticable for bath-chairs as for hansoms; so you see few of the one and none of the other. The suburban coast-line is cut up by chimes that must undoubtedly have been strangely picturesque before they were defaced by the builders and bricklayers; and you must be perpetually plunging into the depths at the risk of a sprained ankle, before setting your face to the "stey brae" on the opposite side. The sands run to the roughest of shingle under the cliffs, and in many places the cliffs at high water are wellnigh washed by the tide. Within the town, we are told, there is a heavy rate for "improvements," which is cheerfully voted by pushing tradespeople and reluctantly paid by grumbling residents. Whatever the disbursements under the rate may be, they do not extend to improving the paths along the cliffs. The pedestrian sinks over the boots in a grey powder which looks like the siftings of innumerable dustbins; and the ragged shrubberies of natural sea-growths on either side are unprepossessing specimens of the vagaries of a semi-domesticated nature. Nor can Bournemouth by any means boast of its gaities; and perhaps, indeed, under all the circumstances, it may be supposed

to take depressing views of life. There is a handsome pier—but no promenade, where, as a matter of course, the world meets every day to lively music; dances and light concerts are discouraged; and dissipation is said to take the shape of bazaars and social meetings for charitable objects. But on the other hand, it is only fair to say that, so far as our experience has gone, the signs of sickness are kept discreetly in the background. It may be that the balmy air works wonders; it may be that the pallid victims of disease are scattered about over the vast acreage of the fir-woods—for Bournemouth, like Cannes, is a great conglomeration of villas, each of them standing in its own little garden and lawn and pine-copse; but in any case, the general impression is that of cheerful women and healthy children, for members of the male sex are conspicuous by their absence.

Bournemouth must have made the fortunes of many of its promoters, since, nearly half a century ago, a shrewd landowner had the foresight to call in an intelligent architect and lay out the slopes of the Bourne for building purposes. Then the Bourne brook, which is now led in a channel through the public gardens, must have come trickling down a wild chine from Kingston Heath, between banks clothed with gorse-broom, the favourite haunts of the woodcock. But though the money so judiciously invested must have increased in arithmetical progression for many years, in the meantime the building seems to have been overdone. Houses standing high in tolerably accessible situations, may still fetch exorbitant prices; but thanks to the extent of elbow-room that is apparently *de rigueur* for each, the watering-place has straggled unconscionably. The ten-

ants of outlying villas along the interminable "sands" can hardly be happy without a vehicle of some kind, and yet even a pony-carriage is a luxury in which comparatively few of the residents indulge. In fact, although being driven may spare the legs, it tries the temper; for if you are to save your neck and the animal's knees, you must crawl down each of the hills you have painfully ascended. Indeed residences of tempting appearance, although often without stabling, are dotted along the cliffs from Bournemouth to Christchurch; and who lives in these lonely hermitages under the depressing shadows of the pine-woods, is one of the things that "no fellow can understand." In short, Bournemouth, metaphorically speaking, resembles a pyramid based upon its apex. There is a superabundance of commodious mansions, with few houses for the working classes. So much so, that the numerous working men who are slaves of the lamp of speculative architecture, must billet themselves in villages comparatively distant, and often travel to their work on bicycles and tricycles. Weremember that William Howitt, in his charming volume on 'Rural Life in England,' has painted the horrors of a lonely house in the country. He pictured even the strong nerves of a farmer's wife overstrained by mysterious sounds in the gusts of a wintry night, by the sobbings, and moanings, and sighings of the winds. We may imagine that ailing and unprotected females in solitary residences in suburban Bournemouth must be tried by very similar sensations. A burglar breaking in might indulge in robbery, rape, and murder, while the nearest neighbours, if they heard the cries, would be burying their terrors beneath the

bed-clothes. And the policeman promenading on his distant beat, might as well be on the top of Cotopaxi or Mont Blanc. At the same time, if the ladies rise superior to shocks to the nerves, or have discounted the chances of nocturnal alarms, these singularly solitary residences are not without their compensations. Nowhere can you listen to the sweetest songsters of our groves with a greater variety or perfection of note than in the gardens of the Bournemouth villas. There is a broad extent of copse and shrubbery, in which the bird-nesting boy has never set his foot. Did he intrude on the peace of those primeval Edens, he would be sorely puzzled to find a stone to shy in the peaty soil of the flowerbeds or the well-rolled gravelled walks. So the trusting blackbird hops across the lawns, scarcely turning his head from the business of worm-hunting; the thrush tunes his merry throat among the boughs, in an abstraction begotten of immunity from alarms; and even feathered visitors from foreign parts may land upon these coasts, without the certainty of running the gauntlet of guns, and being the objects of attentions charged with small shot. We need hardly add that their landing-place must be matter of luck, for their reception would be different did they chance to come ashore at the neighbouring estuary of Poole Harbour.

But the mention of Poole Harbour leads us away from Bournemouth to its environs. For though to the strong and healthy it may be dull in itself, undoubtedly it is an admirable headquarters for excursions, and the centre of a great variety of interests. Practically it stands on the borderland of two counties, belonging exclusively neither to Hampshire nor Dorsetshire. Geographically speak-

ing, it is the property of Hants; but the character of the landscapes is undeniably of Dorset. To the landward it is engirdled by black fir-woods and broad stretches of broom and barren heath; and before the woodmen had been so busy, of a blazing summer day the brine of the sea-breezes must have been mingled with the fragrance of resin, as in the famous pine-forests of Arcachon or Ravenna. It strikes us that the energetic axes of the woodmen have been killing the geese which lay the golden eggs; and the heirs of the present generation of householders may regret the excessive felling of their firs. Be that as it may, when we take our walks abroad, extending them beyond the *ceinture* of the suburban residences, we are in as wild a country as can well be imagined. Should you doubt it, you have only to take a railway ticket to Parkstone, the station between Bournemouth and Poole, a village which proudly advertises itself as the "English Mentone," and thence strike back, straight across country. The sense of absolute solitude is the more impressive, that the bit of moorland between the last villas of Parkstone and the drives that are cut through the woods near Bournemouth is necessarily very limited. Of course you never meet a pedestrian in the guise of a gentleman. Englishmen seldom seem to take long walks from the watering-places—not even on the enchanting Sussex downs near Eastbourne. They fall back, according to their ages and tasks, on pier-gazing and sauntering, on lawn-tennis and flirtations, varied with excessive eating and drinking. Like Mrs Gamp, they must have their meals and their malt "regular," and a day's walk would interfere with the lunch or the early dinner. But on these shreds

and scraps of the Dorsetshire moors you are as little likely to be troubled by the natives. No habitation is in sight, unless your path happens to lead over a comparatively commanding eminence; and except for an occasional gravel or marl pit, there is nothing in the way of work to attract the day-labourer. We spoke of a path, and paths there are; but they are simply narrow white marl tracks, half overgrown by the rank heather. The only thing we crossed in the shape of a cart-road was blocked by a fallen tree, that must have been blown down two or three seasons before. As for trees, there is scarce anything that may be called timber. Here and there is a group of self-sown firs, coming down over the crest of a slope, like sharpshooters in very open order. Now and again a clump upon a ridge looks like the close front rank of a column that is keeping itself carefully under cover. But everywhere is a matted undergrowth of heather, that can hardly have been scientifically burned in the Highland fashion from time immemorial; and in the beds of the half-dried swampy pools in some of the hollows, the bog-myrtle flourishes in tolerable luxuriance.

The bird-life, too, is fairly abundant, as it is everywhere on that genial southern coast. Small birds are hopping about and chirping in the boughs of the dwarf spruces; or, like pious Moslems, they are performing their dry ablutions on the bald patches of powdery soil, and in the gravelly dust by the side of the paths, which partly explains the presence of various species of hawks that frequent those Dorsetshire moors in unusual numbers. The quick little sparrow-hawk is seen circling overhead, and now and again you may mark the more majestic sweep of

the graceful kestrel or wind-hover. Perhaps the kestrel is the most graceful of our birds of prey, and very appropriately is he named the wind-hover. Arresting himself instantaneously in rapid flight, he will hang poised and motionless over heather or stubble, save for the scarcely perceptible flutter of his powerful pinions. Then down he may swoop, rising from the ground again with a field-mouse or small bird caught up in his talons; and off he shoots, skimming low over the hedgerows, to tear his victim in pieces on some well-known post or stump. But to return from following the flight of the feathered bandit, which has so much of the Italian savagery and subtlety. We mark the trace in the dust of the pads of a formidable dog-fox. In fact, this must be a most delectable retreat for the foxes; and they may lazily pick up a comfortable living among the rabbit-burrows, when they are not inclined to breathe themselves and exercise their limbs in nocturnal raids on the outlying farms. And, of course, these fir-copses and breezy heaths, fruitful breeding-places as they evidently must be of endless tribes of the moths and night insects, are favourite resorts of the fern-owl or night-jar. We can fancy the wayfarer belated in the dusk, listening to them springing their rattles in all directions; or watching them skimming past, phantom-like, between him and the sky. We have never happened to light upon a night-jar's nest, though that may possibly have been as much our fault as our misfortune; but on our last walk from Parkstone, leaping a low turf dike, we dropped upon a brood that were fully feathered, though they had never as yet tried their unfamiliar wings. Up three of them fluttered simul-

taneously, scattering towards opposite points of the compass, tumbling about among the heather shoots, and working up against the fir twigs. The memories of boyhood came back upon us, and away we dashed after the feeblest of them. He led us away like the enchanted bird in the fairy tales that guides the prince to the palace of the sleeping beauty, if he only holds on with sufficient perseverance. Now we had almost laid hands on him; now he had slipped from under our fingers; and as we did not know what in the world we could do with our prize, for we could scarcely send him down-stairs to be dry-nursed in a Bournemouth hotel, we renounced the chase and retraced our steps. A rustling in the heather, and a glimpse of a sinuous form, working itself swiftly along by the leverage of the ribs, reminded us that Dorsetshire is a paradise for snakes. Many a time when out partridge-shooting in former years in the Isle of Purbeck, we have seen them tied up in knots, and positively festooning the turf banks, where they had hung themselves out to bask in the sunny side of the fences. But the bit of moorland, though abounding in wild beauty and interest, is very limited in point of acreage, as we remarked before. The glistening of a broad white drive through the red stems of a well-grown belt of pines, warns us that we have reached the western limit. And then we are lost in a labyrinth of those sylvan avenues, that, whether they are lined by woods or by villas in their trim gardens, seem the characteristic of Bournemouth present or to be. Here, as yet, there are no houses, nor are there likely to be any for a long time to come. *A fortiori*, there are no human beings of whom the wanderer may ask his way. So steer-

ing vaguely westward, with neither map nor compass, we trespass in sheer desperation on some extensive private grounds, and giving as wide a berth as possible to "the Tower" that dominates them, pass the gates at an imposing lodge, with the confident air of a friend of the family, and are landed among the interminable Bournemouth gas-lamps, with only a few miles further to walk.

Enough, in the meantime, of Dorsetshire moorland. To the Hampshire side we have scenery of a very different character. Bournemouth is within easy reach of the wildest recesses of the New Forest. The New Forest has suffered, partly from philanthropy and utilitarianism, partly from the inevitable encroachments of civilisation. The red deer have been killed down or caught and carried away, as they were removed from Woolmer and Alice Holt forests, near Selborne, to save society from the necessity of punishing such bloodthirsty poachers as the bands of the Waltham Blacks. The rural police have been instructed to keep a sharper eye on the squatters, who, under pretence of charcoal-burning and kindred pursuits, shifted for their living, like something between our Scotch Borderers and the sneaking roughs of Whitechapel or the Seven Dials; though charcoal-burning is still one of the staple industries of the forests, as it was in the days when an ancestor of the Purkisses, picking up the body of the Red King, drove it over in his cart to the palace at Winchester. Wild forest-land has been enclosed and reclaimed, as the green oaks that cast their broad shadows across the glades have been replaced with recilinear plantations of the sober fir. For very long the primeval forest held its own, after it had been cre-

ated by the arbitrary devastations of the Conqueror. A perambulation in the days of the second Charles, showed very much the original area of about thirty square miles. Since then the veritable woodlands have shrunk pitifully; but quite sufficient of them still remains to give us an excellent idea of such old forest scenery as that where Robin Hood and his merry men kept the greenwood, and where the Black Knight made acquaintance with the Clerk of Copmanhurst. There are glades where you disappear in utter gloom, out of the ever-thickening wilderness of interlacing shadows, and where you thread your way among the clumps of holly through bracken that already grows breast-high in midsummer. There you may scare a sounder of half-savage, half-domesticated pigs, that reminds you of the genuine wild swine of the Thuringian or Bohemian forests. On the unenclosed grazing land you come on the troops of ponies that have ranged the country from time immemorial. Gilpin, who had his home in the parsonage of Boldre, and whose 'Forest Scenery' may be consulted with advantage on that and kindred subjects, traces their descent from the Spanish jennets that swam ashore from the wrecks of the Armada. That theory, we should say, is more than doubtful. But, in any case, with their game look, and their graceful gambols—with the spirit they support on the forest fare, that is always rough, and often scanty—they might very well have Arab blood in their veins. But the neighing of the little horses, or the cry of a pheasant cock, are not the most cheery of the sounds you hear in these solitudes. Nothing comes more sweetly to the ear than the soft tinkling of a cow-bell; for the cows are belled for obvious

reasons, when herds are driven out to graze in the open. Follow up the sweet chime of the bell, and you have a picture that, unless for the colour of the herd, might remind you of the old English cattle in Chillingham Park, or of a drove of savage oxen feeding loose in the pastures of the Zulu country. Some are ruminating under the shade of the spreading thorns, or rubbing up against the blasted stump of a holly. Some are standing with stooping head, knee-deep among the water-weeds of a stagnant pool, placid as to the eyes and the attitude, but switching the tail incessantly among teasing swarms of flies. All are roused to suspicion by the unwonted apparition of a stranger. But passing on one side, and retracing their foot-tracks along the boggy or sun-baked forest-track, you emerge, sooner or later, on the open space that surrounds the solitary forest-farm. Except for the picturesque though primitive architecture, the bright garden—possibly the thatched rows of bee-hives—it might have been cleared only the day before yesterday out of the depths of a Canadian forest. The home-fields, with what would be “snake-fences,” were they but straight, resemble recent reclamations. But the troops of geese, pasturing on the feather-sprinkled piece of common, are thoroughly English: so are the flights of pigeons that are swelling and cooing on the roofs; and above all, these ragged roofs themselves, with the bulging thatch and the broad-spreading eaves, which exaggerate the characteristic quaintness of the Hampshire homesteads.

We can hardly leave the Forest without a word about the gipsies. The pure-blooded sons of Egypt are become rarer than they used to be; though we believe that to this day some of their long-de-

scended families regularly embrace the Forest in their annual rounds. Cross-bred tramps of native strain are far more common. In savage grace and regularity of feature, the gipsies of course have it all their own way. But tramps or gipsies, the sight is equally picturesque from a distance, if the little encampment is in some sequestered nook. There are the hovel-like tents of canvas strained over hoops; there are the carts or waggons, and the hobbled horses, with staring ribs and galled shoulders. There is the grey smoke curling up from the fires, round which the groups of the seniors are seated at the evening meal, and where the kettles are swinging with their mysterious contents, which will seldom bear close scrutiny in any sense. And there are the noisy groups of tattered and half-clad but healthy children, who seem to be spontaneously generated in these close caravans, like the lively maggots in a Stilton cheese. The tramps or gipsies, with their shifting ways of getting a living, may be the antipathies of magistrates, and game-preservers, and rural policemen; but for our own part, we should be very sorry to miss so characteristic a feature from the Forest scenery. As Mr Petulengro puts it in ‘The Romany Rye,’ if the gipsy is as useless as the cuckoo, he is as picturesque; and we should be as unwilling to dispense with the one as the other.

After skirting the New Forest, as we glide Bournemouthwise by South-Western train from London, nothing can be in more striking contrast to these wooded and swelling wastes than the flat meadows watered by the streams that flow towards the sea, and the junction of the Stour and the Avon at Christchurch. To the



mountaineer of Jacobite song, who had come southward from Athol Braes, down by the Tummel and banks of the Garry, they would appear like the tamest of canals; while a Dutchman would deplore the gratuitous waste of land involved in their extremely capricious meandering. But there is something in the scene at sunrise or towards sunset that will strike the cosmopolitan eye with a catholic instinct for the picturesque as singularly fascinating. The flow of the tide has filled the broad river-channels till they are almost on a level with the verdant landscape. They are wept over here and there by willows, and fringed with borders of reeds and water-fags that are moaning and bending in the breeze. The swallows are skimming and dipping on the surface, that reflects the lacery of the reeds and twigs, and occasionally the forms of cattle. The swarthy water-hens are sailing over the light mirror, and the lively little trout are leaping in their widening circles. And far as the eye can reach, it everywhere finds repose, till it rests in the mid-distance on bordering groves of trees, and through the thin wreaths of smoke on the homelike house-tops, surmounted by the grey towers of the minster. And a prettier "bit" in the lowlands no landscape-painter would wish to stumble upon than that on the ferry over the river, to the west of Christchurch. There are hanging trees and thickly wooded banks, swift rushes and eddying swirls of back-water, with ferry-boats and punts, and all the appliances of fishing gear, and a cottage where, although at this present it is tenanted by the ferryman, a hermit might very happily muse away his existence.

Yet although pictures such as these are peaceful enough, the

Christchurch folks are by no means given over to meditation. Nowhere, near a small and rather out-of-the-world town, is there more of the sensational excitements of industry. We do not speak of the building and hotel speculations in the infant watering-place of Southbourne, where the profits are apparently indefinitely deferred, and where the speculators must possess their souls in patience. We allude to the Christchurch salmon-fisheries, which have an English, if not a world-wide fame. In reputation the fish run the salmon of the Severn close, and make the happiness of the *gourmets* of Bournemouth. On most rivers, the lower water is let out to companies or individuals, who certainly go to work systematically enough. But at Christchurch, the stream with its salmon is thrown open to the rivalry of incessant competition. Now each fisherman must pay something for his licence, though we believe that in former days the fishing was free to all. But still at Christchurch it is a case of "one down and another come on," so long as the nets can be cast and hauled. Each net successively is drawn to the bank, with sullen disappointment or wild excitement. It comes in, with a heaving wave in the bag, when one of the expectant fishermen grasps a bludgeon. As the wave passes from the depths into the shallows, the turmoil subsides into splashing, and shows the silvery scales of a struggling salmon. The fish is met more than half-way with a rush, is straightway knocked upon the head and stunned, and promptly sent off to some contracting fishmonger. The credit of the Christchurch salmon stands high in the markets, though it always seems to us that necessarily there must be a deal of humbug in re-

fining on the relative merits of the produce of different streams. A fish fresh run from the sea, as shown by the lively sea-lice that are sticking to him, must be of prime quality wherever he is caught; while, on the other hand, if he has been any time in the fresh-water pools, he must have proportionately deteriorated, though necessarily his flavour will be more piquant if he has been feeding among the trout on our bright Scottish gravel, in place of among the eels in English mud. Before turning our back on the neighbourhood of Christchurch, we may remark, by the way, that hard by is the house of Gundimore, where Scott visited his old crony, William Stewart Rose, author of the picturesque New Forest ballad of the Red King.

From catches of salmon at Christchurch, it is a not unnatural transition to shooting of wild-fowl in Poole harbour. Poole is as familiarly associated with wild-fowl, as Yarmouth with bloaters or St Ives with pilchards. Water-fowl of all kinds flock to its landlocked feeding-grounds. Thanks to its situation on our south-western shores, our rarer visitors are by no means unfrequent; and when the "flights" or flying columns in the season set in strongly along the coast, the amphibious population of Poole and its environs is literally up in arms in readiness to receive them. Many a boatman picks up a decent living by his punt, doing the honours besides of the estuaries and the bay to the sporting strangers or excursionists who are willing to come down handsomely; while the sands and the shingle by the beach are patrolled by professionals whose means will not run to the punt and swivel-gun, but who are forced to content themselves with some kind of

shoulder-piece. The nature and cost of the weapon is very much a question of the skill and local knowledge of the man who carries it. The fowler who is at home in the habits of the birds, and who has the cat-like eyes that see clearly in the dark or the gloaming, may gratify himself with a heavy big bore, the recoil of which keeps his shoulder chronically bruised. While the "muff" or the novice must fall back on some old-fashioned birding-piece which makes considerably more noise than it does mischief. Consequently the pursuit is not without its dangers, setting aside the chances of shipwrecks in the dark, or of meeting the fate of the Master of Ravenswood in the sand-flats or shifting sands. We understand that it is nothing extraordinary, while gliding stealthily towards the flock, to be roused from the attitude of silent expectation by the shot of some rival sportsman scattering and ricochetting about you from the water, if it does not at short range take you point-blank in the pea-jacket; and romance-writers might find matter for sensational tales in rumours of literally dark deeds of private malice. Where the mishap might be so plausibly set down to an accident, no coroner's jury impanelled from the Poole folk could possibly bring in a verdict of more than manslaughter.

But if the sportsman should lay his account with such off-chances of danger, the risks run by the wild-fowl are serious enough in all conscience. Nevertheless, such is their confidence in their quickness of sight and keenness of hearing, and so strong the instincts that recognise the strategical advantages of certain localities, that scared and persecuted as they are, they will return year after year. It is true that the old boatmen

will grumble and talk regretfully of the good old times. It is certain that of late years the number of shooters have diminished, as they find it more and more difficult to fill their bags. Yet we doubt whether in reality there are many fewer feathered visitors than there used to be; for it is evident that the wild-fowl must come to feed somewhere, and go where they will, their enemies follow them up. They still will seek the spots where they may float peacefully in the wildest weather, and where they find plentiful tables perpetually spread for them. In these respects no place can well surpass Poole, with its sheltering headlands and island breakwater: with the shallows that can only be passed in a flat-bottom; with the intricate labyrinths of mud-banks and sand-flats, submerged with every rise of the tide, and left covered with shell-fish and sea-weeds at low water. Nothing is more deceptive than Poole harbour at high tide. It looks as if there were open navigation everywhere, and yet should you push ahead in a keeled boat on that presumption, you will be hard and fast before you know where you are. At low tide the mud seems raised up into the water, as we may imagine the plains of Mesopotamia on the subsidence of the deluge. Swimmers and divers are bobbing about in the discoloured creeks and channels; clamorous flocks of hungry waders are settling down on their favourite feeding-grounds: then when the tide is full on the flow, the incoming of it may be a sight worth the seeing. As on the sands of the Solway or of St Michael's Bay, or anywhere with a broad extent of submerged flats, the long, low grey "bore" of the surf seems to be coming in at racing pace. The feeding birds raise their

heads at the "sound" and fly up before it, skimming away in low streaming flights to their various resorts on the shore; and on a lowering day, when the grim clouds meet the grey water, it is as wild a picture as can well be conceived.

But indeed the wild-fowl shooter is necessarily introduced to nature in all its wildest and most desolate aspects. What can be more sombre than the scene of a winter night, when he looks across the waste of ice and water by fitful moonlight to the black lines and shadows above low-water mark that separate the sea from the snow-covered sand-hills? Here and there are opaque spots on the grey glimmer of the ice, that may be either "companies" of duck, or openings through the ice to the water—or both. There are wild-fowlers, by the way, who object to moonlight; while there are others who maintain that you not only see the fowl better, but that they show somewhat less of their usual wariness in these circumstances. Be that as it may, when shooting by moonlight, whatever be the result of your chase of the wild-fowl, you have rare opportunities of admiring the picturesque. The pity of it is, that most devotees to the swivel-gun are far too much of enthusiasts to think of anything but the sport. And enthusiasts, indeed, they ought to be, considering the amount of discomfort, not to say actual bodily pain, they have to face. Their punt is on the shore and about to put to sea, when other men are thinking of sitting down to the dinner-table, with a blazing fire and close-drawn curtains. Or they are roused from out of a sound beauty sleep and the warm blankets in the smallest of the small hours by a boatman, who, with his gruff voice and shaggy wrappings, might be a polar bear gesticulating on

his hind legs. And for the work that is to follow, you would be all the better of Bruin's warm fur and blood, and the "elastic fixings" on which Mr Weller complimented Mr Wardle's fat boy at Christmastide. To crouch or lie extended on cold boards between wind and water, with the thermometer at anything you please below the freezing-point, and possibly an occasional "blash" of sleet or small icicles driven in the face, is as great a trial of patience as of pluck and strength. Patience must indeed be the wild-fowler's watchword,—the dogged patience that carried Napoleon and his veterans over the snow-heaped passes of St Bernard, with the five-o'clock-in-the-morning courage that Wellington praised. The wild-fowler must always be calm, self-controlled, and keenly observant. Though he might give the world to kick his cold heels or beat his frozen arms, movement of any kind may make him miss his chance; and yet he must wipe his streaming eyes with his cuff, as they sweep the watery surface and horizon to windward. To be sure, the excitement of sighting or hearing the flock is intense, when the patch that might have only been blacker water reveals a phantom-like crowd of living and gabbling creatures. And supposing the stalk to be successfully accomplished, so much depends on the adjustment of the gun, which needs skill and sharp eyesight, and long experience. The stragglers in the rear seem to have taken the alarm, and are crowding up on the main body. The flock are drawing together, there is a suspicious fluttering of pinions and lifting of heads, and the sportsman may well be flurried if he wants a sitting shot. The piece is fired, and as the smoke clears away, forms may be distinguished struggling in the water;

while, as the echoes of the report die down, you hear the plaintive cries of the cripples. There must necessarily be cruelty in these "family shots," where there may be many more casualties than deaths; although wild-duck are so well quilted with down, that probably fewer go away severely wounded than might be expected. And for the fowler, if, after protracted endurance of the cold, he can feel his legs and handle the shoulder-gun, there is nothing more piquant than the chase after cripples in the dusk.

Generally speaking, mudflats and shallows, with first-rate wild-fowl shooting, imply tame scenery. Take the islands in the wide estuary of the Scheldt, for example, where the boldest eminences are the sand-dunes and sea-walls. But, as we have said already, there are few more enchanting scenes in the south of England than the views across the harbour of Poole from the high moorlands immediately to the eastward of Parkstone. Of a sunny though cloudy summer afternoon, the play of the lights and shadows is enchanting. Full in front, through the breaks in the fir-woods, and the rugged gaps in the furze-bushes that crest the falling ground, you gaze across an expanse of mirror-like water, shut in by headlands of various heights, and broken by islets that are sometimes densely wooded. The sand-banks where they catch the sunshine are glowing in a golden light; a line of golden haze is floating here and there in the distance, while elsewhere the drift of the fleecy clouds is casting grey diaphanous shadows across the sleeping water. That Poole is still a "harbour," though its ancient trade with our North American colonies has decayed, and you might take soundings in most places with

a yard-measure, is shown by a lacy of masts and spars to the right. To the left, those salt-water lagoons are shut in by the bosky breakwater of Branksea Island, with the square towers of the mansion built by Colonel Waugh at one end—he subsequently was brought to grief by ruinous speculation—and the chimneys of some seemingly flourishing pottery-works at the other. Beyond is the broad range of the downs or rounded “barrows” in the Isle of Purbeck; while farther away to the left the eye may rest on the gleaming blue of the Channel, dotted by the sails of ships, and flecked by the smoke of steamers. The general survey gives you a fair idea of the seductive variety of the Dorsetshire landscapes. In some of the coast districts we have the Scotch heather and firs. Inland, as you may see, is luxuriant forest-timber, and there are lanes beneath these trees that remind one of Surrey. Immediately in front are samples of the Dutch flats. Beyond are bolder downs than we ordinarily find even in Sussex, though the Sussex downs seemed to Gilbert White “a magnificent range of mountains.” And the back of the Dorset downs is escarped in stupendous chalk walls, which, with the rifts above where rabbits find refuge, and the dizzy ledges beneath, the nesting-places of innumerable sea-fowl, drop straight down towards the depths of the ocean.

Those chalk cliffs culminate in St Alban’s Head—St Alban is a corruption of the Saxon St Aldhelm, first bishop of the diocese of Sherborne—which rises to a height of 450 feet. Near it is the scene of the wreck of the Halsewell East Indiaman, one of those startling narratives of maritime disaster which figured conspicuously in a volume of “tales of shipwrecks” that thril-

led and delighted our boyhood. The loss of the Halsewell, with 168 of the souls on board, is an old story now, for it happened shortly before the outbreak of the French Revolution. But still the memory of it lives on the coast: old fishermen and their wives are fond of talking of it; nor, so far as our recollections go, have they falsified history, although here and there the tradition may be embellished. And we may remark by the way, that the most matter-of-fact of our country folk have far more imagination than they are generally credited with, and unless a villager be preternaturally stupid, his talk shows some rudimentary power of invention. You get a fair idea of some of the boldest of the Dorsetshire cliffs, on the sixpenny steamboat trip from Bournemouth to Swanage. Swanage is the most easterly seaport of the Isle of Purbeck, and a convenient starting-point for a visit to Corfe Castle. But for a satisfactory study of the cliff scenery, it will be better to charter one of the Poole fishing-boats. It is a quaint and somewhat adventurous passage from Poole, when, taking advantage of the ebb, you strike the current of the stream that flows from the Frome and its tributaries. The estuary narrows, the flag-beds grow thicker, and by-and-by we pull into the winding Wych channel, which twirls and turns among the intricate mud-banks, with their mingled odours of slime and seaweed. All your ideas of landmarks and bearings are upset, as the hills which one moment were seen looming right ahead, seem in the next to have been left in the distance behind you. Nor can anything be in greater contrast to the grim symphonies in blacks and browns, than the bright prospect over the Channel, when, after

standing out over the blue waters of the sea, you are tacking back towards the white chalk cliffs. As everything before seemed dull and sinister, so everything now shows bright and gay. The white houses in the world-forsaken little town of Swanage are backed up by rolling heights of wind-blown grass, dotted over with fleecy sheep and sleek cattle. The white faces of the cliffs, rising out of the translucent sea, are vociferous with the swirling clouds of screaming sea-fowl. As the boat draws nearer, what had appeared from a distance to be a sheer wall, is seen to have been wrought out at the bottom into jagged spurs and wave-worn buttresses. The strong surf beating and churning against the soft chalk, has wrought it out in rounded clefts and tiny caverns. Here and there is an outstanding natural arch, which the ceaseless flow of the restless sea is at once widening and demolishing. Of course the rock-wall is absolutely impracticable from beneath to the boldest cragsman. Descents on the nests are made from above, as on the dizzy precipices on the holms of the Shetlands. A rope is knotted twice round the person of the fowler. He takes his seat in one of the loops, while another supports him under the armpits. Naturally it is best to visit the place in the breeding season, when gulls and guillemots and green-coated cormorants are huddled amicably together on the ledges. The gulls lay their eggs in rude nests, where they have worked sea-weed through the tussocks of the coarse grass, that finds sustenance somehow on these storm-beaten crevices. As for the guillemots, like most of the shore-frequenting waders, they scarcely trouble themselves to make nests at all, but hatch out the egg where

it happens to be dropped. The red-legged chough too, yearly becoming rarer on the rocks to the eastward, still breeds pretty freely among those Purbeck precipices; and of course the thievish jackdaws are to the front as usual, raiding promiscuously upon the nests in the absence of their rightful owners. Naturally the jackdaws, like robbers of all ages and conditions, live not in the open, but in dens and caves, and you may see them flitting ceaselessly in and out of the rifts and crevices in the chalk.

We do not pretend to embrace archæology in our flying sketch, otherwise we should invite the reader who has disembarked at Swanage to linger with us among the ruins of Corfe Castle. It is as memorable for the gallant defence by Lady Bankes, when she held the castle for the King against the troops of the Parliament, as for the treacherous murder of young Edward the Martyr by his step-mother Elfrida. But archæology and history apart, the shattered ruins of Corfe are perhaps more picturesque in their way than anything in England. It was blown up by the Parliamentarians after the surrender. The republican powder must have been strong, but the Saxon cement was stronger. Huge blocks of solid masonry still stand toppling over at the most extraordinary angles. Great masses that had been hurled down the hill still hold together as solidly as ever; semi-arches remain, and there is one gigantic buttress, almost hidden out of sight in the growth of ivy which has shot up from the rugged and gnarled roots. And Corfe has suffered as much from reform as revolution. The sleepy little town, before the passing of the Reform Bill, returned a couple of members to Parliament. But we must confess that if the Dorset-

shire representation has been cut down, the county has little reason to complain, if it calculates by immemorial constitutional averages; and the puzzle is, to understand how it should originally have been so exceptionally favoured.

On a fine day there are few more delightful walks in England than that across Purbeck, from Swanage or Corfe to Lulworth Cove: you may follow the swelling crests of the hills. The air is invigorating, and the views are glorious. On the seaward slopes the furze is cut down by the winds; to the landward side it grows in rank luxuriance, and the sheep have nibbled out snug retreats, where they huddle together in stormy weather. Many of the gravelly banks are teeming rabbit-warrens. Then, by way of variety, dipping down into the coombes, the path goes skirting the thick covers, whence you hear the cooing of the ring-doves and the cheery crow of the pheasant; or rising again, you may look down on a handsome Tudor mansion snugly sheltered in the dense woods, among which the brown columns of grand Scotch firs are conspicuous. Here is a small weather-beaten church; there is a farmhouse, with its extensive outbuildings, or a primitive little hamlet. It is a great dairy county. In the long grassy vales running parallel to the sea-shore, are a succession of meadows fenced with straggling hedgerows; and when we shot there in September, we remarked that though the partridges used to swarm, it was a chance whether you could drive the birds into cover. Flying low, they went ahead in endless flights, and were soon lost to the sight of the sharpest-eyed markers. To the right, the eye loses itself among heaths and fir plantations; to the left, there is a strip of cultivation

along the downs, which barely seems to repay the trouble bestowed on it; yet here and there are hollows of great comparative fertility, and one of them, which was christened the Golden Bowl, though scarcely equal, perhaps, to the "Golden Shell" of Palermo, is well known to readers of Lord Chancellor Eldon's life as his favourite retreat of Encombe. You come on the quarries, too, that yield the famous Purbeck marble, which we admire in so many of our ecclesiastical buildings through the length and breadth of England. And there are the diggings of the scarcely less famous Kimmeridge clay—both pipe-clay and potter's clay—which is said to be wrought to the extent of about 100,000 tons yearly. These diggings are marked by long unsightly yellow lines, like unfinished railway embankments; but as yet the district has been little contaminated by manufactories. Manufactories there are near some of the towns; but on the whole, and happily for the picturesqueness of the neighbourhood, it has been found cheaper to carry the clay to the coal than to bring the more bulky coal to the excavations. As for Lulworth Cove, where we end our walk, it will undoubtedly be one of the watering-places of the future. The circular basin, of great depth, and filled with water that is singularly pellucid, is sheltered from all possible winds by breezy heights commanding magnificent views. But the proprietor does not encourage encroachments on its privacy, and as yet the village remains almost as quiet and as primitive as when we first set foot in it a quarter of a century ago. Two facts in sporting natural history we may note before taking leave of the Isle of Purbeck. The landrail used to be plentiful on the cultivated slopes

of the downs, whereas now it is said to be extremely scarce. And there has been a similar diminution in the flights of the wood-cock, though its favourite haunts remain as attractive as they used to be, in springs and rills, as in climate and cover.

We have already described the country immediately surrounding Bournemouth. We have said that there are moor and sand wastes, with fir-trees that are generally stunted, and hardy undergrowths struggling up from a hungry and thirsty soil. The cliffs to the east and west are rent and cleft in a succession of deep and rugged chimes, often strangely picturesque both in colour and outline, but seldom showing anything of the softness of the chimes of the opposite Isle of Wight, or the coombes of Southern Devon,—though in the congenial peat, often fertilised by leaf-mould, the rhododendron, laurustinus, and arbutus richly repay cultivation. But a little way inland, and within easy reach of Bournemouth by rail, you may lose yourself among as delightful woodland lanes as are to be found in any county of England. They wind about in the most perplexing fashion among the gentle eminences and shallow dells. Sometimes they will dive between high banks, and under dense canopies of foliage, like those in Brittany, which have been hollowed out by the flow of perennial land-springs, where the peasant with his cart seems to be swallowed up bodily, and which the Chouans utilised so effectively in their campaigns. The quiet Dorsetshire lanes carry no later recollections of fighting than those vaguely attaching to the wars of the Parliament; though Lord Chief-Justice Jeffereys perambulated the county on the Bloody Assizes—and in the borough of Dorchester, as in

more sequestered spots through the county, strung up the convicted “malefactors” by the score. Everything about the lanes is dreamy and peaceful: the wind may be driving the cloud-wrack overhead, yet scarcely stirring a leaf in the well-protected hedgerows; and you may listen to the twittering of birds and the hum of bees mingling with the murmur of some half-hidden brook. The sharp twists and the sudden rises open you out a series of pleasant surprises. There is the old farmhouse, with the horse-pond beneath the willows, in front; the great barns and the cattle-yard behind; with the little lozenge windows under the bulging eaves, half disappearing under the curtains of the untrimmed vines. Dorsetshire labourers have always been said to be underpaid, yet everything from the hall down to the cottage wears an air of plenty as well as peace. Black Berkshire hogs are grunting and wallowing among armfuls of straw; plump poultry pick up a comfortable living about the doors, and glossy-plumaged ducks are swimming in the horse-pond; colts are gambolling in paddock and meadow; and rounding a corner, the air is suddenly laden with the breath of kine—and it is hard to pass the homeward-bound troop, which go swinging themselves from side to side as if they claimed a monopoly of the right of way. Another turn and you are in a tiny hamlet, the cottages scattered over the inequalities of the ground, and tossed down at all conceivable angles. Then we pass a patch of common, grazed over by flocks of geese, and possibly a hamshackled donkey; and again, we come upon the grey little Norman church, with its squat tower and tiny churchyard. And if the labourer in Dorsetshire was once underpaid, nowhere is he



more courteous and apparently more cheerful. Not only in the more out-of-the-way districts does he touch his hat to the stranger, but will address him with a civil and sensible remark. And should you choose to follow up the conversation, you will find him fairly well informed, as you may learn a great deal of him on local matters. Nor is the simple luncheon with which you break the walk the least agreeable feature of these pleasant excursions. Dorsetshire butter is a chief article of export. Dorsetshire, as we have said, prides itself on its dairy produce in general; the Dorsetshire folk give you unexceptionable home-baked bread; and though it is said that the reputation of the Dorchester ales has been declining, we certainly should never have guessed it from the usual quality of the malt.

We said that we should steer clear of history and archæology; and indeed, had we not avoided those subjects, it would have been impossible to keep our article with-

in reasonable limits—for all about the neighbourhood of Bournemouth are scattered British, Roman, and Saxon remains. There are Roman earthworks and brick foundations, and the tessellated pavements of Roman villas have been laid bare at Wareham and elsewhere. No south-western county was more thoroughly Saxonised—if we may coin a word—and the names are replete with Saxon historical associations. An intelligent antiquary might write volumes on the Isle of Purbeck alone, in which Canute and Alfred would figure prominently among a crowd of minor yet well-known personages. As for churches, though Dorset can boast of no cathedral since the Saxon see of Sherborne was abolished, yet to those curious in such matters, the Minster of Wimborne would repay a far longer pilgrimage than the short railway trip from Bournemouth. So we end as we began, by recommending the watering-place as headquarters for tourists in Dorset and Hants.

## THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.—PART III.

## CHAPTER X.—THE REAL WOUND AND THE APPARENT ONE.

"He smarteth most who hides his smart  
And sues for no compassion."

—RALEIGH.

CHALLONER had been in the background throughout the evening described in the last chapter, but he was no longer destined to remain so; he was, within a few minutes of leaving the drawing-room, to be brought as prominently before the public as would have satisfied a dozen Whewells.

The ladies were being shawled and hooded in the library, and Lotta was in the act of having her last golosh drawn on, when a noise from without made them all turn their heads, wondering aimlessly, as females do, what was the matter.

There had been the sound of a breakage, a crash and a smash: not a remarkably violent smash; probably a lamp knocked over, or something as bad as that—annoying, but not more; and no particular attention might have been excited, had it not been immediately followed by more than the usual bustle and disturbance.

"I say!"

"By Jove!"

"Are you hurt?"

Then "handkerchief" and "bleeding" were indistinctly caught, and finally a whole sentence reached their ears, in Robert's voice, but in a voice raised higher and more hurried than its wont,—*"Sticking-plaster! I don't believe she has such a thing in the house."*

That was enough; all flocked out to hear and see, and Lady Matilda joined the group from the ante-room. What had happened? Who was hurt?

The questions were answered

by a blast of cold air driving in through a broken window of some size, and further, by the sight of Challoner standing before Whewell, who was busily engaged tying a handkerchief above his wrist, and at the same time bending down so close over it, as to show he was endeavouring to discover something, probably the extent of the damage done.

The two were underneath a circle of lamps, and blood was dripping from their hands.

"If I could only see—if I had anything to clear the wound. Water—get some water," cried Whewell; "cold water and a sponge! Look sharp with it!" as the servants hung about uncertainly. "I can't see anything for this infernal blood."

"What do you want to see?" said a voice at his elbow.

"Oh, Lady Matilda! Beg pardon, but can't you get me *something?*" replied Whewell, somewhat taken aback, although appearing to more advantage in his concern and abruptness than in any previous phase. "Can't you get me anything to stop the bleeding? Friar's balsam—that's it; that's the thing I want. Oh, you have not any? Oh, what have you, then? And where is that water?" impatiently looking round. "I sent them for it an hour ago. I could at least bandage the cut, if we could make sure there was no glass sticking in; but I can't see anything for this— Oh, it's here! Here with it, then. Hold the basin under—right under, can't

you? See what a devil of a mess you are making! Excuse me, Lady Matilda," in another tone,—"excuse me, but you are in my light. Now then, Challoner, off with your coat! Here, you, help him!"

"No, nonsense!" cried Challoner, resisting the footman's touch. "Thanks all the same, but there is really nothing to make a fuss about."

"Never mind that; off with his coat, I tell you! How the deuce do you suppose I am to get at the place up inside the sleeve? There, that's right. 'Jove, how it bleeds! But we'll collar it yet," sponging away. "Now, does it hurt? Do you feel anything sharp? Any pricks?"

"Ah!" cried Challoner at the moment.

"I thought so. Yes; and a nice thing it would have been to have tied that in," rejoined Whewell, holding up a narrow strip of glass half an inch long. "D'ye see that? Eh? Why, it's better already. Hold his arm there, will you? Hold it as hard as you can, just above the elbow-joint; feel for the pulse and dig your fingers in. Don't be afraid; dig them in as hard as ever you can. Can anybody give me a good long handkerchief? A silk one would be the best." Teddy was half-way upstairs ere the words were well out of the speaker's mouth. "I say, bring two," shouted Whewell after him.

"You are very good, but—you make too much of it," said Challoner, with a restive motion that implied dislike to being thus the centre of attraction. "I am sorry I have broken the pane," looking at the shattered glass, which nobody had as yet attempted to clear away; "and every one will take cold," he added.

"Yes, to be sure. I am warm enough; but it is shivery, rather," said Whewell. "If you will go back to the drawing-room for a few minutes, ladies, we shall soon be ready for you," subjoined he, concealing, if he felt it, a natural reluctance to lose his audience. "I shall manage now; I shall just tie it up till we get back to End-hill, and then no doubt Mrs Hanwell will furnish me with plasters and balsam. You have them? Yes; that's right. He will do very well till then. It will not take long now, Challoner. Don't catch cold, like a good fellow, for I can't let you move yet. What's this? Brandy? Ah, that's the thing to keep up his fettle! I thought he was growing a little white about the gills."

The patient laughed outright.

"You may laugh—laugh away," proceeded the extempore surgeon, with the end of a handkerchief between his teeth; "but it's all very fine. Drink your brandy, my friend, and be thankful. I should not mind a nip myself, if you would be so good, Lord Overton. Oh, don't go yourself—pray don't go yourself. I would not on any account. What a good fellow he is!" he added, for the benefit of those left.

Only Challoner and the footman were left; every one else had gladly seized the opportunity to beat a retreat from the raw night-air, which continued to pour in through the broken window, since the brown paper, with which it had been proposed to patch it for the night, had not yet appeared—even Robert had retired with the rest into the drawing-room, there to be interrogated and listened to.

"He was pulling down the window. The window was open, and we all felt cold. You kept us waiting so long, Lotta. I do wish,

my dear, you could manage to be a little quicker sometimes. What had you to do but put on your cloak——”

“My dear Robert, I was not a minute. But Janet had put my cloak underneath Marion's, and at first we could not distinguish which was which—these fur cloaks are all so much alike : indeed we could not see that there were two ; we thought there was only one.”

“Oh, never mind—never mind. How your tongue *does* run on, Lotta !” cried Lady Matilda, who never could prevent herself from speaking to her daughter as if she were still at home and unmarried. “Tell me about the accident, Robert. How could he do it ? What was there in closing a window to break it all to pieces, and cut Mr Challoner's hand so badly ?”

“It is unfortunately not the hand, but the wrist—just in the worst place, where the large artery is.”

“But how did he do it ? How did he do it ?”

“How did he do it ? I do not know, I am sure : I cannot imagine. I was going to draw down the window—at least Lord Overton was going—and I was just going, when Challoner, who was in front of us both, turned round and did it.”

“Did it ? Did what ?”

“Pulled down the frame, and the cord broke ; and it came down with a run.”

“Oh !”

“He says the frame had stuck, —swelled with the rain, no doubt.”

“Oh !”

“It was a pity your having no remedies handy,” proceeded Robert, beginning to recollect himself. “If we had been at End-hill——”

“I have two or three kinds of plaster,” cried Lotta, with a glance

at her mother ; “and we have arnica, and several things.”

“Give him the arnica when you get home, my dear,” observed Lady Matilda, drily. “Pour in a good supply. You are a very erudite person, we all know, Lotta. So Mr Challoner may be safely handed over to your care.”

“Arnica is not for an open wound, my love,” explained Robert, in a somewhat short aside. “It is poison, and should never be applied when the skin is broken ; but a balsam for stopping bleeding is really, really a thing every one ought to have,” continued he, more briskly. “You see this case shows——”

“He's all right now,” announced Teddy, coming in. “He says it's nothing, and——”

“It was a great thing Whewell being with us,” continued Robert, unwilling to lose the ear of the house. “Whewell is certainly a wonderful man. He can do anything he sets his hand to.”

“He makes a lot of row about it, though.”

Teddy's amendment was not un-called for : even as they stood, there could be heard the dictatorial tones and loud laugh of the now excited and dominant guest ; and grateful as they were for knowledge and skill so valuable at such a moment, perhaps no one could have asserted that a little less assumption would not have been more becoming.

However, that was neither here nor there. Whewell had done well, —had manfully rendered services for which praise and thanks were due, and these should certainly be accorded him ; while Challoner—Lady Matilda in particular was not quite sure how she must now address Challoner. She must address him somehow, of course ; but could she now expect him to care for civility and attention so much overdue ?

Could she suppose that he was not to see that he had been passed over and neglected throughout the entire evening, or imagine that he would now be thankful for a crumb from her table, flung to him so late, and for such a reason? She could but hope he would not re-enter the drawing-room, and that a passing inquiry and expression of sympathy would be all that she would need to bestow in the hall. She would accompany the others out into the hall to give it, and—but hope was vain: the outsiders were heard approaching even as she pondered.

In they all came, Challoner first.

By common consent he had been ushered to the front, in virtue of his misfortune; and the eagerness, the queries, and condolences with which he was now assailed, vindicated the justice of the sentiment.

Everybody now spoke to Challoner, except the one who should have led the way; and even Matilda had, with an effort and a blush, stepped forward to do her tardy part, when she caught the anxious stimulative eye of her son-in-law, and the demon within her rose. Robert's look said, "Yes, go, go: now is your time; now you can make up for the past; now you can retrieve your error: be quick, be quick!" And in answer to that "Be quick, be quick!" a rebellious voice within retorted, "I shall do nothing of the kind."

We have said Matilda was a sweet-tempered woman: but there are things that would set up the back of an angel; and if there was one person on earth who was a proficient in saying or looking those things, it was Robert Hanwell.

Perhaps he might not have provoked everybody. His absurdities, his self-complacency, and his unconscious arrogance, would not have caused some good souls more than a faint annoyance, or they

might even have derived from them a distinct source of amusement; but with such he must have had nothing to do as a relation, and they must have come but seldom into contact with him. To Matilda he was as a rough collar constantly worn: he could not be shaken off, he could not be thrown aside; he was always there, and he was always making himself felt to be there. Moreover, it is probable that in the presence of his mother-in-law the unfortunate young man showed to his worst—that he set her on, out of a spirit of opposition, to do things which she would not otherwise have done; and that he in turn, fretted and irritated by her levity, made himself yet more ridiculous by his ill-humour than she would have made him by her wit.

On the present occasion the ill-humour was more than ordinarily disastrous. Matilda was vexed with herself, and was really anxious to make honourable amends to Challoner for her former slighting demeanour towards him. Now a finer shade of perception than Robert possessed would have enabled him to see this, and to stand back and let her now aroused and womanly compunctions have their full swing: she would, following the dictates of her own heart, have said all that was kind and gentle; she would have won forgiveness in a moment. But just as she was about to step forward, or rather had actually taken a step or two, and was hesitating for a suitable word to begin with, a pressing and perturbed countenance must needs be thrust forward, and all was lost.

Who was he, that she should do his bidding? "Know your place, sir," was written in every line of the frown which gathered on her brow, and she turned on her heel—to find Whewell at her side.

"We shall be off immediately

now, Lady Matilda. The carriage had been sent round to the stables, but it will be here in a minute. Pray forgive Mr Challoner: he would never have forgiven himself, I assure you, if he had bled to death in your hall."

"It was not so bad as that, I hope." Lady Matilda responded to the light tone so coldly that the speaker looked surprised.

"You have no doctor near at hand, I am told?" rejoined Whewell, leaving banter alone, as he perceived it to be inappropriate.

"Within two miles—within a mile and a half, I should say. That is pretty well for a country place, I think. We have no great need of doctors in Overton parish. If Mr Challoner needs a doctor——"

"Oh, not a bit of him; not now, at all events. These bull-dog kind of men can stand anything; and this was merely—— Oh, Mrs Hanwell is going. Good night, then, Lady Matilda; we shall see you in church to-morrow. And pray remember that you have promised to coach me up in my new duties; I look to you to pull me through. Good night. Where," looking round—"where is my patient?"

He was behind, awaiting his turn; and he was unsupported, or rather his parting moments were uninjured by Robert. Robert had gone out with the Miss Applebys, who had stayed with the rest, no one knew why, and they were now being escorted to the door by him and Teddy. Lord Overton was, as usual, doing nothing, and visible nowhere. "Mr Challoner," said Matilda, very gently, "I cannot express to you how sorry I am."

She wished she could have said more, wished she could have thought of more to say; but no civility, no condolence, no repentance would furnish her with a single other word at the moment; and before

she could make a second attempt, or conjure up any further pretext for detaining him, he was gone. Matilda uneasily followed. What could she do? Was there anything left for her to do? She was cudgelling her brains as she wandered on with a vague idea of being friendly in not being left behind, when anew there seemed to be a stir without, and it was Robert's voice which, as before, was the presager of evil.

"Going to walk to the village, Challoner! To *walk!* What for? I thought I understood——"

Then a murmur of undertones; then Overton's voice—"I can send at once. I should have done so before."

"Why, I'll go." That was Teddy.

Matilda lost not another moment. "What is wrong? What is the matter?" she cried, with a sound almost of terror in her tones: for long years afterwards she remembered that moment, as she had cause to remember it.

"Well, it is hard to say: really I do not know what to advise," replied Whewell, who, with the others, was standing on the doorstep, in front of the brougham, in which Mrs Hanwell was already seated. "Of course, if Challoner thinks the bleeding is still going on, he ought to have it seen to at once. I am very sorry; I had hoped we had settled it. But certainly Challoner is right to speak out; and as you say we are going away from a doctor—that is actually in an opposite direction——Is there no way round?" he broke off suddenly; "could we not drive round?"

"I shall walk, and be there in no time," announced Challoner with gruff decision. "Can you give me a latch-key, Hanwell? That is all I want."

"Eight miles at the end of a

long day's shooting!" cried the master of Endhill.

"My dear fellow, eight miles; what are eight miles?" And Robert found himself almost pushed into the carriage. "There—it's all right; don't keep Mrs Hanwell waiting."

"I can't allow it. Certainly you shall not go alone."

"Suppose I go with him," said Whewell, faintly.

There were further suggestions and assertions, and at length, "Suppose there are two fools instead of one, and suppose here's a third to bear them company, and I'm he," cried Teddy in the rear. "What a lark! Just wait till I get my boots on."

"You need not trouble; George is off by this time on the bay mare," said the quiet voice that was always listened to. "And," continued Lord Overton, "Mr Challoner must be good enough to accept a bed here for to-night; he will be attended to much sooner here than at Endhill, and it will save the doctor, and the doctor's nag, a long journey into the bargain."

When had Overton done it? How had he managed it?

He had not appeared on the scene at all; and although as a host he had been polite, and as a man concerned, he had only so far entered into the spirit of the thing: now all were surprised, and though relief was painted on the faces of Whewell and Hanwell, the discomfiture of the other two gentlemen was obvious. Challoner looked, and could not keep from looking annoyed, and Teddy refused to stop equipping himself: now that he was started, he must do something and go somewhere, and eagerly burst forth with a dozen plans.

"Do whatever you like," said his brother. "Take a walk in the

rain if it pleases you—it will do no one any harm; but Mr Challoner remains here," laying a detaining hand on Challoner's arm. "All right, coachman! Look you up in the morning, Robert;" and against so wise and comfortable a conclusion no one could protest.

Terrible had been the internal qualm which had been experienced by Whewell as well as by Robert when Challoner's first proposal had been made.

Even the lesser evil of having to drive their patient to the village and back, before again getting into the road for Endhill—a clear two miles, if not three miles, extra—had been appalling; and yet, but for Lord Overton's promptitude, this must have been the end of it. They could not be thankful enough.

"Uncle Overton is so kind and thoughtful, once he really understands about things," observed Lotta. "He does not often bestir himself, but when he does—I am so glad you had not to take that dreadful walk, either of you; I assure you I am."

So were they.

"And where would have been the good?" proceeded the lady, astutely; "Mr Challoner must have gone all the same. It would have been no use for any one of you to have gone without Mr Challoner; and if he *had* to go, and no one else *had* to go—however, I am glad he had not to go, either: uncle Overton settled it in much the best way." And in every aching joint and weary muscle, the other two felt that she was answered in the affirmative, and found no flaw in the argument.

"Come and sit down," said Lord Overton, gently pushing his reluctant guest back into the deserted drawing-room once more. "Matilda, don't you sit up unless you like. Challoner—why, Challoner,"

with a sudden cry, "why, it's pouring! Good heavens! what shall we do?"

"This," said Matilda.

Her face had paled, but it was not the pallor of inertion; in a second she had with her own hands and Teddy's help torn off Challoner's coat, and sprung upon his arm, feeling for the pulse above the elbow-joint, as before indicated by Whewell,—holding it, when found, with the grip of a wild cat.

"What are you doing?" said Overton, in a low voice. Poor fellow, he was frightened now.

"She is doing me a service," replied Challoner for her; "Lady Matilda is pressing her fingers into the vein to stop the circulation, and if she can only hold on——"

"I can—I shall."

"It is indeed kind;" but the speaker did not proceed. It was kind—no one could say it was not kind; but it was annoying and vexatious that he should need such kindness. It was difficult to know what to say, where complaints would have been ungracious, but where too much gratitude would have been absurd. The situation had been forced upon his entertainers: nothing had been voluntary on their part, and this no one could have felt more keenly than

the recipient, the Challoner who had sat silent and still, left to himself the whole evening, uncared for and unnoticed. To be sure, Overton had drawn his chair up a few yards off, and Overton had been equally at leisure; but there the good-fellowship for the nonce had ended, while neither Teddy nor Matilda had done for him a thing. To have Teddy now passionately pacing up and down the room on his account! To have Matilda kneeling by his side!

He bit his lip, and quiet man as he was, almost cursed the situation in his heart.

However, there the situation was, and nothing could improve it: and ages indeed it seemed before the sharp imperative summons of the door-bell announced the welcome arrival—come, indeed, as soon as any reasonable mortals could have expected, and as fast as Dr Hitchin's horse could go; and all that weary while Matilda knelt bravely on, never changing her position, nor relaxing her hold, but taking no part in the brief dialogues that from time to time were interchanged among the other three, and only now and then drawing unconsciously a long deep breath, and stealing a furtive glance at the clock.

#### CHAPTER XI.—CHALLONER IS IMPATIENT TO BE GONE.

"The latent mischief from his heart to tear."

—PRIOR.

Under the skilful treatment of the village apothecary, a man of high repute in his own sphere, and renowned for many a long-winded diagnosis, Challoner's wound soon assumed a less serious aspect.

But another difficulty now arose. He was ordered to bed—not to bed for the night, as was reasonable

enough, and agreeable enough to his inclinations, but to stay in bed until seen and interviewed the next day; and this could only be hearkened to with ridicule and impatient contempt. But what, then, was the dismay of the scoffer, and the delight and importance of our friend Teddy, when the command



that had been thus wantonly maltreated when it issued from Dr Hitchin's lips, had to be obeyed from very stress of adverse circumstances! The next morning found Challoner hot and cold, coughing and shivering, and although still unwilling to own as much, by no means so obdurate as the night before. He would at least lie still for an hour or two: he had—yes, he certainly had taken a little chill; and perhaps, as the day was wet, and nothing could be done out of doors, being Sunday, he might as well submit to be coddled up, so as to be all right on Monday.

But Monday came, and he was by no means all right; throat and chest were sore, his head was aching, and he sneezed in the doctor's face even while making solemn declaration of his innocence. The truth was, that scarcely any living man could have escaped scot-free who had done what Challoner had done: he had stood—and without his coat, be it remembered—full in the icy current let in by the broken window for upwards of twenty minutes, while Whewell attended to his hand and wrist; and he had just come out of a well-warmed room, a rather over-warm room, into which no draught ever by any chance penetrated, and he had lost some blood. He could hardly have been human, and not have caught cold; and this was precisely what he had done.

He had caught cold—nothing more; but nothing more was needed. The cold had attacked both throat and chest, and there was no doubt about it. To get up and take his departure was not to be thought of; he must give in, stop where he was, and play the invalid.

A more reluctant or pugnacious invalid Dr Hitchin had never before had to deal with.

What! stay on at Overton, and on and on at Overton, and that not for two days or three days, but "till he was better,"—horrible indefinite term!—obtrude himself in a manner so unseemly on strangers, utter strangers, and demand and wrench from them, as it were, their sympathy and their hospitality? Not he. It could not be done. The doctor must understand, once for all, that he, the patient, had got to be made well somehow in another day or so,—well enough, at any rate, to leave the Hall, and no longer trouble people upon whom he had no sort of claim, and to whose house he had merely come to dine by chance.

"Bless my life, surely it was a lucky chance then!" cried the amazed Hitchin in his heart. "One would think these were snug enough quarters for any dainty fellow to be laid up in: everything he can possibly want; fine old place, fine company—a nice amusing idle young fellow like Teddy, and the Earl is not half so black as he's painted. Ay, and Lady Matilda. And—Lady—Matilda," proceeded the old gentleman slowly. "Ah dear! times are changed with the young folks nowadays. What would I not have given twenty years ago for the chance of being nursed up and looked after by a Lady Matilda! A fine woman, a fine stately beauty of the rare old type—not the trumpery pretty miss, with a turned-up nose and freckles, who passes as a belle in these times. Lady Matilda *never* looks amiss; I have never seen her look amiss, at any rate, and I meet her out and about in all sorts of winds, and in all sorts of old clothes. What would the man have? What does it all mean? I can't enter his room, but he begins with his 'When

shall I be up, doctor? Can't I go away to-morrow, doctor?'—plugging my life out, and running, certainly running a very decided risk, by thus fretting and irritating the mucous membrane into the bargain. What is he up to, that Challoner?" suddenly cried the little sage, knitting his wiry brows; "he is either a deep one and has his own reasons—Aha! Is it Lady Matilda after all, I wonder?"

But he kept a tight hand on the patient all the same.

Now we would not for a moment cast a slur on Hitchin, and it is not to be supposed that in the few remarks we feel called upon to make below, that we infer he was biassed by certain considerations in his view of the case—that he made the worst of the accident, and the most of his opportunity; but it ought to be borne in mind that, as a medical man—as *the* medical man of the neighbourhood, the sole physician, accoucheur, surgeon, and apothecary of anywhere about short of Seaburgh itself—he had been hardily used by the Overtons. Lady Matilda was never ill, neither were her brothers. Their rude health and hardihood braved every kind of weather, and laughed at every sort of disease; they were by circumstances placed above the reach of almost every form of infection; they could not be accused, even by their dearest friends, of overtaking their brains; and they did not know what nerves were. His only chance lay in an accident; and so far, accidents had been few and far between.

"Yet," pondered he, "they ride the most dangerous animals going." But then Dr Hitchin's ideas of a dangerous animal differed from those of Teddy and Matilda.

However, one thing was certain, that scarcely ever since the good

doctor had established himself in those parts, had he been called in to attend any one at the Hall; and indeed, on the rare occasions when this privilege had been accorded him, and he and his Bobby had had the felicity of turning in at the avenue gate, it had been invariably on the behoof of a housemaid or kitchenmaid whose ailment did not even necessitate his drawing rein at the front door. Even Lotta had got through her full share of childish complaints before his day, and nothing had remained for him but the dregs of the whooping-cough, which dregs had done him no credit, and given him considerable trouble.

He had not soon been summoned again; and indeed it was now several years since he had even been within the park, farther than to skirt along the high slope above the house, where was a road free to all, and used as a short cut by any one who chose.

All of this being thus explained, and it being also understood that Dr Hitchin knew tolerably well all the outs and ins of the family, and had, in common with the rest of the little world about, studied their ways and humours for a considerable length of time, the judicious reader will at once be able, according to the charity that in him—or her—lies, to determine how ill Challoner really was.

Very ill he was not, or he would have been more meek. And he was not meek—not by any means. True, he said but little, and gave utterance to not a syllable of complaint, but his air was restive and disdainful; he received instructions and prescriptions with a smile that was worse than words; and though he did not actually dare to disobey orders, though he put out his tongue when told, and even submitted to the indignity of having

a glass tube thrust under it, and having to sit still with the ridiculous thing sticking out of his grave mouth for two full minutes, he did it all with what at least was no enthusiasm, and received the report of his stomach, his pulse, and his temperature as if they had severally belonged to some one else.

Such apathy was almost too much even for the cheerful little doctor; but there was one person whom it suited to a nicety—one member of the household who got on better with Challoner than he had ever done with any mortal in his life before—and that was Lord Overton.

Overton had found a man who could hold his tongue, and yet be happy.

He had at last by good hap hit upon a fellow-creature who would sit as still, smoke as long, and say as little as he did himself; he had at length met with some one who paid him no court, gave him no trouble, put forth no efforts for his amusement, no solicitude for his comfort, and who expected, in return for all this forbearance, this priceless moderation, simply nothing. When he had said his "Good morning," and "Hope you're better?" each day, he could sit down just where he liked, in the worst chair and the worst part of the room if he chose, and Challoner would barely turn his head to see where he was or what he was doing. He would pull out his own cigar; he would hunt up his own match, and pass it on, no one resenting his rising and moving to do so; he would poke the fire—Robert Hanwell would have had his hair standing on end had he witnessed the indifference with which Challoner permitted his distinguished companion to handle his own poker and tongs, once he found that Overton liked doing so,

—he would sit on and on in peace and comfort, no one thinking it necessary to trouble with talking beyond a "Beastly wet," now and then varied, perchance, with a "Bad for the farmers,"—each of which remarks, if originated by himself, would merely draw from the other an inarticulate civil sound, which was perfectly polite and pleasant, but which most men would have thought was hardly response sufficient for Lord Overton. Perhaps Challoner would volunteer the "Beastly wet," and Overton would nod the mute assent; perhaps they would both together originate the sentiment; perhaps one would see that the weather was about to improve, and the sky to clear, while the other considered that the rain was setting steadily in; perhaps one would narrate a brief, a very brief experience of country life, farmers shooting, or proprietary grievances; perhaps the other would cap the story with a better,—but however long they bore each other company, and whatever they agreed upon or differed upon, one thing was plain, they were on the best of terms.

Lady Matilda jested about the strange pair who, thus thrown at haphazard together, fitted like a pair of gloves; and my lord's predilection for Mr Challoner, and the length of time my lord passed in the sick room, made the invalid's beef-tea several degrees stronger and more grateful to the palate than it would have been had Mr Edward only been there to see.

Nobody told Lord Overton a word of Challoner's impatience to be at liberty—naturally nobody would; and indeed the principal person who could, was the least likely of all to whisper a hint of the kind, since Dr Hitchin knew better than to breed mischief at any time, especially such mischief

as must have been detrimental to his own interests.

Greatly was he pleased with the alliance between the two odd-come-shorts. (It was Matilda who styled them the odd-come-shorts, and who stuck to the term in spite of Teddy's representation that whatever might be said of Overton, it was rough on Challoner to be bracketed with him, without being given a chance of showing what he was or what he could be.)

Lady Matilda openly smiled in the doctor's face when he announced that Lord Overton was excellent company for Mr Challoner. She was quite willing that he should be, more than willing—charmed, delighted; but it showed her one thing—namely this, that any one who could be thus enamoured of her dear excellent elder brother's dumb show of good-fellowship could be of no earthly good to *her*: she must look elsewhere for a kindred spirit.

At length Dr Hitchin suffered himself to be persuaded into a decree that his patient might be moved into another room,—into the drawing-room, or still better, into the sunny little boudoir—Lady Matilda's boudoir—which was on the same floor, and had a southern aspect.

No going up and down stairs at first, no draughts, no chills. "You just go to Lady Matilda's room by-and-by, when the windows are shut, and there is a good fire—that is to say, if her ladyship will be good enough to grant permission," with a little bow and wave of the hand to Teddy, who was supposed to represent his sister at any time she might be apart from him. "Ask Lady Matilda——"

Challoner lifted his head, as though about to speak.

——"My compliments to Lady Matilda," proceeded the good

doctor, not noticing this, "and will she be charitable enough—eh? is that the phrase, eh?" smiling jovially,—"charitable enough to harbour this poor patient of mine for a few hours in her delightful haven of refuge, eh, sir? Hum, eh? Haven of refuge, eh? You will have drifted into as snug a haven of refuge as ever mariner did if you get taken in there, Mr Challoner, I can assure you. Ha! ha! ha! Good anchorage for any man. I remember the room well," suddenly resuming a matter-of-fact tone, as the two unresponsive faces before him showed no appreciation of his slyness,—"*I* remember its aspect, and recommending it for Miss Lotta—Mrs Hanwell—after her severe attack of whooping-cough. She could not throw off the cough, and I was obliged to keep her almost entirely to her mother's boudoir. It was a charming convalescent home—convalescent home, I called it then, to amuse the little girl—and it appears it must do duty for a convalescent home once more, Mr Challoner. You will find it most comfortable: ladies always contrive to make a home comfortable; their little odds and ends, work-baskets, and knick-knacks, are all additions in their way. Lady Matilda must find you something to do, my good sir; you are tired of being idle, and that is what makes you fancy yourself so ill——"

"——*I*! I fancy myself ill!"

"Well, yes; you have felt yourself uncommonly ill, no doubt," replied the shameless doctor, coolly; "very miserable, and feverish, and low, and that was the cause of your restless desire to get away from the Hall. Oh, I understood it all; you thought you were regularly in for it, and as you did not mean to lie up, you would fain have set off through fog and rain to travel

all over the country, until you had developed a thoroughpaced fever. That was what you were up to. Oh, don't tell me—I know, I know; and let me tell *you*, my friend, that you had your desire as nearly as ever man had. I would not alarm any one at the time, but it has been a close shave—a very close shave; a little more would have done it—just as much more," turning to Teddy, "as Mr Challoner wanted to do. Ah, young men, young men!"

"Pooh!" said Challoner; but two things in the last speech softened his contempt. He liked—who does not?—to have it thought he had been ill; also he liked being called a young man.

He was not a very young man—he was just at the age when a man may be young or not; but Dr Hitchin, who revered muscle and sinew, height and breadth, a deep chest and a long arm, honestly looked his admiration, and could not comprehend the gleam of satisfaction which stole athwart Challoner's brow, where already a dash of grey had mingled with the thick dark locks on the temple.

"Pooh!" said the poor fellow, but he smiled—for almost the first time that day he smiled; something in his own thoughts had pleased him as Hitchin spoke.

"No disrespect to Lord Overton or Mr Edward here," proceeded the doctor presently; "but you will be

glad to vary your society a little. Lady Matilda—(what the mischief is the meaning of this now?" internally. "No sooner do I mention Lady Matilda than my gentleman looks black as thunder at me. Her ladyship been snubbing him, eh? Can that be it, I wonder?) And, Mr Edward, get out a game of chess, or draughts, or something," he continued aloud; "backgammon, eh? or——"

"Penny Nap," cried Teddy, joyously.

"Cards? Ah, very good—very good. Anything to amuse the mind. We used to play cribbage in my young days."

"Matilda likes cribbage. I have to play with her; it's awfully slow, for she always beats me," said Teddy, with more interest than he had before displayed in the conversation. "I hate the counting, for she always manages to bag something from me, with all those 'fifteen twos' and rot. How is a fellow to remember that nine and six make fifteen, as well as seven and eight?"

"Are you fond of whist?" It was a great moment for Hitchin. Whist was his strong point, and to make a fourth in a rubber at the Hall, or even to play with a dummy—for Lady Matilda was probably no great hand—would have been——

"No, I hate it," said Teddy, flatly.

#### CHAPTER XII.—TEDDY'S CONFIDENCES.

"Each man has a measure of his own for everything."

—LAVATER.

"For fools will prate; and though they want the wit  
To find close faults, yet open blots they hit."

—DRYDEN.

Hope was over in a moment, killed in the birth, or rather it might have been almost said to

have been still-born, so few were its flickering seconds of existence. No whist-table in the library at the

Hall, no Lord Overton for a partner, no reminiscences of the same on the morrow's rounds—it had been but a passing vision, gone like a flash, and now there was again only the useful Challoner to fall back upon.

"There must not be too much talking, remember," Hitchin sighed, all doctor again. "The bronchial tubes are still tender, and must not be excited. Talking irritates——"

"You need not be afraid of *his* talking," said Teddy, bluntly; "he must talk in his sleep if he talks at all. At any rate, he never favours me; Overton is the only person who gets any change out of him, and a little goes a long way with Overton. He ain't particular."

But the hand that fell on Challoner's shoulder was so hearty and kindly, and the charge was so freely and confidently laid, that no one could have taken umbrage at it, and no one did. It was impossible not to like Teddy Lessingham when Teddy was good; and when he was not, why, then Matilda argued it was "only Teddy," only her poor, beautiful, whimsical—she would not for the world have whispered "half-witted"—brother. He was, she would have maintained, perfectly sensible, perfectly rational, perfectly all that he should have been, when he was not vexed or sullen; it was only when thwarted or distressed, when he did not understand, and took things amiss, and was grieved and indignant, that Teddy was irresponsible: it was other people who roused the evil spirit in him; Teddy, let alone, would not have hurt a fly.

And Teddy now quite looked upon himself as Challoner's friend. Overton was all very well, but Overton went for nothing beside two men of the world such as himself and Challoner: it was to him that Challoner must look for everything that could make his enforced stay at the Hall endurable; and

accordingly, "Well, now," cried he, as the doctor left the room—"now, you see, there you are! I said you would be all right in a few days if you would only hold on; and so you *are* all right—right as a trivet; and it is just a week to-day since—since last Saturday. This is Saturday again, you know. I dare say you didn't know, for there was nothing to tell you, unless it was the newspaper, and *that* says Friday, for to-day's has not come yet, though the afternoon post will be here directly. I say, will you go to Matilda's now, or after a bit?"

"Oh, wait a little," said Challoner, slowly.

"All right. But I'll tell her that you are coming, and that she is to have a good fire, and all the rest of it: I can just run along now."

"Oh—ah—don't be in a hurry," said Challoner, with an evident wish to detain the steps which had already begun to move to the door.

"Is there not—any other room?" he began, hesitatingly.

"Oh, by Jove! when you heard what Hitchin said, and all the dust he raised about it! Oh, I say, that's too bad. There's the billiard-room, of course, but it would be as much as my place is worth—no, no, I never disobey orders; if I did, Matilda would give it me—that she would, I can tell you."

"But—we shall disturb her, shan't we?"

"Not a bit. Disturb Matilda! She is never disturbed. What has she got to be disturbed about? Lotta was the one who used to complain of being 'disturbed.' I am sure I don't know why, no one ever wanted to disturb *her*; she might have been let alone from morning to night, for all the good she was to anybody."

"I am such a nuisance." And something else was added indistinctly.

"Oh, come, I like that," said Teddy. "When I have told you over and over again what a perfect godsend you are to us all, and me particularly! For I never have anybody hardly—I mean any young fellows like myself. I don't know how it is, I am sure," with Teddy's puzzled look, that always made Matilda change the subject,—“I don't know how I don't have more fellows about. I had lots of friends once—I mean I have now, any number; but they don't come here. We don't ask them here; we forget, I suppose. A fellow can't be expected to remember everything, you know,” he concluded, with his usual apology.

"No, of course not," said Challoner, dreamily. He had been thinking his own thoughts, and they had been of a nature to make him say "No" or "Yes" at random to any sudden call. He had added "of course not" from mere absence of mind; and as it appeared to suit the requirements of the case, he again relapsed into silence, and his companion again resumed: "Overton is as fond of you as he can be; and we were saying only this morning what a grand thing it was that Robert had not carried you off to Endhill, as he had all but done, and had you ill there. How you would have hated it! Oh, you don't know how you would have hated it!" cried Teddy from his heart. "You would have had nobody but Robert and Whewell. Whewell would not have done much for you. He is a selfish beggar; I can see he is. I don't like him a bit. He made me kneel on the cold bit of pavement, when I had to be godfather—I mean proxy godfather, or whatever it is—at the christening, and he had a nice piece of carpet. It was my carpet by rights, but he edged on to it, and I had to go on to the horrid

cold stone. It was just like him: I knew he was that kind of fellow the moment I set eyes upon him. Then he comes here dangling after Matilda!"

"Does he?" said Challoner, and suddenly looked as though expecting more.

"Doesn't he, that's all! Every day this week but one, and to-day, —and he'll be over to-day yet. It's only four now; he'll be here about five. He has been, let me see—he did not come one day; that was Wednesday, and that was because we went there, so that ought not to count; and it is as if he had been every day, every single day, this week."

"But he has only been twice up to see me."

"Very likely—up to see you. The first two times he would not disturb you—not for the world, as the doctor said you were to be quiet,—Hitchin did say so, you know, though I don't believe Whewell knew it; and then Wednesday—that was the 'bye': and then yesterday and the day before he was up both times. Well, but just fancy what it would have been for you to have been ill at Endhill," he started off on another tack; "just think now. We should have come over to inquire after you, of course,—most likely we should have come over every day, as we have nothing else to do at present,—and of course we, at least I, should have come up and sat up with you a bit; but still it would have been different. And then all the rest of the time you would have had only Robert—only Robert," in a voice whose cadence spoke volumes. "And there you would have been, and we here,—and we who would have been so thankful of you——"

"——It is really—you are too good," said Challoner, with a sud-

den movement. "Go on," he added, in rather a low voice. "What were you saying?"

"I am sure I don't know. Oh, how glad we are you are here! We should have been fit to hang ourselves these five dripping days if it hadn't been for you; for though we get on as well as most people in the wet—we don't mind it much, you know—still it is nasty to get rained through and through every day, and never to meet anybody out but ourselves," said Teddy, lucidly if ungrammatically. "Matilda is the worst off; but then, if she likes Whewell, she is welcome to him. All the same," he added, after a few minutes' reflection, "I do think she has had enough of him by this time. She cut out at the back door like anything when she caught sight of him coming up the avenue yesterday; and that was how you had so much of his company: by the way, he was hanging on till she came in, and she never came. It was rather a joke, that."

"He has no business to come over bothering us," he broke out, presently. "We don't want him: he is not *our* friend; he did not come on *our* invitation——"

"——Neither did I," said Chaloner, with rather a bitter smile.

"You! Oh! Oh, that's too bad of you!" cried poor Teddy, reddening in his anxiety to retrieve so obvious an error. "Well, anyway you *are* our friend now,—at least if you will be friends with us," he added, in his best and nicest manner. "People don't seem to care much to be friends with Overton and me," oblivious of the numbers he had just before boasted; "they don't take to us much, I am afraid. But we are not so bad at all when you get to know us. At least *I* am not so bad," said Teddy, very simply. "Overton," with warmth,—"Overton is as good a fellow as ever lived; and so is Matilda."

"She is—what?"

"Never mind; don't catch one up, I say. I only meant to tell you that you need not be afraid of her. People are afraid of her, you know; they say she is spiteful, and that. It is the greatest lie. There's no spitefulness in her; she only lets her tongue run on a bit. Overton and I are always telling her of it; but we can't help laughing, she does take people off so jolly well sometimes. She means no harm: she is awfully good to you when she likes you. She can't like everybody; she is too clever to like everybody—that's the worst of her; and there are people, you know—— She says Robert sets her teeth on edge," he broke off suddenly.

Chaloner laughed.

"Ah, but it's true," proceeded the naughty boy, quite aware that he was telling tales; "he is such a fool, he never knows when he is in a hole, and goes on and on till she can't stand more. Then she lets out on him; how can she help it? It is his fault; he ought to keep out of her way."

"But he cannot always keep out of her way."

"Oh yes, he could. Why not? Nobody wants him."

"That may be, but still——"

"Oh, I know what you mean: it is what she says herself; she has got to put up with him for Lotta's sake. Women are so soft, you know. You would not think Matilda was soft like that, but she is. It is queer, but she does not mind Lotta half so much as Robert. Now *I* think there is six to one and half-a-dozen to the other. Lotta is as like all the Wilmots as she can be; they have all those flat faces and sleepy eyes. You would never dream she was Matilda's daughter, would you? Matilda is like *us*," said Teddy, looking very handsome and conscious.

"She is."



"You see it?"

"Like you? Yes."

"But not like Overton?"

"Not in the least like Lord Overton."

"I wonder what you think of Matilda," said Teddy, after a pause, and several wistful glances. "I am afraid she behaved very badly to you the other night. I am sure I don't know—that is to say—you see, it was all a bit of temper," proceeded he, in the humour to be chatty and confidential, for the hour was seductive, the sick-room warm and bright, the day without dark and dismal, and moreover, he had just come in from a long wet ride, had changed his things, and got comfortable again; and with his arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, and Challoner's on the other, to be cosy and communicative seemed quite the right thing.

"It was only Matilda's way of showing fight because Robert gave himself airs. Of course it was not fair; but then women never do fight fair, and there's no driving the notion into their heads. When Matilda wants to serve Robert out somehow, she don't care a hang how; and so, because Robert looked daggers at her for not taking more notice of you before—oh, you know what I mean," a little uneasy, now that he got so far, and no helping hand was held out to draw him to land, as was sure to be the case if Matilda were by and saw him in difficulties. "You know well enough my sister was stiff, and cold, and—and infernally disagreeable to you, both at Endhill and when you dined here; at any rate, here. At Endhill, of course, she had nothing to do with you; but then, of course, she should have had, and she would have had too, if she had chosen. But it was the night you all came over, that she was the worst. I was quite ashamed; it seemed so inhospitable altogether.

And how were you to know? It was not meant for *you* at all; it would have been the same whoever had come—I mean she would have been the same to any friend of Robert's—that's to say—well, of course, there was Whewell," he murmured, and his voice fell.

"I have nothing to complain of, I am sure," replied Challoner, with the courtesy of a Grandison, but with something also of the coldness. "Lady Matilda has surely a right to choose whom she will honour by her——"

"——Oh, fiddlesticks! Honour! There was no honour about it. Whewell got her ear, and so she let him talk on; and if Robert had taken no notice, she would have been as sick of him then as she is now, but Robert's putting in his oar just did all the mischief. When Robert tries to force Matilda to do a thing—no matter whether she wants to do it or not—it is just as if she had put out her two fore-feet like our donkey mare, and she'd stand still till Christmas before she'd budge a step."

"Your sister——" said Challoner, and then stopped. He had not relaxed a line in his face, nor made as though he heard the simile so little flattering and so truly fraternal. "Your sister——" he said; then began again—"I owe Lady Matilda a great debt of gratitude for her kindness and patience the other night. Probably she did me a valuable service, and I am sure it was neither an easy nor an agreeable one."

"Oh—ah—yes. Yes, of course. I had forgotten Matilda held your arm. But any one could have done that. However, she meant it for civility, no doubt; and that just shows how right I was about it all. Robert and Lotta had gone home by that time, you see. They had taken themselves off before we went back to the drawing-room;

and so, when there was no one there to see, and your hand was bad again, Matilda was glad enough to be of use. Oh, I know she was: she is awfully good if people are ill, or hurt, or anything; but she

wouldn't have touched you with a hot poker if Robert had been by—I can tell you that, Challoner."

Again Challoner laughed aloud: he began to find Teddy Lessingham downright amusing.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—WHEWELL ENCROACHES.

"They that are rich in words must needs discover  
They are but poor in that which makes a lover."

—RALEIGH.

Without any suspicion of the base revelations that were thus being made within a few feet of her own door, Matilda sat awaiting her brother's return from the sick-room, whither she had seen him turn in an hour before, and from which he seemed in no hurry to emerge.

Matilda was not in her usual spirits.

She was a little uneasy, a little anxious and remorseful, and in consequence just a little cross. Whewell had been rather much for her. She had laid her little hands upon him—had laid them for a moment; had meant to trifle away a sunny hour, and no more,—and he had seized the moment in grim earnest, and expected the hour to expand into a lifetime. He had encroached; he had—yes, he certainly had shown desire for more than had ever been intended, more than he would ever get. If he could only have been content to have taken the welcome accorded him as he ought to have taken it—to have enjoyed Lord Overton's hospitality, shot his pheasants, admired his sister, and then respectfully made his bow, and taken himself off,—how much better it would have been! But here he was still, and every day lessened his charms.

He would not remain at Endhill, although it was to Endhill alone he had been first invited. Endhill now found no favour in his

eyes: he would appear and reappear at Overton; morning, noon, and night at Overton—one excuse or other serving his turn as it offered; but always expecting to be met with open arms, to be made much of, entertained, asked and pressed to stay on,—and never, as it seemed, for an instant suspecting that it would have been better to stay away.

Lady Matilda's own sitting-room had not been safe from his intrusion since she had imprudently laid its existence bare to him on the first occasion of his looking in for an afternoon call. He had not begun to lose caste then, and she had little dreamed how soon he would do so, even when he had vowed, with delighted eyes, that he would know the way back thither. Too speedily had he made use of his knowledge: the very next afternoon had seen him tapping at the door; and such precipitation had even then made her vexed with herself, while she had repented more and more when Monday's and Tuesday's visits had been followed by Thursday's and Friday's, and Wednesday had only been a "bye" because the brother and sister had been at Endhill.

Now Matilda would not have had any one know it for the world, but the real reason of their going to Endhill—the real object which had taken them thither—had been to put a stop to Whewell's notion

that he was to be at Overton every day of the week.

He had been known to be going shooting, and to be going shooting near the Hall, quite close up to the house, in fact; and as such an arrangement infallibly meant that he must be asked, or ought to be asked in, or that he would come in without asking, Matilda, quick as thought, had taken occasion when the plans were being made, and when Whewell himself was standing at her elbow, to send a message to her daughter through Robert, the only other person present, to the effect that she would ride over to the cottage in the course of the afternoon. She had even done more—she had added, somewhat emphatically, a playful codicil, announcing that her visit was to her grandson, and that she therefore hoped the grandson would be visible, and would be glad to see his dear grandmother. Alas! some one else had been also visible, and very glad to see the dear grandmother. Whewell had noted the riders pass, and had left his sport on the instant to fly at the higher game; and this from a sportsman was enough: he could not more effectually have shown his hand.

He had meant to show it: it had seemed to him time to show it; for the bold barrister had done more than merely fall in love with Lady Matilda, enough as that might have seemed for a four days' acquaintance,—he had fully made up his mind to become her suitor—and more, her husband. He had thought it all over; the birth and the jointure, as well as the beauty and the wit; and this was the result: he felt himself to be a lucky man—a very lucky man.

It would have been well for him to have looked into his luck a little more closely; it would have saved him much disappointment, a little pain, and a lifelong bitterness,—

and it would have saved Lotta a week's heavy house-books. For, with so fair a prize to win, and so much depending on the use he made of his present opportunity, it was not to be expected that Whewell should be in a hurry to go, even though the entreaties of host and hostess waned in urgency, and though the courses at dinner were perceptibly curtailed as the week went by.

What cared he for courses, his head running on Matilda? He wanted nothing of Endhill, nothing but bare house-room—and not even that, would Lord Overton only have been a little less obtuse. Had he had his will, he would have been at one place, one all-engrossing place, from morning till night; and, indeed, so confident was he that it only needed a few decisive strokes to carry the day, that he could scarcely understand how it came about that no chance of giving these seemed forthcoming. He thought the Overton brothers needed a jog on the elbow; and accordingly one afternoon, when matters were thus at a stand-still, he made his way over early, but not too early—not early enough to be put off with luncheon by the innocent Teddy, nor to place in an awkward predicament his sister. By arriving shortly after four on an ungenial day, he could spin out the time till a hope that he would stop dinner should drop out naturally; then a messenger could fetch his portmanteau in a trice, and all would be happily arranged. If Lord Overton or any one else should suggest, "Take a bed here," very well; there would be no need for saying "No." He had been prepared for anything, would agree to everything, and confidently hoped the best.

But the visit went on, and there was no word about sending for the portmanteau, and at length he was

fain to jump up, watch in hand, and be amazed at the lateness of the hour, and vow he must fly like the wind to be in time for Mrs Hanwell's very, unfortunately, primitive dinner-hour. He declared he had forgotten dinner altogether. Did Lady Matilda think he could possibly walk over in three-quarters of an hour, and would her daughter be terribly severe were he a little late? He was really terrified, he would not stop a single second longer.

"I'll see you back in my T-cart," announced Teddy, with a very fair show of obligingness, considering that he was inwardly raging against his sovereign lady, who had bound him over to do so sorely against his will, and, as he had told her, against his conscience also, "For you know the lies I shall have to tell if I do," he had said; "and it's too bad of you to make me tell lies when there's no need for them." But she had been inexorable: he was to drive Mr Whewell back, and it was all nonsense about the lies; he was simply to *do* it—there was no lie in that; whether he liked doing it or not, was his own affair.

The argument had not closed when Whewell himself had appeared on the scene, and he now interposed eagerly, for he thought he saw daylight somewhere: "No, really; I could not think of your troubling yourself."

"Oh, no trouble; I should enjoy it of all things," said Teddy, with a look of dreadful exultation at his sister. "There is nothing I like more than a drive in the wet." Another look. "And hark to the rain now! It's pouring cats and dogs!"

Here Whewell stole a glance at Matilda also. "Oh, if you *like* it," he responded dolefully; "there is no accounting for tastes. But I

confess I am not a fish or a duck. However, it is my own fault for not being off sooner. I——"

"No hurry. I'll tool you over in twenty minutes or so. The T-cart, Charles," to the footman. "Tell them to look sharp. I let them know it would be wanted some little time ago." Then, in answer to a warning expression on his sister's brow, "I should have gone out anyway, Whewell," he concluded, thus in his own mind serving Matilda right. She had now made him tell three lies, if not four, and he had thus shown her that he was the one who knew best, and that the thing could not have been done without.

But even with the ordering of the T-cart, and the bustle of getting ready for it, had come no opening to Whewell for a quiet word with his hostess. Teddy had not been allowed to leave the room even to put on his coat and get his gloves and hat, without showing the visitor out first; and even in pressing the lady's hand as his adieux were being made, he had been unable to convey any sentiments, since she had chosen the moment, the very moment, when his fingers touched hers, to give directions about posting a letter. Her "Good-bye" to him, and her "Don't forget" to her brother, had been spoken in a breath.

Then Friday's attempt had been still more of a failure. Lady Matilda had not only been out, but had remained out, and he had not seen her at all; and although he could not, of course, be sure that it had been done on purpose to avoid him, and though he had refused to feel hurt and annoyed, or to take the matter as having any serious aspect, yet he had been unable to forget that he had distinctly promised he would himself bring over from Endhill some ex-

pected documents for Challoner, and had named the time at which he would appear. On Friday night he had begun to think that he should not have quite so easy a path to tread as he had at first anticipated.

Lady Matilda, on her part, hoped that she had shown the man his place.

She had desired to do it gently. She still liked Whewell, and liked to be liked by him; and would he now go, would he only vanish from the scene while there was still peace and goodwill between them, and while no words had passed which could cause regret or unpleasantness in the future, he should be at once reinstated in her good graces, and all presumption should be condoned and forgotten. Oh, if he would only go; if anything she could say or do would make him understand; if Robert would but exert himself to shake off his friend; if Overton, of his own accord and without being prompted, would but withhold the shooting! Oh, if they would but see, tiresome ignorant stupids that they were! They had not an eye among them.

All this she said to herself twenty times a-day, and she had no one else to say it to. No one helped her, no one comforted her; and accordingly it was with a somewhat sombre brow, and a little droop at the corners of her mouth, that Lady Matilda sat in her little room, deserted even by her faithful Teddy, ruefully wondering what was to happen next—whether she must actually quarrel with Whewell,—and, to pry still more closely into the secrets of her foolish heart, it must be owned that there lurked down in its depths all a woman's unquenchable desire to stand well with a lover to the last,—whether she must throw him off in the end,

and say, "Mr Whewell," in the most awe-administering tones she could muster, or whether—

The door opened, and she started to her feet, with difficulty suppressing a cry.

It was only Challoner, and the parted lips melted into a smile.

Only Challoner! And who and what was he? It mattered little what he was: he was not Whewell, and that was enough.

The relief was such, that the warmest of welcomes was scarcely warm enough to the speaker's mind. She could almost have kissed the rough hand she held, in gratitude for its owner's being merely himself and no one else. With him, all at once, she felt she had no fault to find: he stood before her in his integrity, and nothing could be laid to his charge; no languishing gleam from his eye had ever had to be avoided—no forward, too forward movement to be repressed; with him she was safe—on him she could still dare to shine. It was a dangerous rebound.

And undoubtedly it caused surprise in the minds of the ignorant pair. Teddy, indeed, had had his own ideas as to the reception his friend was likely to meet with, and he had looked deprecatingly into Matilda's face, and had hidden behind Challoner's broad back as the door opened; while Challoner himself, if the truth were told, hung his head like a child, and slouched like a criminal. By common consent both had stolen along the passage without opening their lips, and they had striven to turn the door-handle noiselessly and advance inoffensively, and then—what was this? Instead of being met by majesty in arms, an angel beamed forgiveness!

It was not an angel that whispered in Jem Challoner's ear at that moment.

## LOW'S LIFE OF SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS.

BIOGRAPHY is a very ancient branch of literature. Long before Plutarch's time, the most eminent Egyptians had their lives written in minute detail; and probably, after the manner of our own day, the record was revised by the subject of it. But in the subsequent disposal of it, a great difference is apparent between their practice and ours; for, on the death of the hero of the tale, his biography was wrapped round his mummy, and buried with him—never more to be seen of man, except by accident, some thousand years later. To many persons, the readers of Mr Low's former production among the number, this Egyptian mode of dealing with biography will appear well worthy of consideration.

Why Mr Low, who seems to belong to the Indian navy, should constitute himself the biographer of military commanders, and the chronicler of, and commentator on, military operations, does not appear; for neither professionally nor otherwise does he seem to possess any qualification for the task,—the determination he displays to cover his subject with fulsome and foolish adulation being scarcely to be counted an advantage. We should imagine that the acceptance by Sir Frederick Roberts of such a chronicler must be due to the fact that the General is serving in India, and that Mr Low's previous works have not penetrated into that remote dependency—for his *Life of Lord Wolseley* might well serve as a warning. In that patient chronicle every operation in which "our hero" (as Mr Low, with some dim reminiscence of the manner of old novelists, styles him) was concerned, no matter in how subordinate a position, is described at length and with full

details. Everything that he did, everything that he left undone, and everything that he would, under other circumstances, have done, is made matter for some of that ridiculous glorification which trickles from Mr Low in a perennial stream, and at once creates a prejudice in the reader who compares the achievements with the panegyric. The memoir begins with the inevitable pedigree, and the almost equally inevitable attempt to prove that its subject had been an infant prodigy. "When a mere child," we are told, "he had read all the chief works on military history;" so that he must have been almost, though not quite, as extraordinary an infant as that follower of his whom he affirms, in one of his recent despatches, to have been born a cavalry leader, and might naturally be expected to grow into the character which Mr Low subsequently thus portrays: "He is *facile princeps*, not only as a soldier and administrator, but as an author, artist, and surveyor." Then we are informed, as a noteworthy fact, that in his first voyage "the sea, with all its terrors and fascinations, was novel to him." The occasion when he "first smelt powder in earnest" is made the subject of the following profound reflection:—

"In his life had arrived that most critical and anxious time for which every soldier yearns—the hour had struck in which he was to receive his 'baptism of fire.' Every man who has worn a sword knows full well how many gallant hearts there are in both services who have prayed for this most honourable opportunity, but have been denied the distinction they would have earned had a hard fate been more propitious. In his incomparable "Elegy," Gray sings how

'Hands that the rod of empire might  
have swayed'

are bent only on the plough in the painful struggle, continued day by day, to gain a bare subsistence. So, in some remote country town, or cheap watering-place, may be seen gallant gentlemen on the half-pay or retired list, who drag out their remaining years in obscurity 'unhonoured' as far as medals and decorations go, and 'unsung' by the Muse of History [Mr Low himself], but who, had they been born under a luckier star, would have been immortalised in history as the possessors of qualities that we recognise in a Napoleon, a Wellington, and a Lee."

Like the voyage out, "the voyage home was performed without any noteworthy incident," and the aid of poetry was therefore required to wind up the chapter impressively. "Though his absence from his native land had been brief," says this devoted biographer and remorseless twaddler, "it had been eventful; and on being released from a long period of confinement and suffering, and treading once more the turf of Old England, his feelings were not inaptly described by Wordsworth's lines—

"'Tis joy enough and pride  
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the  
grass  
Of England once again!"

The operations in Burmah, more than thirty years ago, are described as minutely as if for the newspapers of to-day, because Mr Low's hero was an ensign in the operating force; and the dates on which he, like many hundreds of officers, was on duty in the trenches before Sebastopol, are recorded as carefully as if they were to be festivals of the Church. He was also, Mr Low has ascertained, specially under the care of Providence: on one occasion, "a merciful Providence bore him through that terrible fire to increase his renown on many battle-fields;" and on another, when he was on board a waterlogged ship in a gale,

"Providence destined the gallant hearts on board the *Transit* to fight their country's battles in a great crisis, and the gale moderated." In another passage, Mr Low laments that he is not Homer, and compares Captain Wolseley to Achilles. "Failing the pen of 'the blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle' [he cannot even quote correctly], we will in homely prose depict an event in the life of our hero, who, like Achilles in his ardour for the fight, was *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer!*" Later on, while celebrating his hero's not uncommon desire for active employment, Mr Low, in rising to the height of his subject, tramples not only on common-sense, but on grammar. "The soldier-diplomatist ruling in Cyprus at this time was 'a statesman if you will, but a soldier above all,' and was anxious to be in the thick of the fray; his eager, heroic nature, to whom war, with all its turmoil and excitement and soul-stirring incidents, was as a second nature, panted to exchange the labours of the administrator for the risks and responsibilities of the General."

Though happily not common, it is, we suppose, not difficult to manufacture such stuff, and call it biography; and in this way Mr Low contrived, in 1878, to put together a couple of volumes. In these labours, if we may really accept his own account, he had not trusted to his own inspirations alone; for the preface says that he applied to Sir Garnet for assistance, "who consented to give me all the information in his power. Thus, at numerous interviews, whenever he had a spare hour from his duties at the War Office, as head of the Auxiliary Forces, he told me" (here follow a couple of quotations from "Othello," with which we need not trouble our readers).

“In this manner the book was written; and Sir Garnet Wolseley, after perusal, testified to its absolute veracity in a letter addressed to me. The Memoir, especially the earlier portion, may therefore almost be regarded as an Autobiography.” However, notwithstanding the aid given by this authoritative and important *collaborateur*, the public do not seem to have greatly admired the work, for it never in its original form arrived at a second edition. But it occurred to Mr Low, after the Egyptian campaign, to add new parts to his narrative, and thus give it a fresh start. Accordingly a second edition, with this new matter, appeared at the beginning of this year. “As with the Cyprus and South African chapters,” Mr Low says in a new preface, “the last, giving an account of the Egyptian campaign, has been written without any assistance from previously published works, for mine is the first in the field. This will perhaps be taken into consideration by critics and an indulgent public, whose pardon I crave for any shortcomings.” Why the public should be indulgent to Mr Low, and why his desire to be first in the field should be accepted by critics as an excuse for shortcomings, is not apparent to anybody except himself, in whom the persuasion implies considerable assurance. Those who had happened to look into the first edition could have no doubt as to how this chapter would be written. But a graver objection exists to this part of Mr Low’s narrative than the fulsome slip-slop which he was probably unable to avoid; and as the subject of this chapter is of more immediate interest than the rest of his volume, it may be desirable specially to advert to it. It is widely known,

both in England and Scotland, that the Second Division of the army, consisting at that time of the Highland Brigade and another under Ashburnham, took the principal and decisive part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. It was the only body of troops which stormed the works, as was intended, at the moment of dawn, and without firing. It attacked that part of the enemy’s lines which was incomparably the most formidable, both from the nature of the ground and the strength of the works. That its share in the enterprise was more arduous than it has ever yet been represented to be, has been amply testified by several well-known English generals who have since visited the ground. Breaking in after a sharp conflict, it came upon the enemy’s inner lines of defence, which in succession it attacked, capturing all the guns, and completed its advance by seizing the Egyptian camp and the railway station with all its trains; and this the above-mentioned brigades accomplished entirely unaided, except, towards the close of the action, by some of their own guns. It is seldom, indeed, that a single division in a general action has the good fortune to play so special and decisive a part. Nevertheless the Muse of History, in the person of Mr Low, thus describes the conclusion of the action: “The infantry brigades, supported by the Guards and Ashburnham’s brigade, advanced rapidly through the enemy’s works and took possession of the vast camp; the Highlanders, following the Bengal Lancers, occupying the railway station, which contained much stores and ammunition”—every word of which is untrue, as the readers of the foregoing sentences may see;<sup>1</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> Mr Low is unfortunately not the first to deal with the subject as he has done.



is also to be noted of other statements in the narrative. But we gladly leave Mr Low's first work, to enter on the immediate subject of this article.

After passing through the college at Addiscombe, Roberts obtained his first commission in the Company's artillery in 1851, when he was nineteen. His father, Sir Abraham Roberts, a veteran who had seen much service in many Indian wars, and had established a high reputation in the Bengal army, at this time commanded the Peshawur division, in which the son's first period of service was passed. He was at first his father's aide-de-camp; then he served as a subaltern both in the mountain-batteries and the horse-artillery; and in 1856, when the division, it should be said, was under another commander, he, still a lieutenant, was placed on its staff as deputy-assistant quartermaster-general, a post which he held when the outbreak of the Mutiny gave him his first opportunity.

A rare opportunity it was. The uprising had filled England with apprehensions, almost with despair, for the safety of our Indian empire; and her hope lay in the resolution and skill to be found in those isolated bodies of British troops and officers, and loyal native regiments, which, dotted about few and far between, were almost submerged in the inundation of revolt. Not merely were our soldiers exposed to destruction—that is an incident of their calling—but there were few families in England which

were not more or less nearly connected with some of the host of civilians, of women and children, who formed in great degree the European population of that vast dependency, and who were menaced everywhere with a fate such as that which presently befell many hapless English communities in India. It was a time when the influences which too often presided over commands and appointments were lost in the general sense of imminent danger, when military qualities were sure to make their way, and when the nation was too deeply concerned in the issue to allow of any doubt in the measure of its gratitude to those who should help it in its need.

The authorities of the Peshawur division, looking to their communications with Calcutta, saw a vast region around them filled with insurgent troops already in arms, and with those who were only awaiting a favourable moment to join their brethren in revolt. Delhi, with an immense quantity of the material of war, was in the hands of the mutineers; and that slender field-force, which was soon to render the name of the city for ever illustrious in our annals, had not as yet begun to assemble before it. In and about Peshawur were officers who, looking to Sir John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, as their political chief, had already achieved a reputation for enterprise and resource—such as Edwardes, Cotton, Nicholson, and Chamberlain. It was in itself a military education to serve amidst such men.

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Any one who will compare the now well-known facts respecting the share of the Second Division, led by that distinguished officer Sir Edward Hamley, in the action with the official despatches, will perhaps feel surprise and something more—a feeling which other circumstances connected with the matter not perhaps as yet so well known, would not tend to diminish. Had Sir Edward Hamley's attack failed—and we now have the best confirmation from the excellent speech made by Sir Archibald Alison in Glasgow of how close the struggle was within the ramparts of Tel-el-Kebir—how serious must the consequences have been for Lord Wolseley and for the present Government!—*ED. B. M.*

Chamberlain was appointed to command a movable column destined to disarm disaffected troops in the Punjaub, and to restore order throughout the frontier province; and he appointed Roberts to the same post in the column which he already held on the staff of the division. Chamberlain's force started on a general course along the great trunk-road in the end of May, and, disarming several disaffected garrisons as it went, continued for a month to march on and secure the important points of the district. During its march, the gravest situations existed all around. Henry Lawrence, with quite inadequate troops and resources, was defending Lucknow. Wheeler, with a slender and sorely distressed garrison, was holding the meagre lines of Cawnpore against the tremendous odds in men and guns brought against them by the vindictive Nana; while Havelock and Neill, moving up to his relief, were still far off. Mutineers, broken loose from various points, were swarming into Delhi; and our forces which, despatched from Umballa and Meerut, were now assembled before it, notwithstanding several successful actions in the open ground with bodies issuing from the city, found themselves so insufficient in numbers and guns for the extent of the position which they took up opposite its walls, that they were rather the besieged than the besiegers; and the idea of the prompt recapture of the place, at first looked on as assured, had been speedily dissipated, at least in the minds of the successive commanders of the force destined for the task.

Of all these points the Mogul capital was the one of chief interest. Chamberlain had been called thither as Adjutant-General, and had been succeeded in command of the column by Nicholson,

who likewise, after a short period of independent command, followed to the camp before Delhi; and Roberts, hearing that artillery officers were specially needed there, and rightly judging that there the best chance of rendering important service was to be found, obtained permission, immediately after Chamberlain's departure, to join the field-force, thereby gaining the inestimable advantage of sharing in an enterprise so audacious, so successful, and so important, that to have borne a creditable part in it is amongst the most honourable of military distinctions. In his own branch he found such valiant and chivalrous associates as Henry Tombs and his old friend James Hills.

The ground which our forces had naturally reached on approaching Delhi from the north-west, was favourable both to the siege of the place and to defence against superior numbers; but, at the same time, the enemy's advantages were such as to call for incessant vigilance and readiness to fight on our part. Roberts, placed on the staff of the artillery, had many opportunities for witnessing and sharing in actions fought in defence against formidable sorties from the ever-increasing garrison. The arrival of our siege-train brought with it for him new duties and new experiences. The batteries were at once established on points chosen solely because from thence the walls could be most speedily breached. Everything that, in the ordinary course of sieges, shelters the approaches to such points, was wanting—means for labour, for obtaining cover, for rendering the works efficient—all, in fact, except resource and resolution. Every available artillery officer was required for the service of these batteries, and Roberts did duty as a subaltern in the bombardment of

the walls, which, after three days' cannonade, the storming columns ascended to their famous assault. When the siege-batteries had done their part, Roberts rejoined the staff of Sir Archdale Wilson for duty during the attack. Nicholson had, we learn, applied for the command of the column which should after the assault pursue the beaten garrison, and had nominated Roberts, of whom he must evidently have formed a very favourable opinion, to be his staff officer. A week later, when the capture of the city was complete, Roberts was appointed, in the same capacity as before, to the staff of the column which, under Greathed—*for Nicholson had been mortally wounded while leading his stormers*—was launched from Delhi to pursue the retreating mutineers, and to open the way to Lucknow, now become the chief point of interest.

The column left Delhi on the 24th September, and did not reach the Ganges without much fighting on the way. It arrived at Agra in time to reinforce the garrison against the attack of a large body of mutineers, composed of troops from various stations, including Delhi. When these had been defeated, the column, the command of which was presently taken by Sir Hope Grant, crossed the Jumna, and, not without another fight on the way, moved upon Cawnpore, where well-known vicissitudes had taken place in the interval—the massacre of the British garrison and community, the defeat of the Nana by Havelock, and the advance of that general to the relief of Lucknow, which he was now defending in circumstances so very critical as to call for the promptest action. Grant moved on Cawnpore through large bodies of the enemy, which were again threatening the place on both banks of the Ganges; and after a short stay

there, he crossed the river and moved to a point on the Lucknow road, where he was near enough to the suburban building called the Alumbagh to send a convoy to that post, and where he halted to await the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, who was then assembling his troops for the advance to the relief of Havelock.

For a soldier of Roberts's quality nothing could have been more fortunate than the succession of events in his short career. We do not mean here to lend any sanction to that kind of biography which not only naturally makes its subject the principal figure, but seeks to attribute to him a potent influence on events in which his part could only have been very subordinate. If we dwell on this part of his life, it is not on account of anything he then achieved, but to trace the steps by which he was acquiring a most valuable training for future command. After learning on his first arrival in India the duties of a subaltern of artillery, he had held for three years a position in which to acquire a knowledge of the business of the Quartermaster-General's department of an Indian division. It is true that the military departments of India did not enjoy much repute at the time, and that chroniclers of the period have heaped scorn on their inefficiency both in the method of transacting business and in the attainment of the objects for which they existed. Nevertheless there was much of value to be learnt by an intelligent officer in that position, especially when the practice of these duties in peace came to be supplemented by experience of the duties of the same department in war, under a brilliant commander, and in the most trying and exigent circumstances. Then came the service at Delhi, which, besides being of it-

self an honour and a recommendation, had given him fresh experience as a staff officer in camp and in action, and also a short but inestimable bit of regimental practice, when he helped to arm and to fight the siege-batteries so audaciously established under conditions where valour and resource were of necessity substituted for scientific method. His duties on the march to Cawnpore had been such as again to add to his experience, and to bring him into view; it was his business to ride ahead in order to choose the camping-grounds, to procure information, and, during operations or in action, to convey the orders of the commander, in executing which he appears frequently to have taken a prominent part in reconnoitring the enemy and preparing the attack; while to all these services he brought a personal gallantry and determination which alone would have rendered him conspicuous. Thus he was already an officer with a name when Sir Colin Campbell assumed the command, and was selected for difficult and responsible duties during the advance on Lucknow, in which it was still his duty to lead the column; and when the suburban building known as the Mess-house was stormed, it was he who hoisted the flag which was intended to show to the beleaguered commanders the point to which the relieving force had made good its advance.

Still in Hope Grant's division, Roberts took part in the march back to Cawnpore, which post was once more in urgent difficulties, and in the actions there and at the Nana's residence, Bithoor; and it was in the subsequent operations for clearing the communications, that he gained the Victoria Cross. These preliminaries accomplished, and a force assembled competent to deal with the large army which

the enemy had congregated around Lucknow, the final advance on the city took place, and Roberts's active service ended for the present with an action fought soon after the recapture of that important point. Forced to obtain sick-leave, he returned to England already a tried soldier. The uncommon nature of the war had given him that habit of facing emergencies which to men vigorous in mind and fertile in resource is the most valuable of all experience; and he had enjoyed from the outset of his career in the Punjab the incalculable advantage of serving under a great administrator, while surrounded by soldiers eminent in ability, in valour, and in character, thus breathing an atmosphere the most wholesome and invigorating. A better training an officer of his years could scarcely wish for.

Roberts returned to India at the end of his year's leave. In 1860, on attaining a captaincy in the artillery in the ordinary course, he was at once made a brevet-major for his previous services. There was nothing exceptionally rapid in this promotion—nothing more than has been often attained by officers who have not found subsequent opportunities of special distinction. But he had also gained a name; it was because he had acquitted himself so well in the service of his department, that he had now been placed on the permanent establishment of the staff, and that in 1863 he was selected, first in the Umbeyla campaign, and afterwards in the Abyssinian expedition; selected, said the commander-in-chief in India, as being "eminently qualified for the appointment by his activity and well-known military qualities, as well as by experience in the Quartermaster-General's department in peace and war for nearly ten years." He received at the

close of the campaign the brevet of lieutenant-colonel. In 1871, another of the little wars so frequent in our Indian chronicles took place against the Looshais, whose territory lay on the south-eastern frontier of Bengal. Lord Napier, then commander-in-chief in India, intrusted to him the preparation of the expedition and its despatch from Calcutta. Having accomplished this, he joined one of the two columns which penetrated into the difficult country of the enemy, and after a three months' campaign, reduced the offending tribe to submission. For his services on this occasion he received the Companionship of the Bath, and at the same time he had gained a step of promotion in his own department of the staff. Three years later he became Quartermaster-General in India, with the local rank of major-general, when Lord Napier, in confirming the appointment, said he "considered himself fortunate in being able to nominate an officer of such ability and varied experience in the field and quarters." It was while he was serving in this capacity that Lord Lytton appointed him commandant of the irregular force on the Punjaub frontier, and special commissioner there—a post reserved for officers of the highest distinction and promise. Thus, when the invasion of Afghanistan was resolved on, Roberts was already in command on the spot, with the best means of knowing the conditions which the country offered for purposes of war, and having therefore, in addition to his antecedents, special qualifications for the active command to which he was soon after appointed.

Three columns were to be employed in the invasion of Afghanistan. One, from the Lower Indus, was to turn the mountain frontier, by advancing through the Bolan

Pass upon Quetta and Candahar; the other two were to penetrate the frontier range by the Kyber and Kurram Passes. Of these Roberts was to lead the central column by the Kurram, necessarily independent of the others, but combining with them for a common end. In October 1878 his forces assembled in the valley, and, arriving at Kohat, he took the command, when his late experience in the preparation and despatch of an expedition into a hill-region must have been of most important advantage.

The task that faced him there was one of uncommon difficulty. The first marches in the valley presented, indeed, no obstacles other than his experience had already made him familiar with, for the tribes there were not hostile, and the roads, though rugged, were either already practicable for his troops and artillery, or capable of being made so. Moving on the 20th November, the column, meeting with no difficulties that were not shortly overcome, and with no opposition—for the Afghans abandoned at its approach their fortified posts in the valley—reached in eight days a point near the position where the enemy first stood to fight.

Right across the head of the valley, and rising to a great height, stood a line of peaks cutting the sky, the summits of steep hills which nearly to their tops were clothed with belts of fir. Between these summits lay two passes over the range. That directly in front, the Peiwar Kotal, was approached by a zigzag route up a spur, commanded by an almost inaccessible ridge shooting out from the Afghan position, on to the centre of which it led. This, the route ordinarily used, was therefore surrounded with such difficulties, that, if properly held, it might be considered absolutely impracticable. The other

pass was of a different kind. Down the face of the mountain-spurs to our right of the Peiwar ran a water-course called the Spingawi, seen afar off as a broad white mark on the hillside, entering the valley in which Roberts's camp lay a few miles in his rear. By ascending this water-course a ravine was reached which led up to the ridge at a point called the Spingawi Kotal, or pass; and on this pass stood the extreme left of the enemy. Thus, if the main column could be successfully led up the water-course and ravine, it would reach a point where the hill was more accessible, where it would meet with opposition only in its immediate front, and where, coming on the flank instead of the centre of the enemy's line, it might roll back his troops towards the Peiwar, forcing him to front in a new direction. The assailants would then find themselves on ground where they could meet their enemy on good terms, for between them and the Peiwar would lie only ridges and glens such as, though woody and broken, they might attack with good hope of success; while a footing there would also give them the advantage, inestimable in such a case, of possessing the entry to a second pass, which would lead them down to the direct rear of the enemy on the road to Cabul.

During two days' halt to form and protect the camp, reconnaissances were made along the glens and spurs leading to the two passes. Rising everywhere steeply in the front, the whole space between our troops and the enemy's position was a network of ravines lying between abrupt ridges, mostly covered with wood, with an undergrowth of scrub, and penetrated by no tracks except those just described. It was, perhaps, inevitable that Roberts should choose the chances of the Spingawi rather

than the certainties of the Peiwar. Yet the alternative was one to dismay any but a very resolute commander. The water-course was filled with huge boulders, heaped into ridges and hollows, and its steep ascent led at last to a position known to be occupied by the enemy, and so strong for defence that a night attack, in the hope of effecting a surprise, was, notwithstanding all its difficulties, preferred to an open assault.

Roberts had for the attack about 3300 men in all, of whom 900 were Europeans. Of these, the main force, two-thirds of the whole, was to move by the water-course to the Spingawi, with a mountain-battery, and four heavier guns carried on elephants. The remainder, a native and a British regiment, with five guns and some cavalry, were at first to remain in camp, and join later in the general advance, by moving directly against the Peiwar when the attack of the main column should be developed. The force moving to the Spingawi was commanded by Roberts in person, and it moved from its camp at ten o'clock at night, making a circuit by its rear to the entrance of the water-course. It was believed that the enemy had 1800 men with artillery on the ridge. But he received important reinforcements during the day preceding the attack, and the numbers of the defenders far exceeded those of the forces about to assail them. To deceive the enemy, a work for guns had been begun on the main route as if to cover a direct advance, and parties had been sent out to reconnoitre as if for attacks on other points.

Leaving the camp at ten o'clock at night the column made its circuit, and the head of it entered the water-course, the general being close to the advanced-guard. But now, as in the night march to Tel-

el-Kebir, several incidents occurred to emphasise the difficulties under which such enterprises are conducted. Two regiments and the elephant battery, forming the rear of the column, losing touch in the dark, instead of proceeding along the nullah, crossed it, and when the mistake was remedied, they had fallen so far in the rear, that the general long looked anxiously for them in the engagement, before they came up. Then, two men of the native regiment which led the column, desiring to give a treacherous warning to the enemy, fired their rifles, though without accomplishing their purpose; and finally, the head of the column went astray for a time, causing a further delay. All this time it must have been pressingly borne in on the general's mind that a failure in the present enterprise might mean a final stop to his advance. It was not as if many alternatives presented themselves to regain an advantage by manœuvre. He was hemmed into a narrow valley, where he must either force his way or retire. Should he be repulsed in the attack on the weakest point of the position, the chances against success would be indefinitely increased in a second attempt made with the same discomfited troops against an enemy forewarned, prepared, and excited by victory.

The head of the column having made its way up the nullah, and then along a ravine leading directly to the point of attack, was fired on by the enemy's outposts close at hand exactly at dawn—the attack in this respect resembling that of the Second Division at Tel-el-Kebir, though unlike it in the important particular that the respective shares borne in the action by the Indian forces are perfectly well known, whereas the most erroneous ideas still partially prevail respecting those of the army in

Egypt. The leading troops, to whose support the general brought others as they came up, carried, with considerable loss to the enemy, the stockades which fortified the pass; and our troops rolled the enemy off the spur, thereby accomplishing the primary object of causing him to draw in his left, and to form front in a new direction for the defence of the Peiwar. With some desultory fighting, the advance on that pass was continued until Roberts, having at last assembled all the troops of his column, attacked the whole line of the enemy, separated from him by a ravine, and occupying woody heights covering the pass. These woods were found so impenetrable that there was no great promise of speedy success, when aid came from another quarter. The leading troops of the left column had at length begun to ascend on the other side of the hill which Roberts occupied, and from a commanding point had perceived, through an opening in the woods, the Afghan camp and baggage-animals about 1000 yards distant. Two mountain-guns were brought up, the shells from which caused a disordered flight from the camp, in which the nearest Afghan troops began to join. Officers from the left column made their way to Roberts, and explained to him its present position; whereupon, leaving a regiment to occupy the ground he stood on, he moved the remainder of his own column towards the defile which, as has been said, led from the Spingawi height towards the rear of the Afghans on the Peiwar. This movement, and the advance of the other column, accelerated the enemy's retreat. When Roberts emerged from the woods on to the slopes looking towards Cabul, the Afghan army had already disappeared, leaving camp and artillery behind, and a regiment of the left column oc-

cupied the Peiwar. An enterprise which had looked almost desperate was thus completely successful, and the fortunate result was owing no less to the conspicuous skill and determination of the commander than to the valour and discipline of the troops. There had been moments in the action when its fate especially depended on the personal bearing and resolution of the leader: it was his own generalship and soldiership which had enabled his men to win the pass. The painful toils of the long night, the protracted conflict in those rugged hills and woods, had of course told on his troops, who, towards nightfall, bivouacked on the ground, without tents or food, and exhausted with fatigue.

With no opposition worth mention, Roberts resumed his advance to the Shutargardan through an exceedingly difficult country, and on reaching that point, looked down on the valley leading to Cabul. At this point the advance was stopped, for it had been decided that the movement on Cabul should not be continued at this season; and the general occupied himself in exploring the flanks of his communications, establishing relations with the surrounding hill-tribes; and fortifying posts on the route he had traversed, in preparation for a fresh advance in the ensuing campaign. But now political events were passing which produced successive changes in the situation. The flight and death of Shere Ali were followed by the recognition as Ameer of our presumed friend and ally, his son Yakoob, by the treaty of Gundamuck, and by the mission of Cavagnari to Cabul. It was believed that hostilities were at an end, and the transport and supplies of the Kurram field-force were therefore suffered to fall to a point quite insufficient for a forward

movement. But suddenly came the startling news of the murder of Cavagnari and his party, and the general uprising of the Afghan nation. Roberts, then at Simla, received orders for a prompt resumption of hostilities, and at the close of September 1879 arrived at Kooshi, beyond the Shutargardan, whither came also Yakoob, the new sovereign, and from whence the general began an immediate advance on Cabul.

The late Afghan sovereign, Shere Ali, had during the last period of his rule made extraordinary preparations for war. Besides accumulating vast stores of arms and ammunition, he had increased the number of his artillery to 300 guns, and had raised sixty-eight regiments of infantry and sixteen of cavalry, equipped with arms of precision. These, however, formed but a part of the forces that could be brought against an invader. The country swarms with tribes who habitually carry arms, and are ready to assemble for any enterprise which offers the prospect of plunder. Large bands of such auxiliaries had in the preceding year reinforced the Ameer's troops against Roberts. He had, at first, for his present operations against Cabul, about 6000 infantry and cavalry, of whom 2500 were Europeans, with eighteen guns. With this small force he now plunged into the midst of that army and that warlike population of which he had merely dealt with an advanced-guard at the Peiwar, and which, from his first marches, began to attack his communications. Even the route he had come by, rugged and precarious as it was, would be lost to him when the snows fell, and he must then trust entirely to that of the Kyber, which, except at its further extremity, yet remained to be secured. It is no wonder that many of those



who were watching the enterprise, and could appreciate its difficulties, were filled with dismay and foreboding.

At Charasia, a short march from Cabul, Roberts found his passage barred by the enemy. Two routes lead thence to the city; one, the direct one, on the right, through a pass—the other through a valley; and on a mass of hills between the two, and commanding both, stood the enemy's army. Insufficiency of transport had compelled him to leave behind, for the moment, about a third of his force; nevertheless, he did not hesitate to attack at once, believing that delay would only increase the odds against him, as every day would bring to the enemy indefinite reinforcements from the capital and surrounding country. Making a feint with his right as if to force the pass, he sent his left against the other flank, rolling it back, and forcing the enemy to abandon height after height, till they entirely gave way, leaving all their guns. The advance was then resumed, and after a few days' halt on the heights outside, the capital was occupied. Not for long, however: about a mile beyond the city were the Sherpur cantonments, enclosed with high walls, and rendered strong against attack by Shere Ali, which contained buildings sufficient to shelter the whole of Roberts's force, with its animals and supplies; and here he concentrated it. Mr Low reminds us that the wisdom of this step was questioned at the time. But Roberts's reasons for taking it were of the best, and the result of the serious events which soon took place amply proved his sagacity.

With the Afghan capital in his grasp, and his forces housed and supplied for months to come, he awaited the reinforcements and material from India, which should enable him in the next stage of the

operations, and in conjunction with Sir Donald Stewart, who was now occupying Candahar, to proceed to extinguish the resistance of the Afghans. The head of the column from Peshawur was now in communication with him, though the line was as yet far from being firmly established; and with the setting in of winter he ceased to rely on the Kurram route, and called up to Cabul the garrison of the Shutargardan. We can understand how, when he reviewed the events which had just passed,—the audacious plunge, the slender preparation for it, the determination to attack with part only of his little army the unknown but greatly superior forces on the hills of Charasia, the dispersion of the enemy, and the occupation of the capital,—he should have been impressed with that opinion of them which still, notwithstanding the fame which attaches to his subsequent march to Candahar, causes him to estimate the swoop on Cabul as the most difficult and most remarkable of his achievements. But events were now in progress which brought serious interruption to the tide of success, and which indeed might perhaps have ended in a great disaster, but for his timely concentration in the compact and defensible cantonments of Sherpur.

Many causes of discontent, which it is not necessary here to recapitulate, had contributed to exasperate the impatience with which the independent Afghan race saw their capital occupied by foreign troops. Roberts received information of a design for a national uprising and general attack upon him, and was apprised early in December of the movement of large bodies from the north and west upon his cantonments. Hoping to disperse these before they could concentrate round the city and rouse the surrounding population, he sent two brigades

against them by divergent routes, presuming that either would suffice singly for the purpose. But the Afghans, slipping through between them, marched on Cabul, and it was for a time more than possible that the enemy would seize the issues of the city, and overwhelm the cantonments which the departure of the brigades had left all too meagrely guarded. The immediate danger passed, the brigades returned, and in a series of actions the brigadiers drove the enemy from the neighbouring positions and held the hills around the city. But now from the heights were descried such masses of Afghans approaching from north, south, and west, that the general called in all his posts, and concentrated his entire force in Sherpur. The hordes of the enemy, in numbers estimated variously up to 120,000, congregated round the cantonments, plundered quarters of the city, occupied the surrounding villages and enclosures, offered, in full confidence of success, terms on which the garrison might surrender, and at last made a general assault on the walls. For this Roberts had made ample preparation, and the Afghans, beaten back at every attempt, retreated, and their combination thereupon fell to pieces. On the proclamation of an amnesty, many chiefs made their submission, and tranquillity at length prevailed in northern Afghanistan.

With the following months came ample reinforcements from India, and in April that other good soldier, Stewart, made his remarkable march from Candahar and took chief command at Cabul. The arrangements for the evacuation of the country were already under discussion, when the news arrived of the march of Ayooob's army towards Candahar, and of the disaster at Maiwand, redeemed only by

such acts of valour and devotion as that displayed by Major George F. Blackwood and his gallant artillerymen. Orders arrived for the immediate march of a force to Candahar, and the Viceroy appointed Roberts to command it. Stewart, the commander-in-chief, himself about to lead a column back to India through the passes, and who must have felt that Roberts now had the opportunity of achieving success of a nature to eclipse any which could be open to himself, behaved on this occasion with genuine nobility. He did all in his power to assure success to Roberts, by entirely putting aside his own interests, and bestowing on him the choice of troops and the best of all other means of accomplishing his enterprise; and, accompanying him on his first march towards Candahar, gave him the most cordial and cheering farewell. It was a revival of the best traditions of comradeship, when neither jealousy nor self-interest were allowed to be prime considerations; and this generous co-operation of his friend and commander is as high a compliment as Roberts ever received.

It is not necessary to dwell now on the circumstances of the march and battle which made so deep an impression in India and in Europe. About ten thousand fighting men marched, under the burning sun of August in that country, 320 miles in twenty-four days, in compact and perfectly efficient condition. It was exactly a case in which the immediate influence of the commander, personally conducting and accompanying each day's march, should especially make itself felt; and it has always been accounted as an unusually important element in the success of this remarkable operation, which ended in a way to bring its character under the most brilliant light. At dawn, on the morrow of the last day's march,

the army, fresh and confident, advanced to attack the position before which it had bivouacked the night before, and in a few hours the formidable and victorious host with which Ayoob had been menacing Candahar was annihilated.

We will not attempt to heighten by comment the military reputation which rests on such assured foundations as the incidents of Roberts's career, from subaltern to general, which we have endeavoured to trace. But we may note that his ability, valour, and judgment are supplemented by other soldierly attributes. He is very fair and just towards those who serve him, troops and officers—a quality absolutely essential in him who would evoke the devotion of his followers, and which can never be denied its influence without serious evil. He is modest in describing his own achievements, a stranger to all posing for effect, and probably has never in his life been influenced, in anything he has done, by the desire to get himself talked about—a true disciple of the chivalrous school in which he was trained. Having passed about thirty years in India, he has had small opportunity of propitiating those powers which unhappily now count for so much in the establishment of a military reputation. The British public may be said to form its opinions of its military servants from the newspapers and from after-dinner speeches; those charged with the administration of its affairs accept the popular verdict; and thenceforward the officer who merely does his duty efficiently has small credit compared with him who has made dexterous use of other paths to eminence. And though this may have been of disadvantage to Roberts's fortunes,—for nobody has ever spoken of him

as over-praised or over-rewarded,—yet it must be counted as enormously in his favour that he owes his fame to his military merits alone. And when any less genuine type of soldiership shall commend itself to our army as more worthy to be admired and imitated, the military spirit among us must be far gone in its decline.

It would be unfair to Mr Low not to mention that the present is an improvement on the former biography. While it contains no greater proportion of tedious and irrelevant matter, it gives us much less of trivial comment, much less of that distribution of praise and blame to military men and operations which, coming from Mr Low, is worthless or offensive, while the grandiloquent encomiums have almost ceased. This last improvement may be due to the fact (which he records) that part of the work was submitted before publication to Sir Frederick Roberts, who is much too genuine a character to lend countenance to preposterous adulation. But Mr Low's curious propensity to quote poetry remains in full force, and the book is lavishly besprinkled with passages of verse, dragged in, with simple awkwardness, in supposed reference to what are, or even to what might have been, the incidents of the narrative. He seems to think that by suddenly springing on the unsuspecting reader a long quotation from Byron, or Pope's Homer, he is inspiring him with admiration for the writer's literary taste and culture. If Sir Frederick Roberts's career should be marked by other famous achievements, he may be certain that his life will be finally written by a very different kind of biographer from the present representative of the Muse of History.

## FROM ST STEPHEN'S TO THE GUILDHALL.

No sooner had the disappointing and unsatisfactory session of 1883 come to a close, than the unofficial organs of the Government began with one consent to deprecate any extra-parliamentary criticisms of their past policy. It might be well for Messrs Gladstone and Chamberlain and Sir W. Harcourt, when in Opposition, to "rave, recite, and madden round the land"; but such conduct, venial, even pardonable in them, would be shocking to the nerves of the conductors of the Ministerial press, and would receive the severest condemnation if pursued, however temperately, by Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Cranbrook. In spite, however, of much good advice to that effect, the Opposition leaders have not abstained from frankly placing before the country the views they entertain on the principal political topics of the day, nor from exposing to a just but not immoderate criticism the misdeeds and failures of the most boastful and arrogant Administration of modern times. We rejoice that it has been so, and especially that in all parts of the United Kingdom have the voices of our leaders been heard, and that Ireland and Wales, no less than England and Scotland, have been invited by them to contribute their share to the coming triumph of the Constitutional cause.

Chronologically, the first speaker of importance to break the silence of the recess was Lord Hartington, who represented at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast the house of Chatsworth and the Government. Dull, ponderous, and harmless, his oration was remarkable for nothing except a futile attempt to reconcile his foolish prophecy of a speedy evacuation of Egypt with the un-

accommodating facts of the case. Sir Evelyn Wood has since then, after exhibiting his Egyptian uniform to her Majesty at Balmoral, returned to the command of his native army, the success, the very existence indeed, of which depends, in his opinion, on that continued occupation of the country which Lord Hartington loses no opportunity of vilipending. That he and his colleagues, notably Mr Gladstone, did not foresee the necessary consequences of their Egyptian campaign, is no doubt the case; but now, when all the world recognises them, that any one claiming to be a statesman should persistently continue to ignore them, shows conclusively the low ebb to which Gladstonian statesmanship has fallen. We venture to prophesy that if, during Mr Gladstone's rule, the British army is withdrawn from Egypt, its destination will be neither England nor Malta, but Cyprus, despised Cyprus, which the prescient genius of Lord Beaconsfield acquired, and of which the importance to our Eastern empire is yearly becoming more manifest and indisputable. Let us here render a word of well-deserved praise to Sir Robert Bidulph, who, in spite of much discouragement from the Colonial Office and its unsympathetic chief, has, with very restricted means, largely developed the resources of the island, and effected a financial equilibrium, very much, apparently, to Lord Derby's astonishment. We augur a brilliant future for Cyprus when a Government that can appreciate the importance of our colonial empire succeeds, as it shortly will, this Administration of political pedlars.

Following Lord Hartington, the lord of Knowsley appeared on the

public stage as adviser to the distressed agriculturists. It is needless to say that his advice was of a purely negative character. No one can expose more lucidly the hollowness of contemporary empiricism than Lord Derby, and, for his own sake no less than for that of the country, we lament his backsliding into office. With admirable gravity he exposed the futility of the land nostrums with which the public ear is being deafened; but as to how the British farmer is to grow wheat to a profit at 40s. a quarter, Lord Derby maintained a discreet silence. Indeed the oratory and the facts of the recess have entirely destroyed the little confidence agriculturists might still have felt in Mr Gladstone's Government at the end of the session. Mr Chaplin's motion has remained a dead letter. England, Scotland, and Ireland have been scourged by foot-and-mouth disease, and by most stringent and vexatious internal regulations for the purpose of stamping it out after it has been duly imported from foreign countries; but the new Ministry of Agriculture has obstinately refused to take any step for the effective exclusion of foreign disease. It is worth notice that on three separate occasions last session, the hand of Ministers was forced by resolutions carried in the House of Commons; and that while in two cases—Contagious Diseases and Sixpenny Telegrams—Government accepted the decision of the House and at once took steps to give them effect, in the last case, of vital importance to the agricultural interest of the three kingdoms, beyond the utterance of some vague and hazy sentences by the Prime Minister, no notice has been taken of that emphatic expression of opinion by a full House.

Unable to extract any pride from

the contemplation of past achievements at home or abroad, or to regard the present situation with satisfaction, Ministerial supporters took refuge in the future, and, for the most part, contented themselves with discussing whether or not a Reform Bill should be introduced next session; and if so, whether it should be a complete or an incomplete measure. In spite of the decision of the Leeds Conference, we suspect that there is a great reluctance, perhaps even repugnance, in the Liberal ranks to commit themselves and their fortunes to the hazard of a Reform Bill in 1884. Blest as most Liberals are with short or convenient memories, they have not forgotten how, only a few months ago, Mr Chamberlain laid down the lines on which they were to work up to a Reform Bill which would place the representation of the country in the hands of the caucus, and so lead to a social and territorial revolution. The march was regulated with Napoleonic precision: 1st, Metropolitan Reform; 2d, County Government Reform; 3d, Electoral Reform and Redistribution—and then the climax, when Derbys and Devonshires, Bedfords and Salisburys, should be made to disgorge the spoils of bygone generations, and share their estates with the toilers and spinners of Birmingham and Rochdale.

But now it is proposed to abandon this comparatively slow method of procedure, and, leaving metropolitan and county reform to take their chance in the future, to commence the coming session with, at any rate, the first instalment of electoral reform. Though, with the exception of Mr Bright, no man of established political reputation took part in the proceedings at Leeds, under our present rule, when the tail wags the dog, it is worth while

to examine some of the leading incidents of that much-vaunted Conference. Presided over by an accomplished gentleman of the press, new to parliamentary life, and graced by the presence and oratory of that genial buffoon Sir Wilfrid Lawson, we look in vain down the list of M.P.'s, aldermen, and barristers for the name of any one who, out of his own immediate circle, would be recognised as an authority upon any political question whatever; and granting the assumption—a preposterous one—that the 2000 nobodies there assembled represented any section or class of the community except themselves and the partisan organisations which elected them, the next point worth noticing is the wide difference of opinion expressed on all the leading questions discussed, with the exception of the trite Liberal commonplace in favour of a uniform suffrage. Whether that change should be proposed next session, whether it should take precedence of or follow metropolitan and county reorganisation, whether it should be accompanied by redistribution of seats, or whether that thorny subject should be relegated to a new session or a new Parliament; how the gigantic anomalies (in comparison with which existing electoral anomalies are flea-bites) created by the assimilation of the franchises are to be met; whether any representation should be accorded to minorities in large constituencies; whether Scotland and Ireland are to be subjected to the same scale of numerical representation as obtains in England; and most important and significant omission of all, whether Ireland is to be treated to the same reduction of the county franchise as Great Britain,—on these and other analogous questions the widest difference of opinion either prevailed, or was only pre-

vented from appearing by the topic being prudently tabooed.

In the height of the Bulgarian frenzy, Mr Bright amused the unemotional part of mankind by posing in the novel character of a mediæval crusader: upon this occasion, and with similar ill success, he affected the rôle of a moderate Liberal, repudiating the very name of Radical—only for the purpose of suggesting a change in the Constitution more radical than ever found favour with Cobbett or Feargus O'Connor. The founders of the American Constitution, as we are aptly reminded by the brilliant author of "Disintegration," spared no pains to devise efficient checks on the hasty action of a democratic assembly. Mr Bright assumes the garb of moderation in order to sweep away the last defence against it left by modern practice to our ancient Constitution. So significant and suggestive is the passage in Mr Bright's speech which follows immediately upon his repudiation of Radicalism, that we give it entire; the sting, like that of the wasp, lies in the tail of the oration.

"It has been a common opinion that two Houses are necessary, and that no steady Government could exist in any country whose policy and whose legislation were determined by the voice of a single representative Chamber. I recollect myself when I was a boy writing an essay in defence of that very opinion. I think the conduct of the majority of the Peers is fast dispelling that opinion and that delusion. How do we stand with regard to the Crown? The Crown cannot now reject any Bill sent up for its acceptance. Not one of you ever heard that the Queen, or any King that preceded her, has rejected any measure that has passed both Houses of Parliament. If the Crown be limited in this way, why are not the Peers? Why not enact that if the Peers have rejected a Bill once, and it has been reconsidered in a subsequent session by the Commons, and, after due deliberation, has been again sent

up to the Peers, it should pass on and receive the Royal assent and become law? Now, I said years ago—and I should not be surprised if one or two Birmingham friends recollect the occasion on which I said it, for it caused a great deal of discussion afterwards—I said that a House of Legislature, hereditary and irresponsible, cannot be a permanent institution in a free country. Bear in mind, I said hereditary and irresponsible. By some method the two Houses, if they are to continue to exist, must be reconciled. They must be quite or sufficiently responsible to the national wants and to the national conscience.”

The *naïve* confession that the speaker was more Constitutional in his youth than in his old age, in spite of his newly assumed moderation, is admirable, and fitly leads up to his proposal that, as the check to hasty legislation once afforded by the veto of the Crown has departed, therefore, instead of inventing a new one, the only surviving check—the independent action of the House of Lords—should be abolished. Before, however, commenting upon the proposal itself, a word or two in correction of Mr Bright's history of the veto may not be out of place. That the veto has not been applied to any measure passed by both Houses of Parliament since the Revolution, may be true; but has Mr Bright never heard or read of the Royal veto being exercised by kings of the present line upon the introduction itself of measures obnoxious to the sovereign? How came it that Roman Catholic emancipation was so long delayed,

except through the action of the initial veto of George III.? Did the famous birthday speech of William IV. to the archbishops and bishops have no influence in deciding the fate of the Appropriation Clause?<sup>1</sup> Into the mysteries of the present reign it would be unbecoming to enter; but those who have read with attention the 'Life of the Prince Consort,' will be slow to accept Mr Bright's theory of the political impotence of the Crown even nowadays.

The proposal itself, in order to have full justice done it, should be read in conjunction with its ingenious and ingenuous author's almost contemporaneous letter addressed to Mr Kibblewhite in deprecation of fads. After disposing of Mr Hare's particular fad, the writer proceeds to utter his counsels of political perfection: "My advice is, keep to the old ways—they are safest; and the wayfaring man, though a fool (in some sense), shall not err therein. I have known several, or a few, of Mr Hare's supporters. Not one of them has seemed to me to possess the common-sense which is as useful and necessary for legislation and government as in the ordinary pursuits of life. I am in favour of the Constitution which has come down from our forefathers, with such amendments as circumstances and our experience seem to warrant. I think they would have looked on Mr Hare's scheme with mingled amazement and ridicule."<sup>2</sup> How does Mr Bright imagine they would

<sup>1</sup> Much surprise was expressed at the time, not only that the King should have made such a speech, but that it should have been published, apparently by authority. The following account was given us by an actor in the scene: The Primate (Howley), taken by surprise at the unexpected nature of the Royal reply to the Episcopal birthday address, turned to the Bishop of Exeter (Phillpotts), who chanced to be next to him, and asked, "What shall I say?" Quick as lightning the ready prelate whispered, "Thank him for his gracious speech, and ask leave to make it public." The Primate did so, and the flattered and excited monarch exclaimed, "By all means, your Grace—by all means."

<sup>2</sup> 'Times,' October 20, 1883.

have regarded his own new fad? Conceive Lord Somers or Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chatham or Mr Fox, Lord Grey or Lord Russell, gravely proposing that when a Bill has been twice passed by the House of Commons, it should "pass on, and receive the Royal assent,"—the Royal veto having been already abolished by Brightian decree! The probable explanation of the astounding discrepancy between these contemporaneous utterances of this tribune, who is not a Radical, is, that to him "the Constitution" means the House of Commons, which branch of the Legislature alone is, in his view, worthy of respect and consideration. Did our space permit, we should like to examine a little closely the tendencies and probable results of the arch-demagogue's nostrum for reconciling the two Houses of Parliament; but we must content ourselves with offering him an alternative still more calculated to develop the latest phase of popular opinion. Let it be enacted that when the House of Lords has twice rejected a measure sent up to it from the Commons, Parliament should be forthwith dissolved, and the electorate be called upon to give a final judgment. Fad for fad, "our forefathers" would probably have preferred ours to Mr Bright's. But we have devoted more attention than they deserved to the foolish utterances of this aged agitator.

While Mr Bright was presiding over the extreme left of the Radical party (to which he does not belong), Sir Stafford Northcote having just completed his triumphal progress in Ulster, was preparing to invade the Radical preserves of North Wales. Those two visits of Sir Stafford constitute the most important domestic event of the recess, and will ere long bear good fruit. Both required, in no ordinary degree, courage, tact, and self-

restraint; and those rare qualities were conspicuously exhibited by Sir Stafford alike in the Black North and in the Principality. In the former, to a population smarting under a sense of injury and insult, he addressed no counsels of despair or vengeance, but, declining to exacerbate recent grievances, directed the attention and energies of his hearers to their present condition and immediate future; and, stirring up the gift that was in them, showed how, by union and firmness, they might still render their historic province the successful bulwark of the integrity of the empire. To that great principle alone he appealed, and with signal success. If any doubt remained after the Dublin county and Monaghan elections as to the practical division of Ireland into two, and two only, political camps—the Constitutional and Repeal camps—Sir Stafford's visit has effectually removed it; and we confidently expect an accession, not a diminution, of strength at the next election in Ireland. The same sobriety and moderation characterised Sir Stafford's utterances in Wales; and there also are the prospects of future success most encouraging. We derive not less confidence from the halting, hesitating tone which pervaded the speeches and resolutions of the subsequent pro-Ministerial counterblast at Carnarvon. Two or three Ministers and all the Radical members for North Wales were present, and yet no definite opinion was arrived at on the vital question, so sharply and summarily settled at Leeds, as to the position next session of the Reform Bill. The chairman, Mr Rathbone, was all in favour of local government reform, the Judge-Advocate pressed the superior claims of county franchise, and the meeting passed a resolution bracketing them to-



gether. Meanwhile another Minister, knocking, it is said, at the Cabinet door—the Financial Secretary to the Treasury—was disburthening himself of much perilous stuff in opposition alike to Mr Bright and the Leeds Conference, and the Carnarvon Liberals. Mr Courtney actually ridiculed the Leeds programme, pronounced it impracticable, and combated nearly all Mr Bright's conclusions. Indeed the variety of views on the subject of reform, and on the place it should occupy in the Radical programme, is so great, that, up to Lord Mayor's Day, every suggestion made on one Liberal platform was answered from another, and the only point on which they all agreed was the omission of Ireland from their conflicting schemes. Some simple-minded people, reading that Sir Henry James had paid a visit to Hawarden Castle on his way to Dumfries, entertained a hope that light from headquarters would be thrown by him on the reform darkness; but the Attorney-General confined his observations on the burning question of reform to a repetition of his utterances last year at Taunton in condemnation not only of fagot votes, but also of a property qualification, and to a mild repudiation of equal electoral divisions. Close upon his heels came Sir Charles Dilke at Glasgow; but though he spoke at inordinate length, and devoted many sentences to reform, his hearers must have failed to discover from his discursive remarks what position Scotland is to occupy in the coming electoral earthquake. They must have felt, as he pleaded for a large addition to metropolitan representation, that it was to the member for Chelsea rather than the Cabinet Minister they were listening; and the trite denunciation of small boroughs like Woodstock and Eye fell flat on the ears

of Scotchmen, who possess no similar electoral peculiarities to attack or defend. Indeed it is easy to read, between the lines of the Glasgow resolutions, the indifference really felt in Scotland on the subject of reform. Scotchmen who have mastered and agree with Mr Duncan M'Laren's combined statistics, think a certain number of additional seats should be granted to Scotland at the expense of Ireland, and Glasgow Radicals would like to be secured in their monopoly of the three, or whatever larger number of seats may hereafter be assigned to their city, by the abolition of the minority clause; but of genuine enthusiasm for household franchise in the counties, and consequent equal electoral divisions, there was none—and the only speaker who enlarged on the former topic was, oddly enough, an Englishman, whose claim to be heard was that he is a candidate for an English county constituency! Of one thing our English readers may feel certain, the Scotch Liberal tenant-farmers are in no hurry to hand over the electoral power they now possess to their labourers—for such, disguise it as they may, would be the undoubted result of the assimilation of the franchise, which is now being so glibly and lightly discussed by Liberal orators. In saying this, we assume that it is really intended to place the power of voting in the hands of every householder dwelling in a county; but, looking at the penal provisions of the Corrupt Practices Act, it is impossible not to entertain serious doubts whether it is really intended to allow the purely agricultural and pastoral voters to exercise their nominal right. A remarkable note of warning on this head appeared in the papers immediately after the late Manchester election, in which the practical disfranchisement of a

large number of working men under the operation of that Act in that great urban constituency was pointed out; but if it be so in the suburbs of Manchester and other great towns, how will it be in the scattered populations of many of the English, Scotch, and Welsh counties? The law forbids the carriage of voters to the poll, the polling-places are necessarily in more or less populous centres, voting-papers are not permitted, the peasant cannot afford to lose a day's pay in order to trudge many miles to record his vote, and the result will be the concentration of electoral power in the small towns and villages which are polling-places. The only method, short of polling-papers, by which this disfranchisement can be prevented—the sufficient multiplication of polling-places—would so largely increase the expense of elections as to exclude all but rich men from the costly honour of county representation. Possibly it may be attempted to throw this burden on the rates. No such attempt in the present condition of the ratepaying mind has a chance of success; and we commend this difficulty to the consideration of those Conservatives who are disposed to think favourably of adopting household franchise in the counties. But having thus broken ground on the question of reform, we will venture in a few sentences to express our general view upon it. What, then, is the ideal representation of a State? for upon its attainment is based the present demand for a subversion of the settlement of 1867. The reformers of to-day answer, "The equal vote of every householder," or "of every sane man unconvicted of crime," according to the school to which they belong. The reformers of

last century, headed by Lord Chatham, defined it to be "the representation not of person, but of property"; and enlarging on this text, the great Commoner declared "that the knights of the shire"—then elected by the freeholders exclusively—"approach nearest to the Constitutional representation of the country, because they represent the soil."<sup>1</sup> What may be termed the modern Constitutional view is a combination of both, and is found fairly exemplified and effective in the present system. In the boroughs person in the shape of householders, in the counties property in the shape of £12 ratepayers and 40s. freeholders, are roughly, and in the main satisfactorily, represented. Nor is this all: under those two great heads, intelligence, education, thrift, and other qualifications, which justly find favour with the more philosophical Radicals of the school of Bentham and John Stuart Mill, have at any rate a chance of asserting themselves—a chance greatly increased by the varied character of the existing constituencies. Thus, taking the present system as we find it, with all its roughness, inequalities, and anomalies, we are prepared to defend it as approaching nearer to an ideal representation of a civilised community than any system which has preceded, or is likely to supplant it. This view, indeed, must have been shared by Mr Bright and his colleagues only three short years ago, when they proclaimed the present outcome of the system, the actual House of Commons, to be the best and wisest ever elected. If, then, so much of agreement exists as to the theoretical and practical merits of the existing system, why is it to be subverted? On account, we are told, of its anomalies. In what

<sup>1</sup> See Lecky's History, vol. iii. p. 178.

sense, we would ask, are its anomalies greater or more grievous than the civilisation of which it is the outcome and the exponent? Is it more anomalous that one man in a village should have a vote and his neighbour not have one, than that one man should have £1000 per week and his neighbour only 10s.? The destruction of anomalies in an ancient civilisation means the destruction of all social and material as well as political differences between man and man; and must we take Robespierre or the International as our guide and lawgiver in this matter of reform, instead of Mr Chamberlain and conferences at Leeds or Glasgow? But what are these anomalies, the burden of which is so grievous as to necessitate their immediate removal at all hazards and at all risks? As defined by the leaders of the movement, they are two: 1st, that men living in houses under £12 rated value just outside parliamentary boroughs have no vote, while those living inside the boundaries have one; and 2d, that the agricultural labourers, as a class, are deprived of the franchise. It is perhaps worth noting that both these anomalies existed under every electoral dispensation previous to 1867, and were not created by that Act: nay, more, not only did they exist previous to and under the Reform Act of 1832, but were proposed to be perpetuated by every Reform Bill brought forward by Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr Gladstone, or Mr Bright. In one scheme of reform, and in one alone, that of 1858, did they disappear, and with them disappeared the Government which proposed their abolition. We are not concerned to defend that luckless measure, which fell beneath the combined attacks of Tories like Mr Henley and Mr Walpole, and the united forces of Whigs and

Radicals; but it is material to point out that although the county qualification would have been by it reduced from £50 to £10, the representation of property would, down to that limit, have been maintained, and the number of county voters would not have been increased beyond the representative capacity of rearranged county divisions. But the experience gained on that occasion was not lost on Lord Derby, Mr Disraeli, and their colleagues; and when, nine years afterwards, they were called upon again to deal practically with the question of reform, they maintained in principle the distinction between the two suffrages; and nothing ever fell from Lord Beaconsfield in subsequent debates to show that he was dissatisfied with the arrangement then made, or in any way inclined to repeat in a more hazardous fashion the doubtful experiment he had on a limited scale proposed or sanctioned in 1858. On the contrary, his speech in 1874 is a repository of facts, figures, and arguments against any further lowering of the county franchise—though he was far too wise, too just, and too appreciative of the sterling merits and worth of our peasantry to defend their exclusion from the franchise, as a class, by the odious imputation of ignorance and unfitness urged against them by Lord Randolph Churchill. Do you recommend then, we may be asked, that no attempt should be made, if not to remove, at least to mitigate, the anomalies you admit to exist? By no means. It was well pointed out last year by Sir Richard Cross in Lancashire, that by the creation of a few new boroughs, and the rearrangement of the boundaries of a few more, the most salient of those anomalies in the manufacturing districts could be satisfactorily dealt with. One of the alleged

anomalies of the present system which was proposed to be removed by the Leeds, is recommended to be retained and consequently intensified by the Glasgow, Conference—the exclusion of female ratepayers. Without expressing any positive opinion on the question itself, it stands to reason that if in the counties many thousands of female ratepayers under the £12 franchise are deprived of the vote, their number will be greatly increased, probably doubled, when household suffrage is established in the counties. Thus, in attempting to cure one anomaly, the Glasgow reformers, who claimed to speak the mind of the Government, would magnify and exasperate another.

In the counties, from the nature of their local government, the recess has afforded hardly any opportunities of testing the prevalent feeling as to reform. The only contested county election since Parliament rose—that of Rutland—is noticeable as expressing the opinion of the most exclusively rural constituency in England, and its verdict was decidedly hostile to the threatened reform. With respect to the boroughs, it is different. In their annual municipal elections it is possible to trace the predominant current of urban opinion. A few days after those pretentious conferences had issued their discordant commands to a perplexed Ministry, the municipal elections took place in England,—and no one will pretend that their result indicated the slightest desire for further political reform. Even Leeds itself turned its back on the Conference, and helped to swell the Tory triumph. It should be remembered that last year a similar result occurred, and that consequently it may now be fairly assumed that the settled bias of urban

opinion is favourable to Conservatism—that is, to the maintenance of existing institutions in Church and State. While, then, we do not quarrel with the reticence of our leaders, we earnestly deprecate random admissions of the principle of identity of franchise, such as appeared in Mr Houldsworth's address to the electors of Manchester. In his case, it is true, some qualifying words followed; but the public notes the admission of the principle in vital questions of this kind, and properly disregards the qualifying expressions, which may be satisfied by some slight concessions in Committee on the Bill: and we earnestly trust that, when Parliament meets, the Conservative party will find itself able and willing to maintain, in substance, the liberal settlement of 1867.

Before leaving this subject, a few words are due to Mr Goschen's deliverances upon it at Edinburgh last month. He appeared as a Liberal of the Liberals. His opening sentences were of scathe and contempt for Tories and Toryism, and his peroration was an almost fulsome eulogium of Mr Gladstone. Yet, on the merits of this great test question, as it is called, not the late Mr Croker, nor the present Lord Sherbrooke, could have expressed more fervent alarm, or uttered words of more solemn warning. Mr Goschen's deliberate opinion is expressed in the following words: "I see a measure before me which, in my judgment, clenches the supremacy of one class at the poll, and makes it irrevocably the arbiter of all interests and all classes."<sup>1</sup> Any one hearing or reading this weighty judgment, unless he had carefully studied Mr Goschen's parliamentary career during the last three years, would exclaim, "Well, here the alarmed

<sup>1</sup> 'Times,' November 1, 1883.

and recalcitrant Whigs have found not only a mouthpiece but a leader! The Fitzwilliams, the Russells, the Ramsdens, and the Lambtons will no longer be "like dumb driven cattle," but will, under such distinguished leadership, strike a bold blow in defence of the existing Constitution." Alas! if they do, it must be under some other leader. Mr Goschen possesses all the qualifications of leadership—but one; he has no backbone: and so, having denounced the contemplated measure of reform, he hastened to assure his audience that he meant nothing by his vigorous words—that the country had made up its mind on the subject, and "there's an end on't." Those who witnessed Mr Goschen's interference at the end of one of the most important discussions in Committee on the Irish Arrears Bill last year, will not feel surprised at this lame and impotent conclusion. White with apprehension lest the amendment he approved should be carried, and wringing his hands in the extremity of his terror lest the Government he condemned, yet supported, should be defeated, he abjectly entreated the Committee to vote, not on the merits of the amendment, but in support of the Minister. The Whigs, if they wish, as they probably do, to emerge from the uncomfortable, not to say discreditable, thraldom so pungently described by the author of "Disintegration," must enlist under the banner of some other leader than Mr Goschen, or follow the example of the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Zetland, Scarborough, Bury, and other hereditary Whigs, and take their place in the Conservative ranks.

Having referred to the recent municipal elections in England as indicative of a salutary change in urban politics across the Border, it is gratifying to be able to point to the result of the Edinburgh Uni-

versity Rectorial contest as a proof of the growing power of Conservative opinions among the educated youth of Scotland. Without unduly magnifying Sir Stafford Northcote's triumph over Mr Trevelyan, we may at least draw from it the conclusion that the majority of the future ministers, doctors, lawyers, and professional men of Scotland, so far as they are subjected to the influences of the University of Edinburgh, will belong to the Constitutional party; and the manner in which the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen are represented in Parliament, leaves no doubt as to the political convictions of the graduates of those learned bodies. In spite of Lord Hartington's dictum, the majority of the cultured classes in Scotland adhere to the "stupid party"; and we are bold to add our conviction, that in no part of the United Kingdom is the Conservative reaction stronger than in Scotland. At the next election, we confidently anticipate that the sturdy band of patriots who now so well represent the Constitutional Toryism of Scotland will be at least doubled in number; and to this result the admirable addresses delivered during the recess by Mr Gibson at Glasgow and Inverness, Sir Richard Cross at Aberdeen and Paisley, Mr Stanhope at Perth and Edinburgh, will have not a little contributed. The complimentary yet just terms in which the Liberal Provost of Aberdeen, on the occasion of conferring the freedom of that ancient city on the late Home Secretary, referred to his legislative labours on the great question of improving the dwellings of the working classes in our large towns, show that honest work in the cause of social reform will be properly appreciated by the public at large; and we do not doubt that Sir Richard's outspoken language on this subject at Aberdeen and

Paisley, coupled with Lord Salisbury's terse and lucid plea for further action in that direction, will make many Liberal philanthropists hesitate before they agree to postpone all social amelioration to the tinkling brass of a political revolution.

The oratory of the recess has been so copious, and promises to produce such important results, that the attention we have felt bound to bestow upon it leaves but scant space for noticing foreign and colonial events during that period. Abroad, the turbulent and bellicose action of the model Republic, France, in Madagascar and Tonquin, threatens to affect our honour and our interests; and it is impossible to feel that either are safe in the feeble hands of the present Ministry. According to Mr Gladstone's rose-coloured statement at the Guildhall on the 9th ult., the reparation granted by France to Mr Shaw and to England for the outrages at Tamatave has been ample and spontaneous. Considering that nearly half a year has elapsed since the Prime Minister startled the House of Commons from its propriety by his denunciation of the misconduct of the French naval authorities at that port, and that we are still ignorant of the nature of the *amende* which has been made to our insulted flag, it would appear that if the amplitude of the reparation does not exceed its spontaneity, the Government of this empire is very easily satisfied. M. Waddington, favourably known to us by his friendly and judicious conduct at the Berlin Conference, contributed to the City banquet some graceful and reassuring phrases in vindication of the just and peaceful aims of French foreign policy. So far as that policy is influenced by him, we cordially accept his assurances; but the Kroumirs and

the Tunisian expedition, the quarrel forced on Madagascar, the attack on Annam and Tonquin, the Tricou telegram, and the undiplomatic behaviour of M. Challemel Lacour and M. Ferry towards the Chinese ambassador in France, at once rise up before us, and forbid us to regard M. Waddington as a complete representative of French foreign policy *à la mode Républicaine*. A test of the friendliness of that policy will soon be afforded in Egypt. Cairo is to be evacuated by our troops, unless the disaster to Hicks Pasha in the Soudan should serve to make the Government pause. If six months after that evacuation we hear of no French intrigues to regain a paramount influence over the Egyptian Government, we shall be agreeably disappointed, and admit that we misjudged the temper of those who control the foreign policy of the Republic.

Lord Derby was present at the banquet, but neither from him nor from Mr Gladstone did a word fall on the present or future condition of our great but ill-used dependencies in South Africa. That their policy has hopelessly broken down both as to the Transvaal and Zululand, is too plain and palpable to be denied; and that its failure has brought with it a deplorable loss of life and property is equally undeniable. Prestige, we know, Mr Gladstone and Lord Selborne denounced and abandoned ten years ago. Mr Goschen has recently informed us that in a similar spirit he repudiates honour; but he stops at "credit." How stands British "credit," we should like to ask him, in South Africa, from Simon's Bay to the Tugela? Mr Goschen will hardly say that he expects it to be raised from its present depression by the result of any negotiations now pending between Lord Derby and the Transvaal Delegates,

or any hocus-pocus which may be attempted by the Colonial Office to bring about an arrangement between Usibepu, Cetewayo, and John Dunn. Meanwhile, the effect of their miserable mismanagement has been disastrous on the trade and commerce of South Africa; and we learn from Sir Robert Lindsay, recently returned from a journey in the interior, that from one end of the Cape Colony to the other, Mr Gladstone and his colleagues are condemned and detested. The Prime Minister's platitudes about Ireland require no notice; and with commendable skill, and scarcely concealed scorn for his Liberal mentors of the press and platform, he resolutely declined to be drawn into any engagements, however shadowy, as to the course of legislation next session. Reticence on that subject, on which no Cabinets could have been held, seems to us not only natural, but necessary. Not so, however, with the decision at which the Government had arrived with respect to the Ilbert Bill. No assembly of Englishmen could have been collected together more interested in the fate and welfare of our vast Indian empire than that addressed by the Prime Minister; to none, therefore, could the announcement of the practical abandonment of that obnoxious measure have been more fitly or more gracefully made. Men of all political parties had condemned it, men of all political parties were listening to him; but, owing to what motive we know not, Mr Gladstone delegated the disclosure to a Cabinet Minister not connected officially with India, and charged him to announce the fact of Lord Ripon's retreat to a purely political meeting at Bristol. As to the manner and taste with which Lord Northbrook discharged

his ungrateful task there will probably be a general agreement. Abuse of those who had persistently brought the real issue before the country, and a disingenuous defence of the disingenuous artifices by which the Indian Government had endeavoured to conceal the overwhelming condemnation of the scheme by the local Governments and Anglo-Indian public opinion, vindicated Lord Northbrook's loyalty to his absent friend at the expense of other more sterling qualities which the country would gladly recognise in the First Lord of the Admiralty. Thus ends—if, indeed, the concession so announced satisfies Anglo-Indian public opinion—a pregnant chapter of Radical rashness,—a foolish and uncalled-for change, surreptitiously introduced, disingenuously defended, universally condemned when submitted to discussion, obstinately maintained, and, at the last moment, practically abandoned and withdrawn at a Radical meeting in a provincial city, in a torrent of angry but weak invective against its successful opponents.

The principal inconvenience arising from Mr Gladstone's silence on the question of reform is the justification it gives the rival wire-pullers and manipulators of Radical public opinion to work their oracles in behalf of their antagonistic programmes until the meeting of Parliament. Meanwhile, the sober sense of the country will rally round those statesmen who prefer to ameliorate the social, moral, and physical condition of the people, rather than to embark on the perilous enterprise of subverting our present representative system in the three kingdoms, in the feeble and fallacious hope of pacifying for a time the destructive appetite of democratic reform.

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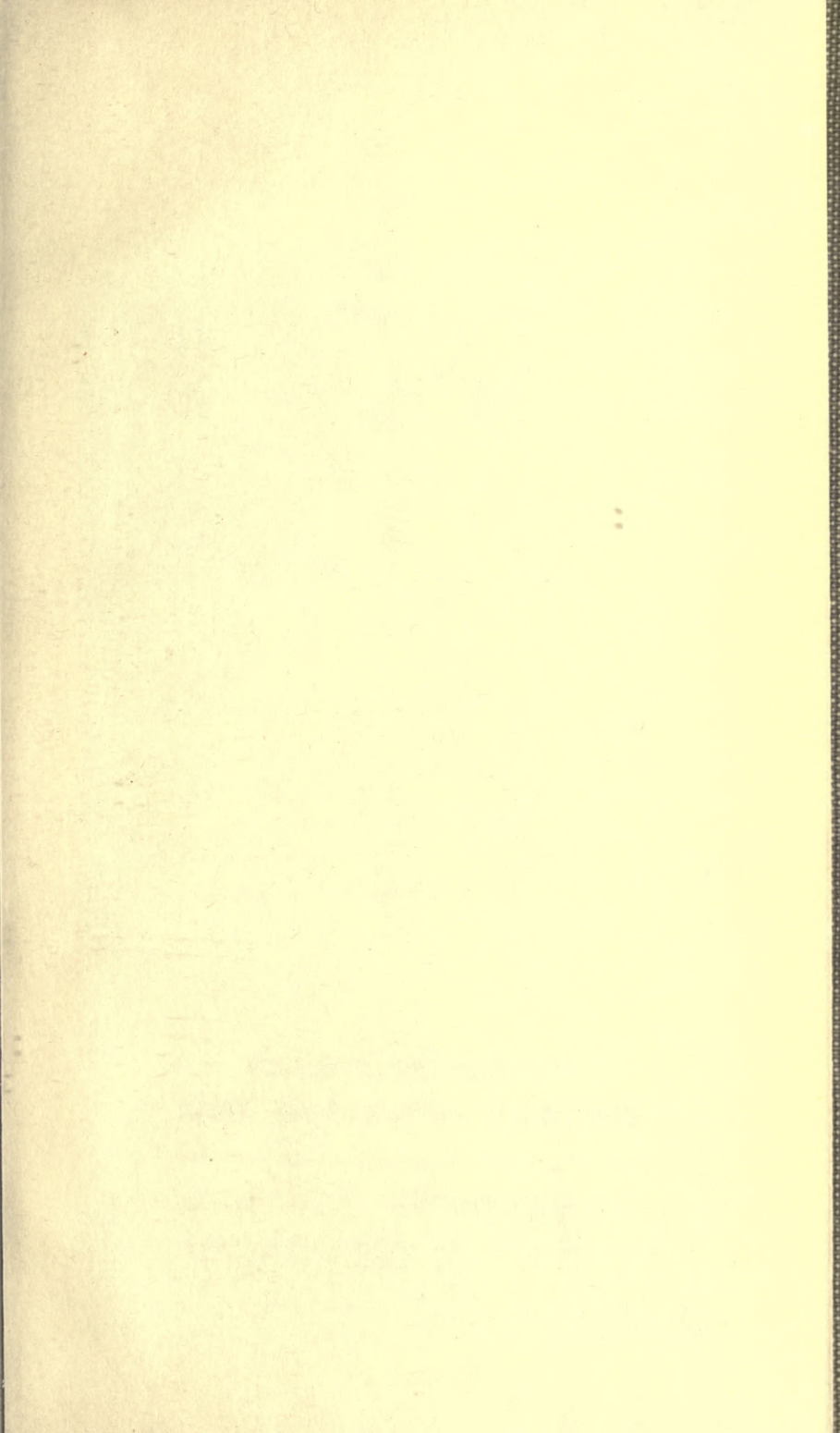


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